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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, and Science.

VOLUME VI.—JANUARY—JUNE, 1863.

LONDON:

11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

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(Jan.-June 1863)

LONDON:
COX AND WYMAN, PRINTERS, GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

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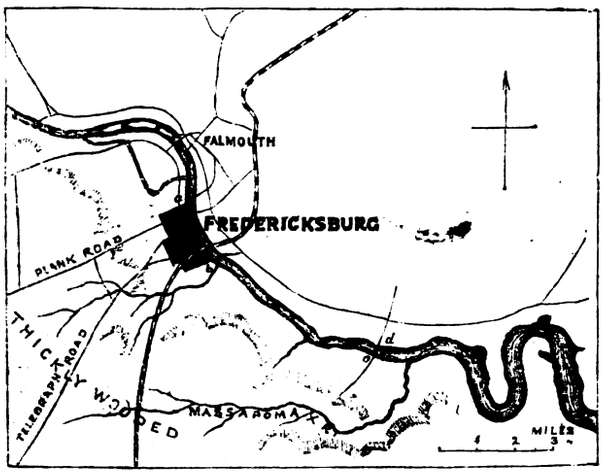
OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 131.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863. [Price 4d. Unstamped.

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THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.



a, b, c, d, Pontoon Bridges.

ON Saturday, the 13th of December, the Federal troops, under General Burnside, sustained a crushing defeat. The only consolation which the North has is that the men did their duty nobly. They fought with a courage and obstinacy to which their rivals themselves bear witness. Nevertheless, it is obvious that the battle ought never to have been fought at all; and that the dispositions of General Burnside violated all the established rules of war. That officer acted more like a desperate gambler than a reasonable man. The strong probability is that the battle was fought because the civilians in the cabinet of Washington insisted that it should be fought, not because any officer considered success possible, except by a miracle. The Federal officers may have represented to President Lincoln that to carry the intrenched position occupied by the Confederate army under General Lee by assault, or to compel him to retire by an attack in flank, might be possible in six months. To this the President may have replied that delay was impossible, and that if anything were to be done, it must be done immediately. General Burnside certainly incurred a terrible responsibility in consenting to obey the orders of the Federal Cabinet against his own deliberate judgment. Now that the event has proved the correctness of his own judgment, he must lament that he did not follow the example of his predecessor M'Clellan, by declining to make an attack which could only end in disaster.

It may be remembered that as soon as Burnside was placed at the head of the army of the Potomac, he marched eastward down the north bank of the Rappahannock until he reached the heights above Falmouth, which stands upon that river. The numbers of his army have not been ascertained, though it is said that they amounted to 150,000 men. It was supposed that he would have crossed immediately; but the regular bridges were broken down, and the pontoons did not arrive for several weeks. Before they did arrive, General Lee had not only marched his whole army, amounting it is said to 100,000 men at the least, to the town of Fredericksburg, but he had occupied himself in forming several lines of intrenchments along the circle of heights which overhang the old Virginian city. Thus matters remained until Wednesday the 10th of December. The country on the north of the river is hilly and wooded, and completely overlooks the plain upon which Fredericksburg stands. The banks of the Rappahannock are lofty and precipitous, so that the river runs in a deep and narrow channel. About two-thirds of a mile south of the city the ground rises, so that a series of terraces are formed one above the other. On this ground there are numerous detached houses and stone walls, which form admirable shelter for troops. To the east of the railway there is, according to General Lee, a plain well adapted for the operations of cavalry.

Such being the theatre of operations, the Federals determined to assume the offensive; and for this purpose it was necessary to cross the river. It was expected that the Confederates would have opposed any such attempt; but General Lee found it impracticable. For he says, "the plain on which Fredericksburg stands is so completely commanded by the hills of Stafford, in possession of the enemy, that no effectual opposition could be offered to the construction of the bridges, or the passage of the river, without exposing our troops to the destructive fire of his numerous batteries." According to the Federal account, there were no fewer than 179 guns. General Lee, therefore, selected his position on the height, where he made ready to receive the Federals. Skirmishers were also planted in the houses of Fredericksburg which skirt the south bank of the river, so that they might interrupt the working parties of the Federals, who were preparing the pontoon bridges by which General Burnside's army was to cross. Even according to Federal accounts, the fire of these sharpshooters was so effective that the Federals were compelled to desist from their attempt. But on the 11th, the Federals opened a tremendous fire upon the city, in order to drive the skirmishers from their shelter, and succeeded. Under cover of their guns they effected a lodgment in the town. In the mean time, several pontoon bridges were completed, some above and some several miles down the river; and on Friday, the 12th of December, under cover

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of darkness and of a dense fog, what General Lee describes as "a large force" passed the river and took position on the south bank. This force consisted of Sumner's corps, which was on the Federal right, and of Franklin's, which was on the Federal left. Hooker, who was in the centre, remained on the north side of the river, and in fact constituted the reserve. Opposite to Franklin stood the celebrated "Stonewall" Jackson; on the left was Longstreet, extending along the heights to the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg, and opposite Falmouth. The extreme right of the Confederates was occupied by General Stuart with two brigades of cavalry. The whole army was under the command of General Lee.

What the plan of General Burnside may have been it is difficult to make out. It is said that his intention was to pierce the enemy's centre; but this is improbable; for, considering the position occupied by the Confederates, to do so was practically impossible. Again, it is alleged that Franklin was to swing round his left and to take the Confederates in flank. But according to General Lee, the moment that Franklin's columns appeared through the fog, Stuart opened a fire from his horse-artillery upon their flank, which did them serious damage. At the same time it is admitted by both sides that Franklin gained some success. He drove back the first line of General Hill, forming the right of Jackson, upon the second line, but the Federals were ultimately compelled to retire. Such was the battle on the Federal left. On the right the plan of the Federals consisted in launching columns after columns against the Confederate intrenchments. But although these attacks were supported by the fire of guns on both sides of the river, they produced no sensible effect. At length night closed, and the Federals retired.

Thus the Confederates gained a complete victory with the slight loss of 1,800 killed and wounded; whilst the Federals, having totally failed, sustained a loss which, according to some accounts, amounts to 10,000; according to others, to 17,000 killed and wounded. The despatch of General Burnside to General Halleck proves conclusively how complete was the victory. Having recrossed the river on Monday, the 15th, he writes on the next day to say that he withdrew his army to the north side of the Rappahannock, "because he felt fully convinced that the position in front could not be carried, and it was a military necessity either to attack the enemy or retire. A repulse would have been disastrous to us under existing circumstances."

The battle of Fredericksburg has demonstrated once more the consummate ability of General Lee and the Confederate officers. Since he assumed the command of the army he has made only one mistake, and that was when he crossed into Maryland. Knowing the peculiar qualities of his troops, he had steadfastly stood upon the defensive. Neither the impatience of his men, nor the blatant criticisms of sensation writers, have been able to shake his resolution or to urge him into a single act of imprudence. When he found himself opposed to General M'Clellan, he dealt no blow until he could do so with crushing effect. When he found himself opposed to General Pope, he at once fathomed his shallow incompetency, and drove him back headlong without a moment's pause. As soon as M'Clellan resumed the command, he again assumed his cautious tactics; and in this last battle, which has just been fought, he showed his consummate prudence. Finding that he could not effectually oppose the Federal army in its passage across the river, he forced them to attack him in an impregnable position; nor even after their defeat did he attempt to follow the retreating columns. He no doubt had calculated the danger of such an attempt, and deemed this too great. He knew that if he came down from his position above the city, he would have once more to encounter the powerful batteries which lined the north side of the Rappahannock; and he therefore contented himself with the losses which he had inflicted upon his enemy on that fatal Saturday. No wonder that such a captain should have acquired the enthusiastic confidence of the men whom he commands. What may be the next phase of the campaign it is impossible to anticipate. In the mean time, it seems tolerably clear that the campaign is closed for the winter.

HOTEL REFORM.

ABOUT ten years since our powerful contemporary, the *Times*, tried its hand at hotel reform. It accused our English hotels of being exorbitant in their charges, and execrable in their accommodation; it denounced their coarse and ignorant cookery, their fiery port and sherry, their costly private apartments, their ill-savoured coffee-rooms, their lumbering and frowzy four-post beds, their slovenly and rapacious servants. It drew an unfavourable comparison between English and continental hotels, and warned their landlords that the main reason why people preferred foreign to home travel was the expense and the discomfort of English inns. The result of this well-merited reproof proved by no means advantageous to the public. The rapid extension of railroads had so enormously multiplied the number of travellers, that the leading hotels in our great towns were always full; and their landlords not unreasonably accepted that fact as a proof that the public were well satisfied with the accommodation provided for them, and with the prices usually charged for it. A trade meeting was, therefore, solemnly convoked at the London Tavern in the autumn of 1853, on which occasion a series of resolutions were unanimously carried, declaring that the hotel-keepers of England had been scandalously maligned by the *Times;* that their charges were fair and reasonable, and their accommodation excellent; and that the hotels on the Continent were in no one particular superior to them. The meeting finally decided that their resolutions should be published in the very paper which had attacked them, and that printed copies of the said resolutions should be framed and glazed, and hung up in a conspicuous position in every respectable hotel in the kingdom.

More than ten years have elapsed since this occurrence took place; the *Times* has long given up English hotel reform as a bad job, and, as may be supposed, no amelioration has taken place in our hotel system, which remains precisely what it used to be in the old days of posting and stage-coaches.

We are now staying at the Prince Albert Hotel at London-super-Mare, with our wife and child, and servant. We are paying six guineas a week for a small slip of a sitting-room, and two smaller bed-rooms, which scarcely suffice to hold the enormous beds which lumber them up. For our breakfast, consisting of very coarse tea, very thin milk, very bad butter and toast, we pay 2s. a head. We pay 1s. each for composition candles, which cost but 4d. in the shops. We pay 2s. a day for a coal-fire, in a grate scarcely large enough to warm our small room. Our dinner generally consists of some common fish—whiting, soles, or herrings,—mutton chops or veal cutlets, and a sixpenny apple-tart, for which we pay 5s. a head. Sherry and port, which our landlord, who is also a wine merchant, is glad to sell out of his hotel at 30s. a dozen, he retails to his inmates at 72s. a dozen. Medoc, which he advertises as a wine merchant at 24s. a dozen, he retails as an innkeeper at 60s. a dozen. For a bottle of soda-water, which the chemists sell for 3d., he charges 1s.; for a sandwich, 1s.; for three-penny-worth of gin and water, to dilute our evening cigar, 1s. Ladies and children not being admitted to take their meals in the coffee-room, we are compelled to breakfast and dine in the small closet dignified by the name of our private apartment, and to smell those meals for hours after we have swallowed them. Our servant's board costs us 6s. a day; and we are charged 6s. a day for attendance. These various items constitute a very formidable bill at the end of each week, no matter how frugally we live; but then we have the comfort of reflecting that we are staying at the very best hotel in London-super-Mare—indeed, some people go so far as to say it is the best hotel in England, and perhaps they are right. Its coffee-room is low, dark, and hot, and is pervaded by a chronic odour of cheese, and of the dinners of the day before yesterday; and the melancholy and silent guests who haunt it appear seldom to exceed a pint of the low-priced six-shilling fiery sherry at their meals, and to eschew carefully the curious vintages of claret, champagne, and Tokay, to which the wine *carte* on the mantelpiece pompously invites them at prices varying from 10s. to 24s. a bottle. Latterly the obliging landlord has condescended to supply the common wines of France and Germany, for which he charges but 48s. and 60s. a dozen; but they are of such a scourging and acrid quality, that no prudent man ventures upon them twice. On the wall hang the memorable resolutions arrived at by the confederate hotel-keepers of England assembled at the London Tavern in 1853, reminding their customers, and very opportunely too—for it might not otherwise occur to them—that the accommodation they are receiving is admirable, that they are not paying at all too

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much for it, that at no continental hotel are they treated better or charged less than at the Prince Regent Hotel at London-super-Mare, and that the *Times* is a most calumnious and unprincipled journal.

As long as we have been staying at it, the Prince Albert has been full to overflowing; its magnificent *concierge* assures us that it is always full to overflowing, and that although the quality of its guests varies with the time of year, their numbers never vary. At some seasons, he tells us, it contains more lords than Jews, and at others more Jews than lords; but the house is always full. Indeed, it has been so often hinted to us that there are several distinguished noblemen and opulent stockbrokers anxiously waiting for the reversion of the three small closets which we occupy, that we do not dare to find fault with anything, and pay our modest bill every Saturday with simulated cheerfulness; for the air at London-super-Mare is very pure, its esplanade is clean, dry, and sunny, and our child is recovering satisfactorily from a long illness. We should probably not better ourselves were we to migrate to St. Leonards, or to Brighton, or to Dover, or to Folkestone; we should certainly meet at all those places with precisely the same small closets at six guineas a week; the same dingy coffee-rooms, flavoured with cheese and fried fish; the same fiery port and sherry at 6s. a bottle; the same meagre breakfasts; the same monotonous mutton-chop and veal-cutlet diet; the same preposterous charges for everything, great and small. And we should find hanging in all their coffee-rooms the same London Tavern resolutions, expressive of the perfect satisfaction of the Confederate English hotel-keepers with the existing state of things.

It is quite clear, therefore, from what we are experiencing at London-super-Mare, that, bad as English hotels are, hotel-keeping is a very good trade in England at present, and that no reform is to be looked for *from within*. But, from without, there appears just now to be a more cheering prospect. At Scarborough, at Ryde, at Brighton, and at London-super-Mare, enormous joint-stock hotels are in course of construction, and their prospectuses promise great things; far more, probably, than they will be able to perform, either for their shareholders or for the public. But some good they must do. They will at once create a certain amount of competition; they will illustrate the advantages to be derived from appropriately furnished bed-rooms, and from spacious and well ventilated coffee-rooms, from which ladies will be no longer excluded. Not being bound by the London Tavern compact of 1853, their managers will not be above taking a few hints from their continental brethren; they will compare the system of prices and the fare at such establishments as are to be met with on the Rhine, at Calais, at Boulogne, at Brussels, and at Paris, with those of the Prince Albert at London-super-Mare. They will discover, on trial, that good cookery is more popular than bad; that most people like good coffee and pure milk better than roasted beans and "sky blue;" and that it is more profitable to sell wines at reasonably remunerative rates than to affix to them prohibitive prices, which drive customers to pale ale and to brandy and soda-water. They will engage a superior class of domestics, and will charge more moderately for their services. And if they do all this—and we hope they will do it—we believe that before long the Conservative London Tavern manifesto of 1853 will disappear from the walls of old-established houses—like the Prince Albert—and be heard of no more, and that the proprietors of those benighted establishments, ashamed of having signed it, will see the necessity of relying in future for success in their trade rather upon good, intelligent, and liberal service, than upon a fast decaying monopoly, which the patience of the public can no longer endure.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN AMERICA.

THE battle of Fredericksburg has brought not only the campaign of the rival belligerents to an issue, but forms unquestionably a decisive crisis in the political situation of the Federal and Confederate fortunes. It has made apparent, and conclusive beyond question, the inability of the North to effect the final subjugation of the South. Some politicians, like Mr. Gladstone, may have desired to see this result precipitated; others, like Mr. Bright, may have been led by their sympathy to disbelieve in an event which they deplored. But to this complexion all have come at last, and, after the great defeat of Fredericksburg, no reasonable man can still cherish the dream of a restoration of the Union to be effected by force of arms. The courage and power of endurance of the South are fortified to an incredible degree by a victory so far beyond their expectation, and the spirit of the North must be inevitably in a great degree subdued by so tremendous a disaster.

It is perfectly true that the North have still an army, and that they have inexhaustible resources of population and of wealth. The forces of Burnside are probably sufficient to secure Washington from attack, and it is not impossible that in a few months more their losses may be repaired. But the defeat of their cause is not less certain or less irreparable. They are embarked in a game in which not to win is to lose. Every day that the authority of the Federal Government is successfully defied counts to the South as a fresh victory, every day in which it fails to impose its dominion must be reckoned as a new defeat to the North. Hitherto each successive failure has been excused by some plausible explanation. The preparations of the Government of Washington, we were told, were slow, but in the end they would prove sure. Their best officers had deserted to the ranks of Secession, but others would in the end be found to replace them. The Federal troops required time for discipline and consolidation, but in the end all would be right. Those who were not unfriendly to the North listened to these apologies for successive defeats with no incredulous ears. They were willing, like Charity, to hope all things and believe all things. But there must be a term even to the most partial credulity. We cannot be expected for ever to place confidence in the advance of a cause which is daily retrograding with visible rapidity. Nearly two years have now elapsed since President Lincoln undertook to assert the authority of his Government by arms, and having referred the question to the arbitrament of war, it must be admitted that the award has gone against him. Some may rejoice at the result, others may regret it: the duty of the journalist, as a contemporary chronicler, is simply to record it.

It is true, that by dint of their naval superiority, the Federal Government have the means of prolonging the struggle almost indefinitely. The blockade of the coast and the possession of the line of the Mississippi, give them ample means of harassing their opponents by tremendous privations. It appears to be certain that the weapon of a servile insurrection is not one which is available even in the hands of persons who might be so unscrupulous as to employ it. The tranquillity and inaction of the negro population throughout the whole of this deadly strife, in which their interests are so deeply involved, is one of the many features of this contest which, to many, seemed incredible. The North are not beaten, it is true, for in point of territorial dominion, they actually hold more at this moment than they did at the commencement of the campaign. But though not beaten, it is equally certain that they cannot win. To continue the struggle for the restoration of the Union, is to persevere in an object, which is plainly beyond their reach. From the moment that this had become evident, the protracting of the strife became not only a blunder, but a crime. The sacrifice of life in this short but bloody war has been beyond example. The expenditure of treasure has been profuse beyond all precedent in history. At the rate of interest at which the Federal Government have been compelled to borrow, the expenses of the war, even at the present moment, would involve a burthen not much less than half that which we have inherited from centuries of war. The exhaustion of the country from the disturbance of commerce and the interruption of agriculture, must be extreme, and will be felt long after hostilities shall have terminated.

If there be any truth in the reported resignation of Mr. Seward, it is plain that the true situation of affairs has forced itself even upon those who are most responsible for these disasters. We do not blame the Federal Government for taking up arms, in the first instance, to retrieve their outraged authority. We are not disposed to differ from the assertion of Mr. Bright that any other government would have done the same thing. No sovereign tamely submits to the dismemberment of his empire. And, in this respect, "cheap republics" do not differ from "costly monarchies." The prudence of the attempt depends on the relative force of the parties in the struggle, and the only justification in the commencement of a civil war is the certainty of success. England was right in putting down the Irish rebellion, and she was wrong in her war with the American colonies, principally because in the latter she failed, whilst in the former

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she succeeded. For, after all, where parties choose to appeal to arms, there is no test of superiority but victory. For demerit and disaster in the conduct of affairs, the Cabinet of Abraham Lincoln will obliterate even the shameful memory of the administration of Lord North. Without inquiring very deeply into the original causes of secession, or the later miscarriage of the war, it is obvious to every understanding that the United States of America have fallen to pieces, because their affairs had passed into the hands of men who were wholly incapable of governing. Mr. Bright may indulge in his view of an illimitable empire stretching from sea to sea, of countless populations and incalculable wealth; but he omitted one consideration, which a politician of a less shallow intellect would not have overlooked; viz., that such an empire requires, above all things, and beyond all things, a governor, or at least a system of government, capable of wielding its destinies and controlling its passions. The human race cannot people the earth as a herd of buffaloes graze on the prairie. In order to understand the calamitous change which has taken place in the fortunes of the transatlantic Republic, it is only necessary to contrast the men who made its fortunes with those who have marred them. Let any man look back to the state papers which record the foundation of the United States, and its transactions with Europe, at the close of the last century, and compare them with the effusions of Mr. Lincoln and the despatches of Mr. Seward, and they will trace the clue to what might otherwise appear an incomprehensible enigma of a great catastrophe. The difference between Washington and Lincoln, between Jefferson and Seward, is a complete gauge of the decline and fall of the American republic. It is not without feelings of satisfaction that we are able to recall the fact that, while we lost America, at least we bred the men who made her what she was. We left her marble; it is she who has made herself brick. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Monroe, were names which England rued, but of which England may yet be proud; for it was under the shadow of her colonial system that these men grew up. At the same time it must be admitted that the position in which the Northerners were placed by the Secession was very peculiar. For the last eighty years the Government has been in the hands of the Southerners. The politicians of the North have had no experience in public affairs. Nor would it be easy to select a crisis in the world's history requiring greater intellectual qualities than that which is now come to pass in America. It is idle to assert that the peculiar institutions which prevail in America have had any connection with the degeneracy of her statesmen. A glance at the South is sufficient to prove that statesmanlike power is not extinct. Jefferson Davis and his cabinet are the same men who, until two years ago, filled the cabinet at Washington. And although as yet the North has produced no public men equal to the Confederates, there is no reason to despair that, under the stern discipline of adversity, a school of statesmen may yet arise worthy of the great people which they will have to govern.

ENGLISH AND IRISH MODE OF TREATING CONVICTS.

THE public have heard much lately of the different modes of managing prisoners sentenced to penal servitude in England and in Ireland,—the one under the direction of Sir Joshua Jebb, and the other under that of Sir Walter Crofton,—and of the signal and proved superiority of the latter. It is not often that anything is better done on the further side of St. George's Channel than on this; but the convict system presents an undeniable and startling instance, all the more curious, inasmuch as the Irish plan is the embodiment of simple good sense, and the English one comprises about every conceivable Hibernicism that could be collected together. We are aware generally that the former plan has succeeded, and that the latter has failed; but few know how signal is the failure, and how astonishing the success, or how clearly the failure and the success might both have been predicted at the outset. We shall endeavour to enlighten our readers, as briefly as possible, both as to the specific points of difference in the two systems of management, and as to the ascertained difference in the results;—taking the latter first, and discarding as cavalierly as they deserve both the fallacious statistics by which it has been sought to throw dust in the eyes of the public, and the subtle and ingenious arguments by which it has been endeavoured to explain away indisputable facts.

The *first* fact is this: that, though Sir Joshua Jebb takes great pains never to watch or trace the future career of a liberated convict, or to revoke his licence if he can possibly help it, and though Sir Walter Crofton, on the contrary, traces every *expiree* where he can, and never loses sight of a ticket-of-leave man till his period of entire freedom has arrived, and revokes his licence for the slightest disorder or irregularity—yet, as far as can be ascertained, one half of the English convicts return to prison on account of fresh crimes, and of these between sixty and seventy per cent. return *within one year after their liberation;* while in Ireland, out of 4,643 convicts discharged since the system was inaugurated in 1854, only 460, or *ten per cent.*, have been re-convicted, or had their licences revoked. Sir Joshua Jebb denies or doubts the correctness of the figures in the case of *his* rascals; but the "Four Visiting Justices" of Yorkshire, who thoroughly investigated the whole subject, have shown conclusively why his reclamations carry no conviction with them.

The *second* fact is this: that, while the number of convicts in the hands of government in Ireland, between 1854 and 1861, have decreased from 4,278 to 1,492—a diminution of 65 per cent.—the corresponding numbers in England have only fallen from 7,916 to 7,794; or 1·5 per cent. And this, although during the period named (besides 2,900 sent to the penal establishments at Gibraltar and Bermuda) Western Australia drained away 2,807 from the English prisons, and *not a single one from Ireland.*

The *third* fact is, that, while the number *committed* to convict prisons in Ireland fell off from 710 in 1854 to 331 in 1860—the corresponding diminution in England was only from 2,418 to 2,219—a decrease of 53 per cent. in the one case and 8 per cent. in the other. The number sentenced to minor punishments than penal servitude, and therefore not committed to *convict* prisons, diminished during the same period from 6,337 to 2,675 in Ireland (or 57 per cent.); and from 20,580 to 9,799 in England (or 52 per cent.).

The *fourth* fact is a strong corroboration of all the preceding ones. It is, that while several Government prisons have been shut up in Ireland from want of inmates, the amount of prison accommodation in England is on the increase; and that whereas the Irish convict establishments cost £50,000 *less* than six years ago, the English ones cost £77,000 *more.*

The differences in the mode of treating the convicts in the two islands, by which such an encouraging difference of result has been secured, resolve themselves into three,—discipline in prison, preparation for freedom, and supervision after discharge.

Sir Joshua Jebb makes his prisoners very comfortable, and feeds them like fighting-cocks. Not only is the food served out to them better prepared, more abundant, and more nutritive than that attainable by honest labourers or artizans—this, probably, is unavoidable, and may be alleged of Ireland too. But it comprises meat nearly every day, soup usually, appetising pudding not unfrequently, and even beer sometimes, and is calculated on the plan of keeping the men always in good, not to say high, condition. They are fed thus sumptuously while in separate confinement, on the plea that a generous diet is necessary then to counteract the depressing effects of solitude and seclusion; and, when on the public works, on the plea that the same diet is needed *then* to fit them for the labour exacted from them. The system is bad, both because it renders the prison anything but a place of punishment to men whose God is their belly; and because it conduces to violence and outbreaks by developing too largely the mere animal temperaments of the criminals, whose preponderating *animalism* is their besetting danger. Sir Joshua, again, works his convicts very gently, as well as feeds them very liberally—probably he finds it on his system almost impossible to get out of them more labour than they please to do. At all events, it is given in evidence by an admiralty engineer, that at Portland (the best conducted of his establishments) one ordinary labourer gets through as much as two and a-half or three convicts.

In the next place, Sir Joshua not only treats his rascals more and more liberally as their term of detention approaches its termination, but he *habitually* and *systematically* discharges them on licence at the earliest period he is allowed by law to do so; and he does this *without the slightest reference to their character*, or to the certainty of their relapsing

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into crime; but invariably, and on principle, provided only they have not been outrageously violent or insubordinate in gaol—which they have no motive to be; or have not obstinately infringed the prison regulations—which it would be both difficult and foolish of them to do. Many of the worst ringleaders of the Chatham Mutiny were among Sir Joshua's picked and petted men, standing high on the list for gratuities, and covered with "good conduct" badges. Lastly, Sir Joshua Jebb discharges his men at once, and with no preparation; thrusts them out at a moment's notice from a condition of absolute restraint to one of absolute freedom; he pays their railway fare to whatever town they may wish to visit first—probably the one where their friends and old associates reside—giving them a post-office-order on that town for the residue of the gratuity which they have nominally earned, and which often amounts to £20 or £30. Of course most of them indulge themselves while it lasts, and resort to their old vicious career as soon as it is gone; all the more surely as Sir Joshua, from a dread of interfering with or hampering these men on their path towards a new and better life, *especially instructs the police not to notice them at all.*

Sir Walter Crofton's system is the reverse of all this. He not only feeds his convicts more sparingly, especially for the first three months, but he works them much harder. He is enabled to do this—making them anxious for work and zealous in the performance of it—by letting them feel, during the early part of their seclusion, how wretched it is to be without employment; and then by rendering their progressive indulgences and their early liberation depend entirely and inexorably *upon the amount of work they do*, and upon their diligence in school, as well as upon mere negative subordination. Each man works his way up from class to class, knowing that his fate depends solely upon himself, and that for any failure or misconduct he will be remorselessly sent back to a lower grade. Thus, it lies with himself to render his punishment shorter or longer, and more or less severe; and, the consequence is that, in nine cases out of ten, he works hard and behaves well, and learns to associate labour with reward and hope. But—knowing well that good habits are readily lost if not tested, and that mere good behaviour in prison, where every act is regulated and every movement watched, affords no guarantee whatever for the conduct of the man when restraint and supervision are withdrawn, and he becomes once more his own master—Sir Walter Crofton established intermediate prisons, to which those who have given satisfaction hitherto are in due time removed, and where there is a great amount of liberty combined with vigilant supervision. One of these prisons is in the country, the other is in the heart of Dublin. Here the convicts go out in turn, are intrusted with a little money, execute commissions for their fellow convicts, and are tied to little but residence and their allotted work. They may misbehave if they like, but they seldom do; for the slightest misconduct sends them to an ordinary and a far stricter prison. They might escape if they pleased; but escape would be sure to be followed by recapture and relegation to the old severity, and the original length of confinement; so it is too obvious a folly to be attempted. They might be dishonest and steal while out on messages; but they have been trained to reflection and self-restraint enough to see the badness of the policy, and to drive away the incipient temptation. Being thus prepared by slow and gradual steps for liberation, they are discharged on licence, but they are still carefully watched, and their licence is revoked on the least irregularity. Pains are taken to place them with employers who are informed of their antecedents, but who know at the same time that they would not have been liberated unless they had been deemed fit for freedom, and had been trained to use it well. They may change their master if they like, and often do, but they must report themselves every month to the Inspector of constabulary in their district,—failing which, or relapsing into idleness or bad company, they are at once remanded to prison. The consequence is, that nine-tenths, as far as can be traced, lead reformed and honest lives; and, of those finally liberated on the expiration of their sentences, it is known that twenty-five per cent. become voluntary emigrants. Such are the opposite systems, and such the opposite results. What else could be expected? We do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, and whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. But what language of condemnation can be too strong for the high officials who, in the face of these facts (which are not new to-day), have so long supported and upheld a system of which the disastrous failure was so manifest, and of which such failure might have been so confidently predicted from the outset?

M. FOULD'S REPORT.

A FRENCH budget, like the "Nautical Almanack," is always prepared a year or two before it is wanted. At the present moment M. Fould is engaged in preparing, not as our own practice would lead us to expect, the estimates for 1863, but those for 1864. When Mr. Gladstone makes his usual statement at the beginning of our financial year in April, the estimates which he submits to Parliament are those for the year on which he has already entered; and it not unfrequently happens that three months have elapsed before the budget which is to regulate the expenditure of the current year has finally passed. But no real inconvenience is experienced from this delay. Our revenue and expenditure in ordinary times proceed with so much uniformity, that there is no danger in passing a few weeks without knowing to a figure the exact position in which we stand. The nation pays its taxes as cheerfully, and spends them as merrily by land and sea in the months of April and May, while the budget is under discussion, as when it has safely passed both Houses and the Appropriation Act has received the Royal assent. But this unmethodical mode of procedure is ill-suited to the logical character of the French intellect. If the budget is intended to regulate the national expenditure during the year, it ought to be framed and voted before the year begins. A nation, like an individual, should know what its income is likely to be before it enters on any given course of expenditure. Such is the reasoning of the French on this subject, and, as usual, the bare logic is entirely with them. And their practice is quite equal to their theory. The French budget is generally voted six or seven months before the commencement of the financial year, while our own has seldom passed both Houses till two or three months after that date. While we are quite satisfied with our Chancellor of the Exchequer if he makes his financial statement at any time in the first month of the financial year, the French Minister of Finance would depart very much from the custom of his predecessors, if his budget were not framed and ready to be submitted to the Legislative Assembly nearly a twelvemonth before the beginning of the year to which it relates. The French nation—or at least that small part of it which takes an interest in financial matters—would have looked forward dolefully and with many anxious misgivings to New Year's-day if the budget of 1863 had not been voted months before. It is evident, however, that what the French budget gains in length of deliberation it loses in accuracy. The Finance Minister of France, preparing the budget of 1864 at the beginning of 1863, has to look forward for two whole years. Mr. Gladstone has difficulty enough in telling what one year will bring forth; how can M. Fould tell what two will bring forth? Hence it happens that the French budget not seldom becomes old and antiquated before it comes into use. It is generally idle to judge of the financial state of France by the budget as it is voted. We have been so often deceived by the estimates of French financiers that we have come to regard them with no more faith than a fresh prediction by Dr. Cumming of the end of the world.

One result of this long anticipation of the future is, that about this period of the year the Finance Minister of France finds himself with three budgets on his hands at the same time. Every financial report made to the Emperor about New Year's-day is likely to contain some reference to no less than three several budgets; and the late report of M. Fould is no exception to the rule. There is first the budget of the year just ended, the results of which have to be declared; next, there is the budget for the current year, which was framed and voted months before; and there is, finally, the budget for 1864, in the preparation of which M. Fould is at present engaged, and which will shortly be submitted to the legislative body. This multiplicity is puzzling enough to Englishmen, who are never required, even by so enterprising a Chancellor of the Exchequer as Mr. Gladstone, to direct their attention to more than two budgets at one time, that of the past and that of the current year. But it will not be necessary to embarrass ourselves at present with more than the first part of

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M. Fould's report. The budget of 1863, which forms the second part, claimed only a moment's attention from M. Fould, and we shall dismiss it with equal brevity. His chief concern with that budget is to see that his colleagues should do what, unfortunately for a Finance Minister, they are very little in the habit of doing—keep within the limits of expenditure which are there marked out for them. M. Fould's calculations will of course be disturbed by the continuance of the Mexican expedition during the present year; and a less sanguine minister might fear that the equilibrium which now exists on paper would be disturbed by this attempt to found a monarchy on American soil. Not so M. Fould. The elasticity of the revenue, on which so much dependence is now placed by financiers, comes to his aid. It must be remembered that the estimates of revenue for 1863 were framed on the basis of the actual receipts of 1861. But the actual receipts for the year just ended exceeded these estimates by more than £2,000,000. Allowing for a similar increase in the receipts of the present year, M. Fould considers that the excess of the actual receipts over the estimates will leave him with a surplus of £4,400,000, which will be sufficient to meet the expenses to be incurred in the present year for the Mexican expedition. It would of course be quite premature to make any remarks on the budget of 1864, which forms the last part of the report. M. Fould gave only some vague hints as to the basis on which he had framed it, without entering into much detail. Moreover, the Council of State have to take it in hand after the Minister has finished his labours, and it will be quite time enough to offer criticism when the result of their joint labours is submitted to the discussion of the Legislative Assembly.

That part of the report which relates to the budget of 1862 is the most deserving of attention. The estimates of the French ministers have for several years past corresponded so little with the actual results, that it is generally far more important to examine the budget when the year is over and the accounts are definitely settled, than when the estimates are voted. The Emperor has not been in the habit of confining himself within the limits of expenditure authorized by the legislative body. The budget, as voted, was merely a basis or foundation on which was erected, during the course of the year, a series of extraordinary or supplementary credits. When the money provided for any particular service was exhausted, the Emperor, by his simple decree, opened a credit for the minister of that department. Since the accession of the Emperor the average amount of these extraordinary credits exceeded £10,000,000 a year. In other words the expenditure actually incurred exceeded the money voted by that enormous sum. Here was an opportunity worthy of a great minister, and the accession of M. Fould marked a new policy. December is the Emperor's chosen month for making revelations of a startling and novel character. In the December of 1861 there was a confession as well as a revelation. The emperor confessed to his minister, and, through him, to Europe, that the finances of the empire were in a dangerous state; and, at the same time, promised the concession of a great prerogative. The extraordinary credits were the root of the evil, and the Emperor would surrender entirely the power of making them.

The year 1862 has therefore been a year of change, and the report of M. Fould is chiefly important as showing the working of the new system. It is, indeed, clear that the report is framed with the view of exhibiting these changes in the most favourable light. No year could have been better adapted for testing their value, for the Mexican expedition is exactly one of those instances in which, previous to the decree of last December, the Emperor would have opened the necessary credits for the ministers of war and marine. It was fortunate for the resolution of the Emperor that it had become apparent before the end of the session of the legislative body, that the struggle in Mexico was becoming a serious one, and that he was able to obtain legislative sanction for a sum of £2,360,000 towards its expenses. The sum actually expended has however exceeded that amount by nearly £1,000,000, the total cost of the expedition during the year having been £3,320,000. The estimates for this additional sum will therefore be submitted to the legislative body after the expenditure has actually taken place, which is therefore no more under their control than it was before. It must, however, be admitted that what has taken place with reference to the Mexican expedition is no more than what may happen to any government in a crisis which demands the sudden development of its military or naval power. In such a case the executive must act on its own responsibility, and incur the necessary expenditure. It was thus that our own government acted in the case of the *Trent*. To take away such a power would destroy the efficiency of government, and the path of safety lies not in forbidding its exercise, but in making the ministers who use it responsible for their conduct. The power must exist, and the responsibility of ministers is the only guarantee for its cautious exercise. We have not failed to maintain on former occasions that M. Fould was deluding the public with a vain chimera when he led them to suppose that extraordinary credits could be altogether suppressed. The system of transfers which he has substituted for it is only a covert way of arriving at the same result—a result so distasteful to friends of constitutional government—the incurring of expenditure without legislative sanction. These credits may be reduced; but they cannot be suppressed. And the chief merit of M. Fould is that he has insisted on making such abundant provision for the wants of the service in the original budget that the reduction of supplemental credits would be possible. Compared with any of the recent years, the amount of the supplemental credits made during 1862 is comparatively trifling. M. Fould assures the Emperor that the "abandonment of the prerogative of credits by decree has not deprived the Government of independent means of action, or in any way prejudiced the progress of public affairs." The assurance was quite unnecessary. M. Fould might have made himself easy on that score. No one supposed for a moment that the Emperor had really abandoned the power of controlling affairs. If M. Fould had been able to assure the public that the legislative body had at present any greater control than before, the assurance would have been a welcome one.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SCOTLAND.

Scotland owes much to her long connection with France. She has thereby enriched her vocabulary with many useful and expressive words unknown to English ears, and she has acquired a certain comprehension—though dim and inadequate—of the art of cookery, to which the native John Bull is utterly a stranger; and she has derived from the same source a peculiar reverence for the first day of the year. England, indeed, observes, or rather did long ago observe the New Year after a fashion; and after the fashion which has always been recognized as orthodox—namely, the drinking of healths and the giving of presents. The wassail-bowl—which took its name, we are told, from the Saxon "Wass-hael," "to your health," was a recognized part of the merry-makings of New Year's Eve in Saxon England. In monasteries and religious houses this convivial custom was kept up with especial zeal. Poor people were in the habit of carrying about a bowl crowned with ribbons, and begging the wherewithal to fill it, and some of the old songs or chaunts in which they were wont to prefer their requests exist at the present day. The custom of making New Year's gifts was observed not less religiously in the olden time. As might be supposed, such gifts were made with peculiar frequency to superiors in station, and often to those on the throne; indeed, some unusually ingenious kings of the Plantagenet race are said to have utilized this graceful usage as a means of taxation. Both these forms, however, of celebrating New Year's Day have fallen into disuse, and the First of January receives but little honour south of the Tweed. Speaking generally, we may say that in England Christmas is held, while New Year's Day is neglected; and that in Scotland the claims of Christmas are disregarded, while New Year's Day is the most festive time of the year.

Christmas in Scotland, like New Year's Day in England, seems to have been duly honoured in days gone by. It was known by the name of Yule—the old Scandinavian season of rejoicing—on which the early missionaries had, in accordance with their constant habit with regard both to observances and legends, engrafted the festival of the nativity.

The English New Year's Day appears to have worn out gradually and without cause, but the Scotch Christmas yielded only to direct attack. The custom of its observance, like many things of more evil influence, disappeared before the Reformation. The Presbyterian clergy exerted themselves vehemently to put a stop to it. They considered it a rag of Popery, or of Prelacy, which was worse, and they were determined to put it down. For more than a hundred years it was a grievous ecclesiastical offence for a

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Scotch householder to cook a better dinner than usual on Christmas Day. At the present time Scotch people can be found who will gravely urge as a proof of the "unscripturalness" of the English Church, the sacred nature of the services which she has set apart for Christmas. This violent and long-continued crusade was entirely successful. In some of the northern districts of Scotland, where Episcopacy has always lingered, Christmas is still held in reverence. But, as a rule, the great festival of the Scottish nation is New Year's Day.

This, as we have said before, was probably taken from France; but the more peculiar features of the French New Year's Day are hardly discernible in the North. There is little in Scotland of the elaborate interchange of visits and of gifts, which marks *le jour d'étrennes* in Paris. Indeed, so far as there is present-giving in Scotland at all, it occurs not on the first day of the year, but on the last; and it is rather of a limited nature, consisting mainly in donations to poor children of cakes and good things to eat. The last day of the year is called Hogmanay, and it was, and in the more retired districts still is, the custom for children of the poorer classes to go from house to house chanting old cries with a begging signification, in return for which they are presented with cheese and oaten-cakes. Mr. Chambers, in his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," gives several of these cries, of which the most mysterious, perhaps, is—

Hogmanay
Trollolay
Give us of your white bread, and none of your grey!

The last line seems to indicate a natural, though unnational, preference for wheaten bread over oat-cakes; but the meaning of the word hogmanay has never, we believe, been ascertained. Jamieson in his dictionary gives it up; and the ingenious suggestion that it is derived from "au gui menez"—"to the mistletoe go,"—can hardly be received as conclusive. The combination "trollolay" is beyond the reach even of a suggestion. On the same day, and also on New Year's Day, the *guizards*, or masquers, wander from door to door. They are something like the old Christmas mummers in England. Some half-dozen boys array themselves in strange attire, and, content with the hall or the kitchen as a stage, recite old songs, or, fired with a more vaulting ambition, go through a regular drama, called "Galatian," the plot of which consists in various stalwart knights fighting to the death, the victims, however, being carefully restored to life at the end of the play, when a few pence are considered a sufficient acknowledgment of this brilliant entertainment. This custom held its ground until very lately, even in large towns.

Perhaps more peculiar to Scotland than either the gift of hogmanay or the dramatic efforts of the *guizards*, was the custom of first-footing. As the last night of the old year was waning, a "hot-pint," as it was called, would be prepared,—a villanous composition consisting of warm ale, whisky, spices, and sugar. When the clock struck twelve, a general hand-shaking and wishing of "happy New Year!" took place, after which the elders of the household sallied forth, armed with the said hot-pint, and deleterious cakes and buns, visiting all their acquaintance, renewing the drinking and the expressions of good wishes at every house, and perfectly willing to interchange similar courtesies with any party they might meet bent on the same errand as themselves. The object was to be the first to enter a neighbour's dwelling on the New-Year; and hence the origin of the name. This custom was at one time universal throughout Scotland, and prevailed even in towns within the memory of those still living. It is said that some fifty years ago the streets of Edinburgh between twelve and one o'clock on the first morning of the year were crowded as at midday. Now it has fallen altogether into desuetude, the only remnant of it being that, among people of the old school, any valued friend receives a welcome even more hearty than usual, should he chance to be the first visitor, or the "first foot" in the house on New Year's Day.

In fact all these things are passing away, and there remains little in Scotland to distinguish the first of January from any other day in the year, save a tendency on the part of the middle classes to parade the streets gorgeously apparelled, and among the lower classes a general aptitude to get drunk. Neither of these "proclivities" are worth cultivating. The sight of men and women marching up and down streets of towns, marks of painful efforts after hilarity plainly visible on their faces, cannot surely be exhilarating. None of the Anglo-Saxon race were intended by Providence to indulge in out-of-door frivolities. And it cannot be considered a very creditable thing for a country that the labouring-classes generally devote the second and third days of the year to recovering from the too joyous festivities of the first. This latter evil, however, is decreasing. It is a subject on which it is not easy to speak with confidence, but many well qualified to judge appear to entertain good hopes that in Scotland drunkenness at new year's time, and at all other times, will speedily share the fate of the less exciting but more innocent representation of the *guizards*.

It is observable that the observance of Christmas is gaining ground in Scotland, especially in the towns, and among the upper classes. This is probably in some way connected with the spread of Episcopacy, which has, within the last few years, become *comme il faut* north of the Tweed. But, whatever be the cause, the fact is certain. Churches are attended; houses are decked with holly; Christmas-trees are adorned for the delectation of children; the very dinners have conformed to Anglican types of festivity; in fact, not unfrequently, the arrangements would meet with the entire approval even of Mr. Dickens. We trust we are not unduly influenced by national prejudice in thinking that this change is for the better. Cheerfulness and goodwill to all men are surely appropriate to Christmas-tide. But at epochs which merely mark the flight of time, while the good-will is not less beseeming, the cheerfulness does not so readily arise. We do not say that such periods should be neglected—quite the contrary; but we do say that they are not the fit occasions for uproarious hilarity. We may wish our friends a happy New Year as we wish them a good morning; many thoughts may occur, not such as we idly speak or communicate to any ordinary acquaintance; but these are not thoughts which tend to cheerfulness only, nor can any man of sense, over thirty, feel nothing beyond an inclination to be jolly when the fact is impressed upon him that another year out of his threescore and ten has passed away. "Of all sounds of all bells," says Charles Lamb, "most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the last twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary when he exclaimed—

'I saw the skirts of the departing year.'"

Surely Elia here expresses the truth; and if such are the feelings with which we ought to regard the close of the old year, it cannot be that getting more or less drunk is the appropriate welcome of the new.

NEUTRAL TRADE WITH BELLIGERENTS.

The case of the *Alabama* has given rise to much general discussion on several complex and intricate questions which lie at the very root of the whole existing system of positive International Law. By positive International Law jurists understand International Law as established by treaties and by the observance of customs between independent nations in their dealings with each other. It is of the essence of a Law, properly so called, that there should be a sanction to enforce its performance and to punish its violation. Unlike Municipal Law, International Law is without a sanction in the proper sense of the term. The only sanction which a breach of the usual observances of international customs can call forth is a declaration of war on the part of the offended nation. The absence of any other sanction than the *ultima ratio* of war has led Mr. Austin, in his great work on jurisprudence, to deny that International Law is a Law at all in the proper sense of the term. Whether that be so or not, it is admitted by all writers on the subject, that the rigorous deductions from principles which are required by Municipal Law cannot be looked for in International Law.

Positive International Law, such as it is, is founded upon international morality as its basis. International morality, or the morality which should in theory bind nations in their dealings with each other, bears the same relation to positive International Law as ethics or morals bear to positive Municipal Law. International morality is, as its name indicates, national morals or national ethics. Ethics or morals regulate the conduct of individuals, international morality regulates the conduct of states and governments, in their dealings with each other. Municipal law is nothing more nor less than a branch of the great subject of ethics. Its accordance with the broad principles of ethics is the test by which the goodness of municipal law must be measured. The imperfections and infirmities of man's nature are the grounds for the enactments of positive law. The knowledge of his duty is not sufficient to insure its performance by him. Positive law, therefore, steps in and punishes him for the violation. Positive law does not, however, pretend to be co-extensive with ethics. The line of demarcation which shuts off ethics proper from those parts of the ethical system which have been embraced within its limits, and invested

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with a sanction by positive law, is often a thin one; where it ought to be drawn is often the most puzzling subject which offers itself to the mind of the legislator. No positive rules can be laid down on the subject. As civilization improves, it is to be hoped that the dictates of conscience may, in process of time, supply of themselves a sufficient sanction to secure the prevention of acts which require at present the punishments of positive law. These remarks have been introduced because they are calculated to throw much light on the relations existing between International morality and positive International Law. The former bears the same analogy to the latter as ethics do to positive law: morality, whether private or national, is, in the language of jurists, a duty of imperfect obligation, the breach of which is punished with no other penalty than remorse of conscience; the latter, subject, of course, to the remarks we have already made as to the absence in International Law of a sanction in the proper sense of the term, is a duty, in a certain sense, of perfect obligation. In Municipal Law the sanction is perfect; in International Law it is only in a sense perfect. This imperfection does not, however, destroy, for practical purposes, or throw down the partition-wall, thin though it may be, which separates International Morality from positive International Law.

These observations bear very materially upon the question as to how far a neutral may, consistently with his neutrality, furnish belligerents with the muniments of war. A writer in the *Times*, in a letter signed "Historicus," has by no means done full justice to M. Hautefeuille, the adviser of the French Government, or to the Queen's Advocate, in his criticisms on their discussion of this delicate point. The manner in which M. Hautefeuille treats the whole subject is, it is true, quaint, if it may not be styled even priggish. He tests the question, in the first place, by what he calls the "primary or the divine Law," and then he considers how far the "secondary law" is in accordance with the requisitions of the former. A very little observation will lead any one to see that, by the divine law, he means the dictates of International Morality, and by the secondary law, merely the customary usages of positive International Law. His method is sound, though exceptions may often be taken to his positions. But it is idle to sneer at the work of M. Hautefeuille. It is an honest, careful, and most laborious production; the opinions of other writers are stated by him with remarkable fairness, which of itself is a great merit in a subject of so slippery a nature as International Law, and are discussed with extreme impartiality. His book is a complete repository of all the learning on the subject. The failure of M. Hautefeuille, where he fails, arises from the fact that he attempts too much—from his wish and endeavour to place International Law upon as scientific a basis as that on which Municipal Law rests. A very slight acquaintance with the first principles on which every system of jurisprudence is based, is enough to show that this is the aim of his work. If he fails, it is because the object is impossible; for a system of law which hangs for its sanction on the cannon's mouth cannot well be scientific. He is, however, well entitled to respect for his learning and for the fearlessness with which he expresses his opinions. At all events, he is entitled to have his opinion fairly quoted. Now, in the chapter as to whether it is an unneutral act in the neutral to sell muniments of war to the belligerents, M. Hautefeuille does not say, as he is represented to do by the writer in the *Times*, that the neutral government is bound to prohibit and prevent its private subjects from selling, in its own territory, muniments of war to one or both of the belligerents. What he says is, that, on the ground of international morality, the sale on the neutral territory of these articles by private subjects is, in fact, a violation of the precepts of that higher law; and, being so, he concludes that a belligerent might be justified theoretically, upon grounds of International Morality, in regarding the breach as a *casus belli;* but he adds that, practically, a belligerent will, as a general rule, in almost all cases, rather submit to an infraction of the higher law than take this step and thereby bring upon his shoulders another belligerent. More than this M. Hautefeuille does not say, nor is the deduction which has been made from his remarks legitimate. His treatment of the matter is a mere theoretical discussion; he does not inculcate on the neutral government the duty of preventing its subjects from selling in its territory muniments of war to a belligerent. The motive of his discussion is the question whether acts of the sort would, under any state of circumstances, justify the other belligerent in regarding it as a *casus belli*. We confess that, to our minds, the theoretical question is somewhat an idle one, though a writer who aims at a scientific treatment of the subject could hardly have passed it by. The Queen's Advocate discusses the subject much in the same manner as M. Hautefeuille. What is with the French writer the "divine or primary Law," is with the English jurist the principles of universal justice. A captious critic may perhaps think that universal justice is rather a broad and sweeping term; but the Queen's Advocate, if he errs, errs in common with a great man and a great judge, and uses language which has been already employed by jurists and diplomatists. Lord Redesdale, that great master of equity law, in defining the limits of the jurisdiction of the Courts of Equity, says that they are only bounded by the requisitions of universal justice; and the British Minister, Mr. Hammond, in discussing with the American Minister in 1794, questions of International Law, almost uses the same words. Probably we should prefer the phrase "International Morality;" but the Queen's Advocate, when he speaks of "universal justice," means nothing more. In the few pages which he devotes to this special subject he treats it, like M. Hautefeuille, on the purest theoretical grounds of International Morality; and, though he thinks, with M. Hautefeuille, and with the commentators of Valin, that the sale of muniments of war is a breach of that higher law, he does not, in any part of his book, assert, as he has been represented, that the sale of contraband articles by the private individuals of a neutral nation as a pure commercial venture to either or both of the belligerents, is an act which the neutral Government ought to be called upon to prevent. The distinguished position which the Queen's Advocate occupies, as the chief adviser of the Government in matters of great difficulty, entitles him to every courtesy. His work on International Law is to a degree honest and laborious. Indeed, the authorities cited by "Historicus" in favour of an opinion which the Queen's Advocate probably never meant to dispute, are almost all derived from his pages. The sale of contraband to the belligerents by the neutral is perhaps of all the questions of International Law that in which the line of demarcation between international morality and the positive International Law is the most obscure. It does not follow, that because an act may be internationally immoral, it ought, therefore, to be prohibited by positive International Law. Slander and abusive language are immoral, but they are not, except in certain cases, visited by the sanctions of positive Municipal Law. Similar difficulties occur in International Law in determining where international morality ends and positive International Law, such as it is, begins. The actual conduct of nations is perhaps the best test of the principles on which they act in deciding this question. All jurists are, we believe, agreed in the doctrine that the sale of muniments of war, such as powder, shot, &c., as a commercial adventure, is not a violation of international law. M. Hautefeuille and the Queen's Advocate, when they seem to disagree, only do so upon the purest theoretical grounds. Their argument refers, not to the practices during war as they are, but to the practices as they should be under a perfect state of things, which is far from being realized. The want of power in the neutral to prevent the sale, and the unreasonableness of the demand on the part of the one belligerent in requiring the neutral to prohibit the sale to the other belligerent of muniments of war as a pure commercial adventure, are the reasons which have led to the establishment of the present doctrine. Questions of convenience, and a general balance of the conflicting rights, lie at the bottom of the rule which appears to be now fixed upon a very reasonable basis.

"Our citizens," said Mr. Pickering, in reply to the British Minister, Mr. Hammond, who had complained that a French agent was buying up arms and military accoutrements with the intent to export them to France, "have always been free to make, vend, and export arms: it is the constant occupation and livelihood of some of them. To suppress their callings, the only means, perhaps, of their subsistence, because a war exists in foreign and distant countries, in which we have no concern, would scarcely be expected. It would be hard in principle and impossible in practice."—*American State Papers, 20th Jan.*, 1796.

The quotation which has just been made shows that such questions are not new. A long correspondence arose upon this subject in 1794, when war broke out between France and England, America being neutral, and was continued during 1795 and 1796. The correspondence, which lies before us in the American State Papers, is, at the present moment, both amusing and instructive, now that the tables are turned, and the neutral of those days is the belligerent of our own time. The belligerents of those days were not more modest and forbearing in their demands than it is the usual custom of belligerents to be. England demanded that the United States should stop the sale of arms to the French. France demanded that the United States should not allow their citizens to sell horses to the English. Our limits prevent us from noticing any other part of this correspondence than a very important letter of Mr. Pickering, the Minister of State, to M. Adet, the French Minister. This letter is so far important that it has been cited by that great lawyer Kent as one of the letters which establish the rule "that neutrals may lawfully sell at home

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to a belligerent purchaser, or carry themselves to the belligerent powers, contraband articles, subject to the right of seizure *in transitu*." The jurist cited by Mr. Pickering in that letter at considerable length, and spoken of by him in terms of respect, is Galiani, who, on the other hand, is described by "Historicus" as "a mighty foolish" author. M. Adet had, in his letter which called forth the letter of Mr. Pickering, appealed to Galiani in favour of his own position. Galiani, therefore, has had the enviable and rare distinction among international lawyers of being admitted by France and America to be a decisive authority on a complex and intricate point. It may not be out of place to say that the writings of international lawyers are, with hardly an exception, coloured by the sentiments and the prejudices of the nation of which the writer is a member. Natives of powerful maritime states are almost all in favour of advanced belligerent rights, while the natives of weak maritime states are in favour of the rights of neutrals. The proof of this remark might be followed out without any difficulty. We make it to prevent persons who have not looked closely into the subject from being led blindly along by a string of authorities on any point of International Law. It must not be forgotten that in International Law, as well as upon any other branch of law, one good authority is better than a dozen indifferent ones. The difficulty, however, is the determination of which is the good authority. Each man is too apt to fly to the one which supports his own views and panders to his own prejudices, and to trumpet that one forth to the world as the embodiment of wisdom. A better field for the exercise of this common proclivity of human nature could hardly be found than is offered by International Law.

MARRIAGE CARDS.

England expects every man to do his duty, excepting, perhaps, clergymen, who can be hardly expected to do it, if they can get anybody else to do it for them; but it has never been said that England expects every woman to do her duty; nor does it appear to be known whether Britannia could conscientiously say that she did expect it, or whether she was ever impartially zealous upon the subject. The time has come, however, for clearing up the doubt. If fugitive symptoms are to be deemed of much importance, a large and highly-respected branch of the feminine sex seems almost inclined to give way. The bridesmaids of England have an onerous and a high office to fulfil; and it should be their endeavour to discharge its serious duties without swerving or shrinking from responsibilities. Any indications of a feeling of dissatisfaction or disorganization on this part of our social system are of themselves a species of misfortune. Vague disquiet and unrest among the outlying nationalities of the Continent come to us as familiar phenomena, and we are able to bear up accordingly. The Epirote provinces, men say, perhaps, are at it again. There has been a rising of the tribes in the Caucasus, or the ladies of the Sultan's harem, in a sudden burst of domestic disappointment, have murdered those who are their legal and natural guardians. To such Continental rumours and turmoils the country is accustomed, and it can bear them with Christian equanimity. But a rebellious spirit among bridesmaids is a new and overwhelming catastrophe, and comes from a quarter where all, it was thought, was peace. It has long been clear that something was in the wind. At last open signs of the disaffection have shown themselves in the marriage column of the *Times*, in the shape of a dropping fire of announcements of "No cards." When the first announcement of "No cards" was brought home forcibly to the mind of some friend of the family, who may have belonged to the old school, as he sat after dinner with the paper at his club, it is more than probable that it produced upon him that peculiar old gentleman's feeling of the end of all things being indeed at hand, which is wont suddenly to overcome us when we hear that Tom (just home for the holidays from Eton) has been smoking a cheroot in the drawing-room, or that Tom's elder brother, who is a puppy in the Guards, has five different kinds of umbrellas for five different kinds of rainy days. Arabella and Fitzsimmons, married at St. George's, Hanover-square, with eighteen bridesmaids in white silk dresses trimmed with swansdown, and a bishop to bestow his blessing on the bride in a voice broken with emotion—and yet "no cards"! This is another of those monstrous innovations which are to be expected from a generation which has no reverence for tradition, or for its elders, or for the decencies of society, and which is inbred with the most latitudinarian and revolutionary ideas. This comes of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, and what is called the march of intellect. It was to be expected; yes, it was to be expected. It is only another proof that the floodgates of radicalism are opened, and that the landmarks of society are about to be removed. Such may, no doubt, have been the sentiment of the old family friend, called forth in a sudden flash of anger and astonishment, and who can say that they were not such as would do honour to his head and to his heart?

If everybody who married belonged to one little coterie, which knew when a marriage was on the *tapis*, and in which no marriage ever altered the social relations of the "high contracting" parties, marriage cards might be of no especial use. This, however, is not the case. The English world of gentlemen and ladies is a wide one, and is by no means confined to that little world which meets itself nightly at the one most fashionable ball of London. Scotland is not too far to marry into Cornwall. Buckinghamshire would make very little of going through the wedding ceremony with York. Welsh heiresses, unlike Welsh mutton, are a resource bestowed impartially by a kind Providence on all parts of this favoured realm alike. A flying golden bridge connects Belgravia and the Hampstead Road. Mayfair has been known to unite itself to Clapham with much apparent satisfaction to itself. How is it possible that marriage cards can cease to be a necessity when such is the state of the social world? Few people belong to a set of gods and goddesses, all of whom are universally known; all of whom are on an equality: and all of whom intermarry only among themselves. Most Englishmen and Englishwomen of the upper classes have numberless friends and acquaintances in all quarters of the world, who are not likely to hear for a certainty of the great event, and who, when they do hear of it, are glad to be personally informed that the great event changes nothing in old friendships, and that not even on account of new ties is old acquaintance to be forgot. To such as these the absence of marriage cards makes a considerable difference. It is a cold and uninteresting piece of news to learn through the medium of a newspaper gazette that a schoolfellow of one's youth has married out in India. It becomes a very different affair when the white envelope with the whiter cards, tied by the well-known silver cord, appears after its long journey from the other hemisphere upon your breakfast table. Old recollections laid aside for many years are revived; rusty friendships burnished up into warmer and brighter ones; and Brown from Richmond, in return for a white card, sends back a loving wish to Jones upon the Ganges. In theory the wedding-card is particularly well-timed, because it is at a moment of great and absorbing interest to ourselves that it is most important to make our friends feel that we are not too absorbed to think of them. In practice, it is convenient as a means of continuing or dropping an acquaintance. There may be people whom the husband is not desirous of introducing to his wife, or there may be people whose acquaintance the husband does not care to make for himself, and wishes his wife to drop. It is right that every man at the time of his marriage should have this opportunity of selecting his own and his wife's friends afresh, for without it the news will be certainly known to all who are concerned about the bride and bridegroom. This innovation comes from that graceful and ingenious sex which believes that the marriage column is read, next to the Bible, by all classes of the population with perennial vigour. An announcement appearing in the literary gynæceum of the *Times* is as good, we have no doubt, as a notice to all Englishwomen. Unfortunately, thea is one part of the *Times* which men do not so assiduously prefer at breakfast-time. The idea of making it legal notice to all mankind emanated from no masculine brain. *Dux fœmina facti.* If it emanated (as it must have emanated) from a woman, we are obliged to lay the fault on those whose privilege and tearful pleasure it is to deck the victim for the sacrifice, and to despatch afterwards to all who know her the card containing the information of her fate.

The time for dispatching the marriage cards has hitherto been understood to be during the dull afternoon that follows the departure of the wedding-guests. We hope and trust that it is not from any unjustifiable feeling as to the exercise or fatigues of a wedding-day that the bridesmaids feel a disinclination to discharge the additional yet simple duty. Nothing could be plainer than that the fatigues of the day do not fall on them. Got up in rich lace or tulle regardless of expense, they occupy a cool and spacious place in the church during the ceremony; and are not crowded into an uncomfortable position among the collective hats of the assembly upon the pulpit steps. They arrive at breakfast fresh and vigorous, not jaded with the incessant toil of protecting one's own hat, and not treading on the rest; a toil to be performed under the exhausting mask of devout attention to the service, and an emotion of sympathy for the performers. Their breakfast is for them a gala hour, instead of pointing to a vista of nightmare and unrest. Their young constitutions now, doubtless, stand drinking champagne and eating all kinds of soups and *entrées* at an hour at which nature stands aghast. They do not feel feebly buffeted, and driven by circumstances over

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which they have no control, from one glass to another, till agitated at once by the sentiments of the hour, and by the unusual and precocious supply of feverish beverages, they find themselves, when the afternoon is not half begun, in a state of maudlin indigestion. They are not forced to tire themselves out by keeping up a show of gushing sympathy for the united company, which no serious-minded Englishman could possibly consent to feel, if he were not driven half wild by the champagne and the speechifying, both getting into his head together. Then, again, let them look at what men have to go through when they leave the house! What is a man to do at three o'clock in the afternoon, after the agitation and the repletion to which he has been exposed? He cannot walk, for his head is aching with the scene; and he is too sleepy to read; and he cannot bear the noise of the street; and he wants fresh air and to be let alone. A gloomy cloud prevents him from looking forward to any dinner with even moderate patience. His day is ended prematurely before the evening has began. He has nowhere to go to, and nothing he cares for in the world that he is fit to do. If any bridesmaid is inclined to repine or to fancy the day has been less pleasant than it might have been, she has only to think of what others have thought it right to suffer, and her lot will presently appear a light one. At any rate, cheerfulness and industry are the best recipe for feminine discontent. The process of directing and despatching the wedding-cards is the best that is possible for raising the spirits which have been depressed by the gloomy affair of the morning. It is, of course, possible that it is not to save trouble that the abuse of dispensing with this process has crept in. Every family in the world has a certain number of what may be called amphibious friends; that is to say, friends whom one is always wishing at the bottom of the sea, and who ought to be at the bottom of the sea, but who are still always turning up on dry land. The horrid question is whether or no the amphibious friend shall have cards. To send cards to others and not to him, is to slap him smartly and distinctly on the face. To send him cards is more than human nature can endure. The obvious, but unworthy solution of the difficulty, is to send nobody any cards at all; by which means the amphibious friend is neither insulted nor encouraged. If the "no cards" system be invented to meet this social obstacle, it is still an objectionable one, for the very reason that it leaves the amphibious friend where he was, and does not better matters. It would not make him much worse or more objectionable to go through the ceremony of acknowledging his existence, and the other alternatives might have the effect of driving him straight to the water, and thus putting, pleasantly and mercifully, an end to his amphibious character. On all grounds, then, we should wish respectfully, but firmly, that this movement among the bridesmaids should be suppressed. Wedding-cards ought to be spared. If it were not impolitic to suppose that a bridesmaid could understand a dead language, one might employ the words of the poet—*perituris parcite chartis;* but we have no intention, in disputing against fair opponents, to be so unwise as to allow our case to rest upon its pure logical merits. It may be of some service to suggest that suppressing one part of a ceremony is only one step to suppressing another. To-day it is a *coup d'état* against wedding-cards. To-morrow it may—who does not shudder at the thought?—be a *coup d'état* directed against bridesmaids!

HISTORY À LA MODE.

We live in an age of speculative hardihood: *per fas atque nefas*, across the most cherished prejudices, the best-beloved beliefs, a ruthless spirit of inquiry is for ever pushing on to some new conclusion, or impugning the authority of some established dogma. Everywhere innovation stands courageous and defiant. In our houses, our fashions, our modes of travel, our daily talk, no less than in our politics, the spirit of conservatism has received a thousand deadly stabs. A disembodied country squire who returned from beyond the Styx, to revisit once more the glimpses of the moon, would wander disconsolate about his hereditary acres, and would find a degenerate race in possession of an England that was no longer the England of the good old times. In history especially the spirit of scepticism has run riot with an irreverent and capricious vehemence. The heroes of antiquity have been hurried from their pedestals, and their places occupied by those at whom hitherto the finger of scorn has been by common consent directed. The grand old myths of early Greece have crumbled away beneath the touch of unsympathetic investigation; rehabilitated Roman emperors stand forth the shining models of refined, benevolent, and unselfish sovereignty; while the English Blue Beard is acquitted of all conjugicidal tendencies, and triumphantly demonstrated to have been everything that a husband and a monarch should be. No revolution is too great to be attempted, no sentence of antiquity too final to be reversed.

At such a time the duties of journalism must be necessarily often perplexing. Truth must not be stifled; yet, on the other hand, there are discoveries so tremendous, changes so radical, criticisms so audacious, that we almost shrink from giving them additional publicity. Nothing but a stern sense of duty could drive us to the performance of so uncongenial a task, or support us under the conflicting emotions of intellectual martyrdom. Without, then, further prelude or apology, we announce the latest conclusions to which the most fashionable school of history has conducted its converts. We shall be giving a rude shock, we have no doubt, to many a sensitive nature; we shall be disturbing the serenity of many a tranquil life; we shall have to dislocate the chronology of pretentious and self-satisfied ignorance, and to impugn the cogency of traditionary logic. Indolence, timidity, worldliness suggest a discreet reserve; but we owe it to our readers and ourselves to be courageous, and, be the consequences what they may, we have resolved to speak.

It appears, then, that scholars have become convinced that comparatively modern English history stands sorely in need of rectification. What Niebuhr did for Rome, what Bunsen attempted for Egypt, a learned pamphleteer has recently achieved for the last three centuries of English annals. Bringing the same machinery to bear upon the house of Stuart which antiquarians have directed against the house of Cheops—examining the "Caroline legend" with the same crucial tests which have resolved the myths of the Heraclidæ and the fabulous chronicles of Egyptian papyri into their true elements—applying, in fact, to modern times the same unceremonious method of investigation and rearrangement which has hitherto been monopolized by the elucidators of antiquity, he has arrived at results which, though startling at first sight, bear upon them all the evidences of inherent truthfulness, and need only be seen in order to be believed. The sagacious historian in question writes with a dignified and almost authoritative air, and advances, like a skilful general, securing each position as he goes. In the first place, he points out the absurdity of their being two historical methods, one for ancient and one for modern times. Arithmetic, he observes, was as true before the deluge as after, the same canons of credibility apply to Psammeticus as to George I. Next, the advantage is shown to be all on the side of the historians of antiquity. The narrators of modern times have been the victims of a slavish accuracy; they have insisted on contemporary evidence, they have balanced the claims of contradictory witnesses, they have rejected unsupported hypotheses, they have carried the wretched logic of the law courts into the noble domain of history; they may be regarded, says the author, "as breathing the spirit of historical red-tapism." The historians of antiquity have been animated by a more generous spirit, and have shaped more courageous canons for their guidance; they have decided that positive proof is the vulgar necessity of untrained intellects; difficulties, otherwise inconveniently insoluble, are met by the ready expedient of an invented hypothesis; oral tradition, though a few centuries later than the events which it commemorates, is accepted as reliable; the gratification of inquisitiveness, the historian's highest function, and the Aristotelian dogma that poetry is more philosophical than history, have necessitated and justified the employment of less prosaic modes of thought than those conventionally made use of. "As an instrument of research," says Sir David Brewster, "the influence of imagination has been much overlooked by those who have ventured to give laws to philosophy." Kepler's discoveries were grounded on a lucky guess, and it is to such fortunate intuitions, rather than to the deciphering of obscure chronicles, or the tedious comparison of immaterial proofs, that the true historian will look for aid. *L'histoire est aux heureux*, that is, history is for those who make the luckiest shots. Thus, no less than poetry, it will become one of the imaginative arts, and, so treated, "would obviously acquire a compass, richness, and variety, and would exhibit a unity and consistency of which it has hitherto been destitute."

Armed with this theory, and covering his advance, as it were, by some personal confidences of the illustrious Niebuhr, the author proceeds forthwith to carry the first hostile position. The artillery which he employs is, if we may be forgiven the pun, the well-known historical canon that genealogies apparently successive are often to be regarded as contemporaneous, and slightly different names as referring to the same individual. Before this formidable piece of ordnance the House of Stuart makes a very poor resistance. To the critical eye its very appearance is suspicious. The dynasty is related to have reigned from 1603 to 1688. There are

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four monarchs, two named James and two Charles, two usurpers, Cromwell and William, and two Pretenders, also named Charles and James. "Altogether, there is so much confusion in the received history of these Stuart Kings; some reigning, some deposed, some claiming to reign, and all sharing the names of Charles and James, that an hypothesis is called for, which shall replace contradiction and obscurity by coherency and light." The hypothesis—such is the fertility of a truly scientific imagination—is no sooner called for than it is forthcoming. That strange delusion, which oftentimes awaits intellectual no less than physical inebriety, has led the victims of a too generous literary diet to see two things when only one exists. Charles II. and James II. are imaginary beings reflected from the two Pretenders, and Cromwell but a shadowy anticipation of the usurper, William. So luminous an hypothesis scarcely stands in need of corroboration, but the author, with scholar-like precision, secures each position as he goes, and links the whole together with a chain of probabilities. Both the Pretenders, as well as the imaginary King Charles, are represented as being at Paris, under the patronage of the French King. All three set sail for Scotland, a very improbable destination for Charles, as it was here that his father's bitterest foes were collected. All three collect an army, all march southward, all are ultimately defeated, are the objects of Government pursuit, and are enabled at last, by the fidelity of their adherents, to reach the coast. Nor does the resemblance stop here. Both the imaginary Charles and the elder Pretender have mothers living at Paris; the name of each of these ladies is Maria; the affix Henrietta, in the one case, being a mere "caprice of tradition;" each is of an Italian princely family,—the one of the House of Este, the other of the House of Medici, a difference which, as Modena and Tuscany are contiguous States, is, the author rightly observes, almost imperceptible. The other discrepancies are equally insignificant. The Pretender is victorious at Preston Pans, whereas Charles is defeated at Dunbar; but the places are near to one another; and this is precisely the sort of variety with which the historian must be prepared to deal. In the same way, the fictitious Charles's march is arrested at Worcester, whereas the young Pretender was checked at Derby. But Derby and Worcester are both capitals of Midland counties, and about the same distance from London, and might be easily substituted. And though the legend has introduced Worcester, it has recognized Derby in the shape of an Earl of Derby, who is described as falling into the hands of the enemy and decapitated after the battle of Worcester,—an obviously mythical method of describing the pillage of the town by the victorious Hanoverians after their victory at Derby. At this point the stories again coincide: the young Pretender is rescued by Flora Macdonald, Charles by an oak-tree, the noblest type of that vegetative world over which Flora presides. Both of them owe their safety to the almost incredible fidelity of their partizans; Charles is the head of the "Cavalier" party, while the Pretender is celebrated in Jacobite ballads as "the young Chevalier;" both, lastly, are Catholics in faith. Do not such coincidences compel us to believe that the personages are identical? May we not gladly, following the "Egyptological method," sweep the dreary austerities of the Commonwealth, the orgies of the Restoration, the abortive tyranny of the second James from our annals, and henceforward accept William III. as the real opponent and immediate successor of the martyred Charles?

The "Caroline Legend" thus, by an ingenious analysis, cleared away, we are in a position to take a correcter view of matters nearer home. There is a portion of the great Napoleon's career which science finds it impossible to admit. For awhile all is continuous, lucid, and probable, and firmly established by authority; after his escape from Elba, however, "the narrative changes its character, it becomes improbable and incoherent, it exhibits marks of a legendary origin, and is no longer worthy of credit." Instead of continuing the peace, which exhausted France had just began to taste, the fugitive Emperor is represented as plunging at once into a campaign which, though lasting only a week, is marked by two first-rate battles, the latter of which necessitates his flight. Then there is a second abdication, a second captivity, a second island: the Bourbon dynasty, just blown away by the mere breath of Napoleon's approach, is reinstated; in 1830 it is overthrown, again in 1848 it is overthrown, and in 1862 we find another Napoleon on the throne, bent, like his great original, on military glory, territorial grandeur, and domestic development. Why, asks the discriminating Egyptologist, why not sweep away this improbable interlude, and believe that the first and the second Napoleons are the same individual? How ill supported by evidence is the great turning-point of the whole, the battle of Waterloo! Napoleon himself is described as having despatched a bulletin to Paris describing it as a victory, and to have issued a proclamation at Brussels to the same effect. The last French historian has succeeded in proving that all the odds were in favour of the Emperor, that the English and Prussian arrangements were one long blunder, that the chief portion of the English army was annihilated, and that the defeat of the allies was saved from becoming a disaster only by the French troops being unable to see their great leader in the dark. And this at six o'clock on a Midsummer evening! Here surely we must confess that fiction has been at work, and a wholesome scepticism will reject what is, when taken to pieces, a mere tissue of impossibilities! The author probably omits as superfluous the circumstance that most of the European arrangements of 1815, as described in the myth, are falsified by the existing facts of the case. The principle of legitimacy was established by vast sacrifices, and sanctioned by the consent of the powers,—how far has it been observed? No member of the proscribed family was ever to reign; but we have Europe generally assenting to a second Napoleon; the Netherlands were erected into a powerful kingdom to guard the French frontier; where are they? Austria was put in charge of the rich plains of Lombardy, to guard the Italian frontier—has she deserted her post? The Italian princes were restored, but we search for them in vain. We read the accepted text-books, we look around us for proof, and we reiterate De Maistre's complaint: "L'histoire depuis trois siècles n'est qu'une conspiration contre la verité." Napoleon the first and the third are identical—the Bourbon interlude the imaginary offspring of royalist fanaticism, and the mythical Battle of Waterloo merely a monstrous example of the length to which lying Englishmen will go when they set about it.

So much for the joke; the moral seems to be that ingenuity may be pushed too far, that apparent improbabilities are not always improbable, and that gentlemen who undertake, on *à priori* grounds, to reconstruct the history of the past, have every reason to be laborious in conducting their research, and diffident in arriving at their conclusions.

THE PATRIARCH OF ROMSEY.

It is not recorded in the pages of any historian that Cincinnatus ever took the chair at an agricultural meeting, or endeavoured by the weight of his presence to promote the cause of the propagation of trout in the Tiber. We are not even sure that the habit of replying to toasts prevailed among the fathers of the Roman people. But if such institutions did exist, we know exactly the very things which the ploughman-hero would have said, from the perusal of the Hampshire county papers of the past fortnight. The park at Broadlands is the seat of one who, when not actually engaged in the sterner service of the State, spends his days in walking over the turnip-fields and gently anathematizing "couch." When the Queen's messenger comes down with the little tin boxes in his hand, he finds the tough old warrior in moral, if not actual, shirt-sleeves, plodding through the Hampshire clay, and here and there pulling up a charlock. Turnips—cattle—the promotion and improvement of fish—such are the themes which Lord Palmerston chooses for his holidays. Twice in one week did the Minister, whose body is too often on the Treasury benches though his mind is in the cattle-shows at Romsey, take the chair to celebrate pigs and salmon; and either the Premier himself had devoted all the powers of his active intellect to getting up the subject from personal inspection and study, or his private secretary had spared no pains to do it for him. The fact is, we are all of us much wiser than we seem. The patriarchal viscount says that he is speaking to men who know more about it than he does himself. It is the duty of a chairman, no doubt, to be condescending, and human knowledge is limited even in those who have spent a whole day in learning the names of the yellow weeds in corn. But when the senator and agriculturalist not only shows himself perfect in botanic nomenclature, but corresponds with gentlemen at Brighton who "dibble their seeds so as to give room for each plant to grow," there is no resisting the belief that he has attained the highest point in the science of practical farming. It was only necessary to come down again to the Town Hall and discuss the probable price of a salmon-ladder, to make it certain that if ever a new editor should be unfortunately wanted for the *Field*, no more fit person will be found to fill the post than the owner of Broadlands himself.

Even practised farmers, though they know the names of as many weeds as Solomon, and even the most devoted patrons of fly-fishing, get some good from going to Parliament. To say the right things to the right people is an art which may be learned even by constant replying to troublesome members, and to members who are reported at full length. To say that, under certain circumstances, the Government would not refuse to take a subject into consideration, is a kind of easy training for the more difficult task of pro-

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posing the health of the mayor of a country town. Practice has made Lord Palmerston nearly perfect. The Christmas cattle-show at Romsey was followed, as it should be, by a dinner, and at this dinner the noble chairman had no less than eight toasts to propose. What an anxious morning it must have been, if it were not for the duty of walking over the turnips! How those anecdotes of the old women, which Hampshire rumour declares to be provided by the tenants at the small fixed charge of one shilling a-piece—how those classical allusions, which Lord Palmerston somehow never can get right, perversely insisting on confusing Ajax with Achilles, must have been looked up, in the hope of something appropriate! But everything went right. Lord Palmerston proposed the United Services, and coupled with the toast the name of Lieutenant Allsop, of the Romsey Volunteers. Lieutenant Allsop replied, that the consciousness of having the confidence of the country was enough to incite the Romsey Volunteers to do their duty. Lord Palmerston, with an analogy about good seed most unfairly borrowed from St. Matthew with the distinct object of avoiding the customary shilling, proposed the bishop and clergy. The vicar of the parish responded that there were no associations which the clergy felt so near and dear to their hearts as those of the agricultural societies. He even went so far as to say that the bishop of the diocese, whose health they had so cordially drunk, was one of those who took an especial interest in agriculture. Whether the audacious vicar intended a sly hit at his diocesan or not, it is not for us to say; and upon the question, how far the income of the bishop of the diocese depends upon the current price of hops, he gave no hint whatever. But he certainly pointed, with emotion, to the spires of the village churches of England, which, contiguous as they are to the village cornfields, seem to indicate, in the beautiful but enigmatical language of the Rev. gentleman, "that the interests of time and eternity are one, and that we cannot ignore one without ignoring the other."

Then the chairman gave "The County Members," who replied with allusions not to be understood by the multitude. Then he gave "The Mayor," and added something about the principle of self-government; and the mayor answered, speaking something also about the principle of self-government, but more about the Romsey market. And then came the moment when the eminent agriculturist in the chair exhibited himself as a minister, but also as a man, touched pensively on the noblest feelings of the human mind, and proposed the health of the prize competitors at the show. The humble owners of the cattle replied, sang the praises of their landlord, and told of the improvement of stock. But they spoke shortly, and sat down; either their hearts, or something else within them, were well-nigh too full for utterance. The last toast of all was the most purely Cincinnatus-like. Lord Palmerston had followed the plough, if not with his bodily legs, at least with his mind's-eye, for many years, and the couch and the charlock and the Brighton gentleman who dibbled are but specimens of his wondrous lore. So ended the feast; and but for one circumstance we might now dismiss it with confidence that the interests of native agriculture are safe in the hands of a man who can speak of weeds as fluently as he can of protocols. That circumstance is this. From one sentence used by the chairman, taken in connection with his Romsey antecedents, it is distressing to have to draw the inference that the Prime Minister has deliberately formed the intention of seducing the population of the town into heresies so shocking that we absolutely do not know their name. The insidious viscount appears to have remarked that "it is an old saying—but all old sayings are not necessarily true—that in peace men beat their swords into ploughshares." Whether he said "swords" or "spears" seems uncertain: and the use of the wrong word would at worst only involve the comparatively venial offence of misquotation. But this dangerous speaker not only described the words of the prophet Micah, in the disrespectful phrase of "an old saying," but ventured to assert that it was possible they might not be founded on fact. An old saying—that is, mythical, and delusive, and untrustworthy. But Lord Palmerston does more than hint the inference, he draws it distinctly;—or, perhaps, we should rather say that he Jesuitically implies it; we should have had much more respect for him if he had said boldly and openly that he did not believe in the minor prophets, and had taken the consequences. He might have started a new sect of his own, on the basis of the inveracity of Micah and the natural goodness of infants. But when he guardedly insinuates that prophets are only utterers of old sayings, and that even then they are as likely to be wrong as to be right, we cannot but see in the owner of Broadlands and Lord of Romsey a very theological wolf in the clothing of an agricultural chairman.

The subject of fish must have seemed mere child's-play to Lord Palmerston after the really difficult business of the turnips. Besides, in the meeting for the preservation of salmon, he had really nothing to do. He could sit in his chair and compose his features into a close resemblance to the portrait of Isaac Walton; and he could declare, in his opening remarks, that the subject, in common with all other subjects upon which public meetings are addressed by their chairman, was of the greatest possible importance. But it was not the observations of the chairman that the lovers of salmon came to hear, and the tenants stood prepared to applaud. Men were present who had constructed actual visible salmon ladders, and to preside over the audience which listened to them was an office purely ornamental. Readers who are not acquainted with the river Test, who know Cincinnatus only as a chief and conqueror, and not as the joy of his townsmen's hearts, and an oracle on yellow flowers, may even find the proceedings a little tame. So it is to us. But the great viscount can sit and be amused by surveyors who talk for an hour about spawning. Happy patriarch! Would that we, whose lives are passed in similar work and hurry, could retire like him to his charlock and dwell with his bland composure on the quiet statistics of fry! An inspector of fisheries "gave the meeting the benefit of his long and varied experience in the manners, customs, and general habits of salmon." We think we hear the viscount starting up suddenly at the end, and declaring that he could say for himself and his colleagues that her Majesty's—he meant that the speech they had listened to was one of surpassing interest. In the end he moved the appointment of a committee to propagate salmon, and read his own name as their president. May he live to do his work in the humble sphere of his adoption, and in years to come may troops of sportsmen on the Test, and generations of farmers who dibble, live to bless his name!

PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER.

We have it on the personal authority of one who is himself a learned Oxford professor, that a Welsh clergyman improved the occasion of Sir Robert Peel's death in the following terms: "My brethren, this great man was a Christian; and, let me tell you, in the words of a learned Oxford professor, that no one despises Christianity, save beggars, bakers, butchers, bell-hangers, bottle-blowers, and blackguards." Suspiciously like this criticism, though not epigrammatized by its neat alliteration, is the sentiment of tribulation in the "Alchemist":—

> "Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
> Or more prophane or cholerick than your glass-men?
> More anti-Christian than your bell-founders?"

Absurd as such expressions may be, they hardly exaggerate the strength of the notions which are popularly though indefinitely and half-unconsciously held of the effect of a profession on character. "I have an idea," says Lucius Mason, in "Orley Farm," "that all lawyers are liars," and the world holds something of the same opinion. On the other hand may be adduced the prevailing idea that clergymen uniformly possess a moral character superior to that of the rest of the world. Soldiers are sometimes believed to own a peculiar and exclusive monopoly of the sentiment of honour. Manufacturers labour under the suspicion of cynically regarding their "hands" as mere machines, just as on a larger scale England's commercial greatness has acquired for her a character for selfish and perfidious policy; and journalists are sophists who glorify the opinion of the day, or of their party, regardless of their own views or moral sense. There is enough of truth in these notions, after eliminating the cases in which men choose a certain profession only in consequence of a certain bent of character already formed, to make it worth while to attempt to disentangle the truth from the errors contained in them.

Men seldom propose to themselves distinctly any end to be attained in life; any one object which is to dominate in the whole, and towards which every action and thought must be a step, or be considered as wasted. A vague conception of success is substituted, and the nature of the profession or pursuit in which that success is to be attained gradually changes and moulds the whole character. Nothing can be more certain, than that no one can make really great progress in any profession or art, unless he allows it to command wholly, at least for the time, all his thoughts and aspirations; unless, in short, he makes it the object of his life. We have a well-grounded distrust of amateurs in any subject There is wanting in them that warranty of sincerity and conscientious labour, which the practical professional man brings, and which is necessary to inspire confidence. Nothing again can be more certain, than that what is so earnestly followed must deeply affect the character of its single-hearted votaries. It becomes an ever-present end, and the moment it begins to be so regarded, it shapes the whole moral and intellectual nature. Here, two important

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questions suggest themselves; first, what amount of effect does the nature of a man's profession exercise on his character? and secondly, whether that influence is on the whole good or bad?

Two or three instances will be enough to illustrate the amount of this effect. Some one has remarked that priests must labour under a continual tendency to be hypocritical, by the necessity of their position. They are expected to be always in a state of strained spiritualism. Duties are perpetually recurring, which, at least in conventional belief, require fresh religious fervour. But how is it possible that men, the greater part of whom have become clergymen as much from chance as choice, can maintain themselves long and often, at a level so much above the natural condition of their own feelings and of human nature? The laymen, again, who consult them, come to them, for the most part, only when they are themselves in an exceptional state of religious excitement. How can any man always satisfy those who, perhaps in his intervals of spiritual deadness, come to him with excessive demands on his zeal? It is almost necessary that he should pretend to that which he does not feel, and his character must suffer in consequence. Doctors, again, are liable to peculiar mental obliquities. It would hardly be extravagant to divide them as a class into materialists, and believers in final causes. If they are not struck by the evidences of design, which meet them at every step, they become materialists; if they are impressed by them, they take up the hypothesis which is more prejudicial than any other to scientific progress. As a class, again, they are deficient in taste, and their opinions on general subjects are continually injured by a narrow and professional point of view. These are, of course, only tendencies, and are often to be traced to a want of general cultivation; and they are liable to many exceptions; but, as tendencies, they cannot be denied. They have also their good side. Lastly, of all professions none is popularly supposed to impress a more distinct character than law. Partly from its centralization in London, partly from the uniformity of processes, and of interest, and of social rank in those who follow it, there is in it, perhaps more than in any other, something of the mediæval spirit of a guild. As a whole, if it is lowered in practice, it is elevated in theory, by its connection with politics. It may be added that those professions exercise the greatest influence, in which it is necessary to rise through many grades, from the lowest to the highest rank, more particularly if a special training from boyhood is requisite.

It is a much more difficult question, whether this great and pervading influence is on the whole good or bad. It is easy to say something against every profession, hard to appreciate the good elements which each contributes, still harder to say what is the value, taking the good with the bad, of a definite professional character in any case. There are two obstacles to its accurate measurement. In the first place, there is the fact, plain here as elsewhere, that each evil has its corresponding good, just as in the natural character, good qualities are bound up with defects, and the same characteristic which is at the root of one produces also the other. Against the tendency to hypocrisy produced by one profession, is to be set its unselfishness and perpetual recognition of some higher aim than the present. Discipline and habits of order and command redeem another; spirit of enterprise, a third. Secondly, different men are affected in very different degrees by their work. Some men seem to have something in them which is perpetually in a state of defiant antagonism to the spirit of their profession. To some, all work is alike—some have taste in work, and throw themselves into one sort, not into another. Some like variety, some definite sameness. Whilst some desire to find their end in their business, others live two lives—one of their profession, the other individual—and take the greatest pains to keep them separate. In any case, the operation of influences of this kind is unconscious. Not the most laborious spinner of his life into one continuous thread can really at its outset choose an end and follow it out. The conscious statement of an end is rather the result of an accomplished career of work, than a goal proposed in entering on it. Of all the thousand things which have, in different times, been elevated into ends of life by individuals or by philosophic schools, probably not one grew into distinct shape till the vigorous life of the individual or school was nearly completed. Ends cannot be conceived *à priori*. Such views are retrospective, not initial. Aristotle thought the only pursuit worth living for was a perpetual habit of speculative classification and of reduction of all things to his four causes, and he constructed his morality with a view to this principle. Mr. Ruskin thinks that perfection, and by consequence that supreme felicity, consists in illuminating albums. Neither of these ends could well have been conceived by anticipation. They are the result of years of the work to which they give its value by a subsequent judgment. So every one of the ends which have been proposed for action has been, not a thing first devised and then acted on, but the final epitome of a history, a philosophic system, the aspirations and labour of a life. Meanwhile, if it is impossible to determine beforehand the best object of life, and the profession or pursuit in which it may best be attained, the practical conclusion may still be laid down, that almost any end, and therefore almost any profession, is good enough as an instrument of moral and intellectual cultivation. One-sided progress is better than many-sided and stationary dilettantism.

THE PAST WEEK.

Mr. Gladstone has been presiding at an entertainment given in the Music Hall at Chester for the Lancashire Relief Fund. In his speech he gave a new edition of the statistics of the cotton distress, reckoning the present loss of weekly wages, either directly in the cotton manufacture, or in trades dependent upon it, at more than the rate of £12,000,000 a year. This must tell sensibly on the revenue of the State, to which each man in this country yields one-eighth of his income. The actual loss to the revenue for the current financial year he estimated at more than one million. The total number of persons thrown into destitution by the want of cotton he took at half a million, of whom, in twenty-seven unions, 250,000 were receiving Poor-law relief, besides 190,000 others relieved by charitable funds, and many workpeople who are supported by their own employers or by local bounty. It had been difficult in the summer and early autumn, when the distress increased so rapidly, to organize at short notice an extensive system of relief which should not involve enormous waste, and, perhaps, encourage fraud. The managers, too, of these funds had in some cases shown an excusable timidity, not having faith enough in the sufficiency of voluntary subscriptions to meet the demands of the coming winter; while the boards of guardians did not everywhere perceive in a moment that this extraordinary calamity must be dealt with by unusual measures. The average rate, however, of out-door Poor-law relief, which, before the distress, was 1s. 2½d., was now nearly 1s. 6d. a head weekly. The poor-rate expenditure in the Lancashire and Cheshire cotton districts was at the rate of a million sterling per annum, amounting to 5s. in the pound on the rateable property of the district. The funds subscribed by this time amounted to more than £1,200,000; and as one-half that sum remained as yet unexpended, he looked forward cheerfully to being able to provide for the remainder of the winter. Should the dreadful and sanguinary war which now desolated America, and threw the surplus of its curses upon us, be brought to a speedy close, a great and early relief might be expected. He praised the noble independence and patience of the factory workpeople in their affliction, but reminded them that they would have to put up with low wages for some time after resuming their work.

The Clydesdale Banking Company has been defeated in an action for libel against the *North British Daily Mail*. The libel complained of reflected severely on the management of a branch bank at Cupar, in Fife. It was occasioned by the manner in which the local agent of the banking company, Mr. Taylor, had behaved on the discovery of some forgeries by Samuel Robinson, late proprietor of the *Fifeshire Journal*, who absconded in February last, but was afterwards captured in London, tried, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. It appeared at the trial, that Mr. Taylor, when he learnt the forgery from the persons whose names Robinson had put to the bills, had a long interview with Robinson, asking him for a statement of his affairs, as well as receiving an admission of his guilt. The next day Mr. Taylor consulted with the manager of the company, Mr. Readman, suggesting that it would be the more prudent course not to prosecute "the poor man" criminally, but to allow him an opportunity of paying off the money, as he said he had sufficient to pay all his creditors 20s. in the pound. Mr. Taylor remarked that "the poor man" would be punished enough by being banished from the town and his business. He was afraid, too, that as Robinson was "rather popular and kindly regarded in Cupar," the company would incur much odium by taking steps against him, and the newspaper property would be injured. Mr. Readman, however, the manager at Glasgow, did not hesitate a moment as to the course which the company ought to pursue. Leaving Mr. Taylor to make the best arrangements he could to lessen the loss to the bank, he directed that the Fiscal, or Public Prosecutor, should be at once informed of the forgeries, that he might take criminal proceedings against Robinson. Mr. Taylor got a letter with these instructions at 9 o'clock one Saturday night, and at 3 o'clock on Monday he went to the Fiscal; knowing that Robinson was at that time in Edinburgh. The chief officer of the Fifeshire police went to Edinburgh, but could not find him there, and with some difficulty traced him to London. Robinson, thus overtaken at length, was so desperate, that in the railway train, on his way back to Scotland, he slipped off the handcuffs, and jumped out of the carriage window while going at full speed. He was, however, not much hurt, and having been once more caught, received the due award of punishment at the Circuit Court of Perth. The *North British Daily Mail* remarked upon his trial, that much of his guilt was to be attributed to the "vicious habits of business in the Cupar branch of the Clydesdale Bank; a habit so suggestive of crime, if not actually stimulating it, that poor and needy wretches, tempted to their ruin by the fatal facilities which the bank furnished them, were to be regarded as victims if they found this a short and easy way to prison and the hulks." The writer further insinuated, that the bank managers had dishonestly forborne to

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prosecute Robinson until they could see if he was able to get some other man to purchase a share in his newspaper, so that the value of his forged bills might be secured. This would have been a sort of "indirect swindling, as disreputable, and more dangerous, than picking pockets or breaking into houses." Mr. Taylor stated in his evidence, that Robinson told him he was going to sell half his paper, but that his assets were £3,000 and his liabilities only £1,600. Mr. Taylor and his brother, who seems to have had an interest in the *Fifeshire Journal*, were very willing to spare Robinson, because they "liked the man," and because they feared the property would suffer if he were prosecuted. It came out, with regard to Robinson's escape from immediate arrest, that Mr. Taylor's brother, who went to consult the manager at Glasgow, met Robinson in Edinburgh on his way back to Fifeshire. These being the facts, it was contended that the alleged libel was justified by the conduct of the bank managers; and the jury thought so too.

The Hon. R. C. Bingham has described, at the Mansion House Police-court, an impudent conspiracy by which he was defrauded of £800 in March, 1861. He had, in the December previous, noticed an advertisement in the *Times*, soliciting a loan of money on good security; and, as he had some money to invest, he communicated with the advertiser, one Frederick Charles Hunt, to whom he advanced more than £700, receiving from him in exchange a number of Custom-house warrants for tea in bond, which were to be the security for the loan, and interest upon it, amounting to £880 altogether. In March, however, Mr. Bingham applied to Hunt to repay the money; and Hunt undertook to to raise the money by selling his tea. He desired Mr. Bingham to bring the warrants and to meet him at the Royal Exchange, and then took him to the Commercial Sale-rooms in Mincing-lane, where they met a stranger to Mr. Bingham, but he was introduced by Hunt as "my friend Mr. Thomas Edwards, well known in the tea trade, who has chambers upstairs." Hunt took this person aside, and presently returning, told Mr. Bingham that he had made a bargain for the tea; and he persuaded Mr. Bingham to give up the warrants, taking one £100 note, and a bill at four days, accepted by the supposed Thomas Edwards, for the rest of the money. It was not without some demur that Mr. Bingham agreed to this; but he was assured that Edwards was worth £100,000, and that it was the custom of the trade, on making sales, to take a deposit in cash, and a bill at four days for the balance. He at the same time saw the man called Thomas Edwards turning over a heap of bank-notes, from which he took the £100 note actually paid; but Mr. Bingham could not tell whether the others were all £100 notes, or genuine notes at all. The acceptance, at any rate, proved to be worthless, no such person being known in Mincing-lane. A commission agent, named William Firman, or Fairman, has been arrested on the charge of being the false Mr. Edwards.

We are still hearing of disasters at sea from the gale which blew for three days round our shores a fortnight ago. The saddest of them all, perhaps, is the loss of the *Lifeguard* steamer, from Newcastle and Shields to London, with thirty passengers and twenty sailors on board. Another vessel, besides, the *Ailsa Craig*, an East Indiaman, is supposed to have foundered off the same coast. The *Omega*, of Dundee, was cast away on the Mull of Tongue, where most of the men on board perished. The damage to the dykes and seaward sluices, on our low-lying eastern shores, was very considerable; but the Marshland Level dam, in the neighbourhood of the late floods between Wisbech and King's Lynn, was not destroyed, as rumour said it had been. There is no fresh colliery explosion this week; but twelve persons have been killed by the fall of a "cage" down the shaft at a mine in Shropshire, 900 feet deep. One distressing circumstance about the late explosion at Edmund's Main, near Barnsley, is that since it has been found necessary to pump water into the pit, so as to extinguish the fire, there are sixty dead bodies of men and boys, which cannot be got out for months. The Exchange and Town Hall of Chester have been partially destroyed by a fire; while in London, the other night, six lives were lost by the burning of a house in Portland-street, Soho; the rooms were occupied by several different families, and most of the people escaped; but at the top of the house were a man, a woman, and four children, who could not be saved.

Several noteworthy persons have died in this last week of the year. Earl Gifford, M.P. for Totnes, for whose vacant seat Mr. Alfred Seymour is a candidate, leaving Exeter, which he had been canvassing, to be wooed by Mr. J. D. Coleridge in the Liberal interest,—in Ireland, Mr. Justice Crampton, a retired judge of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench,—and, in France, not only M. Goudchaux, who was Minister of Finance under the Republic of 1848; but another and a more important personage, namely Cardinal Morlot, the Archbishop of Paris. He succeeded Archbishop Sibour, who was stabbed by a mad priest in the church of St. Etienne du Mont, in 1857. Archbishop Sibour, it may further be remembered, had succeeded Archbishop Affre, who was shot on the barricades in the bloody fighting of June 1848, while vainly exhorting the combatants to peace. A monument to the pious and heroic memory of this martyred prelate is one of the new ornaments of Notre Dame Cathedral, which, after being closed for three months past, for the purpose of internal decorations, was reopened on Christmas Eve.

The revenue returns for the last quarter of 1862, just ended, show an increase of £1,310,889, as compared with the last quarter of 1861. The increase on the whole year's revenue is £2,392,528. The sum of £3,429,902 has been applied, in this quarter, to the redemption of Exchequer bills. The amount of Exchequer bills issued in the quarter is £2,158,512.

The Senate in Spain has been debating the conduct of the Spanish Government, and reflecting on that of the French Government, in the expedition to Mexico. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is Señor Calderon de Collantes. He took occasion to reply to a speech lately made in the French Senate by M. Billault. This was an infraction, if not of parliamentary, at least of diplomatic usages, which has provoked a complaint from the French Ambassador at Madrid. Señor Collantes justified the Spanish General, Prim, for withdrawing his troops, because it was never the intention of Spain to take part in any interference with the domestic affairs of Mexico. On the other hand, the Marquis of Havana (General Concha), late Spanish ambassador at Paris, urged that the Government which he has represented is wrong in treating the anarchical republic of Mexico as a regular Government to be seriously negotiated with. It would be a good thing, all the courtly Spaniards agreed, if the Mexicans were to re-establish monarchy of their own accord; but there was no wish to place a Spanish prince on the throne. Marshal O'Donnell spoke out more boldly than his colleagues in disapproving the lengths to which France is carrying her armed intervention; but he laid the blame of it upon the Mexican intriguer Almonte, by whose wily tales the French generals had been misled. He stated that, when the combined expedition was agreed to by the three Governments of England, France, and Spain, their intention was only to occupy Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ulloa for a short time, as a material guarantee for the compensation which they had demanded for the outrages on European persons and property. The debate resulted in a vote of the Senate favourable to the policy of the Government.

A report has just been published on the Savings' bank system in France, which is of some interest, as compared with our own. It seems that the total number of depositors is 1,218,000, in England there are 1,580,000. But the total amount of their deposits is but twelve millions sterling; whereas in England, it is forty millions. The French are habitual savers, quite as much, or more, than our own people; but they have much less to save.

A step towards the reform of legal procedure in France has been made by a decree that in future the sittings of the Prefectoral Council, in each department, for the trial of ordinary lawsuits, shall take place in public, and that the suitors or their attorneys are to be heard.

The French army in Mexico is so much weakened by the fevers which infest that clime, that General Forey must wait for additional reinforcements of 10,000 men, or 6,000 at least, before he can renew the campaign. His convoys are much harassed by guerilla attacks. He has no chance of making his triumphal entry into the capital for some weeks to come.

From South America, on the Pacific side, we get a little political news. The President of Chili and his Ministry have come into collision with the House of Representatives; and a public meeting has been held at Valparaiso to support the Executive Government. The new President of Peru has undertaken a thorough financial reform, and proposes that Congress shall sanction a loan offered him by a German firm in return for a guano monopoly, in Germany, for eight years.

The Russian Government has detected, it is said, an extensive conspiracy in Poland. The officers of the Russian army in Poland have, by order, disavowed the address lately published by Alexander Herzen in the *Kolokol* or *Russian Bell* of London. In Prussia, Count Bismarck Schönhausen is preparing, with sham concessions as to the term of military service, to meet the Parliament, whose taxing prerogative has been usurped by the Crown. The Italian Government has instructed the heads of its provincial administration, in Naples and Sicily, to invite the more active aid of the municipalities in putting down brigandage.

The King of Italy has made a speech, in which he entreated the Parliament to put trust in him, and expressed the hope that 1863 would be a happier year than 1862. He alluded to the folly of dreamers, who endangered public order. When the pacification of the southern provinces was achieved, the national cause would be fully triumphant. The spirit of the army was most excellent, and wholly Italian. With that, and concord in the nation, the enemies of Italy might be defied.

There is nothing fresh from Greece; but we have the text of an agreement, which has been frequently mentioned, between the British Government and that of Russia, engaging that neither Prince Alfred nor the Duke of Leuchtenberg shall accept the throne of Greece. Mr. Elliott has distinctly made it known at Athens that the election of Prince Alfred will be in vain. It seems that Austria raises some difficulty to the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece, but a conference on that question will shortly be held.

The convicts in Dartmoor Prison, numbering eight hundred of the most desperate ruffians unhung, have committed another outbreak. On the Sunday before Christmas-day, one of them, who misbehaved himself on his way to chapel, was ordered back to his cell; he refused, and the warders laid hold of him, to take him by force. The others then turned against the warders, and rescued their comrade, after which they kept up a scene of tumultuous exultation, till the armed police of the establishment, with fixed bayonets, drove them into their cells. No one was much hurt; but a few minutes afterwards, Col. the Hon H. Best, the deputy governor, having entered the chapel to desire that the service might go on, was assaulted and knocked down by one of the convicts.

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Further mischief, however, was prevented for that time. It seems rather strange, after all this, that the convicts were let out to spend their Christmas-day in the halls and wards together, singing, dancing, and making merry with three groans for the deputy governor, and three cheers for a more indulgent official, whose rule they rather liked. The *Daily Telegraph* is our authority for this account of the convict discipline practised at Dartmoor.

Meetings were held simultaneously on Wednesday night in the Free Trade Hall of Manchester, and in the Cowper-street Institute, City-road, London, for an address of sympathy and congratulation to President Lincoln, on his decree for the emancipation of the slaves, and to denounce the recognition of the Southern States. Mr. Abel Heywood, bookseller and news-agent, who is the Mayor of Manchester, presided at the meeting there; and Mr. Bazley, M.P., with Mr. Samuel Pope, Secretary of the Maine Law Alliance, took part in it. The meeting in London was addressed by Mr. R. R. Moore, a lecturer of the Anti-corn-law League, and the Rev. Newman Hall, of Surrey Chapel.

The Archbishops and Bishops, all but the Bishop of Hereford, have signed a memorial to the railway directors against Sunday excursion trains.

Mr. Horsman, dining with the rifle volunteers at Stroud, says he shall be disappointed if the Government does not, in the coming session, propose to give some more assistance to the volunteer force. As a friend to economy, he has the comfort of thinking that there is no country where the taxation, in proportion to its requirements, is so small as in England, or so fairly devoted to the public service, though our departmental military expenditure still admits of great savings. But our national defences must be kept up, for at this time, so long as Italy is unsettled, there can be no security for the peace of the world; and while the French emperor keeps his army at Rome, storms that may destroy his dynasty are likely to arise from his trifling too long with that question. The Greek, the Eastern, and the American questions are no less full of peril; though he finds no fault with the policy of our own Government in these affairs. He is proud of the strong and steady attitude of England amidst her present trials.

Mr. Cardwell, at Oxford, has dined with the Noble Arch, Past Arches, and Brother Druids of the local Druids' Lodge. He, too, is honestly satisfied with the moderation and firmness of this country, in its righteous resolve not to meddle with the fratricidal conflict of America; since we owe the Americans nothing but our frank goodwill and best wishes for their peace. The patient suffering of our distressed people is sublime; the generous bounty which relieves them has proved that the true cement of society, in our happy land, is the Christian feeling of sympathy between rich and poor; the British Government, freer than any republic, firmer than any despotism, stands by taking counsel with the popular intelligence. Our trade and revenue are yet well maintained. He therefore praised the commercial treaty with France. Let France and England, by mutual intercourse, augment their wealth and mutual goodwill. God bless the Queen in her widowhood, the Prince in his marriage, and all the Royal Family! The vessel of the State rides gallantly through the storm, and *Vogue la galère!* Such was Mr. Cardwell's discourse to the modern Druids at Oxford.

A Mr. John Tovell, a British subject who has lived eight years in America, but never applied for naturalization, cries out from the State Prison at Nashville, Tennessee, that he has been deprived of his liberty, without a trial, by order of the Federal military commander, for no other offence than having spoken out at the funeral of an aged neighbour, who was murdered in his own house by three soldiers breaking in for the purpose of theft, as common burglars in the middle of the night.

The Common Councilmen of the municipality of Berlin, having to compliment his Majesty on New Year's day, refused to adopt such an address as the Government would have dictated to them, and sent him one requesting the King to desist from his deplorable conflict with the Parliament and enter on a safer and more honourable course, dispelling the grave apprehensions of the country by measures of due conciliation.

The letters from New York estimate the Federal loss at Fredericksburg as not less than 20,000 or 25,000 men. The deposition of Mr. Lincoln is urged by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, while others call on him to dismiss his present Ministry; public meetings are to be held on the state of the nation. The resignation of Mr. Seward and General Burnside is still talked of. There are doubtful accounts of a battle at Kingston, North Carolina. The New York contributions in kind, for the relief of distress in Lancashire, are shipped in the *Griswold*, besides 150,000 dollars subscribed in money.

On New Year's day, at the Tuileries, the Emperor Napoleon was complimented, as usual, by the Papal Nuncio in the name of all the diplomatists present; and in his reply, expressed his firm hope that peace would be maintained during the year that has now begun. The Pope, at Rome, at the same time received a visit from the officers of his borrowed French army, to whom, in a long speech, his Holiness prophesied that "Piedmont" would fall repentant before St. Peter's chair, "as Jacob prostrated himself before the angel, after having wrestled with him all night, in ignorance of who he was." This comparison is "pretty, and apt;" though his Holiness has not yet prevailed to put Italy's thigh out of joint, and the King's new Ministers have renewed their promise to suppress the brigandage fomented by Papal and Bourbonist intrigue.

Reviews of Books.

FREDERIC THE SECOND, EMPEROR OF THE ROMANS.*

The student of history, the thinker on politics, and the analyser of motives, were too long cut off from accurate knowledge of the one man in whose mind first sprung up the modern ideas of Europe. Frederic II., Emperor, and King of the Sicilies and Jerusalem, was the opponent at once of the traditions of Charlemagne's half-Byzantine Empire, of the feudal system, its necessary result, and of the spiritual despotism over Europe which Hildebrand conceived and Innocent consummated. The lawyer Giannone, under the later Neapolitan tyranny, wrote his life under the influence of professional and local ideas, and glorifies too partially "the good old Swabian rule," as the Romans loved good King Servius or the Saxons lamented the Confessor. Dean Milman, in his "Latin Christianity," devotes a whole book to a splendid and dramatic sketch of the Emperor's life; Mr. Kington has drawn it on a larger scale, and filled in the picture with new information from foreign authors and newly-published chronicles, especially that of Salimbene. Henceforth, in every view of the Middle Ages, Frederic will stand out in bold relief as the first Liberal in Europe.

The best parts of Mr. Kington's work are those in which he describes the relation of Frederic to the Popes. The power usurped over Sicily by Innocent III., as the young king's guardian, was lost by the peaceful Honorius, in whose life there was peace with the Empire; but the unusual alliance was only kept alive by cruel laws against heretics and those suspected of heresy, as the peace between Barbarossa and Hadrian IV. had required the murder of Arnold of Brescia. With the accession of Gregory IX., a man, in Frederic's own words, "of spotless reputation and blameless morals, renowned for piety, learning, and eloquence," the mortal strife began again. The writer has pointed out very clearly the real reasons for the hostility of the Popes; the Emperor meant to rule over a united Italy, judging clerks and laymen alike: he even ventured to imagine the advantage of having a Pope and clergy without temporal power. This was quite enough to place the Pope at the head of a crusade of heretic Lombards and others against the young Emperor, who had fought against heresy and would recover Jerusalem. "Doctrine with Rome is always secondary to dominion. Alliance with Paterines was less to be dreaded than the overwhelming might of the Hohenstaufen Kaisers. Thus it has ever been: the Pope deserted Charles V. at the very crisis of the struggle with the Lutherans, for fear of that monarch becoming too powerful in Italy."

Within eight months from his election, Gregory excommunicated the Emperor no less than four times, to the indignation not only of most Christian princes, but also of the Roman mob, who rose in insurrection and for a time drove out the Pope. The reason given, that Frederic would not go upon a crusade, was shown to be futile when the ban was renewed on the Emperor's sailing to the Holy Land. Though he recovered Jerusalem, not a priest would crown him in the Holy Sepulchre or go through the service. Can we wonder that he began to feel bitter against the ordinary religion of his age, comprising little more than blind obedience to a vindictive pope?

So far Mr. Kington's account is clear and true, and, if he does not draw the individual characters with the energy of Dean Milman, he fills in the details with valuable simplicity. But from the point at which the struggle fairly begins, perhaps from too great a love of order, he omits to dwell on the curious contrasts in the position of emperor and pope, seemingly produced by mere geographical divisions, which an analysis of the politics of that age will show to us. We believe that Ferrari, in "Les Révolutions d'Italie," was the first to point out, that in the South each upheld the very principles which he combated in his opponent throughout the North. Frederic was a Conservative in Lombardy, and tried to destroy the power of the Podestàs, those nomad despots whom Italy had improvised against the feudal tie which chained them to Germany. The Pope, champion of the Guelfs and freedom, rejected the idea of an emperor freed from laws and above all kings. But in the South each takes the *rôle* of his adversary, with an inconsistency which no one noticed in a war where all was fair. The Pope is the Conservative in Naples, wishing to see it again a fief of the Church, an "inexhaustible well of money" like England. Frederic, on the other hand, is no longer a feudal king or a Roman emperor, but a higher sort of reforming Podestà. The fundamental ideas of society were set aside; military service was forbidden, females were allowed to succeed to fiefs, the law was extended over noble and villeins, Christian and infidel, clerk and layman, with the same innovating force. Though they contained enactments against giving lands in mortmain, the constitutions of Frederic II. were not really hard on the clergy; for not only did he free them from taxes, but he prohibited all customs which diminished their liberties, on pain of outlawry and fines and the confiscation of all the property of hardened offenders. The offence of the constitutions was that they were new.

The confused story of the Lombard and Tuscan cities is in general well unravelled in these volumes, but even here we think that there is a tendency to over definiteness. For

* The History of Frederic the Second, Emperor of the Romans: from Chronicles and Documents published within the Last Few Years. By T. L. Kington, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and the Inner Temple. In Two Volumes. Macmillan & Co.

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instance, Piacenza is made the uncompromising foe of Frederic to the end of his life, but there is no doubt that there was a strong Imperial party there, consisting chiefly of men who were not full citizens, but powerful enough on one occasion to elect as Podestà Humbert the Iniquitous, the partisan, as the citizens cried, of an "imperium nimis imperiale." Again, the sudden change in the politics of Modena after the capture of King Enzio by the Bolognese is left unaccounted for; we learn from other sources that Cardinal Octavian had lately reinstated one of the great Guelf families, which had been expelled. The author elsewhere draws a parallel between the multitude of Italian civil wars and the tragedy of Greece; the comparison is just, and might have occurred to any scholar, but we have seen the comparison of the Macedonian conquest better and more definitely applied to the invasion of Charles VIII., than, as by Mr. Kington, to the "inroads of Barbarossa and many another emperor" before the smaller cities had been really fused into the powerful States of Milan, Genoa, and Venice.

The author has called especial attention to the bearings of his subject on the politics of our own day. He has shown the ancient importance of the families which now hold European thrones; that the hereditary dislike of the House of Brunswick to Rome was exemplified in their ancestor, Otto, while the turbulent courage of the Wittelsbachers has not descended in the same fortunate manner on feeble ex-king Ludwig or the bankrupt of Athens. The Pope, as of old, encourages crowned and uncrowned brigands; Garibaldi is a nobler John of Procida, and the Wise Man of the Tuileries, more cunning and coarse of fibre than Frederic, has almost allowed the scheme of the latter for the unity of Italy to be accomplished. This sort of sentimental history may easily be overdriven, and we hardly find much likeness between the great emperor and our Charles I., or between the Angevin rule in Naples and the Scotch influence in England.

The chapter on Frederic's Sicilian legislation is perhaps the best in the book; but the Emperor had nothing to do with English law. The Sicilian law of Dower and our law of hotchpot have a common prototype in a constitution of Severus; and, so far from our feudal law being "mercifully devised to abolish villeinage," in the case of a child of a serf father and free mother, the very opposite course would have been taken to that maxim of Marcellus, which Frederick followed, when, in a special case, he decided that any moment of freedom in the mother freed the child. Any collection of Roman or Canon Law will give the opinions of Gaius, Ulpian, Justinian, and the papal lawyers on this un-English rule. The writer also gives the Emperor Anastasius the credit of having passed the law, which now holds in Scotland, that subsequent marriage of the parent legitimatizes the offspring; but Justinian, in Novel 89, which finally laid down the principle, only mentions the temporary law of Constantine on this point. These instances might be unimportant, had not Mr. Kington, in a very vigorous manner, shown that the Emperor was setting up the Civil Law against the infant Canon Law. This was one of the best points in his policy; and, in his hands, Peter de Vineâ, and Thaddeus of Suessa, were powerful weapons against the Papacy. So completely did he assume the person of a Roman Emperor, that we find, in the lawbooks of the 16th century, his alterations of the Code placed without comment among the Novels of Justinian. The fall of the University of Naples, the loss of those excellent laws, and the degradation of Sicily, force us to regret that, in this case, the lawyers were beaten by the priests.

Mr. Kington has touched but slightly on the connection between Frederic and Louis IX.; he speaks of their friendship, and of the appeals made to the Pope for mercy by Louis, but we think that he has fallen into the conventional idea that the two men were essentially different. We rather think that in many points they present a startling likeness. The minds of both were troubled by the new ideas disturbing that century of change; both were reformers of law, both the destroyers of feudalism. The Paterines in Sicily fared no better than the Pastoureaux or the remnant of the Albigeois; and the two men equally felt that vague desire for the East, so different from the savage spirit of the earlier Crusades, which showed that the "World's Debate" was over. By a sort of elective affinity the East had received the practical virtues of chivalry, Europe the breadth of Asiatic ideas. The Popes too had played their part, and the captain of Christian war was no longer to enjoy his privilege of ostracising powerful friends and foes, and breaking their power against the Moslim. The struggle of Pope and Emperor was in its last act, and then the new Europe was to rise. Frederic was clever enough to know that crusades were old-fashioned, that the future wars would be political, not religious; perhaps his friendship with the Sultans had shown him the state of affairs, while a morbidly-trained religion sent Louis to ruin himself in a foolish campaign, and the Popes, with dogged conservatism, could not see that the world was changed. "Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?" said Innocent at Lyons, "like Christ I have five wounds—the raid of the Tartars, the schism of the Greeks, the heresies of Lombardy, the taking of Jerusalem by Kharismians, and the hatred of the Emperor to the Church." Louis was the favourite of the Church, her hereditary bulwark against Germany, but we find him, like Frederic, resisting the exactions of Rome, allying with Mohammedans in Syria, confessing to Joinville that he would have liked to be Sultan of Egypt. The parallel might be prolonged, and should have been more touched upon in a work of this kind; but we will here try to discover that difference between them, which has caused the world to divide them by so wide a gulf. It was an age when all old principles were dying; and on what was a strong mind to rest? There were two chances of safety; either a strict religion or a self-imposed code, its dangerous substitute. Louis took the first, Frederic neither; the doubts of the former were happily satisfied with Franciscan novelties: the moral pride of the Emperor built up dreams of a reunion of Church and State, when he, a greater Charlemagne, should wield the khalifate of Europe. Some such plans seem really to have occurred to him; by a ludicrous deduction Peter de Vineâ was to be his vizir and apostle. A man without conventional morality is the Ishmael of society, and the confused host of Frederic's opponents were doubtless right in their way, though their enemy was worth them all. Could he have subdued his pride and lust of reason, the empire might still be a living force, and he have been the Napoleon of an earlier time.

Thus it was that Louis became the Christian hero, while his friend was Antichrist, "Herode Herodior:"—one canonised, the other "descending to hell with nothing but his world of iniquity;" or, as Mr. Kington prefers to construe, "*seculum peccatorum*," "his burden of sin." Two popes and two kings monopolize the interest of the thirteenth century, and we wish that this book had placed in stronger relief the likeness and the unlikeness of Innocent III. and Innocent IV., of Frederic and of Louis.

In a notice which is necessarily superficial we cannot do more than slightly sketch the result of this Emperor's life on Germany and on the East. The treaty of 1229 with Sultan Kameel was a great gain to the Christian cause: it gave Jerusalem to the Franks, the Temple of Solomon, or the Mosque Geemaleta, to the Saracens; and if the Christians might pray in the Sepulchre, the Mohammedans might go on pilgrimage to Bethlehem. Mr. Kington, without noticing the wilful confusion of the Holy Sepulchre with the Temple, which Gibbon ascribes to the clergy, has summed up this result very well:—

"No crusader," he continues, "since Godfroy de Bouillon had effected so much as Frederic II. What would he not have obtained, had the Pope, the Patriarch, and the Orders given him their hearty co-operation? It is possible that he might in that case have smitten Cairo to the south, and Damascus to the north; that he might have restored the old kingdom of Jerusalem as it existed before Saladin's fatal inroad; and that he might have alarmed even distant Mecca and Bagdad."

But it was of no use to attempt the reform of that den of thieves, the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem; like the late kingdom of Naples, it needed more violent remedies, and it gained the extinction, which it had earned, from the fierce Mamelukes at the end of the century.

In Germany the Emperor's laziness got the better of his wisdom, and, by the edicts of 1220 and 1232, he definitely established the two abuses, which had grown up under the Swabian rule—the disintegration of German territory and the royal power of the Seven Electors. This was worse than the temporary misery of the Taeping incursions of Batou Khan, whose armies, from the notices of contemporaries, seem to have been a mongrel collection of Finnish as well as Mongolian tribes. It was worse than the subsequent usurpation of power by Austria, which the far-sighted Frederic appears to have foreseen, when, in an instrument quoted by Hallam from Struvius, he created an Austrian kingdom. Thus it came about that, while France was a consolidated power, while in England and Castile the Commons were gaining constitutional liberty, Germany was utterly divided. The empire was a phantom, the government was anarchy, when the Milanese army without assistance could drive back the Emperor Robert in disgrace across the Alps.

The theory that men derive the chief part of their character from the mother, however generally questionable, is justified at any rate in this particular instance. The Emperor certainly inherited some traits from his Norman mother, and throughout his life we are compelled to remember the character given by Dante and Michelet to the Normans. Like the ancient Romans, they were a strange mixture of hero and lawyer, and in this respect Frederic is a much magnified Guiscard. Even in his personal appearance—fat, red-haired, and short—he recalls the traditional taunts cast at the Normans for their insignificant looks. The Arab chronicler declared, that as a slave he would not have fetched 200 drachms. His character has been looked at from every point of view; but we are equally unconcerned with the profanely idolatrous rhapsodies of De Vineâ, and the bitter curses of the monks. Guelfs and Ghibelline writers have alike praised him, and Mr. Kington, while not sparing any of his faults, has left us to infer some of his virtues.

"Troubadour, crusader, lawgiver; German by blood, Italian by birth, Arab by training; the pupil, the tyrant, the victim of Rome; accused by the world of being by turns a Catholic persecutor, a Mohammedan convert, an infidel freethinker;—such is Frederick II."

We are tempted to add from Schardius, a long-forgotten chronicler: "If this our age, which has shaken off Papal tyranny, had seen that Emperor, nothing would be now more august than the empire, more impotent than the Pope, wherefore I will add no more, except that it well might be inscribed on his statue, as on that of Brutus, 'Utinam Viveres.'"

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS.*

Two favourite authors, Mr. Thackeray informs us, lie by his bedside. One of them is Howel's "Letters" and the other Montaigne.

* Roundabout Papers. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*. By W. M. Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

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"If I wake at night they prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves for ever, and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again; I read them in the dozy hours, and only half remember them." Remembered or forgotten, they have infected their admirer with a love of easy, polished garrulity, and from them he has borrowed the idea and the method of "roundabout writing." Montaigne's "Essays" are, so far as their structure is concerned, merely "Roundabout Papers," rather longer, rather more learned, and not quite so refined as those which are now served monthly for the delicate appetite of the million readers of the *Cornhill*. Their quaint titles, their entire inconsequence, their rambling carelessness, their indolent tone, their frank confessions, and, not least, their apparently negligent but really artistic arrangement, constantly remind us of their latest and most successful imitator. "Of Conscience—Of Books—Of Ill Means to a Good End—Of Posts—Of Roman Grandeur—Of Men's Thumbs—Of a Monstrous Child,"—these are the sort of pegs upon which the French writer hangs a host of amusing stories, curious quotations, pieces of miscellaneous information, and intimate personal confidences; in the same way Mr. Thackeray takes "Two Children in Black," or "Tunbridge Toys," or "A Chalk-mark on the Door," or a "Letts's Diary," as the text for his sermon; and having aroused attention by its oddity, and got his pen into motion on its behalf, proceeds to use it or neglect it, precisely as the mood takes him, and as he happens to find convenient. If the production is gracefully slip-shod, if the stories come in *à propos* of nothing, but still are good stories, if the sentiments are commonplace and trite, yet fit for gentlemen and ladies, if the whole thing wear an air of well-read and well-bred laziness, the object of the writer is achieved, and the "Roundabout Paper" may be considered as artistically perfect. The first essential is, that the author should put his readers on a footing of complete familiarity, and this is most easily done by disclaiming all pretensions to excellence or to the fatigue which excellence involves, and by directing attention to the shortcomings of the performance, by implying the impossibility of its being any better than it is. "As things come into my head," says Montaigne, "I heap them one upon another; sometimes they advance in whole bodies, sometimes in single file. I am content that every one should see my natural ordinary pace, as ill as it is. I suffer myself to jog on at my own rate and ease. I should wish to have a more perfect knowledge of things, but I will not buy it so dear as it will cost. My design is to pass easily and not laboriously the remainder of my life. There is nothing I will break my brains about: no, not knowledge of what price soever. I seek in the reading of books only to please myself by an irreproachable diversion. I do not bite my nails about the difficulties I meet with; after a charge or two I give them over. If one book does not please me I take another, and never meddle with any but when I am weary of doing nothing." Mr. Thackeray, following his model, makes a similar avowal of indifference, love of ease, and incapacity for all but ornamental study. He gives us a thousand little domestic disclosures to show what a nuisance it is to have to write roundabout papers, and how natural that people should find them dull. He recounts with glee how he has watched people going to sleep over them at the club; how he has sometimes got a nap out of them himself; and how an inconveniently frank friend saluted him with, "So you have given up that roundabout business: very glad indeed you have."

From beginning to end Mr. Thackeray is for ever yawning and stretching himself. He is thoroughly tired, not so young as he was, and wishes every one to know it. In his latest novel he on one occasion puts in the name of a hero of another tale by mistake, and particularly begs the attention of his readers to the circumstance. One story or another, such is the obvious suggestion, are much the same to their author, and if other people are weak enough to be interested about them, he, at any rate, is guilty of no such amiable feebleness. In another place he describes himself as having an under-secretary to fill in the details of scenes, for which he will merely sketch the outline: love-making and romance, and enthusiasm for an old gentleman who has been crying, "Vanitas vanitatum!" these twenty years, and who has proved matrimony, like everything else, to be a bore, and early attachment only a disagreeable phase of juvenile folly! No, no; courtships, indeed, there must be, for the *Cornhill* million must be amused, but the under-secretary—an impetuous, hopeful young man, not yet *désabusé du monde*—can do all that, Mr. Thackeray meantime standing by with a cynical satisfaction, and protesting to heaven that it is inconceivable how any intelligent creature can be amused with such nonsense.

This sort of thing can be done with good effect only by performers sufficiently distinguished in public to make people inquisitive about them in their private capacity. It is a vulgar taste, but decidedly a strong one, which loves to see great actors off the stage. The crowd will pay anything to be let in behind the scenes, and invited to criticize the occupants of the seats which they have just deserted. Here is the famous tragedian, at whose sublime indignation half an hour ago the whole house was shuddering; here the Prima Donna, whose soul-stirring strain has scarcely died away; here the bewitching danseuse who just now was queen of Fairy-land;—how pleasant to see them without their theatrical habiliments, and exchange the common intercourse of life; how amusing to hear them abuse their own professions, and rave at the fools who come to hear and see them! "Call me an actor, indeed?" cries the dramatist; "my fustian rant, tragedy? my vulgar tricks, art? *allons donc*, what next? Bring me some mutton chops and porter, and sit down and hear about my little people at home, about the chalk marks on my door which my maid will not wash out; about the bit of orange-peel I trod upon as I trudged here to-night through the dirt; or the sheriff's officer whom I dodged across the square." "I a prima donna?" exclaims the lady with a sneer, and off come her robes of state, her paint, and gilt, and mock diamonds, and she stands disclosed, an ugly, coarse old woman, with a voice which fanaticism itself must own to be half-cracked. "Dancing!" screams the raddled beldame who was just now princess of the ballet, "just look at the carmine on my lips, and my artificial teeth and padded legs, and know, oh, too excitable youth! that if I hop about the stage to gain an honest living, the sight is scarcely one for raptures of admiration, and that last *pas angelique* of mine a real triumph of elaborate clumsiness; across the foot-lights it is not so bad, and some people, *les imbécilles*, will pay to come and look. But beautiful! Come, come, you must own that I am hideous." It is certain that many people would like, of all things, to have this sort of personal confidence made to them, and would feel flattered by the intimacy which such outspoken communications involve. In this way Mr. Thackeray is constantly flattering his readers. He invites them to a strictly domestic *séance*, he brings his easy-chair and dressing-gown, lights a cigar, offers his guest a place on his sofa, and hopes that every one will imitate him in feeling quite at home. All the *détails du ménage* are unflinchingly betrayed; Mr. Roundabout opens his table-drawer, shows us his weekly bills, tells us about his lazy maids, the lies which his confidential valet told him, and the rogue of a coachman who used to drive some unknown lady in his master's brougham, and invented all sorts of calumny to blacken his master's reputation. Servants are so invariably mendacious. For instance, one evening John's step is unsteady, his voice thick, he knocks his employer in the eye with the glass which he hands him, and in return is charged with being tipsy. "'Drinking! s'ulp me! I have had my one pint of beer with my dinner at one o'clock;' and he retreats, holding on by a chair. These are fibs, you see, appertaining to the situation. John is drunk. S'ulp him, he has only an arf-pint of beer six hours ago with his dinner, and none of his fellow-servants will say otherwise. Polly is smuggled on board ship. Who tells the lieutenant when he comes his rounds? Boys are playing cards in the bed-room. The outlying fag announces master coming, out go the candles, cards popped into bed, boys sound asleep. Who had that light in the dormitory? Law bless you, the poor dear innocents are every one snoring: every one snoring, and every snore told a lie through the nose! Suppose one of your boys, or mine, is engaged in that awful crime, are we going to break our hearts about it? Come, come. We pull a long face, waggle a grave head, and chuckle within our waistcoats."

Gossip like this will always find plenty of listeners, and Mr. Thackeray can probably manufacture it as well as any author of our day. After all, however, it is low art, and low art for which such monster contrivances as the *Cornhill Magazine* are mainly responsible. They are meant for a million readers, and must therefore be pitched at a level, which the million will be able to attain. The result is a studied mediocrity. It is a misfortune for our literature that the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond" should be spinning little monthly yarns about tipsy footmen, just as it is a misfortune for our art that the painter of "The Release" should be wasting his time on the crinoline and smart dresses of Mr. Trollope's insipid heroines. Low art has necessarily a tinge of vulgarity, and Mr. Millais's pictures are an excellent specimen of the inevitable fate which befalls the noblest genius, when it accepts a low ideal, and condescends to an unworthy employment. The million readers, no doubt, like their heroines with the conventional amount of petticoat, and fashioned throughout upon a conventional type. The artist accepts their orders, and produces a series of sketches slightly more natural indeed than the cards of Paris fashions, but as commonplace in design, mean in sentiment, and superficial in their prettiness, as the commonplace, mean, and superficial stories which they are employed to ornament. The same sort of criticism might be pronounced upon Mr. Thackeray's monthly gossip; every word he writes, so he has bidden us take notice, represents so much solid bread, beer, and cheese. But it is bread, beer, and cheese which he might purchase more worthily, though not perhaps so easily, by efforts in some degree commensurate with his real powers and his earlier reputation. The tales which won him his fame will probably take their stand among the classics of our country; they are highly wrought, diligently elaborated works of art: they bear the marks of genuine hard work, resolute patience, humorous invention; they abound with those fortunate accidents which are the legitimate rewards of serious effort. The "Roundabout Papers" are scarcely more than the froth which hangs about a generous wine. They could be done by no one but a clever man, but they tell us at every line that the clever man is working at half-power, and cares so little for his audience, that he does not mind letting them know how slight pains he is taking to please them. Great writers as well as small must labour, if they mean to be worthy of themselves; and though Mr. Thackeray can talk about nothing far more agreeably than any other writer of the age,—though he never in his laziest moments is anything but well-bred, courteous, and refined,—though his stories form part, and a very pleasant part, of every young Englishman's education,—those who admire him the most will be the readiest to regret his descent to a region of elegant trivialities, and to a style of sentiment which, in less skilful hands than his own, would appear intolerably superficial and monotonous.

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DR. WHEWELL ON THE REPUBLIC.*

Dr. Whewell has ventured on the task of making Plato "intelligible to ordinary readers of English literature." The attempt is a bold one. Who shall undertake to transport men who have not followed the development of Greek speculation, from that firm standing-ground of established right and positive science, on which inquiries into the origin of right and science are merely a pleasant pastime, to an age in which educated men were doubting whether obligation or knowledge were possible in a world of fleeting sensation? Yet this is what is involved in the attempt to make Plato intelligible to the uninitiated Englishman. It has been the fashion of late to force the problems of Greek philosophy into association with the practical questions of our own day. No association could be more superficial or misleading. To modernize Plato is to ignore the true filiation of his theories, just as to Platonize our modern difficulties is to divorce them from the facts out of which they spring. The "ordinary reader" who hears of the Socratic paradoxes that philosophers must be kings, and that virtue is a science, will not be nearer to their true import for thinking of our thrice-worn discussions on hero-worship or on the improvement of morality through intellectual enlightenment. Yet how is he to catch their true interpretation in their connection with the sophistical denial of universal principles of polity and morals, when the knowledge of the preceding speculations is sealed against him? We answer, only by closely following the organic connection in the Platonic dialogues themselves, which to a great extent are their own key. The merit of an interpreter of them must, therefore, mainly lie in his making this organic connection perspicuous. Our complaint against Dr. Whewell is that in the interpretation of the "Republic" before us, by arbitrary severance and arbitrary re-arrangement of parts, he has gone out of his way to make it obscure.

According to him the treatise on the "Republic," properly so called, is confined to those portions of Books II., III., and IV., which treat of the origination of the state in "mutual need," of its three necessary classes corresponding to the three elements of the individual soul, and of the true office of the rational class or element in regulating the rest according to that law of harmony, which is Justice. Into immediate sequence on this treatise (which he entitles, "Of the Ideal Polity and Virtue") he brings that contained in the eighth, and part of the ninth, book, "Of Imperfect Politics, and of Vices." The first book, under the title "Thrasymachus," is treated as a separate study on the sophistical character, which might have been included among the anti-sophist dialogues, if it had not been undesirable to dismember the "Republic." The rest of the work, notwithstanding this delicacy as to dismemberment, is broken up into two supplementary parts—one "A Sequel to the Ethics of the Polity," the other "On the Immortality of the Soul;" and five digressions—"Of Education in the Ideal Polity," "Of the Condition of Women" in the same, "Of Philosophers as Politicians," "Of the Degrees of Human Knowledge," and "Of the Exclusion of Poets from the Ideal State."

An old lover of the Republic would naturally feel some indignation at the sight of so perfect a work of art thus rudely mangled, however much the exigencies of the "ordinary reader of English literature" might render the mangling necessary. But we feel sure the "ordinary reader" would have had a much better chance if the demon of orderly disorder had not led Dr. Whewell to substitute a collection of treatises, accidentally strung together, for the natural organism of the original work. He has, indeed, "murdered to dissect." It is an obvious remark, but not the less true, that Plato could probably arrange his own argument for himself much better than Dr. Whewell can do it for him. The interest of the Republic is no doubt, in a secondary sense, dramatic; it has successive scenes, as well as successive stages of argument; but these successive scenes and stages are essentially parts of a whole, which is alike philosophically and artistically one. Secondarily, the purpose of the first book may be, as Dr. Whewell supposes, to exhibit the blustering sophist in dramatic contrast to Socrates; but its main object surely is, in connection with the former part of Book II., to show us the hiatus which the criticism of the sophists had made in the customary and political morality of Greece, and which the ideal polity was intended to fill. This criticism consisted in the opposition of convention and nature, of fleeting sensation and stable knowledge, of subjective impression and objective vitality, and in the suppression of the latter members in each of these pairs of opposites. The opposition itself appears more or less clearly in the earlier philosophers—in Heraclitus, Parmenides, and Democritus; it was the denial of one of the opposites, and the application of this denial to the purposes of a general scepticism, that gave "sophistry" its character. Science and morality stood or fell together. The same criticism in the "Theætetus," which reduces knowledge to a succession of momentary impressions on the sense, sweeps away all absolute laws of moral right, and fills their place with passing images of the pleasant. The morality of Greece was not of a kind to withstand such an assault. It rested partly on custom, partly on positive law. The failure of this twofold foundation is exhibited in the early part of the Republic. The morality of custom, represented by the maxim of Simonides, "to give to each his due is just," is involved in confusion for want of a general principle. What is the "due" is the question to be decided; and there is nothing but custom—the custom of doing good to friends and harm to foes—to decide it. Robbed of his confidence in the moral laws of society, the Greek might fall back on the actual law, to him divine, of the state, from which he had "no dividual being." But from this standing-ground he was again driven by sophistical analysis. This state law has no natural or divine authority. It is but the will of "the stronger," whether the stronger be the tyrant or the majority. It is either an arbitrary enactment for the purpose of making the herd as profitable as may be to its master, or it is the result of the universal repulsion which acts as attraction—the expression of the interest of the majority, who lose more than they gain by the strife of every man with his neighbour in the suppression of this strife by convention. Either way, the "justice" (or, as we should say, morality) which consists in obedience to this law, has no universal or necessary character. It exists, according to the old formula, "ὀυ φύσει ἀλλὰ νόμῳ." This is the real issue of the discourse of Thrasymachus in the first book, and of that of Glaucon and Adiemantus in the second. By treating the first book as virtually a separate dialogue, Dr. Whewell spoils the combined effect of these discourses, and takes from the reader's chance of appreciating the principle, in relation to which the system, afterwards constructed, can alone be understood.

A far worse effect, as it seems to us, is produced by his detaching the sixth and seventh from the preceding books, and treating them merely as digressions. He does this in disregard of Plato's own statement as to their true position. In Book IV., before passing from the discussion of classes and virtues in the State to that relation of parts in the individual soul, which, in its proper form, is justice, Socrates says, in the words of Dr. Whewell's translation, "I must tell you, Glaucon, that in my opinion we shall never make this rightly out by the methods of discussion which are now in use. We must have a longer and larger road to lead us to our end. But, perhaps, it will answer our purpose to follow the same course which we have followed hitherto." In the sixth book Socrates reverts to this proviso: "You recollect that, having distinguished the faculties of the soul into three classes, we re-established on that ground the nature of temperance, courage, and justice, and what each of these virtues is. . . We said that the best possible way of regarding these things was one more prolix and roundabout, by following which the nature of these qualities might be made evident, but that it was practicable to give a proof depending on what we had then been saying. You then said that such a proof was sufficient, and so we took a course which was, as seemed to me, deficient in exactness." Socrates then proceeds to discuss the "degrees of human knowledge," as leading up to the Idea of the Good. It is clear from this that Plato considered his theory of virtue as incomplete, until, along with his theory of knowledge, it had been deduced in some way from the doctrine of the Good; in other words, that "the digression on the degrees of human knowledge," so far from being really a digression, is the coping-stone to the whole ideal structure of the polity. The more clearly we trace the connection between the theory of Books III. and IV., and the sophistical denial of the "naturalness" of justice, which it was meant to supersede, the more fully shall we appreciate its incompleteness according to the view of the author. Working out the conception of the ἔργον, indicated in the refutation of Thrasymachus, Plato shows that each part of the soul, whether embodied in the individual or in the state, has its proper function, that of the rational part being to rule the rest. His object is to substitute this "natural supremacy" of reason, as the source of obligation, for the will of the tyrant or the convention of the majority. But neither is the right of the reason to govern established, nor the mode of its government fully explained, in the fourth book. The sophist might object that the question of moral and political obligation was not settled by the mere arrogating of authority to imaginary "guardians;" that force, or convention, was as good a foundation for right as a system coined by Plato's brain, or adopted from Sparta, whose correspondence with the true order of things was at least unproved. To prove this correspondence, and thus give the character of philosophical necessity to the system, the harmony of classes and functions under the rule of reason must be proved to issue from the operation of the ultimate principle of existence. This is done, by showing that reason, whether regarded as the ruling principle in the individual soul, or as embodied in the ruling philosophers, is the reflex of that idea of Good which is the source of being and knowledge. The soul of man being treated by Plato as essentially the same, whether it be manifested in the individual or the state, the rule of philosophers in the state is neither more nor less than the authority of universal principles of the reason in relation to the conduct of the individual man. The argument in the sixth book, therefore, which, by the aid of metaphorical language common to the spheres of art and morality, carries the intellect of the philosopher from its commerce with the principle of all things to beneficent rule and harmonious action in the world of practical life, is a proof that there is at once an essential morality and an essential polity existing, "ὀυ νόμῳ ἀλλὰ φύσει." The ideal structure of the fourth book now appears no longer as an arbitrary figment of the imagination, but as an interpretation of that which really is. The rule of reason is the activity of the creative idea through its perfect counterpart, "Justice;" the harmony of the soul and of the state is necessary with the necessity of that unifying principle of which it is the manifestation, and without which it is as impossible to think as to see without the light. But the work is not yet complete. The inquirer who is to be fully delivered from the sophistical entanglements must travel the "μακροτέρα περίοδος," must follow, step by step, the journey of the reason upwards, to that

* The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers. By W. Whewell, D.D. Vol. III. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge. 1861.

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contemplation of the idea which is identification with it. Till this road has been travelled, the chasm between the particular virtues and their supposed principle is not practically bridged, nor has the unity of the moral with the other sciences been established, as it must be, before the double edge of the sophistical weapon could be turned, cutting, as it did, at once at absolute knowledge and natural right. "The degrees of human knowledge," in Plato's view, form a "scala descensoria" no less than a "scala ascensoria." They are not merely the steps by which the reason ascends from multiplex phenomena to that unity of thought in relation to which the phenomena can alone be truly understood; they also constitute the process by which their unity develops itself into the particular ideas which are the principles at once of the abstract sciences, and of morality both as theory and practice, but which are mere assumptions (ὑποθέσεις) so long as they are viewed out of connection with the ultimate idea. The ascent and descent over, and the "roundabout way" traversed, the moral and political system is proved, the statesman is able to "give an account" of his principles, the virtuous man adds to his virtue the full consciousness of the law to which he conforms.

This Platonic argument may seem to us hazy and unsatisfactory enough. It is a first attempt at that which has been attempted since, in one way or another, by most of the philosophers, popularly called Pantheists, and achieved, if by any one, by Hegel, in the exhibition of all knowledge and morality alike as the evolution of one living idea. But crude and vague as is Plato's speculation in this direction, it at least had a purpose, of special interest to his own time, and not without interest to us. Let us once understand this purpose, and the "Republic" appears a perfect piece of art, with beginning, middle, and end; and, if not a perfect piece of philosophy, at least an essay towards the only possible solution of the great speculative question of the age which produced it. Without such understanding—and without it the "ordinary reader" of Dr. Whewell's patchwork version is likely to remain—the Platonic masterpiece can seem little more than an ingenious compilation of verbal disputes.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

If books were interesting and important in proportion to their size, little could be said for the present volume, which may be almost read through in a day; and if they were always dull in proportion to the greatness of the persons who write their commendatory prefaces, this might be fairly allowed to share the fate of similar adopted offspring. But though it is not large in dimensions, and though it has unwisely sought to shelter itself under the patronage of the Bishop of Oxford, the book before us is one of the most interesting, and by no means the least important, which has appeared in the course of the past season. It has quite enough claims to our attention without the four pages of respectable, but rather commonplace observations, which date from Cuddesdon, and introduce the subject to the public. It is possible to live a useful life, and die very happily, without knowing whether Honolulu is in Asia, Africa, or America, and without having ever heard of the hero Kaméhaméha. But short as the annals of the Sandwich Islands are, they supply a picture unsurpassed in clearness, if not even in vividness, of the results of the sudden mixture of civilization with barbarism, and are most fertile in suggestive lessons to the members of a nation whose mission, beyond all others, has been to spread civilisation in the world. If regarded only as a sample of progress, it is impossible to learn, without some interest, the fact that on the same island in which Captain Cook fell by the spear of a native in 1789, a popular, patriotic, and constitutional Sovereign made an English speech in 1855 to the representatives of foreign Governments at his Court.

The Sandwich Islands lie in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, rather nearer to America than to China, and in about the latitude of Canton. *Ultimi orbis*, they are further from human society than any known land on the globe. Their climate may be roughly estimated as considerably the best in the world; at least, if there is any land known to the faculty in which, for twelve years, the thermometer has never ranged above 90° or below 53°, invalids would be glad to hear of it. The soil is fairly productive, and the natives more intelligent than those of more tropical groups. This little paradise—barring volcanoes—was peopled nobody knows when, by nobody knows who, coming from nobody knows where. The only data we have on the subject of race is that the inhabitants are similar in features and habits to those of the Society, Samoan, and New Zealand Islands, a family sometimes called Polynesian, sometimes Malayan, and different, at any rate, from the inhabitants of the Feejee and New Hebrides' groups, who are taller, fiercer, and blacker. Mr. Hopkins considers it probable that their original colonisation was from the west; but, as we have had occasion to show in a former article on a somewhat similar subject, the question cannot be considered as yet ripe for settlement. However it may be, the islands were first discovered by a European vessel in the sixteenth century: ten years before the first French revolution Cook, with the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, touched at the islands; and in the following year, after acting the god among the natives for a longer period than was prudent, he perished by their spears on the beach of what was then known as Owhyhee. This name, as Mr. Hopkins informs us, is simply Hawaii, with the definite article or demonstrative pronoun prefixed. After the tragedy above mentioned, merchant-ships from time to time touched at the islands, and gradually found cause to reverse the estimate which had been formed of the inhabitants as barbarous, cruel, and vindictive. So little vindictive was their character that even the gross inhumanity of an American captain, who massacred a hundred natives to avenge the theft of a ship's boat, left no permanent hostility in their minds. The seeds of civilization were sown by two Englishmen, common sailors, who were taken prisoners not long after Cook's death, and lived for many years in the service of the chiefs, to whom one of them in particular attached himself with affectionate and faithful zeal. Late in the last century Vancouver touched twice at the islands, and was fortunate enough to have many interviews with the king, the great national hero of all Hawaiian memories. Kaméhaméha seems to have been a man of unusual ability, a strong will, and much political foresight; and it is not unlikely that his intercourse with Vancouver may have suggested many new ideas to his mind of political progress and morality. So favourable was the impression that the character and language of the English seaman left, that his visit was actually followed by a voluntary proposal to cede the group to England; the offer, however, was not practically accepted. After Vancouver's time a regular trade sprang up with the Sandwich Islands, and Beechey, as he walked up the chief street of the town in 1826, was saluted by notices on sign-boards, inviting passers by to "Billiards," and to "An Ordinary at One o'clock." The internal history of the islands in the meantime is not uninteresting. It centres in the king just named. He first subdued the whole of the group by mingled force and art; and then, like our Alfred, set himself resolutely to the task of government. He encouraged commerce, enacted good laws, established a council, created a small fleet, supported, though he did not adopt, Christianity. "Since I have been king," he said, when near his death, "no European has had cause to complain of having suffered injustice here." He died amid the profound mourning of his subjects, and was succeeded by his son. In his reign idolatry was abolished by a spontaneous movement of the people; the king himself visited Europe, and died in London. Missionaries had by this time begun to arrive in the island; they at once secured an important influence, and, having first concocted a constitution for the kingdom, caused it to be administered on patriarchal principles, which the lapse of time and further intercourse with Europe have fortunately modified. Twice Hawaii has been in danger of war; once with France, and once with England. On both occasions it is satisfactory to be able to relate that the over-bearing conduct of the naval officers who threatened hostilities has been disavowed by the Home Government. At present Hawaii is in peace and amity with all the world; and the last public document which we possess is a proclamation that "We, Kaméhaméha IV., having been officially notified that hostilities are now unhappily pending between the Government of the United States and certain states thereof styling themselves 'The Confederate States of America,' hereby proclaim our neutrality between the said contending parties."

In such a work as this, we naturally turn first to the story of the death of the great English sailor. Mr. Hopkins has been at some pains to examine the various accounts of the matter, and describes the scene minutely. From the narrative published at the time it was evident that Captain Cook committed several grave mistakes. To allow the absurd apotheosis which the islanders accorded him was most ill-judged; and the plunder which he committed at the shrine of one of the national gods was worse. After setting sail from the island on terms of suspicion and hostility, he was compelled to return, in order to repair some trifling damages to his ships, and on one fatal Sunday he was induced to go on shore with the object of procuring the restoration of certain stolen property, by seizing the person of the king. Mr. Ellis, the celebrated missionary traveller, was able, in his visit to Hawaii, to speak with many persons who were either present themselves at the scene of Cook's death, or were well acquainted with its circumstances. The author of the book now before us gives the native version very distinctly:—

"Their plain unvarnished tale is told in sorrow, not in anger, and without justification of themselves. They state that Cook, having come on shore, and had an interview with Kalaniopuu, the two walked together towards the shore, Cook designing to take the king on board his ship. The people, seeing this, and having their suspicions already roused, thronged round, and entreated, as did his wife, that he would not go on board. Kalaniopuu hesitated; and while he was standing in doubt, a man came running from the other side of the bay, crying, 'It is war! The foreigners have fired at a canoe from one of their boats, and have killed a chief.' On hearing this the people became enraged, and the chiefs were alarmed, fearing that Cook would put the king to death. Again his wife, Kanona, used her entreaties he would not go on board, and the chiefs joined with her, the people in the meantime arming themselves with stones, clubs, and spears. The king sat down; and Captain Cook, who seemed agitated, began walking towards his boat. Whilst doing so, a native attacked him with a spear. Cook turned, and with his double-barrelled gun shot the man who struck him. Some of the people then threw stones at the Englishman, which being seen by his men in the boats, they fired on the natives. Cook endeavoured to stop the firing, but on account of the noise he was unable to do so. He then turned to speak to the people on shore, when some one stabbed him in the back with a *pahoa*, or dagger, and at the same time a spear was driven through his body. He fell into the water, and spoke no more."

The English narrative is slightly different. According to it, Cook received the thrust of the dagger whilst desiring the boats to

* Hawaii: the Past, Present, and Future of its Island-Kingdom. A Historical Account of the Sandwich Islands. By Manley Hopkins, Hawaiian Consul-General. With a Preface by the Bishop of Oxford. Longmans & Co. 1862.

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cease firing; and so long as his face was turned towards the shore none of the natives ventured to attack him. In this latter case his death would have been immediately occasioned by the humanity which prompted him to spare the lives of the natives.

The most striking scene in the history of these islands—a scene to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in any history, is the extraordinary movement by which idolatry was suddenly and utterly abolished throughout the kingdom. A hundred thousand men, by a spontaneous and unanimous uprising, overthrew, at one blow, the whole of the system under which they and their ancestors had lived, destroyed the images, profaned the shrines, absolutely and irrecoverably emancipated themselves from the religious thraldom of centuries. There were no missionaries to suggest a new religion, and no teachers to explain the follies of the old: this movement is even more marvellous in its spontaneous character than in its completeness and uniformity. It seemed as if civilization, without conveying distinct knowledge to the minds of the people, had needed but to open their eyes. They had groaned under a most oppressive system of regulated superstition; the *tabu* in particular—an institution somewhat resembling the Papal interdict of the Middle Ages—pressed upon them with burdens as arbitrary as they were pernicious. They saw men who cared nothing for idols, and despised the most solemn restrictions; and they heard that in the far south there were islanders like themselves who had abandoned the worship of their fathers, and found themselves none the worse. A young king had just succeeded to his father, the great founder of the united empire. He was known to be sceptical in his ideas, and the high-priest himself, with a grand unselfishness, was foremost among those who secretly encouraged the movement. One trifling act of disobedience followed another among the people, and the wrath of Heaven did not visit itself on the transgressors. The final scene is well painted by Mr. Hopkins. The king, the queen, and the high-priest had come to an understanding, and the abolition of idolatry was determined; at last the crisis came. One of the most solemn ordinances was that men might not eat with women; and it was with the transgression of this injunction that the religious revolution was to be inaugurated. A feast was made, with separate tables for the sexes; the guests assembled; every man took his seat, and paused in expectation. Deliberately the king rose, walked to the place of the women, and seated himself among them. The *tabu* was broken for ever. Then arose a shout which reverberated to every corner of the land, and from one end of the kingdom to the other the chain of superstition was loosed. Men woke to freedom with a sudden joy, which showed how galling the oppression had been. Temples, images, relics, perished in the flames, and the high-priest was the first to apply the torch. Thenceforth and for ever, idolatry ceased in Hawaii.

A mysterious and gloomy interest gathers round the present condition of these islands. That strange law by which civilization has so often been found fatal to the race which it raises from barbarism seems not to have spared this docile and advancing people. Year by year their claims to live are higher, and year by year their numbers are less. How far the diminution had proceeded before European had mingled largely among them, cannot be accurately known; but it is certain that it is now advancing at a rate which threatens to destroy the race. It is a terrible visitation; they see it themselves. It is their lot to feel the blessings of civilization, and to feel, at the same time, how they sink and perish before it. Mr. Hopkins, in this book, makes some attempt to account for the decrease of population, and he is not without hopes that it may yet be arrested. What he says is well worth attention, but the light that statistics of disease and of commerce throw upon the subject little more than show how deep is the mystery under which this law is shrouded. It is one of which, as its causes elude our investigation, so, too, the purpose and the justice baffle our philosophy. Let civilization advance; let knowledge increase; let trade bind man to man. The solemn issues of the struggle between light and darkness, the balance of good and evil in the most obvious duties of a Christian country, the workings of a fate which disappoints our highest aspirations for our fellow-creatures at the very moment of their first fruition, who shall discuss and determine?

POETASTERS AND THEIR POEMS AND PREFACES.

The editorial table groans under twenty volumes of verse. To be sure the volumes are not ponderous. But when four children arrive at a birth, one does not inquire as to their size; and the only wonder is that so numerous a swarm of poetic effusions should be produced at once in this prosaic age and gloomy season. Of course, the twenty volumes are made up of what is good, what is mediocre, and what is bad. But the old quotation from Martial only partly applies in this instance. Among the greater number, not badness but mediocrity predominates; mediocrity, that most unpardonable crime in poetry, which wants the energy and vivacity to be bad, and is more fatal than badness itself.

There are two volumes of translation; the first and second Georgics, by "a Market Gardener," and Horace's Art of Poetry, by the Dean of Dromore. Both these seem carefully done, as far as can be judged from a cursory glance. Then there are two devotional volumes; one of hymns, the other a set of short-rhymed meditations for every day in the year. The latter, without aiming at high poetic excellence, appear to have in places much merit. These four may be dismissed, as belonging to distinct subjects, and not to be fairly classified with the rest; as also may a little book of rhymes for children, prettily illustrated by Mr. H. K. Browne, and called "Snow Flakes."

These discarded, fifteen volumes remain. Reserving for more extended notice a few which really deserve it, let us examine, as a curiosity, the residuum of some nine or ten, which have no excuse for existing, relieved as they are, only occasionally, by something good enough to be readable or bad enough to be laughable, and, presenting on the whole, one dead level of dull, Bœotian mediocrity. What is the philosophy of their existence? Whence did they spring? and how did they get into print? For the latter sin "friends" are for the most part answerable. The following is the history of several. The bard was first excited by the Prize at the Crystal Palace to write verses on Burns; or Garibaldi, or the death of the Prince Consort, has moved him till the fire kindled, and at last he wrote with his pen. Then he read his lines to his friends, or printed them in some more or less obscure newspaper, and proceeded to write more,—to fancy himself in love and indite sonnets, or perhaps to recall the sentiment and verses of the time when he "kept company" with his present wife. The friends, as really admiring, or wishing to pay him a cheap compliment, or as merely desiring to share their new-found burthen with the broader shoulders of the world in general, entreat him to publish. Then, with perhaps a dedication to Garibaldi, or Lord Shaftesbury, or whoever may be the author's special idol, and possibly a preface, either deprecating or defying criticism, the new volume is brought to birth, to afflict an indifferent world with useless matter, and to cumber the shelves of the publisher and the British Museum.

The colour of the binding may serve as some kind of guide in threading this labyrinth of song. First come sober grey, brown, and black. Then we rise to green and mauve, and end in bright Magenta or Solferino. The grey is "An Elegy on the Death of the Prince Consort," in five parts, by A. E. Lisle, dedicated to the English nation, and with a "Preface," humble, but claiming credit for "abstaining to indulge in fulsome adulation." Poor English nation! Were not the laureate's few but glorious lines enough for you? It is worth while shortly to analyse this effusion. Part 1. Death conquers all, even great conquerors; twelve stanzas on Napoleon! Parts 2 and 3. Commonplaces on death, and the funeral of the Prince. Part 4. The Prince was not a warrior, did not, &c., &c.; six stanzas on battle. The Prince was not a sailor, nor a pirate. Five stanzas on naval war and piracy, with note on Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Part 5. "Mourn, science," &c. The Prince conceived the idea of the Crystal Palace, and was the patron of art and improvement. "Good works are man's best monument." For this, to say truth, "friends" are not responsible. The author seems to have printed in full conviction that he was doing the world a kindness. Brown is a dreary mass of blank verse, varied by perpetual italics, on "The City of the Great King"—all about Babylon, the Beast, the Pope, Methodism, and the old and the New Jerusalem. Next is a black volume: "Poems of Truth and Fancy," by J. S. Redman, dedicated to Lord Shaftesbury. Preface, *naif*. "I never produced anything worthy of the name of poetry till September, 1859, when I commenced a poem on the life of Burns. About this time an incident occurred which caused me to write, 'Oh! spare the lash.'" Having printed this poem in the *Weekly Times*, and others in the *Family Herald*, the author now publishes, "at the wish of friends." "Nothing will be found to wound the delicacy of any, or sully the purest mind." As if that were the least excuse for such stanzas as this in "Night in a Jungle":—

> "'Mong the leaves in safety keeping,
> Birds of various hues repose,
> On the topmost branches sleeping,
> Nought to fear from hostile foes."

Or for the following address to "The Monument:"

> "Nobly erect, of Doric structure rare,
> In works like thee what years must Wren have spent!
> From his design, made with unerring care,
> Rose thy chaste form, proud London's Monument!"

Truly the British public is too goodnatured and uncritical. That same easy tolerance which applauds worn-out singers and wretched acting in our theatres, condemns us to such inflictions as these.

It is time to pass to livelier colours. But hold! here is one more brown volume not quite so dreary as the rest. "The Homestead, by Cecil," is a glorious specimen of Orange-Liberal sentiments and Americanized Irishism. It is dedicated to the Irish Chief Secretary. "The humble writer of the following poem looks with confiding trust *to The Right Honourable Sir R. Peel, Baronet, as the guardian of its (Ireland's) hearths and Homesteads.*" Does he also look to him, with confiding trust, for the place of a tidewaiter or an exciseman? The following sentence from the preface must be quoted entire:—

"The succeeding cantos, written immediately on the writer's return to Ireland in 1857, were suggested by the cherished objects of home scenes and recollections, from which he was occasionally drawn, to note the political and religious aspects of his country, in some passages of which are held up to censure: the purchase system in our army of a military status, by feather-bed poltroons, to the disgrace of the service; the appointment to magisterial office, of men more anxious to identify themselves with the religious, gipsy abductions, of the Aylward, St. Vincent de Paul system, than to uphold British law; as also to the maudlin state patronage, which supplies the most distant parts of the world, and the self-expatriated traitors and French intriguers in America, with legions of Irish priests, from colleges and schools endowed by state grants from England, to extend and support the Church of Pio Nono; from which are selected consuls, *attachés*, engineers, &c., &c., nine-tenths of whom obtain foreign appointment

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as Pio's subjects, to give *éclat* to a dominancy abroad, which has heretofore been so prolific of home distractions; and which, through British bounty, is cropping up in America those broils, which are now being so happily cultivated there, since the materials for producing such harvests in Ireland have evaporated before the English Volunteer movement, that has also check-mated the game of the sharper of the *coup d'état*, and, through Providence, has become the stay of British action and of the peace of Europe, under a first *Minister* of the Crown, who is the pride of the empire, to whom Ireland is indebted for the appointment of the man who knew how to place his heel on the inflated impudence of papal assumptions, to the imbecile arrogance of which it had become a routine of courtesy to bow for years."

Such sentiments, varied by descriptions of Irish and American scenery and of things in general, compose a sort of *pendant* to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village;" only in this case the emigrant has returned and the village is still thriving. We have only space for this grand and original view of Columbia's mission, which forms the peroration of the poem:—

"Her stripes and stars shall distant regions cheer,
Guarding the faith, wherever they appear,
From west to east, and Britain's language spread,
Till the last trump shall wake the sleeping dead:
While Anglo-Saxon anthems shall arise
From every land, and close Earth's obsequies!"

Green claims attention next, a neater and more scholarlike volume: "Shadow and Substance, and other Poems," by Robert Ripley. Here is wild Manfredian dialogue. "Scene,—The Shore of a Lake—Evening. Roland and Gertrude." We quote at random from page 11. The gentleman is not very gallant:—

"Two before thee, meek beings of the Earth,
Have ta'en their thrones in that dark sky of mine.
Two forms more sweet than are mouth-kissing winds,
Whose birthplace is the blossoms of the south,
That beat in music for one blessed moment,
Then die in beauty.
GERTRUDE.—And I?
ROLAND.—Fairer than light
Softened on bed of flowers.
Dost thou not hear
A sense of music on the trembling trees?"

&c., &c., *ad infinitum*. This gushing business will hardly do. But some sonnets and smaller pieces are fair enough; only they are mostly Shakespeare and water, or Tennyson and water. Yet the writer has some poetic taste, and may some day rise from mediocrity into something better.

But this improvement of the inside does not keep pace with the increasing brilliancy of bindings. "The Village Festival, by Scribolus," is a very poor and common-place account of a country-feast, and has nothing whatever to recommend it beyond a very pretty mauve binding. And now Magenta is reached, the brightest hue of all this rainbow of colour. "The World of Phantoms" is a most uninviting dissertation on mesmerism, written in correct heroic couplets. Correct versification and shortness are its only merits; for it seems to be wholly without poetry, and without any story, interest, or meaning whatever.

One Magenta-coloured book is left: "Songs on Italy, by Caroline Giffard Phillipson." This is an enthusiastic lady who visited Garibaldi on his sick-bed in 1861, and writes a short dedicatory letter to her hero by way of preface. He will hardly thank her for the offering. Miss Phillipson (the atmosphere of blighted hope which breathes through some of the poems leads to the inevitable conclusion that she is a maiden lady) drew her knowledge of the events taking place in Italy from the English newspapers, and "all the lines were written on the spur of the moment." Of this they certainly bear the impress. For very many of them read vastly like commonplace newspaper paragraphs or articles put into slipshod rhyme.

Can anything be more "wishy-washy," more slovenly than this?—

"Though he lies there pale and wounded,
I would rather far be him (*sic*),
Stretched upon that humble pallet
In the fortress-prison dim,
Than the false king in his splendour,
Who such noble heart betrayed,
Than the abject crowd around him,
Who to France concessions made."

Thus the lady's feelings gush out in a kind of spontaneous doggrel towards Garibaldi, Italy, Count Cavour, Mrs. Browning, the Prince Consort, or whatsoever person or thing the world and the newspapers may happen to be talking of.

Some pages on, the amnesty to Garibaldi's followers has been proclaimed, and the authoress thus addresses a kind of palinode to Victor Emmanuel:—

"Glad I also am in thinking
That the king has done his best,
That he was not traitor-hearted,
Only coward like the rest!
That he has not quite deserted
One, his stanchest friend of yore,
Whose good name has long been sounded
With loud cheers from shore to shore!"

Besides this kind of thing, there is a good deal of what Miss Mills, in Dickens's "David Copperfield," so appropriately speaks of as "The Great Sahara." The broken heart's grievance is dwelt upon in sad monotonous strains, and with tedious iteration. And yet, amidst a chaos of stuff not merely commonplace, but often absolutely contemptible, one set of really simple and pathetic stanzas appears, as if dropped from the clouds. But this, though somewhat of a relief to the weary critic, is scarcely good enough to deserve quotation.

Before we go to press number twenty-one arrives, in humbler guise, "Advice to Lovers," price sixpence, in a brown paper cover, dedicated to the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, "the unflinching advocate of true morality." Here are twenty-seven pages of satire and advice on the great marriage question so debated in the *Times* eighteen months ago. The satirist has little advice to offer but generally to marry and choose well. Still, though his lines seem carelessly strung together and with little method, he shows some power, and though tending to coarseness and rather too fond of calling a spade a spade, he is at times amusing and forcible.

The following are not bad specimens:—

"I used to read of virgins casting glances
As they indulged in pretty graceful dances,
But few glance now; they stare in a bold fashion
Which says at once, We feel the ruling passion.
Daphne the fair, instead of being chased,
Follows Apollo, which is not good taste;
The timid pine, the bold succeed and carry
The hearts of men, although the men won't marry.
Belgravian matrons wail because they find
That men for marriage have but little mind.
They drink the wines and eat the costly dinners,
But give their love to impudent young sinners.
Still those same matrons wink to see their sons
In the society of wicked ones.

The tender misses as they glide along,
Think partners angels who can do no wrong,
And pout to think that Lais with her charms
Can draw strong men to her enchanting arms,
Or sigh to think Aspasia can command
The finest fellows in the British land.

Forms that the poets love and painters prize,
Faces that haunt us with love-breeding eyes,
Are lightly bought and recklessly are sold
To the first bidder for his gleaming gold.
Oft have I stood in busy Oxford-street,
Whose stones are trodden by hot aching feet,
And as I stood have looked upon the sky
Where stars roll on while erring women die.
Doubting, I ask, can life be otherwise?
Sin should not be, an inward voice replies.
Yet often men who would be calm and quiet,
Taking their love as invalids take diet,
Find all their hopes of getting safely married
Are blown to air or grievously miscarried.
What can such do?

At first she's elegant and thrives right well,
While beauty lasts she's always sure to sell;
But time speeds on, and she who pleased a beau
Is quite content with vulgar ones to go;
The dandies leave her for the new arrivals,
For Vice, like Methodists, has its revivals.

Why even Spurgeon joyed at having twins,
His deacons slyly laughed or gave broad grins."

But enough of quotations. The lines are worth the sixpence asked for them. But the writer should write less at random in his next attempt, should avoid such a rhyme as "women" and "beginning," and, above all, should correct gross and obvious misprints.

AUTOGRAPHS.*

THIS volume may pleasantly recall to some of our readers an interesting exhibition at the Law Institution last year. The exhibition was private; but those who had at the time the privilege of visiting the Law Society's Library in Chancery-lane will not readily forget the unique collection it contained. Rows of frames lined the room, each frame was divided into two compartments, that on the left containing the portrait, that on the right an autograph letter of some great person; the portraits were choice specimens of the engraver's art, and almost every letter was eminently characteristic of the writer, no mere signature or formal scrawl, but something which was immediately connected with his career, and which could scarcely have been written by any other person. It was scarcely possible to prevent the rising of some slight feeling of envy towards the excellent City Solicitor, who was understood to be the possessor of the entire series; but if any such feeling has survived the reflection how impossible it was to rival the lawyer's collection, it may be finally disposed of by the sight of Mr. Netherclift's admirable fac-similes. He has presented to us some six hundred autographs of eminent persons of all countries; and though the specimen of each handwriting is necessarily short, he has generally contrived to make such an extract of three or four lines as to suggest some point of the writer's character or career, whilst the accuracy of the reproduction seems, as far as we can judge, likely to heighten the great reputation already attached to the name of Netherclift. There is only one drawback to the volume, and that is attendant upon an advantage on the other side, which, in the opinion of many, will far outweigh it. Through his desire to produce a cheap book, Mr. Netherclift has printed his fac-similes on both sides of the paper, so that those who would wish to cut them out for the purpose of attaching them to the portraits of the writers, will require two copies of the book. How pleasant it is to turn from the portrait to the writing, and from the writing to the portrait, and, by poring over the lines of the face or the turns of the signature, to spell out the character of the man, is well known to many, most especially to those who are the fortunate possessors of Thane's "British Autography," now too rare a book, one of the best possible companions to the history of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the cost of two copies of Mr. Netherclift's book is comparatively trifling; and as Thane's

* The Handbook to Autographs. By Frederick G. Netherclift, author of "The Autograph Miscellany," &c. With a Biographical Index, by Richard Sims, of the British Museum. London: J. R. Smith. 1862.

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autographs never exceed the subscription to a letter, no comparison can be instituted between the interest of the productions of the two fac-similists.

A list of the names in Mr. Netherclift's collection would only serve to oppress the reader; but we may call attention to a few possessing some special interest. We find a line of royal signatures in almost an unbroken succession from the time of Richard III. down to our own Queen, whose autograph letter we may extract for the sake of the glimpses it gives us through the simple words "nous" and "notre,"—the language, not of the sovereign but of the wife:—

"*Château de Windsor*, 7bre, 1844.

"Je vous remercie de tout mon cœur pour le curieux et beau tableau de François II. qui nous est d'une grande valeur pour notre collection.

"Je suis, Madame, de votre Majesté la toute devouée sœur et amie,

"VICTORIA R."

Along with the line of English royalty occur the autographs of contemporary kings, warriors, statesmen, divines, poets, lawyers; and, indeed, from the time of Henry VIII. downwards there is scarcely a single department of thought or action which is not represented. Henry VIII. himself writes to Wolsey, to recommend himself to "myne own good Cardinall as hartely as harte can thynke;" whilst the Cardinal writes to his own entirely beloved Cromwell, of whom Gardiner is also a correspondent. Contemporary with these we find Francis I., James IV. and James V. of Scotland, Cardinal Pole, Erasmus, Cranmer, the poet Surrey, Luther, and Melancthon; whilst a little later in date we meet with a letter in the well-known stiff print-like hand of Edward VI., thanking his uncle, the Lord Protector, for his victory over the "Scottes." Lady Jane Grey writes to her father-in-law in the same print-like character, to console him on the prospect of the approaching death of the writer and her husband; and besides this letter signed "Jane Duddley," Mr. Netherclift has given *fac-similes* of two signatures, "Jane the Quene," and one of Jane Grey. A specimen of her grandmother, the Marchioness of Dorset, Mr. Sims incorrectly ascribes to one of the Sackville family. There is a large group of reformers and martyrs: we have mentioned Cranmer; besides him there are Beza, Calvin, John a Lasco, "but for the grace of God" John Bradford, Ridley who writes Bradford—

"Dear beloved brother Bradforth,—I had thought of late I had wryten you your vale untyl we shuld have met in the kyngdō of heaven.

"VEST. IN DEO. N. R."

Hooper, Rowland Taylor, whose letter, written in great tribulation, begs the prayers of his correspondent, Latimer, John Knox. Queen Elizabeth in the time of her trouble writes to Mary subscribing herself "Majestatis tua humillima soror," but her temper more clearly appears in a second example; "as to liberties," she says, "who is so simple that doutes whether a prince that is hed of all the body may not cōmand the fete not to stray?" Amongst the products of the Court of the Virgin Queen, is the well known stiff handwriting of Cecil standing up like a corn field. Essex complains of the charges he has been put to in the service of her Majesty; his friend and Shakespeare's patron, Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, forwards a petition. Leicester writes from Flanders about the siege of Ostend; his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, returns thanks in a letter written in French; the Bishop of Ely is anxious about the translation of the Bible, the Queen not yet having sworn to unfrock him if he opposed her will; Dean Nowell writes of Whitaker, the Cambridge Professor, and Whitaker, whose rare portrait may be remembered in Holland's Hermologia, writes of himself. Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh represent the Queen's sea-dogs, and for her poets we have fac-similes of the three signatures of Shakespeare in the British Museum, and the City Library, and a grant from Spenser, dated Kilcolman, of all his woods in Balligamin. Sir John Harrington and Ben Jonson are links connecting the Court of Elizabeth with that of Charles I., and the interval is also marked with a letter of Anne, the Queen of James I., so curious that it deserves to be quoted; no clue is given as to the person to whom it is addressed, and though we believe we have seen the letter before, we do not remember in what connection.

"My kind dog, I have receaved your letter which is verie wellcom to me you doe verie well in lugging the sowes eare, and I thank you for it, and would have you doe so still upon condition that you continue a watchfull dog to him.

"ANNE R."

The first specimen of Charles's writing is in a very stiff upright hand, and was written when he was Duke of York; it exhibits him as a wit, a character in which his most devoted admirer would not claim high rank for him:—

"My Lord, Saterday is the day;
Let 4 great barrels of powder cume away.
"Your friend, YORK."

His son, the second Charles, at a like early age, writes some unknown correspondent in a happier vein; the handwriting is a fair round schoolboy's hand, very unlike the rapid scrawl of his later life; and he says, "I would not have you take too much Phisick; for it doth alwaies make me worse." The period of the Great Rebellion is very fully illustrated; besides Charles and Henrietta Maria, we have Rupert spreading over a page with a large bold hand; Strafford's heavy black writing recalling his own dark visage; Goring; Henry Jermyn, Henrietta Maria's reputed second husband; Sir Charles Lucas, the brother, and the Duke of Newcastle, the husband, of the fantastic Margaret; Hampden, Sir Harry Vane, Cromwell, Essex, the Fairfaxes, Ireton, Lambert, Blake, Milton, Whitelocke, Hugh Peters, Lord Wharton, Colonel and Mrs. Penruddock. Lord Wharton, the correspondent of Cromwell, the pious anxious Puritan, from whom sprang, by some strange succession, his son, Swift's famous Marquis, and his grandson, Pope's yet more famous Duke, "the scorn and wonder of his days," writes a fair, plain, careful hand which may well agree with his character, and the face familiar to us in Richardson's portraits. Mrs. Penruddock writes her husband when under sentence of death for his unsuccessful rebellion in the west against the Commonwealth:—

"Oh, my deare, you must now pardon my passion, this being the Last (oh, fatall words) that ever you will receive from me,

"Yor sadd, but constant wife, even
to Love yor Ashes when dead,

"A. PENRUDDOCK."

Rupert's handwriting may be compared with that of his father, the Winter King, of whom two specimens are given, one as Elector Palatine, and the other as King, and with his mother, the unhappy Elizabeth; but though it resembles in some degree both of these, it is still more like the writing of his sister Elizabeth, the pious friend and correspondent of Penn and Barclay of Ury, the pupil of Descartes, the Lutheran nun. There is also in Mr. Netherclift's collection a letter ascribed to a third Elizabeth, the daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook, leaving a history beloved by painters; but its authencity seems doubtful. We have mentioned the boyish production of Charles II.; in later life he writes:—

"As for newes, my wyfe beginnes to mend her maners. I know not how long it will continew."

A note of the unhappy Catharine herself is principally remarkable for the fact that no two letters of it are joined together. We also find specimens of Clarendon and Sir Orlando Bridgman, Rochester, and Shaftesbury,

"The daring pilot, in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves ran high;"

who seems from his handwriting to be himself *in extremis;* it is as irregular as a snail's walk, and he writes,—"My limbs and health are so infirm that I fear I shall not be able to attend the House." Of "glorious John" himself there is a *fac-simile*, signed Dryden; we learn from it that his own taste inclined rather to Homer than to Virgil, and we must attribute his translation of the latter to other circumstances than his own choice. "Cousin Swift," though no poet, according to his kinsman Dryden, must be owned to be a rhymer. This is his letter:—

"I can send you no news; only the employment of my parishioners may, for memory's sake, be reduced under these heads:—

Mr. Percivale is ditching,
Mrs. Percivale in her kitchen,
Mr. Wesley switching,
Mrs. Wesley stitching,
Sir Arthur Langford riching,

which is a new word for heaping-up riches; I know no other rhyme."

The great men of the Augustan age are almost all here,—Addison and Pope, Prior and Congreve; Gay is absent, but we have a letter of "charming Kitty," the Duchess of Queensberry, his patron, who was dismissed from Court on account of him:—

"Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn."

"The Duchess of Queensberry is surprised and well pleased that the king hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion. C. QUEENSBERRY."

Mr. Netherclift has made a fac-simile of but these lines of the Duke of Marlborough's writing, but they are sufficient to show the guardian angel's inability to spell:—"I must desier," he says, "you will give the inclosed to my Lord Portland, ther being own (one) in itt for the king.—MARLEBOROUGH." An equally short scrap of Bolingbroke's exhibits the remarkable loftiness which is apparent in everything he wrote, the spirit of the great fine gentleman mingling amongst poets and philosophers. Going back somewhat in date we encounter Penn, George Keith, for whom at one time Quakerism was not sufficiently free, but who afterwards recanted, took orders in the English Church, and wrote "Rehortations of diverse former Treatises," Newton and Locke, and again, Leibnitz, Voltaire (a very clear handwriting), Montesquieu, Rousseau. Step by step we are led to the epoch of the American and French Revolutions,—Lord North, Chatham (erroneously said, by-the-by, by Mr. Sims to have been born at Boconnoc, in Cornwall, his real birthplace being St. James's, London), Burke, Washington, Franklin, Danton as Minister of Justice, Robespierre, the unhappy Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Mdlle. Elizabeth, the King's sister, and Louis XVIII. Marie Antoinette's letter is written in a gleam of sunshine; we give it *literatim*:—

"Vous avez seu sans doute l'étrange avanture qui s'est passée à la commedie le mois dernier, le tapage et les applaudissemens à mon apparition avec mes enfantes. MARIE ANTOINETTE."

Bonaparte writes a note as Buonaparté, officier d'artillerie, and, to jump to our own times, we meet with a note dated King-street, the 20th of March, 1848, and signed Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, requesting some one, probably a newspaper editor, to contradict

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the report that the writer intended to become a candidate for a seat in the National Assembly of France.

We have only given a few examples of the riches of Mr. Nethercliff's volume: there is a nest of poets at the end of the last and the beginning of this century,—Johnson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, who characteristically quotes Pope,—

"My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

Chatterton, Goethe, Schiller, Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Byron; a heralds' college of antiquaries, kings-at-arms and heralds; and, in conclusion, we have all the dramatists, musicians, actors, and singers that have ever been seen in a green-room.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

After a pause of several months, literary activity has recommenced in France, and several new publications have made a good deal of noise. We will first, however, notice the graver sort of books, which have given rise to no scandal whatever. To begin, then, with a book which treats of the beginning of all things; here is one by M. Figuier, on "The Antediluvian World." He has a special talent for popularizing these subjects, and for bringing the results of scientific discovery within the reach of all classes of readers. In this work he gives an account of the geological changes which preceded the existing constitution of our planet, and describes the various forms of its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions in the remotest ages we know of. But we may pass on to "La Philosophie du Bonheur," by M. Paul Janet, which is an essay on the art of making the best of the world as it is, as prepared at length for the habitation of mankind. The author, a young philosopher, but who has earned high distinction, is now deservedly promoted from a professorship in the Lycée Louis XIV. to the Faculty of Letters in the University of Paris; and he lately made his *début* before an audience of 800 persons, in the Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, with the greatest success. His former works are a "History of Moral and Political Philosophy," for which the Institute awarded him the crown; an able essay on the Logic of Plato and Hegel; and lastly, a charming little treatise on morality, entitled "La Famille," which obtained much praise in this country about two years ago. "The Philosophy of Happiness" is a book of the same order, presenting a view of the different causes by which happiness, in our mortal life, is either given or taken away from us,—the possession of wealth, the influence of the passions and of imagination, the affections, the powers of thought, the pursuits of an active career, the distractions of society and the world. The author, with much elevation of sentiment, and with equal shrewdness and sound judgment, discusses all these matters; he urges that it is in temperance and moderation, in the proper direction of all our faculties, in the discreet use of all the gifts of Providence—above all, in constant self-possession and a rational appreciation of outward things, that the true conditions of happiness are to be found. We feel touched by the seriousness, and even by the noble sadness of the author's tone, throughout these earnest pages; seeing that, after all, this relative happiness, which we so ardently seek, but which we can scarcely hope to enjoy, and that on the most difficult terms, is but a fleeting image or shadow of that which is promised beyond the tomb. M. Paul Janet's book has only just come out; we doubt not that it will be favourably received.

Books of historical and antiquarian research are seldom the publications which excite most immediate sensation in the French public mind, except when the subject appears to suggest an analogy with the political situation of the day. In the department of archæology, we have an account of the explorations made in Asia Minor by M. Perrot, late a member of the French school at Athens, and M. Guillaume, salaried architect of the French academy at Rome, who were jointly employed by the French Ministry of State, for more than a year, in carrying on those researches. In Galatia, Bithynia, Mysia, Phrygia, Cappadocia, and Pontus, than which few countries are less known to the modern traveller, these learned agents of the Imperial Government have been digging among the ruins of ancient cities, and deciphering the inscriptions which successive ages of barbarism had spared to efface. The relics which they brought to Paris were exhibited in the Palace of Industry, in a hall adjoining that in which the Campana collection was exposed to public view last summer. In the two parts, already issued, of their printed report, are given, entire, both the Greek and the Latin text of that famous political testament of Augustus, which may still be read inscribed on the walls of his temple at Ancyra, the old capital of Galatia. Its existence had indeed been known for three centuries past; but we have now a copy of it which is accurate and complete, excepting one *hiatus* not much to be deplored. The most recent books we have of a properly historical character are rather curious than important; but there are one or two which, like that of M. Francisque Michel, on "Scotchmen in France, and Frenchmen in Scotland," are interesting alike to readers on both sides of the Channel. Such is the collection by M. Réné de Belleval, in one octavo volume, entitled "La Grande Guerre," of many fragments of the history of France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, during what has been called the Hundred Years' War between the French and English; the author having composed a special narrative of that struggle, and sought to explain the motives of its long continuance, as well as to depict some of its famous episodes, such as the achievements of the Sire de Charny, the disaster of King John at Poitiers, the battle of Agincourt, that of Mons, and that of Patay, with much more fulness of detail than can be expected in any general histories of France. We have also two historical monographs; one is the story of Lady Jane Grey, by M. Dargaud, author of a well-known memoir of Mary Stuart. The dramatic misfortune of Jane Grey is a popular subject in France, as proved by De la Roche's picture of her; and this interest is made the most of by M. Dargaud, though he lacks the more serious qualities of an historian. From M. Guizot, who knows so well how to reconcile the interest of narrative details with the dignity of history, we have "A Royal Marriage Project," referring to the celebrated scheme of a union between Charles I., then Prince of Wales, and the Spanish Princess, daughter of Philip III., with which every reader of English history is more or less familiar. The political intrigues mixed up with that affair, the diplomacy of the several courts, including that of the Papal Court, and the romantic errand of the young prince going in person to court his destined bride at the ceremonious Court of Spain, become, in the hands of M. Guizot, the materials of a pleasant and yet instructive piece of history, one of the best and most finished specimens of this kind of writing. The last we mention of these books, upon subjects belonging equally to England and to France, is M. Prevost Paradol's historical essay on Elizabeth and Henri Quatre. The author needs no personal introduction to English readers. Imbued, as he is, with the spirit of English literature and English liberalism, his polemical writings, as a journalist, show the same qualities of practicality and energy that distinguish the English press, combined with the grace and address of a well-bred Frenchman. As an historical writer, he has still more important merits. This essay, the materials of which he has taken from the best English authorities, is replete with a political sagacity, that gives it a claim to rank far above most historical works. It seems a good omen for the mutual understanding of the two great nations of western Europe, that their best writers should now, in the department of past history as well as in that of science, prefer to investigate those subjects which are interesting to both nations alike.

From the shores of England and France, we are transported to Russia, in noticing the publication, by Prince Augustin Galitzin, of some very interesting memoirs of the reigns of Peter the Great, Catherine I., and Peter II., under the title of "Russia in the Eighteenth Century." We know so little, as yet, of that vast empire, which has resisted all attempts to learn its real condition, that whatever can throw light upon the truth of its history may still be of service. French readers, for example, have been content to rely on Voltaire's narrative of the reign of Peter the Great; but more authentic documents are sadly wanted. It appears that, some twenty years ago, by a lucky chance, under the Arcade Colbert at the Palais de l'Institut, Prince Galitzin found these manuscripts, part of which, at least, are ascribed to J. B. Shérer, a resident for thirty years at the court of Catherine II., and author of a collection of anecdotes respecting that empress, which were printed in his life-time. The pieces now given to the world, let their authorship be what it may, have a good deal of *couleur locale*, and the stamp of correctness upon them. In Peter himself we here behold the half-savage reformer as he really was, and not as Voltaire displays him, tricked out in rhetorical drapery, beneath which the figure of the Russian is concealed. But we see Peter wrestling to overcome the Oriental barbarism of his native country; and in these simple incidents, jotted down without plan or order, to illustrate the political transactions and the household habits of the famous Czar, we find him certainly a wilder, but, at the same time, a grander personage, than as he was represented to us before,—a greater despot than ever, but more of a human creature than he is in the pages of Voltaire. We see him do such things as beating Prince Mentchikoff with his walking-stick; but we see him give himself up to tears and settled melancholy at the loss of Catherine's first-born child; though he had no mercy upon another child of his own.

The book, however, which has made most noise, and has even provoked, as above intimated, a certain amount of scandal, is M. Michelet's book, "La Sorcière." What shall we call it,—a history or a romance? It is partly the one, and partly the other, as might be expected from a writer whose profound and curious erudition is only equalled by the vivacity of his fertile imagination. The Witch, whom successive ages have believed in, from the days of Paganism to our own days,—this is the personage of whom M. Michelet gives us, not so much a history, as her apotheosis; raising her to a character of mythical significance, and regarding her as the doleful, odious, persecuted avenger of nature, belied and outraged by the Middle Ages in so many ways. He considers that the Witch of those times was the direct heiress of that tradition of the antique Sibyl, which had been proscribed since the establishment of Christianity; as well as of the woman of Germany or Gaul, to whom the barbarians ascribed a kind of prophetic or divine inspiration. He has ransacked all the old books of magic and sorcery, and he has extracted from old criminal records all the most detestable accusations of witchcraft in the most ignorant and superstitious times. Upon this ground M. Michelet, with his transcendent power of style, but with a strangely distempered imagination, portrays the vulgar Witch of those past ages as a heroine, a Joan of Arc, to whom Satan had become her god, and the orgies of her infernal sabbath, as it were, an act of divine worship, invoking the revelation of nature's deepest secrets to be used for the profit of man. It is the rehabilitation of the evil principle, thus incarnate in a woman, after having been long oppressed by what was called the good principle, since the creed of Manicheism succumbed to

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the victory of the Mediæval Catholic Church. But we can give no idea of this wild book, still less account for the giddy fascination with which it has seized on so many readers' minds. French critics have, for the most part, abandoned the attempt in despair. Meanwhile, the book is eagerly read, and may be taken as a sign of the times, in this age of spirit-rapping and table-turning impostures. After the first edition of six thousand copies had been sold off, it was understood that the sale was to be prohibited in France; but M. Michelet had made his arrangements to print a new edition at Brussels; and we now hear that another edition, with the omission of a few passages, is to be printed at Paris. *Apropos* of this romantic history of witchcraft, we may refer to the historical romance of "Salambo," by M. Gustave Flaubert. It is, perhaps, needful to tell our readers that Salambo was a Carthaginian witch, but she was the sister of Hannibal; and she saved her country, in a peculiar way of her own, when the renowned mercantile republic was threatened with destruction by the war of the revolted mercenaries, not long before the formal outbreak of hostilities between Carthage and Rome. M. Flaubert is the chief of the realistic school; his "Madame Bovary" has reached thirty editions, but for its morality we cannot say much. In "Salambo" there is, besides the dramatic interest of the story, some pretension to antiquarian learning; M. Flaubert has been on the spot, among the ruins of Carthage, to study, as he tells us, with the aid of local observations in that deserted site, the social state of the Carthaginians, and their manners in private life, as well as the working of Punic political institutions, with which the fate of Salambo is entwined. She, like another Judith, devotes herself to the salvation of her country by complying with the voluptuous passion of the enemy, who is Matho, the leader of the rebellious mercenary troops. But enough of Salambo.

Several new theatrical pieces have lately excited an interest, more political than purely literary, in Paris. The Parisian Aristophanes, indeed, ventures not to caricature upon the stage any of the political personages of the actual *régime*, but those of a former day. Two eminent French dramatists have just been giving examples of this kind, M. Sardon, in "Les Ganaches," performed at the Gymnase; and M. Emile Augier, in "Le Fils de Giboyer," which is played at the Theatre Français. The meaning of *Ganache* is an old-fashioned person, who is behindhand with his age, and does not comprehend what is going on around him; so that the political *Ganaches* are the men of the old parliamentary parties—Orleanists, *doctrinaires*, and Legitimists; while *Giboyer*, in a former piece of M. Augier's, stood for an Ultramontane journalist. But while crowded audiences have proved the success of these smart hits, the parties assailed have had a word to say in their own defence. M. Prevost Paradol has cleverly retorted, showing that the existing *régime* has among its adherents not a few as arrant *Ganaches* as those who cling to the governments that have fallen. M. Louis Veuillot, for his part, declares that he never aspired to serve the Church as a sort of lay bishop, as was said of him; but that his only ambition was to act as "a sort of beadle, to turn out the yelping curs and profane giggling boys." The comments of the press upon these plays have, in general, seemed rather to incline towards the side of the victims of their satire; and each of their authors, in a preface to the printed edition, disclaims any intention to attack personal character. The houses are still crowded; at the Theatre Français you must engage your seat a fortnight in advance.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam. With a Preface and Memoir. Murray.—The Golden Link; a Poem-Romance. By John Wray Culmer. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.—Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I. Abraham to Samuel. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Canon of Christchurch, and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Murray.—No Name. By Wilkie Collins. In 3 vols. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.—Outlines of Modern Farming. (Rudimentary Treatise for Students of Agriculture). By Robert Scott Burn. Vol. I. Soils, Manures, and Crops. Virtue & Co. The Principles of Design in Architecture (Rudimentary Treatise). By E. T. Garbett, Architect. Virtue & Co.—Lamps of the Church; or, Rays of Faith, Hope, and Charity, from the Lives and Deaths of some eminent Christians of the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. H. Clissold, M.A. Rivingtons.—Life in Heaven. By the Author of "Heaven our Home." W. P. Nimmo, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.—The Gardener's Annual for 1863. Edited by the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole. With a coloured illustration by John Leech. Longmans.—Homer, the Odyssey; or, the Ten Years' Wandering of Odysseus, after the Ten Years' Siege of Troy. By T. S. Norgate. Williams and Norgate.—The Cost of a Secret. By the Author of "Agnes Tremorne." In 3 vols. Chapman & Hall.—Such Things Are. By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy." In 3 vols. Saunders, Otley, & Co.—Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning. Chapman and Hall.—Poems: an Offering to Lancashire. Printed and published by Emily Faithful, for the Relief of Distress in the Cotton Districts. Victoria Press.—Air and Water: their Impurities and Purification. By H. B. Condy. J. W. Davies, Princes-street, Leicester-square.—Barrington. By Charles Lever. Chapman & Hall.—A Great Mistake. By the Author of "Palgrave of Sycamore." Saunders, Otley, & Co.—Christmas at The Cross Keys. A Tale by Kenner Deene. Author of "The Dull Stone House." T. C. Newby.—The Voyage of the Austrian Frigate *Novara*. By Dr. Koel Scherzer. Vol. III. Saunders, Otley, & Co.—Sir Aberdour; or, the Sceptic; a Romaunt. By Walter P. J. Purcell. Pickering.—"Standard" Series of Elementary Reading Books; the "Primer," the "Reader," and the "Second Reader." By J. S. Laurie. Longmans.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

In science one never knows what is going to turn out interesting. A high-sounding title may be followed by an uninteresting paper, and a paper of no moment may be followed by a most valuable discussion. The Philological Society does not, *à priori*, promise much entertainment, except for the learned; but lately some papers which from their title did not seem likely to produce much that was lively, have been made extremely entertaining by their authors. Few would have thought the two words, "Groveling" and "Grovelling," capable of much instruction or amusement, and yet the learned editor of the "Liber Cure Cocorum" contrived, by his valuable commentaries on the connexion of the suffix *-ling* with that of *-long*, as in head-long, side-long, to be not only instructive but entertaining.

Word-origin finds, however, a sympathy with other classes than linguists. Ethnologists regard it in its widest bearings as one of the evidences of the spread of human races over the earth; and even the mere inquisitive reader finds a gratification in the tracing the steps by which a common word has been brought to its present form. Mr. Morris first showed that old English writers used the word *grove-ling* (with the face downwards), as an adverb and sometimes as an adjective; and that the termination *-ling*, having lost its significance, became, after the middle of the thirteenth century, mistaken for the imperfect participle of the verb *grovel*. Both the adverb and the participle belonged to the same root, but the former was only one remove, while the latter was two removes from the root. (Norse, *grufe*, = pronus.)

Bailey correctly defines the word groveling as follows: "lying on the face, with the face to the ground;" to feed *groveling* (among hunters). A deer is said to do so when she feeds lying on her belly. Junius writes *groveling*, = pronus; Horman (Vulgaria, p. 35), says that "a full stomache is digest with watche and slepynge *grovelynge* [pronâ in faciem dormitione], and Dr. Turner directs that date-stones are to be planted *grove-ling* [*i. e.*, flat-wise].

As late as 1609 the word is used by Holland as an adverb: "A certaine matrone . . . . . fearing very much some hard dealing and cruell torture . . . cast her face *groveling* upon a featherbed, and so stopping the breath of her nosthrils, ended her life." Here the meaning of the word in the above quotations and its syntactical use proved it to be an adverb and not the imperfect participle of grovel. But the *form* of the word was sure proof of its grammatical function.

In the "Romance of Alexander," published for the Roxburghe Club, occurs the following passage:—

> "The pillars ware of pur-fire, polischt and hewen,
> With gomes *grovelings* of gold, grathid for the nanes,
> Foundand on all foure, on fote and on handis,
> Buskid undire the baisins to bere up the postis."

Here *grovelings* is explained by the phrase, "On all foure, on fote and on handis." Groflynges—groveling—face downwards, occurs in the "Townley Mysteries," p. 40.

Junius shows that *groff*, *grouse*, &c., were used in the same sense as groveling, by Chaucer and by Douglas. The writer showed, that "oh groffe" had a similar meaning in "Morte Arthure."—Ed. Halliwell, p. 323.

Scottish writers used *gruflyngis*, *grulingis*, and *grulyng*; while the more modern form, *groflins*, pointed to a class of adverbs in *lins*, a suffix undoubtedly adverbial. Though *groveling* was of Norse origin, yet no trace of this termination was to be found in any of the Scandinavian idioms (ancient or modern), but the Germanic languages had it under various forms.

Suntar-ingun, separately; *Tarn-ingun*, secretly; *Rucchi-lingun*, on the back; *Plinti-lingun*, in secret (Old High German); *Heal-ingen*, *Still-inge*, secretly; *Sunder-lingen*, separately; *Rucke-lingen*, on the back (Middle High German); *Blind-lings*, *Rück-lings*, blindly, backwards (Modern High German); *Niew-inghe*, lately; *Var-inghe*, suddenly; *Ga-linghe*, suddenly; *Onder-linghe* (Middle Dutch), in turn; *Blinde-ling*, blindly; *Ruggeling*, *Ruggelings* (Modern Dutch), backwards; *Dearn-enga* (Anglo-Saxon), *Darn-ungo*, secretly; *Fer-inga*, *Far-ungo*, suddenly; *Gegn-unga*, *Gegn-ungo* (Old Saxon), certainly; *Baeclinga*, *Baecling* (Anglo-Saxon), backwards, &c.; *Blindlunge*, blindly; *Nedlunge*, of necessity; *Ruglinge*, *Ruglunge* (Semi-Saxon), backwards. Before proving that there were traces of this adverbial suffix in Old and Modern English, Mr. Morris directed attention to a form of groveling well calculated to throw light upon another form of *ling*, which occurred in the following passage from the Metrical Romances, edited by Mr. Robson for the Camden Society.

> "Suche a touche in that tyde he taste hym in tene,
> And gurdes me Sir Gallerun, evyn *grovelonges* on grounde,
> All *grovelonges* in grounde," &c.—"Antars of Arthur," xlvii., l. 8.

The ending *longes* presented itself again in Nede*longes* in the same collection (p. 31, l. 1). The form *longes* was valuable because it gave us two forms in use bou at the same time; and we must not suppose that *longes* was a corruption of *lings*, but merely two forms of the same ending, just as in Anglo-Saxon there were *Grundlinga* and *Grundlunga*, *Unmyndlinga* and *Unmyndlunga*; and in semi-Saxon, *Ruglinge* and *Ruglunge*. There were, therefore, good grounds for supposing that the suffix *ling* or *lings* arose out of the Anglo-Saxon *linga*, while by the *lunga* became *long* or *longes*. And this view of the case was strengthened the following forms:—Grove-*ling* and Grove-*long* (Holland), Darkling (Milton), Darklings (Bishop Hall), Darke-long (Hackluyt), Flatling (North), Flatlins (Scotch), Flat-long (Shakespeare), Sideling and Sidelong (Trevisa), Head-ling and Headlong (Surrey).

The existence of an adverbial suffix in *long* was important, as it explained even-long, evenly (Trevisa), *auelonge* (*awelonge*, *aweyonge*), *oblongus*, oblong, in the Promptorium Parvulorum.

Bearing in mind that there were two adverbial forms in Old English (in ling, long, and ly), as langlinges and landly, neidlingis and nedly, &c., we might compare *auelonge* with (Old English) awkely, awry, aslant. This was the only explanation the word admitted of. The *k* in awkely was merely adjectival, as is seen by the cognate forms, and longe-the-long, in headlong, &c.

The form awey-longe gave a clue to the modern English way-ward, which is not, as Dean Trench supposes, to be derived, along with *awk* and *awkward*, from the Anglo-Saxon *awey*, away, but is equivalent to the *awey* in awey-longe; as *awoh*, Old Saxon, *avuh*, awry; Old High German, *abuh*; Prov., *awech*, Flemish, *aue*.

Mr. Morris, after noticing other Old English adverbs in *ling*, as *Hodlinges*, secretly, *Noselynge*, on the nose, *Outelyng*, external, *Blyndlyng*, blindly, *Stridlyng*, astride, *Sunderlyng*, separately, showed that two adverbs in *ling* still existed in the language;—1. Middling (mid-

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ling), Midlins (Scotch), Mid-lin (Provincial, N.); 2. Footling, footwise, having only a technical use in obstetric surgery.

Dr. Miller, in 1845, and, very recently, M. Mitscherlich, in Poggendorp's *Annalen*, have drawn attention to the prismatic spectra of certain chlorides of copper and other metals. Dr. Gladstone, taking up afresh the subject, and repeating and extending experiments performed by himself some years ago, has shown that a peculiar violet flame is common to many chlorides, if they are sufficiently heated. Nothing is more familiar in spectrum analysis than the double line D produced by common salt; yet, if salt be thrown on red-hot coals, it produces violet flames; and this is beautifully seen when old ship-timber is burnt. When these flames are analyzed, they are found to give not the familiar yellow lines, but three groups of lines—the first green, extending to fixed line *b*; the second bluish-green and blue, lying on either side of F; and the third violet, stretching from midway between F and G to a little beyond G. Examined by the spectroscope, these lines are identical with those of the chloride of copper. The same light is given by chloride of platinum, gold, mercury, nickel, cobalt, potassium, barium, zinc, iron, heated respectively at very different temperatures by the spirit-lamp, Bunsen burner, or gas flame. To what is this violet flame due? It might be to the chloride itself in the gaseous form, or to the decomposition of the chloride, or to the combination of the chlorine with the carbon or hydrogen of the combustible; but to all these and other suggestions there are strong objections, and Dr. Gladstone considers further elucidation of its origin is required.

Amongst the interesting objects displayed at the recent soirée of the London Institution was a series of Mr. Warren De la Rue's unequalled enlarged photographs of the moon. It will be remembered that during the past year the Astronomical Society awarded Mr. De la Rue their gold medal for his photographic views of celestial objects. Over a period of five years he has busied himself with the portraiture of the moon, and during that time has obtained negatives of every phase of such beauty and excellence of detail, that they have proved capable of being enlarged from one inch, their original size, to 18 inches, without in any way losing their sharpness of definition.

The series of enlarged views published by Messrs. Smith & Beck comprises the first and last crescent, the first and last octant, the first quarter, two from first to second quarter, two gibbous moons, two nearly full, and the full moon; and has been selected from upwards of 300 photographs. The object of the publishers is to show the varied appearances presented by the moon at its different phases, the mode in which its craters and elevated lands reflect the morning and evening rays of the sun, and to mark out and briefly describe some of the principal lunar objects. The large level plain of the Mare Crisium, 280 miles by 350, and the two great craters Theophilus and Cyrillus, are prominent objects in No. 1. The former of the two craters is the deepest of any on the moon, its ridge being 18,000, and its cone 5,200 feet. In No. 2 the fine watered plain Maurolycus, with its peaks and precipitate cliff-like ramparts, is finely shown. In No. 3, Tycho, the most conspicuous crater on the lunar disc—fifty-four miles across and three deep,—first comes into view, its long bright rays spreading out in every direction, giving rise to the popular fancy of a pole to our satellite. In No. 4 the rampart of Eratosthenes—a grand object terminating the lunar Apennines—is first seen tinted by the sun's rays. In No. 7, Aristarchus, the brightest spot on the moon, comes into view. In No. 11, Clavius, one of the largest of the lunar plains, 142 miles across, with peaks on its ramparts 17,000 feet high, is well displayed. The main object of No. 12, the last of the series, taken at 23½ days of the moon's age, besides giving the beautifully thin crescent of the waning moon, is to show Aristarchus as a crater. In all the other photographs of the series it appears as a brilliant spot, but here the shadow of its wall, 7,500 feet deep, is clearly shown.

Those—and they are very many—who have felt interest in the valuable scientific aëronautations of Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, will find an admirable account of their remarkable balloon ascents, and of Mr. Glaisher's observations, their objects and their results, in the latter gentleman's Exeter Hall lecture, now just printed in Messrs. Nisbet's threepenny series. This little pamphlet, consisting of fifty pages, and illustrated by four diagrams of the ascents, is, without exception, the best popular account of scientific ballooning ever published. The language and descriptions are full of the enthusiasm which characterizes that eminent meteorologist, who has thrown himself as entirely into his lecture as he does into his scientific work. Mr. Glaisher will lecture again, we believe, on this subject at the Royal Institution on the 26th of February.

Mr. W. H. Warner, of Canterbury, has made the singular discovery that the extract of the green husks of nuts is sensible to light. If a sheet of paper be immersed in this extract, and exposed in a camera lucida, the colour will only change at the points exposed to the light, and there it becomes as black as if a solution of nitrate of silver had been used. To fix the image obtained, it is sufficient to soak it for some minutes in ammonia diluted with 200 parts of water.

M. France, a lieutenant of artillery, has made an experimental trial at Namur of a new projectile for illuminating during the night any point it may be desirable to reconnoitre. The light of this new bomb is very bright, and its range of illumination some hundreds of metres.

Two new comets have been observed by M. Bruhns of the Leipsic Observatory. The first very faint, but increasing in brightness; the second, much brighter, observable to the south-east of the corn-ears of the constellation Virgo. This latter, called No. III. of 1862, is no longer visible in our latitudes, but is well situated for observation in the southern hemisphere, where it is probably visible to the naked eye. It may possibly become revisible to us in the month of January, when it commences remounting towards the equator, and after the middle of February it will be sufficiently near to be seen; but its brightness will be very faint, and it must be looked for at twilight near the horizon. Its orbit differs from those of all known comets. The first comet of M. Bruhns is styled No. 1 of 1863, because it passes its perihelion in February, 1863. It traversed the plane of the ecliptic about the middle of December, and is travelling towards the constellation Bootes. It rises now about one in the morning.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

MEDICAL—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ P.M. "On the Superiority of Chophart's Operation and Excision of the Ankle over any other method, in all cases admitting of their performance."
GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION—5, Cavendish-square, W., at 7 P.M. (Anniversary.) "Fossil Animals of South America." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.
LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. "Sculpture." By Professor R. Westmacott, R.A.
ENTOMOLOGICAL—12, Bedford-row, at 7 P.M.

TUESDAY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC—King's College, at 8 P.M. "Photography in its Application to the Magic Lantern, Educationally considered. By Samuel Highley, F.C.S., &c.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "Air and Water" (juvenile lectures). By Professor Frankland.
PATHOLOGICAL—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street, at 8 P.M. (anniversary meeting).

WEDNESDAY.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE—4, St. Martin's Place, at 8½ P.M.
GEOLOGICAL—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "Lower Carboniferous Brachiopoda of Nova Scotia." By J. Davidson, Esq., F.R.S. 2. "On the Gravel-deposit of Ludlow, Hereford, Skipton." By T. Curley, Esq. 3. "On the Northerly Extension of the Upper Silurian Passage-beds to Lindley, Salop." By Mr. Roberts and Mr. Randall." 4. On some Crustacean Tracks from the old Red Sandstone at Ludlow." By Mr. Roberts.
ROYAL LITERATURE—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8.30 P.M.
LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "Heat in Geological Phenomena." By E. W. Brayley, F.R.S.
PHARMACEUTICAL—17, Bloomsbury-square, at 8 P.M.

THURSDAY.

ROYAL SOCIETY—Burlington House, at 8.30 P.M. 1. Contributions towards the History of the Monamines. V. Note on the action of Iodide of Methyl on Ammonia. VI. Transformation of Aniline into Benzoic Acid. By Dr. Hofmann. 2. "On the Synthesis of Leucic Acid." By Dr. Frankland. 3. A Development of the Theory of Cyclones. By F. Galton. 4. "On the Immunity enjoyed by the Stomach from being digested by its own secretion during Life." By Dr. Pavy.
ACTUARIES—Somerset House, at 8.30 P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "On Air and Water" (juvenile lectures). By Professor Frankland.

FRIDAY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—26, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, at 4 P.M.
LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "Non Metallic Elements." By Professor Field.
ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY—Somerset House, at 8 P.M.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Bonar's (Rev. Dr. H.) Family Sermons. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.
Bremner's (W. L.) The Pilot of the Pentland Frith; and other Poems. Second edition. Fcap., sewed, 1s.
British Baptist Reporter (The). Vol. for 1862. 8vo., half bound, 4s.
Children's Magazine (The). Edited by J. F. Winks. Vol. XXV. 16mo., half bound, 2s.
Chope's (Rev. R. R.) Congregational Hymn and Tune Book. Imperial 16mo., 2s. 6d. sewed, 5s. 6d. cloth antique.
Chope's (Rev. R. R.) Hymnal. 32mo., 4d. sewed, 10d. cloth.
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LONDON: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Cox & Wyman, 74 & 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the County of Middlesex; and published, for the Proprietors, by JOHN KELLETT SHARPE, at No. 11, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 132.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863. [Price 4*d*. *Unstamped.*

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DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

As we are told with such pertinacity of repetition that a Conservative reaction has set in, it is not unnatural that we should be somewhat curious to know what the said "reaction" is about, and what it proposes to do with us. We have examined therefore, with much interest, the records of a banquet at which was gathered together the *crême de la crême* of Devonshire Toryism. Three wise men of the West, Northcote, Palk, and Kekewich, on that occasion revealed as much as they thought fit of the mysteries with which the future is big. We had always understood that the peculiar characteristic of the Conservative reaction was the singular harmony and unanimity of its opinions. In this respect no doubt Conservatism has some advantage over Liberalism. It is not very difficult for any number of people to agree to do nothing, and a party prudent in negation ought to find no embarrassments in its nonentity. The real difficulties arise when it is necessary or desirable to do something, for then it is by no means equally easy to secure the concurrence of many minds. We are therefore surprised to find that the Devonshire pundits seemed so little in one story. Of course, they all agreed as to the magnitude, virtue, grandeur of the great Conservative party, and the terrible reality of the Conservative reaction. But what the great Conservative party was going to do, or when the great Conservative reaction was about to act, was a point which did not seem by any means settled. Nothing is more amusing than the diverse views of their situation taken by the different speakers, according to their various temperaments. They all agree that the Conservative party is the greatest, the wisest, and the best party that ever existed. Why then are the wise and good not directing the destinies of the nation? This is a troublesome and impertinent question which will intrude itself upon inquiring minds even in the remotest corners of Devonshire. Now each of our three political luminaries has a separate and completely satisfactory theory on this subject, none of which three theories, however, by the way, square one with the other. Sir L. Palk, who seems to be a specimen of the real old crusted Tory bin, is compelled very much against the grain to admit the melancholy fact, but growls at it in the real old fashion. The great Conservative party, quoth Sir Lawrence, "permitted a Government without a majority in the House of Commons, and without the confidence of the country at large, to meddle with the finances of the country and to pass laws of questionable utility." But why, we should like to know, does the great Conservative party so far neglect its duty as to permit the Liberal Government to do anything so highly improper? The Palkian theory of this strange anomaly is at once amusing and instructive. He says, "They did this because they felt that the time had not come when the Conservative party could rise from that mass of obloquy which had been showered upon it by a venal press—a press supported by the Government which they wrote into power." What, the great Conservative reaction unable yet to rise from obloquy? Heartbreaking reflection! And then the cause too. A venal press has done it all! We cannot help thinking Sir Lawrence is a little hard upon the virtuous section of the press which devotes its disinterested services to the Conservative reaction. How comes it that the noble Conservative press has not been able to raise the great Conservative party from the obloquy which has been showered upon it by the venality of the Liberal press? How is it that the gratuitous and brilliant efforts of Tory journalism have not yet written Sir Lawrence and his friends into power?

Kekewich of the euphonious name — we wonder whether he is on sufficiently good terms with his Lord Lieutenant to obtain leave to change it — regards this gloomy topic from an easier point of view. His prospects of the future are not sanguine, it is true. "He had last year said, it was then impossible to fight a battle. Perhaps the next session might be the same. He thought there were many reasons to prevent its being a stormy session. He did not say there would not be some smashing and perhaps some growling." Could he possibly be referring to Sir L. Palk? "Very likely there might be, and there might be some skirmishing." Nevertheless Kekewich thinks it will all come to nothing. His reasons are somewhat different from the Palkian hypothesis. He does not say anything about a venal press; but he thinks the Queen ought not to be disturbed, the Prince of Wales is going to be married, and he ought to have at least a year's honeymoon; then the state of things in America makes it undesirable to disturb the Government, especially as Mr. Kekewich agrees that Lord Palmerston has done quite right not to interfere—wherein he seems widely to differ from the sagacious Pakington—and, lastly, the distress in Lancashire makes it expedient that the advent of the Conservative reaction should be postponed for another twelvemonth at least. Though why, from the Kekewichian point of view, should the inauguration of the great Conservative party in power aggravate the sorrows of the Queen, cloud the honeymoon of the Prince of Wales, entangle our relations with America, and add a pang to the Lancashire cotton famine?—We should have thought that, "*Disraeli duce et auspice Disraeli*," the wilderness would have blossomed like the rose, and under the influence of a triumphant Conservative party, every heart would have been filled with joy and every tongue with praise.

Next came the arithmetical and flaxen head of Northcote. He is not altogether disposed so patiently as Kekewich to post-

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pone the period at which Northcote shall walk across the floor of the House of Commons, and take his seat on the right instead of the left hand of the Speaker's chair. His theory is that the great Conservative party are not in power because they get their work done for them by other people. He is too cautious to admit that Palmerston is as good a Conservative as Northcote, lest the clotted Devonshire cream should say, "Well then, had you not better leave him alone?" This would never do, so Sir Stafford gently intimates that, though the cat's paw may be a convenient test, yet, after all, the monkey is really the superior animal, and that it would be better if he were allowed to pull out his own chestnuts. The Northcotian doctrine is not that the great Conservative party is unable to rise above the obloquy of a venal press, but on the contrary, that it has for the last twenty years accomplished everything good and great that has happened. Now Sir Stafford has written a book, and a very good book, on the yearly financial history of the country. He has drawn a picture of a national prosperity increasing in a ratio perfectly miraculous. But has the author failed to remark that the growth of the financial prosperity of England is neither more nor less than a continuous march of Liberal triumphs and Conservative defeats? The policy of free-trade was inaugurated by the man whom the great Conservative party designated as Iscariot, and the political organization, of which Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli are the chief, was formed on the basis of opposition to the measure which it is now admitted has been the salvation of the country. The great Conservative party, which overthrew Sir Robert Peel, was formed for the express purpose of resisting the repeal of the corn laws. In this object they were happily defeated. They resisted the repeal of the navigation laws—again they were defeated. They resisted the equalization of the sugar duties, but always with the same success. They fought in vain against the succession duty with the same result. They proposed financial schemes of their own which were contemptuously neglected. Their last campaign was against the commercial treaty with France, and they were happily worsted in their opposition to a measure which has given us the only profitable compensation for the diminution of our American trade. Such have been the feats and such the glory of the great Conservative party. We observe that in his enumeration of Conservative triumphs, Sir Stafford Northcote carefully avoids all allusion to the most striking incident of last session, in which his party did make a desperate and futile attempt to supplant the ministers whom he boasts that they control. It was thought more discreet to keep out of the view of the Devonshire squires the celebrated speech of Mr. Disraeli on "bloated armaments," and the indictment from which Mr. Walpole ran away.

On the whole we are disposed to believe in the Kekewichian prophecy: "there will be some smashing and perhaps some growling;" there may be some skirmishing, but the great Conservative party, however big they may talk, don't mean fighting. They know that the country does not trust the men whom they would have to place at the head of affairs, and what is still more to the purpose, do not trust them themselves. The great Conservative party are shrewd enough to suspect that it is a safer occupation to talk nonsense in Devonshire than to get into scrapes in Downing Street.

NEW YEAR AT THE TUILERIES.

CONTRARY to custom the Emperor of the French has received the new year in silence. The curtain falls upon the drama of 1862, and the Imperial player has not been summoned to the foot-lights; nor has he chosen to court the criticisms of a dissatisfied and disappointed audience. At the beginning of the year which has just closed France occupied in Europe a splendid diplomatic position. Her dignified voice had just been heard rising above the storm which threatened the peace and friendship of England and America. The opinion of the cabinet of the Tuileries had been received with a courtesy and a respect that showed clearly the influence their sovereign possessed in the council-chambers of the world. Nor on the Continent was the part played by the French Empire inferior to that which an ambitious prince might have conceived as the summit of his wishes. The Italians, expectant and deferential, turned towards their great ally, and seemed half inclined to take permanent shelter under the shadow of his wings. It appeared as if the Genius of Italy had seated itself pensively at the footstool of the Napoleons. France, like an armed Minerva, stood forth with pride as the champion of right and justice, as the moderator and charioteer of progress; and, by universal consent, as the first figure in the royal amphitheatre of nations. The year that expired last week has seen a change in all this. The French Empire still, of course, holds a foremost place; but its hegemony is departing or departed. A premature movement in favour of intervention in America has exposed French diplomacy to a mortifying repulse. The French consul at New Orleans, like the rest of the world in that city, endures without much redress the insults and threats of a martinet attorney. How little America hopes or fears from the French flag may be seen from the semi-indifference with which the rumours of French intervention are received. It is upon England that New York and Boston fix their attention. How long will Lancashire bear the blockade? When does the British Cabinet propose to interfere? These are the questions that chiefly agitate the newspaper politicians of the capitals of the New World; and France is less canvassed, less feared, less threatened, less defied. If the influence of France is lessened on the other side of the Atlantic, what is to be said of what has happened to her beyond the Alps? During the last year she has succeeded by her reactionary and short-sighted policy in obliterating the memory of the campaign of Lombardy, and in exhausting the gratitude of Italy. The Italians, at last, are tired of waiting till it pleases the French Emperor to fling them Rome. With dignified wisdom they have signified to him that the time has come when negotiations between France and Italy on the subject of Rome had better cease. This is the best thing that an Italian Government has done since Cavour's death, and smacks not a little of the policy of Cavour himself. To France it is a wholesome and a well-merited rebuke. While Italy has shown symptoms of emancipating herself from the incubus of French patronage, Greece, by way of contrast, has paid a splendid compliment to the English people and to English justice. No more bitter lesson could have been inflicted on French vanity than this anxiety of the Greek nation to be allied to the reigning family upon the English throne. So far as French dignity is concerned, the Mexican expedition has proved equally a failure. Of the ultimate success of the French arms no doubt is entertained by those who are best acquainted with the Mexican character. But that success has now been delayed too long for the prestige of the French Emperor; and as yet the only result of the armed intervention has been to awaken the dissatisfaction of the taxpayers of France and the jealousy of Spain.

A brief retrospect of the past year has probably convinced the Emperor of his mistakes. They are most of them the errors of a student and a dreamer, whose projects are unreal or shadowy in the extreme. The diplomacy of the French Emperor is injured by the theoretical and philosophic turn of his own mind. The French Empire, as a destructive force and as a solvent, is all-powerful in Europe. It represents the principles of nationality, of revolution, and of free thought. As the leader and armed champion of these ideas Napoleon III. is more influential on the Continent than Englishmen can well bring themselves to allow. But the constructive power of the French empire is less than its destructive. When it comes to grouping nationalities together, to settling frontiers, to arranging compromises between the past and the present, France loses half her power. This is the weak side of French policy. Gunpowder is an excellent thing for blasting a rock, it is not of much use for building a house. The French are too apt to forget that it is before the ideas France propagates, not before the intellectual genius of France herself, that Europe stands confounded. Her mission is to destroy the past; it is mere vanity which leads her to suppose that mankind is willing to accept her political map of the future. The mania is common to all Frenchmen. There is not a statesman or politician of any notoriety, from M. Emile de Girardin upwards, who has not a plan for the re-construction of the globe upon theoretical principles of his own. Napoleon III. shares the universal delusion of his subjects. He is not content with freeing Italy from Austria, he must needs force an Utopian constitution, and a ready-made federation on the emancipated peninsula. He attacks Mexico under a pretext of necessity and national honour; but in his own heart he has already settled what is to be done with Mexico, and is prepared to make her fit into some wider arrangement—which he has upon his cabinet-table—for disposing of the

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destinies of Central and South America. He proposes to mediate between the North and the South. It may be that the pressure of the blockade is becoming sensibly felt by French commerce. It is far more probable that the Emperor's true object is to realize some scheme which he has in the background, and of which the separation of the Union forms an essential part. This passion for reorganizing and rearranging is natural to a monarch of reserved and reflective habits, and of almost uncontrolled authority. But it is not the less likely to bring the sovereign who indulges it into difficulty. The year 1862 will remain as a signal instance of the truth that the policy of a great country like France should not be founded upon the obscure and visionary theories even of the most ingenious Imperial thinker.

Napoleon I. used to say that he "had a horror of idealogues." Napoleon III. is an idealogue *par excellence*, Like Plato, he might have composed a scheme of an ideal commonwealth, only that, unlike Plato, he would have insisted on carrying it out as an experiment in Italy or in Greece, or in Central America, or in the Danubian Principalities. It is a misfortune that the Gordian knots of the nineteenth century should have to be cut by a dreamer and a speculator who, when he has cut them, insists upon replacing them with Gordian knots of his own. If Austria had held Italy, we should have had at last a melancholy insurrection, an Hungarian and Venetian war, perhaps a revolution at Vienna; after which Italy would have been free, and Italian affairs would have fallen into a natural groove. As it is, we have had a Franco-Italian campaign planned and executed by a visionary and idealist Emperor, who has spent the time ever since Magenta and Solferino in trying to cut down Italy to suit a preconceived fantasy of his own. A matter-of-fact soldier would have bombarded Vera Cruz and perhaps overrun Mexico; but Mexico would neither have been by this time a French dependency or a reformed and chastened nation. The French Emperor, instead of this, approaches the Mexicans with loud professions of impartiality, with a sentimental intrigue in favour of Almonte and the Spanish clergy in one hand, and the Archduke Maximilian and an ideal constitution carefully concealed in the other. A practical and worldly-minded diplomatist would either have interfered to break the Gulf blockade, or have held his peace altogether. Napoleon III., who has some Utopian view or other in his head, interferes to no purpose in order to gratify some theory, and lets the world know that his anxiety to do so has been of no avail. It is not true to say that the Emperor of the French is mystery incarnate; he is as mysterious, and no more mysterious, than a reserved and taciturn bookworm is mysterious. Nobody can predict, it is said, what he will do; nobody, it is true, can guess at the particular project which may have seized upon his imagination. But that he has projects in plenty is certain; and it is equally certain that he never acts except upon a project. Nor is it to be doubted but that his projects are ingenious, and that upon paper they seem feasible enough. Unfortunately, in action, they are almost useless; and the sovereign who, but for this besetting sin of theorizing, might be of much service to civilization, reduces himself thereby to a mere puppet in the hands of superstition and reaction.

If Napoleon III. desires to reap the admiration of a future generation, he will lose no time in laying aside the temporizing character of a European Whig, which he has been tempted latterly to assume. We do not wish to see him turn into a revolutionary firebrand; but there is a long interval between a firebrand and a consistent Liberal. The Emperor has been carrying on long enough an intellectual flirtation with philosophers and schemers and reactionists. It is not his mission to bridge over the gulf that separates the old and the new state of things. It is not his mission to reconcile Catholicism and revolution, Italy and the Papacy. Such an Imperial programme is worthy only of a Cagliostro, who has nothing but nostrums and philtres to run the diseases of the world. The celebrated Tory-Radical coalition proposed by Mr. Disraeli would be less preposterous than this notion of a Catholic happy family, in which all the patriots were to be moderate and all the Popes virtuous. The Emperor Napoleon is not, nor can he ever convert himself into a Lamennais. He is not a Catholic in sentiment or in conviction. It is folly for him to ape the character for the purpose of carrying out a crotchety and chimerical idea. Let him be content to initiate great movements without assuming to himself the right to direct their course or to bridle their freedom. He cannot guide the world; he cannot remake it. He has the power—and it is a power which the most ambitious might envy—of leading a crusade against abuses. If he is wise, he will cease to try to impose his own conditions on the progress he sets in motion. He will drop the sentiment, the theories, the Catholic clergy, the sage Ultramontanism, which hamper him and prevent him from being a great actor on the European stage. Let him put off the prophet of the cave and put on the character of the chief of a civilized and liberal nation. Let him put off the student of Ham and remember only that he is Emperor of France. It is yet in his power, by a new and Liberal policy, to recover the ground that he has lost in 1862, and to raise the French empire in 1863 to the niche in European estimation that is open for it to fill.

AMOUNT AND COST OF CRIME IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

SO much attention has of late been given to the subject of crime and criminals, that it cannot fail to be interesting to our readers if we endeavour to lay before them as much as is known or can be calculated as to the number of malefactors existing in these islands, the quantity of crime annually committed, and the expense inflicted on the country in supporting it, punishing and providing against it. The yearly volume of "Judicial Statistics" issued from the Home Office, which is admirably compiled and analysed, will furnish us with most of the particulars we require. The following figures relate only to England and Wales :—

I. As to the *amount of crime*.—This is, of course, a very different thing, both from the number of offences committed and the number of offenders punished. Thousands of crimes are annually committed, especially those of a minor character, which are never detected or published, and thousands of criminals are charged to whom conviction cannot be brought home. For example, we find for 1861 50,809 crimes recorded, on account of which only 27,174 persons were apprehended. Of these only 16,764 were committed for trial, and only 13,879 convicted. Of the more serious crimes, or indictable offences, such as are tried by juries at sessions and assizes, the number last year was, as we have seen, 50,809. Of minor offences, ranging from vagrancy and drunkenness up to theft, and disposed of summarily before magistrates, there were 394,717 charged, which resulted in the conviction of 263,500 persons. On the whole, therefore, it appears that nearly 500,000 offences, large or small, come annually under the cognizance of the police, and that nearly 300,000 persons are punished for them.

II. *The Numbers of the Criminal Classes.*—Great pains have of late been taken by the authorities to ascertain and keep an accurate record of that portion of the population which is known to live by crime or vagrancy, which last nearly always implies a course of petty pilfering, or of mendicancy approaching very nearly to the same character. Nearly all these classes are pretty well known to the police in their respective districts, and the returns now presented only include those whose trade is depredation, omitting those who, though they may have been once convicted, are now believed to be pursuing a course of honest industry. The list is as follows, in round numbers :—

Known thieves and depredators	30,000
Receivers of stolen goods	3,800
Suspected persons	34,000
Vagrants and tramps	23,000
	90,800

To these we must add the number of criminals actually in prison, viz.—

In local prisons	15,601
In convict prisons	7,123
In reformatories	3,199
	25,923

Making a gross total of 116,723, whose business and habit it is to prey upon society in one form or another.

III. *Expense of Crime to the Country.*—It must be allowed that the above numbers constitute a very considerable and a very formidable army—one nearly as large, in fact, as Her Majesty's regular troops. Let us see, now, what sort of a force we keep on foot for watching, defeating,

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and punishing this crowd of malefactors. It amounts to about one-fifth of the criminals. The total is :—

Police and constabulary	21,413
Establishment in local prisons.....	2,334
Establishment in convict prisons	1,182
	24,929

That is to say, we have 25,000 guardians of the community to deal with 120,000 enemies of it—a proportion which, well handled, ought surely to be adequate.

Thus far, we are dealing with ascertained results, to which, no doubt, in order to get at the complete truth, a large addition would have to be made, but containing within them no conjectural element. They are *inadequate* assuredly, but not incorrect. We may go a few steps further in certainty, but only a few. The recorded cost of our repressive and punitive establishments is as follows :—

Police and constabulary	£1,579,222
Outlay in local prisons.....	542,306
Outlay in convict prisons	253,731
Cost of convict establishments abroad ...	171,861
	£2,547,120

Against this sum we ought, perhaps, to set the estimated value of the prisoners' earnings, though it is so mere an estimate that we confess we do this with much misgiving. These earnings are said to be:—

In local prisons	£35,300
Convict prisons at home	111,000
Ditto Bermuda and Gibraltar (?)	90,000
	£236,300

We have not included in the cost of criminals to the country either the outlay on reformatories, as to which we have no return, or the proportion of the salaries of judges, &c., which we cannot accurately apportion. But, on the whole, we cannot state the cost of *convicted* offenders to England and Wales at a lower figure than two millions and a half annually.

But how are we to estimate the expense of keeping the *known but unconvicted* criminals? It is certain that they live at the cost of the community, and that in many cases they live very well. They do not work, and they do steal. They are maintained by a local rate just as surely as the malefactors whom we shut up in gaol,— though it is a rate assessed and levied by themselves. Few who know the recklessness and sometimes the luxury, and always the wastefulness, of the criminal class, will be disposed to think that the undetected depredators (those out of prison) can be maintained at as small a cost as those who are provided for during their confinement on a systematic scale at the public table and in public buildings. The average cost of a prisoner in local gaols is £26 a year, in convict prisons it is £33. We believe that very few thieves and ruffians at large spend much less than 20*s.* a week. But we will take a more moderate estimate, and calculate their cost at 12*s.*, or the same as their incarcerated fellows, say £30 a year. At this rate the 90,800 registered pilferers and rascals at large cost us not less than £2,724,000 per annum. If we add this to the figures previously given, we shall arrive at the startling but undeniable result that our criminal classes cost us — in guarding against them, in detecting them, in punishing them, and in supporting them in idleness in and out of prison — not less than FIVE MILLIONS a year, and this without including either Scotland or Ireland in the calculation.

Now, £5,000,000 is about half the sum we expend upon our navy, and about a third of that assigned to our army. It is about the yield of the tea-duty, the tobacco-duty, and the sugar-duty, respectively. And no one who has followed the various papers which have recently appeared in our columns, and more especially the comparison of the English and Irish convict systems which we published last week, will feel much doubt that, by better management and the adoption of sounder principles, this enormous expenditure might be reduced one-half. If we took reasonable pains to nip crime in the bud by dealing wisely and effectually with juvenile delinquents; if we made the punishments we inflicted on crime severe enough to deter amateur offenders, and to make professional depredation a bad trade; if, when we had once got hold of a regular and habitual offender, we never let him loose till his habits and character were radically changed; if we resolutely incarcerated for life those whom we found it impossible to mend; and if we did all we might do to smooth for those we liberate the backward path to an honest course,—we hold it to be absolutely certain that half our gaols might be shut up, and half our expenditure avoided. Sir Joshua Jebb and Sir George Grey must cost the country at the present moment not less than a million a year each. We cannot think they are cheap at the money. Even gold may be bought too dear.

THE LAST NEWS FROM JAPAN.

AS an occasional variety amid the accounts of those thrilling events which follow each other in rapid succession upon the American continent, we now and then receive strange and disjointed fragments of news from the Far East, rendered doubly unintelligible in the first instance by a telegram which has condensed it into nonsense, and, even in its detailed form, by such mutilation of the names as to be scarcely comprehensible to those who are familiar with those distant regions. To the general mass of the public, the very vagueness of the tidings only serves to increase that feeling of uneasiness with which it has lately become the fashion to regard our policy in China and Japan. The account of a "rebel movement in Shantung" is apt to produce in the minds of those who have not a conception where Shantung is, serious misgivings as to the wisdom of Captain Sherard Osborn's expedition; and the "bloodless revolution" now taking place in Japan is attributed to diplomatic mismanagement by persons who never heard of the Gorogio. Unfortunately, an extension of our commercial relations with partially-civilized countries must always imply increased responsibilities and involve heavier risks. Whether it would have been wiser to have abstained from any such intercourse, it is not for us here to determine. In the case of China, it would be easy to show that no policy which could have been pursued, would have averted those hostilities which were inevitably incidental to that intercourse, though they might have occurred at a different period and under other circumstances; and in the case of Japan it would be folly to cherish the delusion of uninterrupted peaceful relations. Nations, like individuals, are oftentimes forced into courses of action attended with dangers and difficulties, which are easily foreseen but impossible to be avoided; and at the period of our negotiation of the treaty in 1858, the Japanese Government anticipated, as surely as we did ourselves, those troubles which are now impending. America had already extorted a treaty from Japan, which was afterwards adopted by this country, concessions, however, being made to the Japanese Government in the case of some of the most obnoxious conditions. Russia had concluded a treaty most advantageous to herself. France and Holland were both negotiating. It would have been impossible for this country, with a mercantile community resident in the East ten times greater than that of all the other treaty-making Powers put together, to hold aloof. It is indeed true, that no pressure was required on our part to obtain the treaty; whatever pressure was necessary had been applied by those negotiators who went before us. The Japanese gave us unhesitatingly what they had given to others, and would have been much astonished if we had not asked for the same. A certain show of opposition was occasionally thought necessary, but it never amounted to more than coquetting, and was not intended seriously. The barrier had been already broken down; what was the use of resistance then? While, however, we cannot be held responsible for having forced a treaty upon Japan, upon us fall all the liabilities arising out of the introduction of foreigners into the country. Four-fifths of the foreign community in Japan are English, who, on the faith of the treaty, have established themselves in the country, built houses, stores, and invested money in a variety of ways, while they are carrying on a trade of upwards of a million sterling a year, which is rapidly developing, in spite of the adverse influences which surround it. It is as well that the British public should understand that beyond the abandonment of this trade, the payment of a large sum of money to the mercantile community interested in it in compensation for the heavy loss to them which withdrawal from our treaty rights will involve, and the employment of force, there is no alternative. The British public who ratified the treaty have no right to complain if it involves them in difficulty; but, in point of fact, they had no other alternative, and

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they must find consolation in their dilemma from the philosophy of our trusted ally, who will be delighted to join a looting party to Japan, and console himself with the "inexorable logic of facts."

The news which we have just received from Japan tends to bear out this view. Although it is couched in terms so vague that, even were we more familiar with Japanese institutions than we are, it would be impossible to draw other than vague conclusions from it, those conclusions are by no means encouraging. In order to understand the probable effect of the abandonment of the temporal capital by the nobility, it is necessary to glance cursorily at the circumstances under which they first became resident at Yedo. Scarce three centuries have elapsed since Japan boasted of only one emperor, who united in his august person temporal as well as spiritual functions. Head alike of Church and State, the palmiest days of pontifical rule would furnish the nearest analogy to the system of the government at that period. The empire, however, consisted of a collection of principalities, whose rulers enjoyed almost absolute independence, and whose allegiance to the Emperor, in the first instance real, had gradually become little more than nominal, until at last a revolution occurred which threatened to overturn the Imperial Government altogether. The Emperor confided the suppression of this rebellion to a man who not only succeeded in reducing the rebellious princes to obedience, but constituted himself their temporal head, depriving his master of all but his spiritual privileges and nominal dignity as head of the State, while he himself established the seat of his government at Yedo, then an unimportant town, and rendered it compulsory upon the vanquished princes to reside a portion of every year at his new capital; to maintain extensive establishments in that city; and to leave as hostages in their absence some of the most important members of their families. While these princes were permitted to exercise almost absolute power in their own territories, they were held in check by the Government at Yedo, which consisted, besides the Tycoon, of a Gorogio, or Chief Council of State. In the event of the direct line failing, two other families were chosen to supply a Tycoon. The three families together are called the Gosankey. In the event of the Tycoon being a minor, a regent is chosen, called the Gotiro. A reconstruction of the nobility took place. Some of the territories were constituted and formed into imperial domain; others were subdivided, and the country generally cut up into smaller provinces; so that, while the number of Daimios, or nobles, was increased, their power, individually, was diminished. The compulsory residence at Yedo has ever been irksome to the nobles, as reminding them of their defeat, and the more powerful have lately neglected to comply with an obligation which a rapidly declining administration has been unable to enforce. Gradually the principal nobles have begun to emancipate themselves from their allegiance to the temporal Government, and in the presence of the foreigner have found that excuse, which they have eagerly sought, to repudiate their allegiance to the temporal authority, and abandon their compulsory residence at Yedo. As all the attacks on foreigners have been made by the retainers of these nobles, whom the Japanese Government was afraid to punish, and as it was constantly involved in difficulties with foreign powers in consequence, it has regarded the withdrawal of the Daimios from Yedo with complacency, preferring a loss of dignity and the risk of internal combination against itself to a foreign war. It is easy to foresee, however, that if the nobles, now left to their own devices, choose to combine against the temporal Emperor, either for the purpose of regaining the imperial territory, and dividing it amongst themselves, or of ejecting the foreigner, the Government at Yedo will look to us for assistance. We shall have been the cause of the blow to its authority, which the defection of the nobles has inflicted on the Government, and we shall be bound to support it against its internal enemies. The downthrow of the temporal Emperor would imply the massacre of every European in Japan, and our interest, no less than our sense of honour, would oblige us to act in his behalf. Fortunately, almost every prince's capital is on the sea-coast, and most of their palaces are easily attainable by water. With the imperial armies operating in conjunction with our gunboats, the struggle could not be of long duration, and would place our commercial relations in Japan on a firm and enduring basis.

ENGLISH WRITERS ON SCOTCH LAW.

THE Scotch are rather a sensitive people. They dislike all criticism, and they have an especial distaste to criticism from this side of the Tweed. Being the smaller and poorer country, they resent with peculiar bitterness any disparaging remarks from their powerful neighbour. This has been observable ever since the Union. For many years after the passing of that measure their jealousy broke out in fierce riots; now, tempered by time, it displays itself in the milder form of angry writing. Like Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk, the combatants abstain from personal hostilities, and the whole country, like Eatanswill, "rings with the noise of their terrific contests—on paper."

We think they carry this feeling to an extreme; but, if anything can excuse its excesses, it is the tone which English writers too often assume when treating of Scotch manners and Scotch institutions. It is not good that men should venture either to praise or to blame what they don't understand, but it is especially incumbent on fault-finders to speak with intelligence. Englishmen speak of things Scotch more frequently in a spirit of censure than in a spirit of commendation; and they should, therefore, take especial pains to instruct themselves accurately in this subject. We regret to say that, as a rule, they are far from being so instructed. They write in a grand patronizing style, but they don't in the least know what they are writing about. In plain words, they generally contrive to exhibit the grossest possible ignorance in the most offensive possible way. This tendency has of late been unusually conspicuous. It was displayed to a considerable extent with regard to the notorious trial of Mrs. M'Lachlan at Glasgow, last autumn; and it has been displayed still more remarkably with regard to the Yelverton case. Many English journals have commented on the late judgment in that case; very few, we regret to say, have done so with fairness or with understanding. But by far the most discreditable performance which we have seen, was an article in the *Saturday Review* a fortnight ago. This article was not only arrogant and insulting, but it possessed another characteristic which did not always mark that periodical in its prime, that of profound ignorance. The writer condemns Scotch law—nay more, he loudly abuses it, while every line that he writes proves unmistakably that he knows no more of Scotch law than he does of good taste or good sense. "These be very bitter words;" we proceed to justify them.

We pass over the writer's blunders as to the scope and bearing of the Irish verdict; as to the aspect in which the case was presented to the Court in Scotland; and his ludicrous argument that the Irish verdict renders a Scotch marriage impossible. Such blunders, indeed, would bring deep discredit on any ordinary writer; but they are dwarfed into insignificance before those which follow. Before proceeding further, it may be convenient to repeat our former statement as to the Scotch law:—People may be married in Scotland in two (at least) irregular ways. 1. If they interchange a consent to the contract there and then; or, in the legal phrase, by consent *de præsenti;* or, 2. If they promise to marry, and subsequently cohabit on the faith of such promise—with the restriction that, in this latter case, the promise must be in writing, or admitted on oath by the party making it. But, in order that marriage may be constituted, all these things must take place in Scotland. The consent in the former case must be interchanged in Scotland; and in the latter case, the promise must be given, and the subsequent cohabitation must take place, in the same country. Now (1) this writer says: "If, as Lords Curriehill and Deas hold, the Scotch marriage consisted of two parts, one of which (the promise *de presenti*) took place in Scotland, and the other (*subsequente copula*) in Ireland, then, &c." We should like very much, indeed, to know if the author of this sentence attached any clear meaning to the words he was writing down. We certainly can extract none from them. If there is any part of the paragraph which puzzles us more than another it is the words, "promise *de presenti*." They are to us utterly mysterious—only showing this, that the writer's familiarity with the English and Latin languages is about on a par with his knowledge of Scotch law. If we make this great censor intelligible in spite of himself, and relieve him from his troublesome Latin, by omitting the words "*de presenti*," then he makes the judges say, that a promise in Scotland, followed by *copula* in Ireland, constitute a Scotch marriage, which the judges never did say.

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In short, the sentence is either bad law or illimitable nonsense. 2. "Marriage must consist of consent *de presenti*, and the promise must be followed by *copula* under certain circumstances." Here this eminent critic uses the word consent rightly enough; but immediately thereafter that fatal word "promise" creeps in — confounding him utterly. What promise does he refer to? He has spoken of none. This dogma we give up as hopeless. No amount of ingenuity can make it either good sense or good law. 3. "The evidence as to 'consent' being thus imperfect and suspicious, a necessary link is wanting between the first and second constituents of a marriage according to the received interpretation of Scotch law." This sentence would suggest the idea, that, if the writer has any idea on the matter at all, he thinks that a Scotch marriage is made up of two things: 1. Consent; 2. Copula; leaving the mysterious "promise" quite unexplained. There could hardly be a grosser error. The contract is perfected by consent alone. One of the commonest maxims in the Scotch Courts is—*consensus* (not *concubitus*) *facit matrimonium*. But we are rather disposed to think that the unhappy man has no ideas whatever, at least on this matter; but that finding the words "consent," "promise," and "*subsequente copulâ*," used by the Scotch judges, he dutifully follows suit, heedless of intelligibility. 4. We are assured that the correspondence, by which two of the judges were "palpably biassed," had "nothing to do with the simple issue presented to them;" and that the Lord President said so "with *something like* the contempt of common-sense." Here is an error both of law and of fact. The letters had a great deal to do with the case, and the President never said they had not, either with or without contempt. In all such cases, letters are of the highest importance, as showing whether marriage had really been in the contemplation of the parties; and the President expressly announced the opinion he had formed of the bearings of the letters in this case, and said he was only saved from going over them in detail, because that had been done by the other judges. The Saturday Reviewer must have "waded" through the judgment to very little purpose. 5. We are solemnly assured that "the judgment in favour of the pursuer goes to this extent, that an incomplete marriage, according to the very peculiar Scottish law, may be completed in a domicile where that law has no force;" and, with indecent insolence, that, "according to the latest expositors of Scotch law, marriage may be defined to consist in two elements—viz., loose talk and incontinence—which talk and which incontinence may be separated by days and weeks, and, for aught we know, by months and years, as well as by oceans and thousands of miles." Whatever this pack of words may mean, it certainly does not set forth Scotch law or anything like Scotch law. It is not true that a promise in Scotland and *copula*, "in a domicile where Scotch law has no force," will make a Scotch marriage. Both elements of the marriage must be in Scotland, and no view to the contrary of this was ever expressed. Nor is it true that any Scotch judge ever said that "loose talk and incontinence" would make marriage. No "talk" of any kind—loose or otherwise—will be received as constituting a disputed promise; for it is one of the most elementary principles of Scotch law that such a promise *must be in writing*. And not only so, but that writing must be distinct and unmistakable in its meaning.

We have no patience for more of this work. We have said enough to establish the truth of our assertion, that the writer of this article is grossly ignorant of the subject which he has ventured to discuss. And yet he has not hesitated to assail Scotch judges, and to denounce Scotch jurisprudence in language the most violent. The judges were "palpably biassed," were "swayed by sentiment rather than law," and "influenced by considerations which will have no place at Westminster." Scotland is "not above Japan in real civilization;" Scotch law is "a mockery of all that belongs to religion, morality, and social order;" indeed "we might as well live under Norman law as under this law." On this side of the border the spectacle of foolish bluster thus striving to make amends for culpable ignorance is merely contemptible. To expose it is no pleasurable task, and one to which we certainly should not have stooped, had it not been for the consideration that such a style of attack will do mischief elsewhere. Scotchmen will be angry, and will be angry with good cause. And anger will prevent their listening with favour to fair and kindly discussion. Criticism on a nation's institutions is not less useful than on a nation's literature. But ignorant abuse is not criticism; and it tends to deprive criticism of its due influence. Such ignorance and such abuse as we have exposed on a subject the most trivial would be discreditable to a paper the least respectable. But when it is displayed on such a subject as the marriage-law of the sister-country, and in a newspaper which arrogates to itself dignity, infallibility, and exalted position, it is something more than discreditable. The mighty are indeed fallen when such an article is allowed to appear in the pages of the *Saturday Review*.

"HISTORICUS" AND THE "LONDON REVIEW."

A SOMEWHAT intemperate letter has been addressed to us by "Historicus," on the article which appeared in our last number on the subject of "Neutral Trade with Belligerents." It will be found in another part of the paper. Only a few months ago this same writer showed himself ignorant of the doctrine of blockade, and was proved to have done M. Hautefeuille considerable injustice. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should be anxious to damage the authority of the distinguished French jurist, or that he should see no discourtesy in expressing "his confident hope, that in advising the Crown, the Queen's Advocate" (who is Dr. Phillimore, and who agrees with M. Hautefeuille) "should pay no attention to the opinions of Dr. Phillimore." On the 23rd December, "Historicus" distinctly asserted that, according to Hautefeuille, not only a trade in contraband carried on by a neutral subject with one of the belligerents in a neutral territory is unlawful, but that *it is a trade which the neutral government is bound to prohibit and prevent*. Now we once more assert that neither M. Hautefeuille nor Dr. Phillimore expressed any such opinions. What they do assert is, that such trade is a breach of neutrality, but they do not hold that the neutral nation is bound to prohibit it.

In order to explain this, it was necessary to show that, according to Hautefeuille, and according to Phillimore, international law consists of two parts: the primary or divine law, or international morality, and the secondary or customary law. According to "Historicus," this is mere "nonsense," or, as he phrases it, "cant phraseology." If he will read the two first pages of the Commentaries of Kent, whom he may perhaps admit to be an authority, he will find this very distinction adopted. Kent says, "The most useful and practical part of the law of nations is no doubt instituted on positive law, founded on usage, consent, and agreement. But it would be impossible to separate this law entirely from natural jurisprudence, and not to consider it as deriving much of its force and dignity from the same principles of right reason, the same views of the nature and constitution of man, and the same sanction of Divine revelation as those from which the science of morality is deduced. There is a natural and a positive law of nations." The editor of the same book quotes with approbation the *Edinburgh Review*, which divides the law of nations into: 1. International Morality—the Divine, or natural law of nations. 2. International Law, being rules of conduct sanctioned by public opinion and usages of civilized nations on the positive law of nations. Now this is precisely the doctrine stated both by Hautefeuille and Dr. Phillimore; if they err, they err with such men as Kent; and this they may well prefer to shining with "Historicus" and his learned friend, who consider "eternal justice" another name for "infernal nonsense."

We pointed out that an act may be a violation of international morality or the primary law, and yet there may be no penalty attached to such a violation by the secondary law of nations. Moreover, we pointed out that there were many acts which, although unlawful according to the primary law, yet were not and ought not to be prohibited by any nation. One of these acts, according to Hautefeuille, Phillimore, and the commentators of Valin—whom "Historicus," with his accustomed arrogance, calls "flimsy," is the sale of arms on neutral ground. "Historicus" then attempts to show that Hautefeuille, in arguing against Lampredi, admits that the sale of arms on a neutral territory ought to be probibited. But any one who can understand a legal argument will at once perceive that this is a mistake. Hautefeuille's argument is this: I will prove to you that the sale of arms on a neutral territory is unlawful, or, in other words, a violation of neutrality. There are municipal laws—

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statutes and decrees—which, as Kent says, are made to enforce the value of neutrality. Now throughout Europe and in America it is forbidden to sell arms in harbour for the purpose of arming a ship. Here, then, is a particular case of sale which is forbidden by a municipal law, which has been passed in accordance with international law. Such a sale must have been considered a breach of the law of nations.

But, further, "Historicus," quoting half a sentence from Hautefeuille, insists "that the primary and secondary law, jointly and severally, prohibit such traffic." He does nothing of the sort. What he says is: "*According to the primary law* the duty of neutrals is to abstain from furnishing to belligerents any of the articles which are called *contraband*. The *secondary* law "*n'a rien changé, n'a rien modifié à cette disposition;* it has confined itself to setting up a special sanction against the violators of these rules, who use the sea in order to complete their offence." In other words, the secondary law does not alter or modify the rules of the primary law; all the secondary law does is to entitle the belligerent who finds a neutral carrying to his enemy *contraband* of war, such as arms, on the high seas, to seize these contraband goods.

"Historicus" seems unable to understand or conceive, that although an act may be immoral, it may not be the duty of a Government to prohibit it. He adds, that if M. Hautefeuille's doctrine prevailed, a feeble neutral would very soon have this duty inculcated upon it by a powerful belligerent in a manner which would be anything but theoretical. Now, it is a well-known fact, that this is exactly what happened. In 1793 the Americans were neutrals and weak. The French called upon them to prohibit the sale of horses to the English as contraband, whilst the English called upon the American Government to stop the sale of munitions of war as contraband. Even so late as the 27th September, 1855, the Earl of Clarendon, who was then Foreign Secretary, thus wrote to Mr. Marcy, the American Secretary of State:—"The United States profess neutrality in the present war between the Western powers and Russia; but have no actions been done *within* the United States by citizens thereof which accord little with the spirit of neutrality? Have not arms and ammunition, and warlike stores of various kinds, been sent in large quantities from the United States for the service of Russia." "Historicus" may possibly be able to explain the grounds upon which Lord Clarendon considered the acts of American citizens as a breach of neutrality: or why it was that the English Government of that day attempted, as "Historicus" says, "to devolve upon America an intolerable responsibility?" No doubt Lord Clarendon agreed with his predecessor, Mr. Hammond, with Hautefeuille, and with the Queen's Advocate, that, although the sale of arms by a neutral is a breach of neutrality, a neutral nation is not bound to prohibit such sale by the only means in its power—a municipal enactment.

If any further evidence were needed to show that this same doctrine is held by many eminent jurists, we might refer to Mr. Duer, one of the late revisers of the statutes of New York, in his admirable book on Insurance.

In the first volume, p. 750, ed. 1845, he says:—"It has been alleged that the conduct of a neutral who engages in a trade that, by the law of nations, subjects his property to capture and confiscation, is not illegal; that he has a perfect and lawful right to engage in the trade, and the belligerent a right equally perfect and lawful to seize and confiscate the property so employed. But the grounds on which this allegation is made are not easy to be discerned." "Were the trade," he says, "lawful; although the belligerent might be allowed, from a regard to his own safety, to intercept warlike supplies destined to the use of his enemy, he would be bound to pay their value and satisfy their freight, for then the injury to himself would be prevented and the rights of the neutral be preserved." And he adds, "It is the illegality of the trade that can alone justify its interruption." Again, "It appears from recent decisions in England, that the doctrine I have stated has been there explicitly recognized. It has been in effect determined that an insurance made in a neutral country on a neutral ship, where the voyage is undertaken with the intention of violating a blockade, is illegal and void, on the sole ground of the illegality of the voyage. The only illegality in this case is created by the law of nations, and there seems to be no reasons why the principle of those decisions is not applicable to every case where the property insured is justly liable to belligerent capture at the inception of the voyage." Thus a contract in a neutral country to supply arms to a belligerent would be void.

As to Dr. Phillimore, "Historicus" is equally unjust. That jurist, instead of supporting his view simply by appealing to the principles of "eternal justice," quotes a string of authorities, which, we suspect, constituted the whole learning of "Historicus" when he wrote his first letter. Even now "Historicus" has quoted no passage from Dr. Phillimore in which he has declared the necessity of a nation prohibiting and preventing the sale of contraband of war. And the fact, that the Belgians did not enact any law prohibiting the export of arms, notoriously carried on during the Crimean war, proves distinctly, that although, in the opinion of Lord Clarendon at least, it was a breach of neutrality, the Belgians were not considered bound to do any act to prevent it. It is now, therefore, clearly established that Lord Russell, in refusing to prevent the export of arms to the North, has acted in strict conformity with international law, as expounded by all jurists, not even excepting M. Hautefeuille or Dr. Phillimore. And in conclusion, we think ourselves entitled to say, that if "Historicus" hopes to form sound opinions upon the more abstruse subjects of international law he must devote himself patiently to more severe studies than the sayings and doings of Mr. Samuel Weller, or even the antithetical couplets of Alexander Pope.

WEATHER-WISDOM.

To discuss the private ways of public men is beyond all question ungentlemanly, and contrary to the true principles of journalism. But however wrong it may be, it is quite impossible to help wondering what remark Admiral Fitzroy is in the habit of making when he takes in a lady to dinner. The only avenue to conversation which is broad enough to allow no misconstruction, and common enough to secure general interest, must be inexorably closed to him. In the passage from the drawing-room, and more especially if it involves a descent, something must be said, and nothing but the most trivial topic will answer. It is foolish to make no observation at all, and to approach any subject out of the beaten path not only implies a confession of weakness, but gives some ground for the suspicion that it has been prepared and studied beforehand. As a general rule, the procession to the dining-room occupies itself exclusively with meteorology. The country ball naturally comes in after the first course, and the last new novel appears with effect while the cloth is being removed. Now it may be fairly presumed that no Chancellor of the Exchequer ever yet took his place in the social caravan with a remark on the three per cents., or a doctor with an observation on typhus fever. The clerk of the weather, in like manner, has no doubt his regular office hours, and pays diligent attention to his business. He cannot so well assert the mildness of the weather, or expect a continuance of rain, as the rest of the untutored public. His must be a terrible position at the crisis of which we have spoken. Shut out from the one topic which is the common bond of our humanity, unable to strike that one chord to which every mortal heart is at once responsive, he must tread the appointed journey with mute and agonized perplexity, and must probably feel at the end of it, that very peculiar sensation about the roots of the hair which is indicative of a profound and uncontrollable wish to be buried in the bowels of the earth.

The case, however, will be still worse when a prophecy is at stake, and when the elements seem determined to baffle science. It happens that the weather has set itself of late with an extraordinary obstinacy to do on every single day the very thing which by all the rules of natural philosophy it ought not to have done. Admiral Fitzroy publishes, as is well known, a daily meteorological report in the columns of the *Times*. Some thirty stations send in reports each morning to a central office, which are collected, arranged, and published in a tabular form the next day, with an explanation of the abbreviations which reminds the reader equally of a pictorial spelling-book and the "various readings" in an edition of a classical author. B. stands for barometer, D. for difference (of the moist-bulb thermometer), F. for force, X. for 'xtreme force, of wind, H. for hours, and C. for cloud. We cannot but remark parenthetically, that, to use the Admiral's vocabulary there must be a similar amount of C. over his mind on the subject of orthography, to that which actuated the eminently moral gentleman, who used in our earlier days to set the exquisitely printed copies for lessons in penmanship; who, while advising us to Venerate valuable virtue, and to Withdraw from unwarrantable wickedness, conceived that our sense of Uprightness received no

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shock whatever from the mean subterfuge by which they palmed off some maxim about 'Xemplary excellence as a fit and proper type of the letter which should follow next in order. Admiral Fitzoy has also a smaller army, a kind of initial rank and file, b. for blue sky, f. for fog, h. for hail, and so on; and he finishes by a declaration that a calm, since C. is already occupied, is to be represented by a capital Z. So far all is satisfactory; though it must be confessed that it is a little difficult to understand how the force of the wind at Jersey can be at present 9, and yet that the extreme force since the last report cannot be put down as higher than 8. It is, however, with the prophecies which accompany the report that we are particularly concerned, and with the mysterious causes which by an unerring fate render them so invariably and fatally wrong.

Hitherto the winter has rejoiced the hearts of those who hunt, and driven those who skate to desperation. The traditions of rude Boreas are coming to be quite a recollection of the nursery, and there has been such a run on balmy zephyrs that it will be a wonder if any are left for the summer. Something has clearly gone wrong; and if it be scientific to infer from the multitude of sharks on the Irish coast that the gulf stream has been turned on this last month at double power, we can only say that the phenomena are fully adequate to support the theory. The chief satisfaction to be derived from the warm winter is that nobody will ever again venture to augur any decisive result from the multitude of November berries. At all events, no one who is liable to sensations of heat and cold will deny that, as a matter of fact, the wind for the last fortnight has been continuously south and west, and the temperature extraordinarily high. Now it is a remarkable fact that, on almost every occasion during this period on which his prophecies have appeared, Admiral Fitzroy has persisted in endeavouring to persuade his readers that the wind is on the point of coming round to the north, and not improbably with the accompaniment of snow. We have taken the trouble to register his predictions for the first week of this year, and test them day by day with the actual weather; taking for specimens the two districts of South-west England, which, for brevity, we may call Devon, and South-east England, which we will shorten into Kent. The Admiral on each morning supplies us with prophecies for that and the following day, and is thus able to correct on the next morning by a second oracle the impressions of twenty-four hours back. Moreover, it will be remarked that he is always careful to allow himself plenty of margin, and as often as not he includes half the compass in his statements. On January 1, the Admiral predicts for Devon W. to N. and N.E., and for Kent N.W. to N.E. and E.; this resulted in a uniform south-west wind over all the South of England. For the 2nd his prediction on the 1st was for Devon N. to E. and S.E., modified next day to S.W. to N.W. and N., a prediction which resulted in a due westerly wind at Plymouth; and for Kent a simple "Easterly," followed next day by W.N.W. to N.N.W. in prophecy, and W.S.W. in fact. For January 3, the pair of prophecies are:—Devon, W.N.W. to N.N.E., and S.W. to N.W. and N., which result in a simple W.; and for Kent, N.N.W. to E.N.E. and S.E., and W.S.W. to N.N.W.,—thus embracing nearly three quarters of the compass, but failing to include the reality, S.S.W. The next recorded observation that we have is a S.W. at Plymouth, corresponding to a prediction of W. to N. and N.E., and a S. at London, corresponding to N.W. to N.E. and E. Next day a heavy rotary gale being predicted for all the South of England, we are surprised to find a gentle southerly wind everywhere prevailing; and on the 7th, while Admiral Fitzroy still insists on his gale, to which he fixes the delightful latitude of W. to N. and E, the breeze falls almost to a calm, and the sun beams forth on a genial summer's day.

We are truly sorry for the gallant Admiral. We hope that he will not be discouraged. If he will but continue to prophesy north winds long enough, they are quite sure to come. But it must be very annoying to him to have his heavy rotary gales shirking their work in that unfeeling way. Fortune might as well allow him to hit upon the right thing just once or twice in the fortnight, if it was only for fair play. He surely tries hard enough,—short of predicting all four points of the compass at once. Are the most meteorological admirals in the service to be for ever in the situation of those weathercocks in which a gentleman is represented as discharging his musket from hour to hour in whatever direction the wind at the time is not? What makes the matter worse is, that Admiral Fitzroy has just published a work explaining, with the greatest accuracy, the principles upon which he works. We may, possibly, have to consider his book on another occasion in a literary point of view, and will here only profess ourselves fully satisfied, were it but by way of tendering what consolation we can, that his system is as exact as can be conceived. Good people have in all ages been upheld, in their worst trials, by a consciousness that they have acted for the best; and when the wind sets itself resolutely to choose whatever particular career he has neglected to pre-occupy, the Admiral will not be without the consolation of knowing that, by the most certain laws of science, it ought to have chosen exactly the opposite. Perhaps even yet, as the wind seems coming eastwards after all, he may live to see, if but for one happy day, a prophecy and a result in accordance. If this should be too bright a hope to be realized, the thought we speak of will be something to restore his feelings, even though it may not be quite sufficient to support him under conversation about changes of climate.

A remarkable fact is stated by those who have visited the shores of Hawaii, and made sufficient acquaintance with the natives to understand their language. The inhabitants of that forlorn island, it is said, have no word in their vocabulary to express the weather. Somehow, in rude, barbarous fashion, they mix with each other, and enjoy such intercourse as they may; but with the amenities of social life, the delicate pulsations of hearts conversationally united by climate, the whispered suggestion, the soft reply imagined before it is spoken, all the engines of social intercourse which break the ice of first acquaintance, and melt frozen tongues to talk, these victims of fortune and of dialect have nothing to do. It may be that they are happy under it; habit is a second nature; the Greenlanders almost live upon fish, to which no civilized person would think of being helped twice in England. If it be so, what a place for Admiral Fitzroy! Let him take a bold step, and relieve himself for ever from the perplexity of his social position. Let him establish a weather oracle for the next few years, by sending word to the *Times* that the wind is to be north all over England till further notice; let him establish a heavy rotary gale for the first Tuesday in every month, and double the allowance on leap-year; let him predict rain on the days sacred to Volunteers, and leave word that the drum is to be hoisted at Shields whenever three colliers have been shipwrecked; and then let him depart to finish his days in that remote clime where a weary soul may pack up its barometers, and be at rest. So—if we may again use the magic initials—the f. of bewilderment will clear from his mind, in his relations to the world around him, he will h. a D. not to be described, and with a sense of relief never apprehended before, he will devote his happy H. to a better and abiding Z.

DEMOCRACY BREAKING DOWN.

For some years past a fashion has prevailed of describing every misfortune which happens to an unpopular person or institution as its "breaking down." When the supplies could not be got up to the army before Sebastopol, eminent authorities were seriously afraid that constitutional government in general, and at the very least the British aristocracy were breaking down. When a sharp frost threw a considerable number of the poor of London into the streets, and revealed the fact that, when wages were high, they never thought it desirable to save against hard times, there was a very general cry that the poor-law had broken down, and for some months past there has been in many quarters a constant repetition, sometimes with open exultation, sometimes with a strange affectation of sympathy and regret of the phrase prefixed to this article. Whatever else may be said or thought of the American civil war, this point appears to be taken for granted. The Federals or the Confederates may be right, the effect of the war may be this or that in respect of slavery, but one thing—thinks a considerable section of the British public—is quite clear,—Democracy has broken down; and the conclusion is generally received with a sort of chuckling hallelujah, which looks as if Democracy were a dreaded antagonist, constantly creeping on us unawares, and now, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, forced to give up his vile attempts and retreat from his expected prey.

Such phrases, repeated in various forms in newspapers and on platforms, make up something which is as near an approach to an opinion on public affairs as a considerable section of the community has the means or the inclination of possessing. It is, therefore, matter of some importance that they should be examined and criticised, in order that some sort of estimate may be formed of the degree of truth (if any) which they contain. What, then, is the meaning of the assertion, that the civil war, which has now raged for nearly two years in America, shows that Democracy has broken down? If it means anything, it must mean that the civil war shows that Democracy is a bad form of government, and one which, by reason of its inherent defects, has produced the calamities under which America labours. If it means only that the United States,

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being a democratic country, are at present undergoing calamities it is a mere truism, about as ill expressed as if a man, seeing a horse come down on his knees, should say that the principle of having four legs had broken down.

How far, then, is it true that the present war has discredited Democracy? In the first place, the object for which the two parties are fighting has absolutely no relation to forms of government. Many contrasts exist between North and South, but the form of their governments and the principles on which they are conducted are the same. There are great differences between Virginia and New York, but they are both democratic states, and if peace were to be made to-morrow, no question would have to be settled on that subject. The Southerners never complained that the Northerners' institutions were too popular. The Northerners have never shown the faintest wish to interfere with the political organization of the South. The victory of either party would leave untouched all the questions which divide aristocrats and democrats, it would not affect government by elective assemblies, vote by ballot, universal suffrage, or the election of the judicial and executive officers. Whatever the merits of the contest may be—and our opinion on that subject has been too frequently expressed to need re-statement here—the war is beyond all doubt a war for the maintenance of the Union on the one side, for the acquisition of independence on the other; and it is equally clear that it arose out of a deep-seated and widely-extended difference of views founded on the existence of slavery in the Southern states. It would be difficult in a few words to convey a clearer notion of the dispute than by saying that the South resolved to break up the Union because they feared that if it were maintained slavery could not be extended, and that the North want to maintain it, not upon any definite grounds as to slavery, but on account of their natural pride in its magnificence, and of a keen sense of its many advantages. How is this state of things, lamentable as it is, specially discreditable to Democracy?

Democracy had nothing whatever to do with the existence of slavery. That institution has existed both in ancient and modern times, and does still exist, under governments of every form. It prevailed in our own possessions till within living memory. It prevails to this day in those of Spain, and it was introduced into the North American States long before they were democracies. Democracy has still less to do with the quarrel between North and South, unless, indeed, it is to be blamed for having made possible the Federation which is now so terribly severed. If the separate States had been independent kingdoms it is highly probable that the present civil war would not have happened, but neither would the eighty years of unexampled peace and prosperity which preceded it have blessed one of the finest regions in the world. If each State had been entirely independent of the rest, there might and probably would have been a repetition of the darkest side of European history. There would have been wars, standing armies, internal lines of custom-houses, and a thousand obstructions of every sort, to the reduction of that great continent to a state fit for human habitation. That which has really broken down is not Democracy, but a scheme devised with wonderful care and skill for producing extraordinary benefits to a large section of mankind, which, by the aid of Democracy, met with unexpected success for nearly three generations, and did actually produce results of unexampled magnitude.

Nothing sets in a more striking light the flimsy and careless way in which people are content to think and speak, than the ignorant habit which prevails of calling the United States, collectively, a Democracy. The Federal constitution is or was a most elaborate and wonderfully ingenious contrivance for conducting, under one head, the common affairs of a number of independent States,—States whose sovereign character was expressly recognized and reserved by the constitution, except in so far as it was limited by the express words of that instrument. No doubt the officers to whom the management of these affairs was intrusted were chosen by popular election, but once chosen, they had a degree of authority which imposed severe restraints on the direct exercise of the popular will. A President of the United States has, as long as his term of office lasts, more authority and less responsibility than an English King or Prime Minister, as Mr. Lincoln's proceedings throughout this war sufficiently prove. The constitution of the Senate is anything but democratic. Rhode Island or Delaware have as much power in it as New York and Pennsylvania. The Supreme Court, again, is anything but a democratic institution. Its judges are appointed for life, and its decisions are superior in authority to the legislative powers of Congress itself, and also to those of every State legislature. It is this part of the institutions of North America which has broken down, in the proper sense of the word, that is, which has proved inadequate to the functions allotted to it, and this is precisely the least democratic part of the whole. Why has it broken down?—from a growing dissimilarity between the two parts of the nation, dissimilarity in habits, tastes, and feelings, which has always existed to some extent, but has grown to its present height and produced its present consequences under political institutions not merely similar but substantially the same. To describe this as the breaking down of Democracy, is about as reasonable as to describe the Indian mutiny as the breaking down of constitutional monarchy.

It may possibly be said that though the quarrel between the North and the South cannot possibly be charged to the account of Democracy, it may fairly be debited with the scandals which the war has brought to light—the extravagance, the corruption, the brag, the insults to foreign powers, and especially to this country,—in a word, with the bad manners of a considerable proportion of the Northerners. The existence of many of these scandals must be admitted; and enthusiastic advocates of all things American are somewhat too apt to undervalue their importance. Both to men and to nations good manners are what modesty is to chastity, or enamel to the teeth; and there is a real connection between the coarseness of feeling which finds vent in noisy swagger, and the bluntness of moral perception which sees no reason to blame a man who makes a fortune by applying his official knowledge to the purposes of private speculation. Great allowances and deductions are, however, to be made in the popular estimate in this matter. Where an enormous army has to be extemporized at any cost, there will, of course, be enormous jobbing, especially in a nation which carries the trading spirit to the very highest pitch. It is also true that the great bulk of English critics take their views of the Americans from prejudiced sources, from writers who appear to think it their duty to cull for the edification of Englishmen all the flowers contributed to the *New York Herald*, and other journals of the same stamp, by renegade Irishmen who unite the faults of the dunghill on which they grew, with those of the cesspool into which they have drained. Still, with all allowances, it is not to be denied that there is an ugly side to the American character, or that recent events have made it unusually prominent. Is this, however, the fault of Democracy? People of all nations can make themselves wonderfully unpleasant, when they give their minds to it, whether they are democrats or not. A thoroughly vulgar Englishman is as offensive an animal as the human mind can well imagine, and our national ways of thinking and expressing our thoughts are by no means calculated to endear us to the rest of the world, nor do they do so in point of fact. A certain Mr. Rufus Choate, well known as a leading Boston lawyer, is recorded to have described one of his colleagues as looking "as if he doubted whether he made God, or God made him;" probably the imperturbable self-complacency of Englishmen in general, and that serene conviction of ineffable superiority to the rest of the human race which shines from every English face and through the columns of every English newspaper, might suggest to most foreigners a similar observation on John Bull. This immovable self-confidence, or, as others would call it, pride, is so far from breaking down our institutions, that it is one of their firmest props, though it may, no doubt, be disagreeable enough to other people. Hence the admission that American conceit and bluster is a very bad and an exceedingly unpleasant thing, does not involve the consequence that Democracy has broken down. It does not even imply that Democracy is the cause of what is complained of. The truth is, that most of the disagreeable features of the American character, whether displayed in their writings or in the management of their affairs, are not the effect of Democracy, but of the marvellous prosperity of the country. The political constitution of the States, whilst they were still colonies and during the early part of their independence, was democratic enough, but their behaviour was then inoffensive. For the last forty-five years they have enjoyed a sort of carnival. No debt, no taxes, absolutely unbounded room for every kind of enterprise, an unparalleled demand for every sort of labour, and a lavish supply of it from the uncomfortable and dissatisfied part of the whole population of Europe. This is enough to explain everything that can fairly be alleged against them, and much more than has been alleged with any show of justice. No doubt there is something in common between this state of things and democracy. The universal race and passion for wealth which the circumstances of the country produce, has a tendency to produce democracy, and has also a tendency to produce coarseness and fustian; but the one effect does not of necessity produce the other. In the quieter parts of the Union, and amongst the more settled classes of its population, the two things do not go together; and in many other parts of the world—

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Switzerland, for instance—and Norway (which has a very democratic constitution), there is no connection between democracy and bad manners.

To talk of the breaking down of Democracy, not only shows ignorance of the facts of the particular transaction which suggests the phrase, but also of other matters of much wider importance. Democracy, in the sense of the process of equalizing the conditions of the different classes of mankind, is a process which no living man will see broken down. It is going on all over the world in one form or another, but in America it is almost as likely that the Ohio and Mississippi will break down as that Democracy will do so. Taking the gloomiest possible view of Northern affairs, there is absolutely no reason whatever to expect it. Suppose that not only the South should establish their independence, but that their example should be followed by the West,—suppose even that the process should not stop there, and that the States should split into four or even five distinct nations, can any one doubt that each of these would continue to be a Democracy in every sense of the word? As far as it is possible to speculate on such a contingency, it is probable that such a process would rather strengthen than weaken their democratic principles. Democracy has hitherto succeeded better in small states than in large ones, and, for an obvious reason, the members of the governing body in a small state are more manageable than where a large one is to be represented, and the separation between them and their electors is less marked.

On the whole, the rejoicings over the downfall of democracy are very foolish. They may, perhaps, have one good purpose. They are, by reason of their folly, exactly suited to those who used to be deluded by wholesale praises of American institutions, and supply just the sort of answer which the glorifications of Democracy, drawn from the prosperity of the United States, deserved. People who were capable of being deluded by the one argument may be capable of being deluded in the opposite direction by the other. The prosperity of America was little more creditable to their institutions than the quiet behaviour of a schoolboy whilst he is gorging himself with plum-cake is creditable to his schoolmaster. Whilst absorbed in that occupation he cannot, of course, be fighting with the other boys or breaking the school-room windows, and in the same way a nation, with unlimited wealth and no burdens, could not help being prosperous. The test of institutions is not to be found in the prosperity or adversity of the nation in which they are established, but in their specific results, and in every case it is matter of the utmost difficulty to say what these results are. The results of the democratic constitution of the States in the present war are extremely complicated. They have produced wonderful unanimity on both sides. They have produced bad discipline on the Northern side. They have been accompanied by extraordinary vigour, but how far they have caused it is another question. To count up their good and bad effects would require a treatise founded on knowledge which few people possess, but to try to dispose of the subject in a single contemptuous or exultant phrase, is to show utter ignorance of its nature.

THE *ALABAMA*.

As it is not the practice of the Government to publish State papers during the Parliamentary recess, the only authentic information we have received as to the correspondence which has passed between the English and American Governments in the *Alabama* affair comes through American sources. The details, however, with which we have been favoured are still incomplete, and do not let us know what course of conduct the Government has resolved to adopt with reference to that vessel. According to Mr. Adams, the American Minister, an order has been sent that, if the *Alabama* appears at Nassau, she is to be detained; and a Liverpool paper tells us that orders have been sent out not to admit that vessel within any of our colonial ports.

The questions of law which arise out of the case are neither easy to be solved nor few in number. The difficulties in dealing with it are increased by its novelty. Several cases are to be found in the reports of the Supreme Court of the United States arising out of breaches of their Foreign Enlistment Act, which is almost identical with our own Act. None of them are identical with that of the *Alabama*, but the light which they throw upon its solution is of some material importance. The correspondence which took place in 1793 between the Government of the United States, being neutral, and the belligerent Governments of France and England, which is to be found in the American State papers, is, perhaps, quite as material, at the present moment, as the cases in the reports. It gives the whole history of the rules of neutrality, and the grounds upon which a distinction was then drawn between the sale of arms and the equipping of armed vessels in neutral ports. Moreover, it will be seen that the American Minister in demanding the interference of the British Minister to stop the *Alabama*, followed the example of this country; and that in acquiescing in the demand, Lord Russell has acted in strict conformity with every precedent.

"We have not hesitated to express our highest disapprobation," says the Secretary of State, Mr. Jefferson, on the 15th May, 1793, in a letter to the French Minister, M. Ternaut, "of the conduct of any of our citizens who may personally engage in committing hostilities at sea against any of the nations parties to the present war; to declare that if the case has happened, or that it should happen, we will exert all the means with which the laws and constitution have armed us, to discover such offenders, and bring them to condign justice. And that the like conduct shall be observed, should the like enterprises be attempted against your nation, I am authorized to give you the most unreserved assurances. Our friendship for all the parties at war; our desire to pursue ourselves the path of peace, as the only one leading surely to prosperity, and our wish to preserve the morals of our citizens from being vitiated by courses of lawless plunder and murder, are a security that our proceedings in this respect will be with good faith, fervour, and vigilance." "The President," he says, in a letter of the 5th June, 1793, to M. Genet, the newly-appointed Minister of the French Convention, a gentleman of very ardent temperament, and wild Republican fervour, "is of opinion, after mature consultation and deliberation, that the arming and equipping vessels in the ports of the United States to cruise against nations with whom we are at peace, is incompatible with the territorial sovereignty of the United States; that it makes them instrumental to the annoyance of those nations, and thereby tends to compromise their peace, and that he thinks it necessary as an evidence of good faith to them, as well as a proper reparation to the sovereignty of the country, that the armed vessels of this description should depart from the ports of the United States." Citizen Genet was, however, too vigorous a Republican to be soon silenced. His letters are the strangest diplomatic documents that, perhaps, ever were penned. "Discussions are short," he says in one of them, "when matters are taken upon their true principles." Notwithstanding this promising exordium, a reference to the correspondence will show that his discussions were neither few in number, nor short in length. Washington, the President, was for a long time patient and forbearing, but the conduct of M. Genet became so outrageous that his recall was at last demanded. Washington cannot be too highly commended for his conduct at this critical period. The popularity of France in the United States was at that period almost at fever-height. The irritation against England had not had time to subside, but no popular pressure could shake the firmness and dignity of the President. Strong in his convictions as to the duty of the United States as a neutral nation, Washington fearlessly braved the unpopularity which a course of perfect neutrality excited against his Government. An American citizen of the name of Henfield, who had engaged on board of one of the privateers, was indicted at common law for the offence. The jury, however, declined to convict, and the acquittal was celebrated with extravagant marks of joy and enthusiasm.

The conduct of the American Executive of those days has met with a splendid panegyric from one of England's greatest orators:—

"If I wished," said Mr. Canning, in the debate on the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, April 16th, 1823, "for a guide in a system of neutrality, I should take that laid down by America, in the days of the presidency of Washington, and the secretaryship of Jefferson. In 1793 complaints were made to the American Government that French ships were allowed to fit out and arm in American ports for the purpose of attacking British vessels in direct opposition to the laws of neutrality. Immediately upon this representation the American Government held that such a fitting out was contrary to the laws of neutrality, and orders were issued prohibiting the arming of any French vessels in American ports. At New York a French vessel, fitting out, was seized, delivered over to the tribunals, and condemned. Upon that occasion the American Government held that such fitting out of French ships in American ports, for the purpose of cruising against English vessels, was incompatible with the sovereignty of the United States, and tended to interrupt the peace and good understanding which subsisted between that country and Great Britain. Here, sir, I contend, is the principle of neutrality upon which we ought to act."

The conduct of the American Government of those days should be a lesson to us at the present time. Strong Southern sympathies are, it is well known, rife among us, and at no place more than Liverpool. It would be perhaps too much to expect that a people of active intellect and most energetic will should refrain from cherishing sympathies for one side or the other, when a civil war of gigantic proportions is raging among a people so closely

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connected by blood and interests with themselves. The calm, judicial faculty is not a gift which every man has received from nature. Sympathies, however, should be kept within due bounds and should not be permitted to run into excess. The neutrality we profess on our lips should be a real one and not a mere empty name.

The principles laid down by the Government of Washington are in a legal point of view very important, for they show that no doubts whatsoever existed in the minds of the eminent men of his Cabinet, but that the prevention of the fitting out of vessels in their ports to prey on the commerce of nations with whom they were at peace was an international obligation which they were bound to enforce. The Foreign Enlistment Act, it must be remembered, was not enacted till the following year (1794), and it did no more according to the express admission of Kent, than give a positive municipal sanction to obligations which had been already admitted to be international. These considerations throw much light on the construction of our own Foreign Enlistment Act. The Act, being founded on an international obligation, recognized and admitted by the common law, as was asserted by Lord Lyndhurst and others who took part in the debate in 1819, and being intended to supply the infirmity of legal process by attaching the more perfect and complete sanction of municipal law to that higher obligation must be interpreted largely, so as to prevent the evil which it was intended to meet. Arguments have been urged to show that the case of the *Alabama* is not within the Act. Fortunately, any discussion on this question is no longer necessary, for the Law Officers have advised that the *Alabama* had violated the Foreign Enlistment Act and ought to be detained.

From a minute description of the vessel, given in an affidavit of one of the sailors hired for the *Alabama*, and from a description of her given by her late boatswain, it appears that this ship, then called 290, was built by Mr. Laird, under a contract with Mr. Butcher, who is alleged to be agent of the Confederate Government at Liverpool. She is described by the same person as "a large wooden screw-boat," or "a corvette." So unlike is she to a merchant-ship, that the Portuguese visitors who came on board at the Azores could not be persuaded to call her anything but an "English frigate." When she left the Mersey she had on board ninety-three men belonging to the Naval Reserve, all trained gunners and all men-of-war's men. Earl Russell, on receiving the affidavit from Mr. Adams on the 24th of July, laid it before the Law Officers for their opinion; they advised the detention of the vessel, but before the order reached Liverpool the *Alabama* left on the 29th. There can be no question that the Government was quite right; the only misfortune is that they did not act with more promptitude.

Whether the Federal Government have good grounds of complaint against us for delay may be doubtful under the circumstances. But there can be no doubt that just as the American Government in 1793 considered their sovereignty to have been violated by the conduct of the French, in using their ports for the equipment of ships of war, so the British Government ought to feel equally offended by the conduct of the Confederate Government in the affair of the *Alabama*. It is now clear that ship was not built as a commercial speculation, or for any private individual. Whether before she left Liverpool there was any evidence that she was really built for the Confederate Government, we know not. But that such was the fact is now beyond question. When Captain Semmes came on board at the Azores, where the *Alabama*, or, as she was then called, 290, was armed, he read out his commission, which purported to be issued by Jefferson Davis at Richmond, and directed the captain to "assume the command of the Confederate sloop-of-war *Alabama*, hitherto called 290, and to sink, burn, and destroy everything that flew the ensign of the so-called United States of America." It would have been proper respect to the authority of this country had that been consulted before these armaments were undertaken," said Jefferson to the French Minister in 1793, under similar circumstances. It is to be hoped that the conduct of Mr. Jefferson Davis will be rebuked in a manner not less dignified.

Attempts have been made to justify the case of the *Alabama* upon a dictum of Judge Story in delivering judgment in the Supreme Court in the *Santissima Trinidad* (5 Wheat. 353), when he says, "There is nothing in our laws, or in the laws of nations, that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the person engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation. Supposing, therefore, the voyage to have been for commercial purposes, and the sale at Buenos Ayres to have been a *bonâ fide* sale, there is no pretence to say that the original outfit in the voyage was illegal, or that a capture made after the sale was, for that reason alone, invalid." These remarks were, as we have already mentioned, a mere dictum, and did not constitute the ground on which the judgment was given. The case, moreover, was very different in its circumstances from that of the *Alabama*. The *Santissima Trinidad* was originally built and equipped as a privateer during the war with Great Britain in 1813, and was rigged as a schooner. After the peace in 1814, she was rigged as a brig, and sold by her original owners. In January, 1816, she was loaded with a cargo of ammunition of war by her new owners, and, being armed with twelve guns, part of her original armament, she was despatched on a voyage ostensibly to the northwest coast, but in reality to Buenos Ayres. By the written instructions given to the supercargo in this voyage, he was authorized to sell her to the Government of Buenos Ayres if he could obtain a suitable price. At that time it should be remembered the Spanish colonies were in revolt against Spain, and enjoyed belligerent rights. She arrived at Buenos Ayres, having exercised no act of hostility, and having sailed under the protection of the American flag during the voyage. She was then sold to her captain and two other persons, and soon afterwards assumed the flag and character of a public ship, and was understood by the crew to have been sold to the Government of Buenos Ayres. The dictum of Judge Story had reference to this state of circumstances.

The vessel having returned to Baltimore flying the Buenos Ayres flag, caused her armament to be there increased. This was held to be an illegal outfit, and certain goods which had been captured by her on the high seas were ordered to be returned.

"It has been long the doctrine of this Court," says Judge Story, "that such illegal augmentation is a violation of the law of nations as well as of our municipal law; and as a violation of neutrality it infects the captures subsequently made with the character of *torts*, and requires a restitution to the parties who have been injured by the misconduct." The case of the *Gran Para* (7 Wheat. 471) is much more like the case of the *Alabama* than the one just cited. The arms and armaments in this case were cleared out as cargo from a port of the United States, and the men were enlisted as for a common mercantile voyage; the vessel was constructed for war, and not for commerce; she was not commissioned to act as a privateer, and did not attempt to act as such until she reached the La Plata, where a commission was obtained and the men were re-enlisted. "If this," said that illustrious judge, Chief Justice Marshall, in delivering the judgment of the Supreme Court, "were admitted, the laws for the preservation of our neutrality would be completely eluded, so far as their enforcement depends on the restitution of prizes made in violation of them. Vessels completely fitted out in our ports for military operations, need only sail to a belligerent port, and then, after obtaining a commission, go through the ceremony of discharging and re-enlisting their crew, to become perfectly legitimate cruisers, purified from every taint contracted at the place where all their real force and capacity for annoyance was acquired. This would indeed be a fraudulent neutrality, disgraceful to our Government, and of which no nation would be the dupe." These observations of Chief Justice Marshall explain the real meaning of the dictum pronounced by Story. The dictum form from the context of the judgment, and the circumstance which suggested it, is easily misunderstood. These cases, instead of affording any justification for the case of the *Alabama*, show that the Government has acted right in ordering the detention of that vessel.

There can be little doubt that the commission under which the *Alabama* is at present sailing is valid, even against Great Britain. "The commission of a public ship," said Judge Story, in the *Santissima Trinidad*, "signed by the proper authorities of the nation to which she belongs, is conclusive proof of her national character. The courts of a foreign country will not inquire into the means by which the title to the property has been acquired." The original illegality of her conduct in violating the Foreign Enlistment Act, is not a sufficient ground for us to dispute her commission. She is now a vessel of war of a belligerent government, and cannot be either seized by us on the high seas, or forcibly detained in our harbours. To do either of these acts would be practically equivalent to a declaration of war against the Confederates. The order of Earl Russell to detain her at Nassau must have been made under the impression that she would have reached that port uncommissioned.

We cannot, consistently with our desire to remain neutrail do anything further than order the vessel away from our ports, should she attempt to enter them. We are glad to hear, though the source from which the information comes is not conclusive,

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that the Government has made this order. Had the Confederate States been a recognized nationality, with a resident Minister in London, it would have been imperative on us to have followed the course which the Cabinet of Washington set in the case of M. Genet by demanding his recall. As it is, we do not think that we can refrain from conveying to the governing body of these States, a sense of our high displeasure at the manner in which they have infringed our national sovereignty to the prejudice of the other belligerent and in violation of the principles laid down and established by Jefferson and Washington, both of them Southern Statesmen. Our dignified position in the scale of nations, the magnitude of our empire and of the interests at stake, demand that we should not submit to conduct which is subversive of our own laws, as well as of all the principles of international law and morality.

AN OLD SENSATION DRAMA.

It is very hard to have to speak ill of one's grandfathers—to question their taste and to laugh at the idols which they tolerated and sometimes worshipped. Our grandfathers, however, provoke this want of respect by the tone which they or their admirers adopt when speaking about most of these idols. They constantly lecture us about the decay of our arts, and particularly about the decay of our national drama. They tell us in a manner which is sometimes very irritating that we have had no national drama for the last fifty years. They trace this falling off to several causes—but chiefly to the flippancy and inferiority of the present age, and the partial destruction of an old theatrical monopoly. When the "patent" theatres were in existence; when all their actors were "His Majesty's Servants," and all other actors were rogues and vagabonds; when it was illegal to "speak prose," and to perform anything much higher than pantomime, except on the privileged stage, the drama was supposed to be in a perfect and flourishing condition. Though the same complaints were occasionally heard then which are heard now about the lamentable dearth of originality in authors, these are now conveniently forgotten by the defenders of the past, and we hear of nothing but dramatic beauty, grace, force, harmony, judgment, and artistic feeling. The two great theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, hedged in with special privileges which have happily disappeared, though they have left us the sediment of a Lord Chamberlain,—are referred to as schools where great actors were kept together for years, playing up to and round each other's talents and peculiarities in a way which has been killed by partial free-trade and the starring system.

The fact that all this has been attained within the last ten years by two or three intelligent managers, working with an intellectual, as well as a trading purpose, is also conveniently forgotten; and while a few of our actors are grudgingly admitted to have a few merits, our drama is denounced as hopelessly decayed and degraded. While admitting that the two leading London theatres had very strong companies fifty or sixty years ago, we may be pardoned for questioning whether these companies were always put to the best use; whether public taste was much purer then than it is now; and whether managers then were gifted with much greater judgment than their present successors. Legitimate and poetical dramas—the plays of Shakspeare—may have been more frequently in the bills, with strong casts, than they are at present; but they were mixed with a vast number of illegitimate dramas and electro-plated tragedies. Weak or stilted language, feeble or extravagant incidents, improbable plots, and Minerva Press sentiment, were the characteristics of most of these latter pieces, and yet they were popular. They were accepted by the best managers, distributed amongst the best actors, and presented to the best audiences. If we see one of them now performed in the country, or at some outlying London theatre, chiefly because it is claimed by no Dramatic Authors' Society, and is chargeable with no author's fees, we laugh at the writing and construction, pity the actors, and despise the taste and judgment of our grandfathers.

One of the worst of these pieces—though not, by any means, *the* worst, is the "Castle Spectre"—a romantic drama, by the celebrated Monk Lewis, first performed at Drury Lane, December 14th, 1797. It was originally written in five acts, but has since been very judiciously reduced to three, and in the latter form it has been lately revived for a few nights at Sadler's Wells. The original cast comprised Mr. Kemble, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Dowton, with Mrs. Jordan as the principal female character. Mr. Kemble's part has suffered most by compression, according to an actor's way of looking at it.

The "Castle Spectre" has a flavour of that German romance which Monk Lewis imported into some of his other literary productions. He loved a ghost, and he loved a lord, and we have, therefore, several lords and a ghost in this tragic drama. The bad lord is feudal to a fault, surrounded by conventional dependents, amongst whom are some unconventional Africans. Ethiopian serenaders and Christy minstrels had not vulgarized the black man, in 1797, and though the piece was received with some derision, the "black slaves of Osmond" were probably not the cause of this opposition. Hassan, a dignified slave—originally played by Mr. Dowton—is quite the poetical character of the piece, and it would be unpardonable not to give a taste of his quality:—

"Hassan. Saib, I too have loved! I have known how painful it was to leave her on whom my heart hung; how incapable was all else to supply her loss! I have exchanged want for plenty, fatigue for rest, a wretched hut for a splendid palace. But am I happier? Oh no! Still do I regret my native land, and the partners of my poverty. Then toil was sweet to me, for I laboured for Samba! then repose ever blessed my bed of leaves, for there by my side lay Samba sleeping.

"Saib. This from you, Hassan?—Did love ever find a place in your flinty bosom?

"Hassan. Did it? Oh, Saib! my heart once was gentle, once was good! But sorrows have broken it, insults have made it hard! I have been dragged from my native land, from a wife who was everything to me, to whom I was everything! Twenty years have elapsed since these Christians tore me away; they trampled upon my heart, mocked my despair, and, when in frantic terms I raved of Samba, laughed and wondered how a negro's soul could feel! In that moment, when the last point of Africa faded from my view, when as I stood on the vessel's deck, I felt that all I loved was to me lost for ever, in that bitter moment did I banish humanity from my breast. I tore from my arm the bracelet of Samba's hair, I gave to the sea the precious token, and while the high waves swift bore it from me, vowed, aloud, endless hatred to mankind. I have kept my oath, I *will* keep it!"

The story of the "Castle Spectre" is eminently sensational: it turns upon wholesale murder, and is soon told. Earl Osmond—the villain of the piece—after distinguishing himself in certain Scottish wars of an unknown period, has caused his elder brother, and his brother's wife and child to be murdered; and has usurped Conway Castle, with all the property belonging to it. By one of those interpositions peculiar to dramas, the brother and child were saved—the lady only having fallen a victim to provide a good ghost for the story. The brother, loaded with chains, and fed upon bread and water, has been immured for sixteen years in one of Earl Osmond's dungeons, without the earl knowing it; the jailer being a dissatisfied dependant, who is a strange compound of greediness, cruelty, remorse, and pity. The child—a little girl—has grown up into the beautiful Angela, a supposed cottager's daughter, outside the castle gates, and has excited the worthy love of Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and the unworthy love of the villain, Earl Osmond. Falling into the power of the villain, this young lady becomes the mainspring of the drama—one party in Conway Castle struggling to keep her—the other party, outside the castle, struggling to rescue her. The underplot is filled up with three good, strong, serviceable stage characters,—a fat monk, who loves flagons of wine and venison pasties; a jester, who is wise and impertinent; and an old housekeeper, who is timid and credulous.

The unity of place is strictly observed in this drama, as the action lies entirely within Conway Castle. With the exception of the first scene, which is merely introductory, the scenes seem to present pictures of a succession of dungeons. There are the castle hall, the armoury, the castle-hall again, a chamber, the castle-hall again, the cedar-room, the castle-hall once more, the cedar-room again, a vaulted chamber—which must be an imaginary Conway tubular passage of the middle ages—and a gloomy subterraneous dungeon. One sensation scene, which is badly put upon the stage, and where the most extraordinary gymnastic opportunities are thrown away, occurs where the captive Earl Percy, while his two black jailers are playing at dice, leaps out of a turret window into a sheet spread by his faithful followers below. The Sadler's Wells management, following the stage directions mechanically, have merely filled the stage with an ordinary dismal chamber, leaving the earl to leap out of a window at one of the upper wings, like a clown in a pantomime. Mr. Boucicault, with the same materials, would have divided the stage with a double built-up scene, showing the interior of the earl's dungeon on one side, and a seemingly unfathomable ravine on the other. The leap from the window, as well as the preparations for the leap, would have been seen by all, except those visitors in the side-boxes who pay double prices to witness only half the show. Mr. Kemble was a very good actor, like most members of his family, but he was evidently not a good arranger of "business" for sensation dramas.

We are sorry to see Earl Percy—the only leading virtuous person in the piece, with the exception of the heroine—continually putting himself in situations where the villains seem to have the best of him in argument. When Percy is taken prisoner after having crept into Conway Castle in disguise to rescue Angela, he addresses Earl Osmond rather indignantly:—

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PERCY. Stay, sir, and hear me! By what authority presume you to call me captive? Have you forgotten that you speak to Northumberland's earl?

OSMOND. Well may I forget him, who could so far forget himself. Was it worthy of Northumberland's earl to steal disguised into my castle, and plot with my servant to rob me of my most precious treasure?

PERCY. Mine was that treasure; you deprived me of it basely, and I was justified in striving to regain my own.

OSMOND. Earl, nothing can justify unworthy means. If you were wronged, why sought you not your right with your sword's point? I then should have esteemed you a noble foe, and as such would have treated you: but you have stooped to paltry artifice, and attacked me like some midnight ruffian, privately and in disguise. By this I am authorized to forget your station, and make your penance as degrading as your offence was base.

Not improved by this warning, Percy attempts to tamper with his two black gaolers, gives them a purse of gold, and receives another reproof:—

PERCY. Here it is, and now unlock the door.

MULEY (*chinking the purse*). *Here* it is! And now I'm obliged to you. As for your promises, my lord, pray don't trouble yourself to remember them, as I shan't trouble myself to remember mine.

PERCY (*starting*). Ha! what mean you?

SAIB (*firmly*). Earl, that we are faithful!

PERCY. What! will you not keep your word?

MULEY. In good troth, no; we mean to keep nothing—except the purse.

PERCY. Confusion! To be made the jest of such rascals!

SAIB. Earl Percy, we are none, but we should have been, could your gold have bribed us to betray our master. We have but done our duty—you have but gained your just reward; for they who seek to deceive others should ever be deceived themselves.

The ghost of Evelina (the name has a fine full Minerva press flavour), appears only twice, and then in a costume of the true bleeding nun order. Her appearance, and the manner of her exit and entrance, can best be told, perhaps, by quoting the stage directions:—

(*A plaintive voice sings within, accompanied by a guitar.*)

"Lullaby!—Lullaby!—Hush thee, my dear,
Thy father is coming, and soon will be here!"

ANGELA. Heavens! The very words which Alice——The door too! It moves! It opens! Guard me, good angels!

(The folding-doors unclose, and the oratory is seen illuminated. In its centre stands a tall female figure, her white and flowing garments spotted with blood; her veil is thrown back, and discovers a pale and melancholy countenance: her eyes are lifted upwards, her arms extended towards heaven, and a large wound appears upon her bosom. Angelina sinks upon her knees, R. C., with her eyes riveted upon the figure, which for some moments remains motionless. At length the spectre advances slowly to a soft and plaintive strain; she stops opposite to Reginald's picture, and gazes upon it in silence. She then turns, approaches Angela, and invokes a blessing upon her, points to the picture, and retires to the oratory. The music ceases. Angela rises with a wild look, and follows the vision, extending her arms towards it. The spectre waves her hand, as bidding her farewell. Instantly the organ's swell is heard; a full chorus of female voices chant "Jubilate!" A blaze of light flashes through the oratory, and Angela falls motionless on the floor.)

The final scene of the drama is worked up by bringing all the characters together in a gloomy dungeon. This cell is not like the humanitarian places of confinement provided by our modern prison authorities. It is feudal, and very—oh, so very gloomy! Here lies the prisoner of sixteen years—the supposed dead father of Angela. He is very like the half-starved father in Schiller's "Robbers," though he spares us the agony of dying hard in a bedgown. He rolls in the straw, clanking his chains, and indulges in the following lamentations:—

BEGIN.—My child! my Evelina! Oh, fly me not, lovely forms! They are gone, and once more I live to misery. Thou wert kind to me, sleep! Even now methought I sat in my castle-hall: a maid, lovely as the queen of fairies, hung on my knees, and hailed me by that sweet name, "Father!" Yes, I was happy,—yet, frown not on me, therefore, Darkness! I am thine again, my gloomy bride! Be not incensed, Despair, that I left thee for a moment; I have passed with thee sixteen years! Ah, how many have I still to pass? Yet, fly not my bosom quite, sweet Hope; still speak to me of liberty, of light! Whisper, that once more I shall see the morn break, that again shall my fevered lips drink the pure gale of evening! Heaven, thou knowest that I have borne my sufferings meekly: I have wept for myself, but never cursed my foes; I have sorrowed for thy anger, but never murmured at thy will. Patient have I been—oh, then, reward me—let me once again press my daughter in my arms; let me for one instant feel again that I clasp to my heart a being who loves me. Speed thou to heaven, prayer of a captive!

(*He sinks upon a stone, with his hands clasped, and his eyes bent steadfastly upon the flame of the lamp.*)

In this dismal dungeon, Angela, flying through subterranean passages, with a friendly monk who favours her escape, comes suddenly upon her father; here Earl Osmond, seeking his brother to murder him or see him properly murdered this time, comes suddenly upon Angela, and here Earl Percy with his followers, having broken into the castle, arrives in time to see Osmond stabbed by Angela under the approving eye of Evelina's ghost. Angela embraces Percy, Reginald kneels to Evelina's ghost, Osmond lies on his back, and the other characters dispose themselves as effectively as possible under the glare of a little blue fire.

This was the production of a leading literary man some sixty-six years ago, at the leading theatre in England, assisted by the leading manager and actors of that time.

THE RESOURCES OF GREECE.

THE fact that civil liberty and a free government have been established in Greece by the noble perseverance of the Greek people, after two thousand years of slavery, naturally awakens an interest in the prospects of the country. There stands the little kingdom created by diplomacy, possessing an unrivalled commercial position, with every element of social and political improvement at hand, yet a generation has passed away unprofitably. To its own creation, diplomacy has hitherto made success impossible. It forced a bad king into a circumscribed kingdom, whilst the Greeks themselves, although they pretend to be proud of their country and of its political liberty, prefer to live enslaved in Turkey, rather than enjoy liberty in liberated Greece. It is true that commerce thrives, towns increase, and merchants grow rich; but the people, who constitute the real strength of the nation, do not increase either in wealth or in numbers. Nothing has been done to develop the resources of the country, which are considerable. The peasantry have been compelled to live on under their Christian masters, in the same primitive condition in which they were under the Mahommedan yoke.

From the budget we learn that the public revenue of Greece is derived from the following sources, viz.:—

	Drachmas.	
Direct Taxes.		
Land-tax and usufruct	8,030,519	
Tax on Bees	32,252	
,, Cattle	1,407,078	
,, Professions	220,519	
,, Houses	108,810	
		9,799,178
Indirect Taxes.		
Customs	4,198,188	
Stamp duties	1,515,479	
Miscellaneous	395,148	
		6,108,815
Public Establishments.		
Mint	2,000,000	
Post-office	244,961	
Printing-office	4,525	
		2,249,486
Public Property in possession of Government.		
Mines and minerals	123,283	
Thermal springs	5,383	
Salt-pans	514,705	
Fisheries	144,843	
Forests	260,387	
Olive-groves	84,328	
Vineyards	263,505	
Gardens	119,455	
Buildings	63,699	
		1,579,588
Revenues from national lands alienated		30,342
,, from ecclesiastical property		189,923
Miscellaneous revenues		755,534
Receipts on arrears due		1,438,927
Total drachmas		22,151,793

The expenditure may be stated as equal to the revenue. In England the difficulty is to raise a revenue sufficient to meet an unavoidable expenditure. In Greece the expenditure has been made to rise with the revenue, irrespective of public debts; the difficulty being so to distribute the increase of expenditure as to create as little jealousy as possible amongst the fortunate few in power.

The debts publicly acknowledged are as follows:—

First, the Rothschild debt of 1832, guaranteed by the three protecting Powers, who have, with very few exceptions, paid each year to the Messrs. Rothschild the amount due to them by the Greek Government as interest and sinking-fund on the debt. This debt will be liquidated in the year 1871. If the present system be permitted to continue, the Greek Government will then become a debtor to the three protecting Powers for the capital originally advanced as well as for the interest paid upon it.

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These added together will amount at the end of 1871 to £3,984,961

The Bavarian debt, incurred in 1843, amounts to 107,400

No interest has ever been charged upon this debt; a large portion of it is disputed and a set-off claimed against it by the Greeks.

The principal unacknowledged debt was incurred in the years 1824-25 in separate sums of £800,000 and £2,000,000 sterling.

To the opportune arrival of these loans in Greece the nation is very much indebted for the ultimate success of the revolution. A very small portion of them have been redeemed. The accumulated interest on them amounts to fully 175 per cent. The bondholders would possibly not be unwilling to forfeit all interest due up to the present day, if the debt were formally acknowledged, and if arrangements were made for its extinction, with interest, by annual instalments. We will, therefore, set this debt down in 1862 at only its original amount, viz. 2,800,000

There exists also an interior debt of a very trifling amount, not necessary to be noticed here.

Thus the whole exterior debt of Greece, under the conditions specified, may be stated at..... £6,892,361

As compared with other nations, this is not a large national debt. Certainly, for Greece, which has her chief resources still undeveloped, there is nothing in it to create alarm. Greece has within herself the means to meet honourably all her financial engagements. During the last five years the receipts of the kingdom have increased by above 5,000,000 drachmas. In 1859, despite of all the systematic peculation then existing, the receipts reached 22,151,000 drachmas. Under the influence of a good government, fiscal honesty, and the development of the resources of the country, the receipts cannot fail to augment very considerably. But it is sufficient for all the present wants of Greece that the receipts should not decrease. This will be better understood when it is mentioned that by the financial commission of 1859, of which we have spoken, it was clearly demonstrated to the Greek Government that the national expenditure ought not to exceed 15,000,000 drachmas per annum. It had been practically proved that this amount sufficed in previous years, not only for all ordinary requirements, but even to keep up an unnecessarily large army. Obviously, then, a reformed or economical Greece can set aside each year fully 6,000,000 drachmas, or, say, £200,000 sterling, towards the extinction of her debts. In 1859 the three protecting Powers insisted on an annual payment of only £40,000 sterling; but it is now very generally admitted that it was an error to have been contented with so small an amount.

The increase in the revenues of Greece has arisen almost entirely from the increased price of agricultural produce received in payment of land-tax and from the increased commerce of the country. Commerce and agriculture are indisputably the chief sources of public wealth in Greece. These interests are so linked together that a stimulus to one stimulates the other. Commerce has thriven in Greece in spite of a bad government. This commercial prosperity has tended to enhance the value of agricultural produce, nor have the cultivators failed to profit by this circumstance. Agriculture would, doubtless, have sunk to even a lower ebb than it has now reached had it not received this timely aid from commerce. What we want now to see is, new vitality given to both, and to see both prospering and mutually aiding each other under an able and energetic ruler.

There is not now more land cultivated in Greece than there was fifty years ago, and the quality of the grain produced has deteriorated. Every road, bridge, or causeway constructed by the Turks in the interior has been allowed to fall into ruin or to become impassable. Fiscal remedies have been already suggested for the development of the agricultural resources; but in order to reap the results of this development, it is necessary to facilitate the transport of produce to the sea by roads, by railroads, by tramways, by any possible means which science and experience can suggest. Under a system such as we have sketched, which does not require the outlay of any large amount of capital, no reason exists why Greece should not supply to Europe a very large portion of the grain which is now annually imported from America and Russia. The Russian trade is carried on chiefly by Greek merchants in Greek ships. Greeks now pass by the empty but magnificent harbours of Greece, and brave the perils of the Black Sea to enrich Russia by a commerce which could easily be transferred to their own country, and this with advantages sufficiently substantial to excite an intelligent and speculative race to immediate and energetic action.

The commerce of Greece progresses steadily. The Minister of Finance, in a commercial report for 1860, the latest published, states the value of importations at 53,979,899 drachmas, and the value of exportations at 26,931,413 drachmas—total, 80,911,312 drachmas.

As compared with 1859, this shows an increase of 10,234,670 drachmas; and, as compared with the average of the five preceding years, the increase amounts to 22,830,696 drachmas.

The mercantile marine consists of 4,070 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 23,842 tons. In the year 1860, the number of vessels was increased by 86.

Of the importations, 27 per cent. come from England; of the exportations, 49 per cent. are sent to England. The former consist chiefly of cotton and woollen goods, iron, coal, and spirits. The exports consist of currants, cocoons, emery, and figs. Turkey, Austria, and France rank next after England in commercial importance to Greece.

It is worthy of observation that Greece imports grain from Turkey, Russia, Egypt, and the Principalities, to the value of 9,730,636 drachmas per annum. The value of the exports of grain amounts to 343,538 drachmas; leaving for home consumption grain to the value of 9,387,108 drachmas. This is a large amount of food to be imported in one year into an agricultural country thinly peopled, and affords evidence that we have not exaggerated the condition of the Greek cultivator under Bavarian rule. The forest laws and the tariff on timber are such that it is more profitable to import timber from Germany than to cut it in the forests of Greece. Moreover, not only does the nation derive a very small profit from these forests, but every summer very many acres of forest are destroyed by fire, and the Government appears powerless to arrest the wilful destruction of its property.

It would be beyond the limits of our present task to enter into explanations of the taxes, direct or indirect, or of the public establishments. Detailed reports on these, on the revenues of Greece, and on the financial condition of the country, have been for some years in the Foreign Office. The publication of these reports has been promised, but we are not aware that the promise has, as yet, been fulfilled. At the present moment such reports could not fail to be of some public interest.

It may, with all truth, be said that, under a better financial administration than has heretofore existed in Greece, both the taxes and the public establishments might be made more profitable to the public treasury and far less oppressive to the people.

The public property is of considerable value, and has notoriously been shamefully mismanaged.

The Greeks received from the Turks a rich heritage, consisting of salt-pans, fisheries, olive-groves, currant-grounds, vineyards, gardens, buildings, and about one million and a half acres of land, a large portion of which was arable or under cultivation.

Except the latter, the "national lands," of which we shall speak hereafter, it is directed by law that these properties are to be let by public auction to the highest bidder. As a rule, we believe the forms of an auction have been gone through. But in a country where mock elections for high public offices have been systematically carried on, under royal sanction, for the benefit of creatures of the court, it cannot be difficult to believe that a system of mock auctions may also have been established for similar purposes. It is certain that the law has been laxly carried out in the letting of public property; that the property has been let at less than its real value; that the property has deteriorated much in the hands of the tenants; that the rent due by tenants has been allowed to fall into arrear; and, as regards the salines and fisheries, both have been considerably damaged by tenants with impunity. Each year all this property decreases in value; it may yet be recovered, and made to yield to the nation a revenue far exceeding that which is now obtained from it. Since Greece has been a kingdom, the national lands have been an inexhaustible fund for bribery and corruption. From the Ministers to the lowest officials, as a rule, every one who has had the power of grasping a portion of them, has availed himself of his power. At this moment no correct account can be given of the disposal of these lands; indeed their very limits are unknown to the Government. Except by local tradition or by some lists loosely compiled, to which it is now attempted to attach an official importance, the Government has no means at its command to check the usurpation of this property, or to recover what has been usurped. And at this very moment much public land is illegally possessed by many of the first men in Greece.

Nevertheless, this public property and these national lands have been mortgaged, certainly twice over; viz., to the bondholders of

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the loan of 1824–25, and the revenues derivable from them to the three protecting Powers for the loan of 1832. No better time than the present is ever likely to occur to institute an inquiry into and to rectify, once and for ever, this glaring public fraud. It is yet possible to benefit Greece considerably by such an inquiry. If it be deferred for a few more years, it would then, in all probability, be profitless.

Much is said amongst the Greeks themselves of the mineral wealth of the country. Rich mines of iron, lead, and coal, are stated to exist. Admitting their existence, it is very questionable whether they could be worked with profit in a rugged, roadless country, where fuel is very scarce and labour dear. Perhaps the coal-mine of Eubœa might be worked with profit: it is near the sea; the coal is serviceable, though not of a good quality. The emery of Naxos is far superior to that of Turkey, and always commands the highest price in the English market. For the polishing of machinery, and for other purposes in manufacture, it stands unrivalled. Notwithstanding its excellence, this valuable product has never been turned to the best account. It is stated that under one contractor it became depreciated in value in the London market because it was mixed with inferior Turkish emery. With another contractor the Greek Government was in litigation for some years, and lost, during a great part, if not the whole of the time, all revenue from the mines. We believe that the system in force of late years has been an improvement on any previously adopted.

The marbles of Greece are indisputably excellent in quality. The Pentelic marble, with which the Parthenon and all the great public temples were built, is unsurpassed as a marble for all architectural purposes. It exists to any extent in the mountain of Pentelicus, and, by the application of a little science and capital, might be put on board ship in the harbour of the Piræus at a small cost.

At Paros white Parian marble can be obtained in any quantity, and shipped without much difficulty. This marble was carefully examined in 1859 by competent judges, who gave it as their opinion that the vein of marble then being worked at Paros was of a superior quality, both in grain and colour, to any Carrara marble. Exquisitely-coloured marbles abound in Greece; large massive columns of "verde antique," quarried in the island of Psara, have recently been placed in the cathedral at Athens.

It is strange that there is no export trade of marble from Greece, although large vessels are perpetually laden with inferior marble at Leghorn and Genoa, destined for America or some European port. The same fatal spell under which Greece has suffered so much is traceable here also, preventing a trade by which some of the people might acquire a competency and independence.

The question of the real value of the resources of Greece may be reduced to a very simple sum in proportion, viz.: If, under an administration such as we have described, the resources are worth "*so much*," under a good and honest administration, what would be their real value? If a correct answer could be obtained to this question, doubtless it would exhibit a startling difference between the first term and the answer. Whatever the difference be, it represents the measure of Greek fiscal dishonesty; a dishonesty by which the public debtors have been defrauded, the national property squandered, and the people cruelly oppressed.

The best assistance which we can give at this moment to the Greeks would be to place a fit ruler upon the throne of Greece, and to take care that he be well and truly informed in every respect. If the "right man" cannot be found, it is difficult to foresee possible consequences. But if he be found, and once ascend the throne, and if the Greeks are true to themselves, it is not too much to hope for Greece a future as successful and as materially useful in the East as has fallen to the lot of Anglo-Saxon colonies in the West; and for the Greek people a freedom and a prosperity which may be instrumental in diffusing among the surrounding nations Christian civilization and political liberty.

THE PAST WEEK.

THE most important thing we have to record in European politics is the publication in our official *Gazette* of the memorandum which Mr. Elliott has presented to the Provisional Government of Greece, promising the cession of the Ionian Islands. The text of this document is as follows:—

"It is her Majesty's earnest desire to contribute to the welfare and prosperity of Greece. The treaties of 1827 and 1832 bear evidence of this desire on the part of the British Crown. The Provisional Government of Greece declared, upon the withdrawal of King Otho from Greece, that their mission is to maintain for Greece constitutional monarchy and the relations of peace with all other states. If the new assembly of the representatives of the Greek nation should prove faithful to this declaration, should maintain constitutional monarchy, and should refrain from all aggression against neighbouring states, and if they should choose a sovereign against whom no well-founded objection could be raised, her Majesty would see in this course of conduct a promise of future freedom and happiness for Greece. In such a case, her Majesty, with a view to strengthen the Greek monarchy, would be ready to announce to the senate and representatives of the Ionian Islands her Majesty's wish to see them united to the monarchy of Greece, and to form with Greece one united state; and if this wish should be expressed also by the Ionian legislature, her Majesty would then take steps for obtaining the concurrence of the Powers who were parties to the treaty by which the seven Ionian Islands and their dependencies were placed as a separate state under the protectorate of the British Crown." At the same time, her Majesty's Government "take care to make it understood that the election of a prince who should be the symbol and precursor of revolutionary disturbance, or of the adoption of an aggressive policy towards Turkey, would prevent any relinquishment of her Majesty's protectorate of the Ionian Islands. Her Majesty's Government trust that, in the selection of a sovereign to rule over Greece, the Greek assembly will choose for their king a prince from whom they can expect a regard for religious liberty, a respect for constitutional freedom, and a sincere love of peace. A prince possessing these qualities will be fitted to promote the happiness of Greece, and will be honoured with the friendship and confidence of her Majesty the Queen." It is said that a fresh attempt is being made, by the influence of King Leopold, to persuade Ferdinand of Coburg to accept the crown of Greece.

The struggle in Prussia, between the King and the constitutional deputies, seems to grow more intense. A popular meeting at Cologne has passed resolutions, approving of the conduct of the Chamber, in upholding its vote on the Budget. Professor Von Sybel, of the University of Bonn, has called upon the electors to "close their ranks" in defence of the Constitution, which is menaced by the encroachments of the royal prerogative.

The debates continue in the Spanish Cortes on the conduct of the Government and of General Prim in the expedition to Mexico. This affair seems to have occasioned some coolness between Spain and France. The Spanish ambassador, General Concha, has left Paris, and is not to return.

The news from America is to December 27. The latest war movements are these; that in Virginia the Confederates have abandoned Winchester, now occupied by the Federals, and have fallen back on Stanton, destroying the railway between those places In the West, they have cut off the communication between the city of Columbus, which they now threaten, on the Mississippi, and that of Jackson, in the State of Tennessee; while they are preparing an attack upon Nashville, the capital of that State, and have made a raid in the suburbs of Memphis. In the State of Mississippi, at Holly Springs, they have captured a large quantity of Federal stores; and their guerilla captain, Morgan, has made a successful dash at a place called Glasgow, in Kentucky. The political situation and plans of the Federal Government are still uncertain. It was affirmed by some, and denied by others, that President Lincoln would, on the 1st of January, definitely confirm his emancipation decree, exempting the Border States, and those in which a party loyal to the Union exists, from the operation of that decree. It is equally doubtful whether he will not put a constitutional *veto* on the bill which Congress has passed for the erection of Western Virginia into a new free State. With regard to finance, a bill has been brought in by the Secretary of the Treasury, for raising nine hundred million dollars by the issue of six per cent., seven per cent., and seven-and-a-half per cent. bonds, with notes to be brought into circulation through certain new banks which it is proposed to establish for that purpose. Mr. Chase, in his communication to Congress, proposing these measures, expresses his profound sense of the importance of this measure for the negotiation of loans, for the collection of internal revenue, and the security of the people against the evils of an enormous unredeemable paper-money circulation. The disastrous failure of General Burnside's attack at Fredericksburg led to a Ministerial crisis. An attempt was made by a party in the Senate to get rid of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War; and the resignations of Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase were tendered to the President, but he would not part with them. General Burnside himself, in his report on the affair at Fredericksburg, admits that the crossing of the Rappahannock, and attacking the fortified positions beyond, were his own acts. He says, that the President and the Secretary of War, as well as General Halleck, the Commander-in-Chief, had advised that the crossing should be made lower down the river; but he, Burnside, in the exercise of the authority given him, had decided, for reasons which he deemed sufficient, to cross at Fredericksburg, and attack the enemy's centre. Such was his knowledge of the distribution of Lee's troops, that he thought a favourable moment for the movement had come. Unfortunately, the delay caused by the resistance of the enemy's sharpshooters, as well as by a heavy fog, involved a loss of twenty-four hours of precious time, and Lee was thus able to get ready for the attack. The failure is briefly dwelt on: the courage of the men; the delay afterwards, and the show of preparation for renewed attack; then the withdrawal of the army in a single night, leaving behind neither property nor men. Finally, General Burnside says that if the attack had succeeded, the praise for it would have been due to the courage of the troops. "For its failure," he adds, "I alone am respon-

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sible." He then speaks of the loss—1,100 killed, 9,000 wounded, and 900 prisoners. The prisoners were at once paroled, or rather exchanged for a like number taken from the enemy. Of the wounded, an unusual number were but slightly hurt, so that but 1,600 were taken to hospital. He describes the march of the men in the early morning after their recrossing of the river, and their good order as they moved towards their old camping-ground, all as if they were on parade. He says that the army is not at all demoralised, and that it is, of course, eager for further employment. He speaks, then, of the change from Warrenton to Fredericksburg, the sudden alteration of the plan of campaign, as entirely his own act. He exonerates, in other words, the President, Secretary of War, and General-in-Chief from any share of responsibility for the movement, which has proved so disastrous.

The Federals have gained a military success in North Carolina, where General Foster, moving from Newbern to Kingston, found the enemy strongly posted, but by a vigorous attack he routed them, taking 400 to 500 prisoners and 11 pieces of artillery, with a large amount of quartermaster's and commissary's stores. His next move was upon Goldsboro', where his aim would be to sever the main line of communication between Richmond and the Carolinas. We look for tidings of another action in North Carolina; an expedition has left Port Royal, it is supposed for Wilmington. The expedition of General Banks has got into the Gulf of Mexico, where several of his transports have been wrecked. Its destination is supposed to be the mouth of the Mississippi, or else Ship Island, for an attack on Mobile. One of the Federal iron-clad gunboats has been blown up by a torpedo in the Yazoo river, Mississippi. An expedition again Vicksburg has just started from Cairo. We have accounts of a battle in Arkansas, which proved a substantial victory for the Federal troops. A body of 7,000 of them, under General Heron, fought nearly all day a force of the enemy represented as 26,000 strong. Immense courage was shown by his men. The enemy were held at bay, and late in the afternoon a reinforcement of Federals came up, under General Blunt, of 5,000 men. Then the ardour of the Federal troops became irresistible, and when night closed the enemy were in full retreat. The scene of the battle is known as Cane Ridge, which is therefore the name by which the engagement is called. The victory opens to the Federals a large part of Northern Arkansas. The flight of the rebel army is, however, in part a sudden transfer of themselves into Mississippi, to swell the force which threatens Nashville. Great frauds have been discovered, on the Federal Government in the matter of army debts. Many merchants and brokers in New York are involved. A secret investigation has been in progress for two months. The loss sustained by the Government amounts, as far as known, to about 1,000,000 dollars. An investigation shows that out of 1,600,000 dollars paid out in one city alone from the special appropriation of 20,000,000 dollars for recruiting, organizing, and drilling volunteers, nearly one-half has been paid on fraudulent accounts. Nearly one thousand persons had been engaged in the matter, but they were not all criminally implicated.

The Queen is at Osborne; the Prince of Wales is shooting over his newly-purchased demesne in Norfolk; Prince Alfred is not practising airs of Athenian royalty, but doing his duty as a midshipman, often at the masthead, or studying the use of the sextant, on board the *St. George*, in the Neapolitan Bay of Baiæ. Both our married sister princesses, curiously enough, have been meeting with carriage accidents—the one at Osborne, the other at Berlin; yet both, we are happy to say, escaped without any very serious hurt. The Princess of Prussia, with her husband, was riding along Tempelhofer Strasse, in a carriage drawn by two horses, at a very moderate pace, in order to avoid coming into contact with some fire-engines which were passing by at the time, when a careless driver from the country managed his horses so clumsily that the pole of the waggon to which they were attached was carried right through the window of one of the doors of the royal carriage, shattering it to pieces. The Crown Princess, in the terror of the moment, put out her hand to seize the door, and was cut by the broken glass. The Princess Alice of Hesse for her part, attended by the Hon. Miss Bruce, was proceeding in a waggonette from Osborne, by the Cowes road, and round the neighbourhood of Newport, for a morning drive, when the postilion attempted to drive between two other vehicles which were on the road. The wheels of the vehicles came into collision, the waggonette was overturned, and the Princess and her companion were thrown out with considerable violence. The ankle of the Princess was sprained and she was severely shaken, but sustained no further damage. Miss Bruce was also considerably shaken, and the muscles of her hand were severely lacerated. The unfortunate ladies were removed to a house close by, being assisted by Mr. Groves, a medical student, who was passing at the time. Her Royal Highness and companion were subsequently removed to Osborne, and, next day, the Princess was quite well.

Lord Palmerston is still playing the genial patriarch and patron of agricultural merit at Romsey, where he gave away the prizes of a Labourers' Encouragement Society on Wednesday last. He pleasantly admonished the ploughmen to beware of beer and 'baccy, desired their wives to keep the cottage tidy and trim, and denounced the weed "charlock," with which the fields about Romsey are too much overrun. While thus engaged in dispensing the honorary rewards of rural toil and virtue to the humblest class, he is minded also, as we learn from the *Globe*, to confer a baronetage upon six gentlemen of good estate and social influence; they are Mr. William Brown, of Liverpool; Mr. Frank Crossley, of Halifax, M.P. for the West Riding; Mr. David Baxter, of Dundee; Sir Daniel Cooper, the first Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales; Mr. Henry Rich, for many years a consistent supporter of Liberal principles in the House of Commons; and Mr. Thomas Davies Lloyd, of Bronwydd, a Welsh gentleman of ancient lineage.

A further decrease of the numbers receiving relief from the rates in the twenty-one unions chiefly affected by the "cotton famine" is officially reported; in the last week of the year the paupers fell from 271,210 to 267,160, being a net decrease of 4,050. The total decrease since the numbers began to fall has been 10,950. At the weekly meeting of the Central Relief Committee at Manchester, Mr. Farnall, the Government Special Commissioner, reported the number of persons receiving parochial relief on the 27th ult., as 260,546, which is a decrease on the previous week of 3,911. Some important conversation arose as to the chances of an improved supply of cotton. It was stated that our weekly consumption during 1862 had averaged 22,990 bales, which, compared with 1860, the last year of full working, when the weekly average was 48,700 bales, gave a little short of three days a week. The probable increase for 1863 would be 134,650 bales. Altogether they estimated the supply per week likely to be received in 1863 at 21,000 bales, against the 48,700 of 1860. If the American war continued, we might expect only half-time working for 1863. Assuming the continuance of the war, we should require all the money that could be obtained for at least three years to come to keep the operatives alive, and probably many years would elapse before the supply of cotton would equal the demand of recent years. One gentleman, however, was of opinion that there would be amply sufficient cotton for half-time employment this year.

A report from Manchester states that the weekly expenditure of the committees is now close upon 40,000*l*., and the Central Relief Committee has a balance of 350,000*l*. at its bankers, making, with a balance unexpended in the hands of local committees, half a million. "If," adds the writer, "there is any truth in the complaint that local claims are being neglected from the diversion of charity to these districts, it would be a great pity. There certainly seems to be no necessity for it, for here is three months' provision, even at the present high rate of outgoings, which must fall off in a few weeks, when the work of clothing is completed."

The amount paid by the Central Relief Committee into its bankers to the end of last year was 500,372*l*. 0*s*. 11*d*. The whole of the Mansion-house Fund amounted to 335,843*l*. at the last weekly report. Together, therefore, these two great agencies have collected 836,215*l*.

A conference of Church schoolmasters, from all parts of England, has met at Oxford. They complained of the manner in which they were treated by the Vice-President of the Committee of Council, and by the Ministerial party in the House of Commons last session, in the debates on the Revised Code. They resolved to apply for a Scholastic Registration Act, on the same principle as the Medical Registration Act of 1858. An interesting discussion took place on the establishment of night schools in agricultural villages, where young single men of the labouring class should be gathered, under the eye of the parish clergyman, into a room more cheerful and attractive than the village alehouse, to be taught "the four R's," namely, reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic, and religion. There were good reports from Lancashire of the adult schooling which has began since the stoppage of work in the cotton factories. The Master of Balliol, who dined with the Associated Schoolmasters after their conference, was glad to see that they showed so much *esprit de corps*. He thought their work was second only to the ordained ministry of the Church, and much akin to it. Education, he observed, was now earnestly taken in hand as the great problem of the day. The parochial school, the grammar school, and the training school, should be linked together in some progressive order, by which one might feed the other, as the middle-class schools had been brought into communication with the universities by the system of local examinations. And as, among those who gained high distinctions in the local examinations, there were some led on to compete for University scholarships; he would like, also, to see rich and charitable persons lend a helping hand to any pupils in the parochial schools who were gifted with extraordinary talent, that they might be enabled to study at Oxford or Cambridge. By this means popular education throughout the country would be a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.

Another fire has been attended with as much loss of life as that in Soho a fortnight ago. It was in the house of a shoemaker, named Keene, in College-street, Portsea. There were six children asleep in the top rooms, while Keene and his wife sat with two friends, in a room behind the shop, to make merry on New Year's-eve. They heard a crackling noise in the shop, opened the door, and found the shop full of flames. The two "friends" rushed out of the back-door and "escaped" over a wall. The parents ran upstairs to save their children; but it was the mother, and not the man, who sacrificed her own life for them. While her husband, baffled by the stifling smoke, gave it up, and came safe down again, she insisted on going on, and died with her little ones. At the inquest on the death of six children who perished in the Soho fire, it appeared that the fire began in Mr. Chard's jeweller's and watchmaker's shop on the ground-floor. The policeman outside burst open the house-door, and the grown people who lived there, amongst whom were Samuel Spencer, a porter, and his wife, the parents of the six children, managed to escape; but the children

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were burnt. There was some delay in getting the engines to work, and Denyer, the nearest turncock, was censured for neglect. Four more children have been suffocated by a fire in their bedroom, at Greenock. The Royal Hotel, with the Theatre Royal adjoining it at Plymouth, a large building of some architectural elegance, has been destroyed by fire.

A very horrible murder has been perpetrated at Haigh, near Wigan. John Barton, the fireman of a colliery, was missing from his place in front of the furnace on Saturday morning, and drops of blood were found on the furnace-plates. When the ashes were raked out, it was discovered that he had been thrust bodily, feet foremost, into the fire. A handful or two of charred remnants of bones, with a few teeth, some buttons, and the nails of his boots, were left unconsumed. It is supposed that he was killed for the sake of a silver watch and a little money in his pocket. He was an elderly man, with a wife and several children. The fire was kept burning for several hours after the man's disappearance was observed, nobody suspecting, until daylight showed the blood, what had become of him; and it is a shocking circumstance that the man's own son, whose turn it was to attend to the fire, helped unconsciously to destroy what remained of the father's corpse. The foul deed must have been done by more than one person, as it could have been no easy task to lift the body and thrust it into the furnace-hole, at a height of several feet above the ground, and in front of so fierce a blaze. The police are looking out for a man whose hair and whiskers are singed. At Newcastle, a woman fifty years of age, the wife of a cobbler, was murdered on New Year's-day morning, or died from the violence used towards her in dragging her, when drunk, to a lonely place behind the "Back Walls," where she was made the victim of a brutal outrage. The murderer was a labourer named George Vass, twenty-two years of age, who had met her at a beershop, and, seeing her helpless condition, had followed her out, beating off her husband, who interfered to protect her. Her skull and the bones of her face were found to have been smashed, and there was a rupture of her liver, from the savage violence with which she had been treated. At Marehamle-Fen, in Lincolnshire, Mrs. Garner, a widow, who died in December, 1861, has been taken out of her grave, where she had lain a twelvemonth, as it is now suspected that she died of poison, given her by her son, and a servant, Elizabeth Walker, whom he has since married; he is a grocer in the village. He often kicked his mother, abused her in the coarsest language, and taunted her when dying with what he called "her d——d Wesleyanism," saying that she was afraid because it was giving way; he said she had troubled him for thirty years, and she might "die and be d——d." The poor old soul replied, "My dear boy, I am comfortable now; I am dying; my Wesleyanism has stood by me all my days." The coroner's jury have found a verdict of murder against this fellow and his present wife, who helped him to mix the arrowroot and the other things for his mother in her last illness. Arsenic had certainly been given to her, in several doses. Shortly before her death, John Garner had arsenic in his possession, and those who ate of her rice pudding, which he and his paramour did not eat, were taken ill with symptoms of that poison. He had a first wife, who died some time before his mother. Her corpse has likewise been disinterred, and arsenic is found in the stomach.

An accident has occurred to the Great Northern parliamentary train from York to London, which was run into by the train from Leeds at the Knottingley station, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway. It happened in a dense fog on Tuesday morning. Twenty persons were more or less hurt, several having their limbs crushed or receiving severe internal injuries, but none were killed.

The trial of the six men concerned in stealing Bank of England note-paper, and forging Bank notes, has been commenced before Mr. Justice Blackburn, at the Old Bailey. The facts of this case must be fresh in our readers' recollection. The principal witness is Henry Brown, a young man employed in the paper-mill of Messrs. Portal, at Laverstoke, near Whitchurch. The case for the prosecution has been concluded.

An action for libel has been commenced against the *Saturday Review*, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, a well-known Dissenting minister and a controversial writer.

Mr. A. Milne, an "artistic hair jeweller," in South Frederick-street, Edinburgh, is charged with the murder or manslaughter of a man named Paterson, a workman in his employment. The causes of their quarrel are not yet publicly known; but Mr. Milne, excited by drink, rushed upon the man, and stabbed him.

The East Kent election has resulted in the return of Sir Edward Dering, the Liberal candidate, by a majority of 88 over his Conservative opponent, Sir Norton Knatchbull; the numbers being 2,687 against 2,775. Sir Edward Dering will give his hearty support to the Government of Lord Palmerston. His proposer was Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen, brother of the defeated candidate, whose father, the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, was proposed for the county, twenty years ago, by Sir Edward Dering himself.

Mr. Cardwell has made another speech at Oxford, to the members of a Friendly Society, advising the working classes to cherish the virtue of frugality, for the sake of their social independence. He instanced the system established by the Merchant Shipping Act for encouraging saving habits among the sailors. In a twelvemonth after that system commenced, they had saved and sent to their families above £100,000.

The chairmen of Quarter Sessions throughout the country are discussing the punishment of criminals and management of prisons. Sir Eardley Wilmot, in Warwickshire, says it is really useless to pass sentences on offenders, under the present system, because the sentences are not carried out. He recommends transportation, with the employment of convicts on public works in some of our colonies, where there is "a native population for the convicts to mix with." The Earl of Carnarvon, at Winchester, has censured and derided the laxity of prison discipline with some force. Sir William Miles, in Somersetshire, declares that the system pursued by Sir Joshua Jebb and the Home Office is, to him, perfectly unintelligible, and even astonishing: he would adopt the Irish system. He read a letter from the chief constable of that county, with some practical suggestions as to the conditions upon which tickets-of-leave should be granted; besides which the chief constable thinks it would be as well to cease pampering the convicts with luxurious fare in prison. "S. G. O.," and another clergyman, a Dorsetshire neighbour of his, write in the *Times*, with sarcasm as powerful as Lord Carnarvon's, about the literary leisure enjoyed by the ruffians in Portland prison. Some of the convicts are allowed to "read Horace." Others, for aught we know, delight in the Eclogues of Virgil, and gratefully repeat of Sir Joshua Jebb, *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit!*

An old man of seventy, William Ockold, a tailor, having just been hanged at Worcester for the murder of his wife, the Earl of Dudley, chairman of the quarter sessions, notices the scandal of the popular sympathy excited by his venerable appearance—with a hoary head—upon the scaffold, and suggests that the performance of executions might as well not take place in public. A committee of the county justices is appointed to consider this question.

There has been a Ministerial crisis in Turkey, the exact causes and results of which are not yet explained; but Kiamil Pasha is now Grand Vizier, and Aali Pasha still Minister of Foreign Affairs, while Fuad Pasha will be President of the Council.

Sixty-six political offenders are undergoing their trial at Warsaw, and a political spy has, meanwhile, been stabbed.

Reviews of Books.

THE DUTIES OF MAN.*

This is a translation of a small but comprehensive treatise, addressed by M. Mazzini "to the Italian working class," and intended as a statement of the principles upon which they "may, if they will, fulfil their mission in Italy." It is written in a style which is deservedly a perfect abomination to Englishmen. "To you, sons and daughters of the people, I dedicate this book. "Hold the Family sacred, my brothers." "The family is the heart's country. There is in the family an angel. This angel of the family is woman. . . . . Woman is the caress of existence." Such sentiments so expressed must make every one who has had the advantage of an English education feel the most sincere satisfaction in the reflection that from an early age he has been taught not to maunder, and to keep his feelings to himself. Woman may be the caress of existence, but what can we think of a man who has the face to print such a sentence? The bare quotation of such a phrase is a sufficient criticism on the style of the book which contains it, and may supersede all further remarks on the subject. It is as offensive to the taste as two bearded men kissing each other are to the sight.

The substance of M. Mazzini's book deserves more attention than its style, and throws considerable light on the character of a man whose name is held in lower estimation in this country than that of almost any other foreign politician. Justly or not, M. Mazzini has the reputation of being not merely an impracticable and unreasonable antagonist of the only solid prospect of liberty and prosperity open to his country, but of setting on others to run the risks which he himself declines. His book throws no light on his political conduct, but it throws a good deal on his speculative power, and on the tendency which his teaching has, or ought to have. The effect of what he has to say may be given shortly as follows:—Ever since the French Revolution, that part of Europe in which the revolt against the old state of things triumphed most decisively, has conducted its affairs on what M. Mazzini calls the theory of rights—the theory, that is, that "Man was born for happiness; that he had a right to seek happiness by every means in his power; and that no one had a right to impede him in that search, while he had a right to overthrow whatever obstacles he met in his path to it." The acceptation and prevalence of this theory, says M. Mazzini, has not improved the condition of the poor, because, though it secured them liberty, it did not give them the means of using it. The theory of rights, in a word, was a theory that life is a general scramble for money or money's worth, and in this scramble the weakest have gone to the wall; nor have they got much satisfaction from the reflection that the rules of the game are made fairer than they used to be for those who can afford to play at it. These evils are to be remedied by substituting for the theory of rights the theory of duty. "We must convince men that they are all sons of one true God, and bound to fulfil and execute one sole law here on earth; that each of them is bound to live not for himself, but for others; that the aim of existence is not to be more or less happy, but to make themselves and others more virtuous." M. Mazzini, after this, goes on to inquire, in a chapter entitled "God," more specifically what this law is. He disposes, much to

* The Duties of Man. By Joseph Mazzini. Chapman & Hall. 1862.

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his own satisfaction, of the views taken by others on the subject. Protestants, he says, separate politics and religious belief, and they ask "Materialists or Spiritualists, whichever you be, do you believe in the liberty and equality of mankind? Do you desire the well-being of the majority? Do you believe in universal suffrage? Unite together to obtain these things; in order to obtain these, you will have no occasion to come to a common understanding about heavenly things." On the other hand, devout Catholics call upon mankind to despise this world, and to live entirely for another, considering the present life exclusively as a time of trial and a scene of exile and misery. The first view leads to the destruction of the weak, and the second to a practical Manicheism. The true view is, that God created the world with certain objects, and imposed duties having reference to them on its inhabitants.

Up to this point M. Mazzini will appear, to an English reader, to have been talking the oldest of all commonplaces, in language remarkable only for its affectation. It is true, no doubt, that in many parts of the world, especially in France, and amongst ignorant or inexact speakers and writers in England, a great deal of nonsense has been talked about rights; but the theory of natural rights which M. Mazzini appears to suppose to be essential to the utilitarian, or, as he absurdly calls it, the materialist theory of morals, is in fact opposed to it, and has been refuted in the most conclusive manner by the principal English advocate of that theory, Jeremy Bentham. Austin and Mr. John Mill would repudiate as vigorously as M. Mazzini the notions which he ascribes to the liberal school of modern politicians,—to what he calls indiscriminately Protestants. The theory of that school (which is summed up with beautiful clearness in Austin's lectures on the Province of Jurisprudence) is that a law is a command; that a right is a power which the legislator confers and ascertains by the law; and that a duty is the correlative of a right, a burden imposed by a law. Hence there can be neither rights nor duties without laws, and there can be no law without a legislator, nor can any one speak of rights and duties, in the strict sense of the word, apart from those which are imposed by the express law of some nation, unless he believes in a God who has, in some way or other, issued commands imposing those rights and duties. This theory has not only been well established in England for the last half-century, but might be traced far back in English legal and theological literature. Blackstone puts it forward at the very beginning of his Commentaries in a mincing illogical way. The difficulty is to make out what the divine law is. Let us see how M. Mazzini deals with it.

Chapter II. is entitled "The Law," and it begins by repeating, in a feeble form, the phrases which unfortunately deluded men so eminent as Montesquieu and Hooker:—"You live, therefore you have a law of life. There is no life without its law. Whatever thing exists, exists in a certain method, according to certain methods, and is governed by a certain law. The mineral world is governed by a law of aggregation, the vegetable by a law of development; the stars are ruled by a law of motion. Your life is governed by a law higher and nobler than these, even as you are superior to all other created earthly things. To develop yourselves and act and live according to your law, is your first, or rather your sole duty." This is all metaphor, and inappropriate and misleading metaphor. If God has ordered men to do this and that under pain of punishment, there is such a thing as a divine law; but what reason is there to suppose that the sun shines and the planets move for fear of being damned? Passing over this, however, the question still recurs, what this law is. M. Mazzini tells us that some have found it in a book, others in conscience, others in "the universal Judgment;" "whenever Humanity is agreed in a belief, that belief is the truth." M. Mazzini considers that all these are wrong, and affirms that the concurrence of the conscience of the individual with the consent of Humanity (with a capital H) constitutes the Divine Law. "Whensoever they agree, whensoever the cry of your own conscience is ratified by the consent of Humanity, God is there." To most understandings this will appear a wonderful doctrine; for inasmuch as every individual is a part of humanity, how can humanity be unanimous and the individual conscience rebel? M. Mazzini's view, without the capital letters, falls into this remarkable shape. The universal consent of mankind is no proof of the truth of what it affirms, unless every individual man concurs in the affirmative; in which case "God is there." The united opinion of John, Thomas, and Peter, that two and two make four, proves nothing, unless John thinks so, and Thomas thinks so, and Peter thinks so; but if they do, it is irresistible. Candid critics may concede to M. Mazzini that a united opinion given by persons who do not individually agree is of very little value. They might go so far as to admit that in practice it rarely occurs.

Perhaps in order to avoid this difficulty, M. Mazzini gives a theory of Humanity. This mysterious being is quite distinct from individual men. It is "a Being whose life is continuous, whose faculties are the result and sum of all the individual faculties that have existed for, perhaps, four hundred ages" (why four hundred? Is there any particular reason for giving 40,000 years as the proximate age of the human race?); "a Being which, in the midst of the errors and crimes of individuals, yet ever advances in wisdom and morality; a Being in whose development and Progress God has inscribed, and from epoch to epoch does still inscribe, a line of his law." If any one finds a certain difficulty in seeing what this means, he may be pleased to know that "Humanity is the Word living in God. The spirit of God fecundates it and manifests itself in greater purity and activity from epoch to epoch." "Humanity is the *successive* incarnation of God." From this clear explanation of the nature of humanity we rise to an equally clear perception—which, however, requires the assistance of capitals and italics—of the Divine Law. "The Law of God is one, as God himself is one; but we discover it article by article, line by line, according to the accumulated experience of the generations that have preceded us, and according to the extension and increased intensity of *association* among races, peoples, and individuals." This is M. Mazzini's view of the Divine Law, and from it he deduces, in an equally satisfactory manner, all the duties of men. What he has to say on the matter is nothing but stilted commonplace, the stilts themselves being commonplace. There is a deal of talk about men's duties to humanity, to their country, to their families, to themselves. M. Mazzini points out the importance of education, and puts into big phrases a number of the oldest of commonplaces. He also dwells at great length on the importance of the principle of association; tells the well-known history of the co-operative stores at Rochdale, and of some similar institutions in Paris, and protests, on the usual grounds, against Socialism. There is one chapter in his book which deserves to be noticed (Chap. VIII.—on Liberty). He maintains in it that "the Republic is the only logical and truly legitimate form of government." As this conclusion is based on the strange jargon already described about humanity and the Divine Law, it is unnecessary to examine it. It is enough to state it as an illustration of the practical effects which may flow from the substitution of cloudy rhetoric for serious thought.

The most important reflection that M. Mazzini's book suggests is, that he, and those who talk like him,—and their number, both at home and abroad, is not inconsiderable,—persist with a perverseness which almost amounts to judicial blindness, in misunderstanding and misrepresenting the views expressed by those who have exercised, and do exercise, a real influence over the sober part of mankind. For that school of thought which has exercised the widest influence over English policy for the last half-century, M. Mazzini has no better words than egotism and materialism. He views all modern Liberalism as essentially oppressive and selfish, and his great object is to substitute for it something more tender-hearted. We have pointed out already how entirely he misconceives the fundamental doctrines of the great writers of this school on the subject of morality, and how, when he comes to the pinch of the case,—the question, namely, how we are to ascertain what the Divine Law is, assuming that such a law exists, he substitutes cloudy and inconsistent metaphors and rhetoric for anything like exact thought. But in order to show how great is the injustice as well as the absurdity of this way of writing, it will be necessary to point out, at the risk of repeating very elementary propositions, the manner in which English writers would deal with some of the problems which M. Mazzini involves in language so cloudy and pretentious. All moral speculations, handled as we in England handle them, may be resolved into two great questions:—What is morality? Why should I be moral? The answers usually given to these two questions are, Morality is the course of conduct which, as a rule, produces the greatest amount of happiness. You ought to be moral because God orders you. To the further question, Why should I obey God? there are two answers; one which addresses itself to persons who care for themselves only; namely, Because it will be the worse for you if you do not;—the other addressed to persons who are actuated by the common affections of mankind: Because you cannot doubt that an infinitely wise and good Being means well by you and your fellows. In practice each answer is addressed to every one; for we are all mixed beings, partly led and partly driven on almost every occasion. Of course it is possible to invent a scheme of morality on atheistical principles. If there were no God, it would still be true that some ways of acting increase human happiness, and that others diminish it. It is also true that, to a certain extent,—in most men to a very small extent,—the motive to be moral is independent of the existence of God. A man might say, Whether there is a God or no, my wish to benefit others is greater than my wish to benefit myself, and therefore I will act with that view. But such conduct would be not an act of obedience to law proper, but an act voluntarily performed in accordance with a certain principle, which is quite another thing. Moral rights and duties, in the proper sense of the words, cannot be recognized by an atheist, though an atheist may, no doubt, believe in morality and be moral himself.

This simple account of the matter solves every problem which M. Mazzini states, without all his cumbrous and unintelligible talk about humanity and the like. Show that a course of conduct—for instance, the establishment of co-operative associations—tends to promote human happiness, and it immediately becomes the duty of those who have the opportunity to follow that course of conduct. It is mere calumny or ignorance to assert that happiness, according to the doctrines of the English Liberal school, means pleasurable sensation. Of the fifteen pleasures into which Bentham divides the idea of happiness, two-thirds are not referable to sensation at all, except, indeed, in so far as sensation is essential to consciousness. The pleasures of intelligence, of piety, of benevolence, and of malevolence, form part of his notion of happiness, as well as those of the senses and of riches.

The great advantage of this concise and solid theory is that it stands on firm ground, tries things by intelligible tests, and does not profess to turn the world topsy-turvy; whereas M. Mazzini's cloudy nonsense professes to make great discoveries, when what he has to say is as old as the multiplication table. Look, for instance, at the place which co-operative associations hold in the two systems. According to M. Mazzini's view, they are something wonderful, and depend upon a principle of association quite distinct

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from all old-fashioned principles. According to the English theory, they are a most useful and excellent form of the oldest of all contrivances—that of partnership. A working man's association is simply a firm in which the capital belongs to the workmen, an arrangement which has existed time out of mind amongst the fishermen on most of the English coasts. Can there be any doubt which of these views is the true one? Do not these firms work just like any others? Do not they make and execute contracts? Do not they compete with one another and with other firms? Of course they do, and in doing so they conform exactly to the established principles of society, principles which, whatever M. Mazzini may think, have shown themselves anvils capable of wearing out any number of metaphysical hammers, headed though they may be with the biggest abstract words printed at the beginning of the shortest paragraphs in every variety of type.

STANLEY'S LECTURES ON THE JEWISH CHURCH.*

THERE are few books of which the publication has in late years been expected with more eagerness than Professor Stanley's Lectures on Jewish History. Not only did those who care for accurate learning congratulate themselves on the prospect of a new work from the most prominent student of the Old Testament in the country; but the public, long harassed by conflicting arguments, and long disposed to believe in nothing so much as their own ignorance, looked forward with confidence to the manifesto of some authority whom they could respect as being not unlearned, and trust as not being too rash. It is a fortunate thing when a large number of the people have arrived at the conclusion that there is much to be learnt on any subject. The best state of mind for receiving information is that in which there is most belief in the possibility of its being conveyed. By this time the conviction has been thoroughly dinned into Englishmen, and not without some reason, that about the history and the criticism of their sacred books the best of them know but little; and there must have been many who confidently expected to hear, when a new work on Jewish history was announced, that there was never such a person as Abraham, and that Genesis was composed in the second or third century after Christ. Whatever was the state of popular knowledge on the subject, the appearance of this book is a marked event. It is difficult to imagine a greater responsibility than that which rested upon the author to make it everything that a history should be. The work is sure to be a standard one for many years; it will be appealed to as an authority, learnt as a text-book, read as an instructive manual. Any incompleteness or carelessness in this book will be a fault which will bear fruit in the theological knowledge of a great part of the coming generation. The first part has at length been published, containing the history of the Jewish Church from Abraham to Samuel, and destined to be followed by two others in course of time.

In every point but one, Professor Stanley is the best man that could have been found to execute the task proposed. He is clear-headed, versatile, and liberal; his style is admirably vivid; he renders interesting whatever he touches; by contrast he almost seems to render uninteresting whatever he leaves untouched. His "Sinai and Palestine" has achieved a popularity which shows how ready the world was to be taught; and it is a work which well repays not only a rapid perusal, but a strict and careful study. Still more "luminous," more fertile in fact, illustration, and explanation, are his articles in the "Biblical Dictionary," a book of which he often quotes, not only, we are glad to remark, the volume now before the public, but repeatedly also the forthcoming volume as well. It is not too much to say that no one unacquainted with foreign literature can have formed a really adequate idea of David's life till he has read Dr. Stanley's article in the Dictionary just mentioned. Such being the author's powers, we open this volume in high expectation. Partly it fulfils our hopes; it is picturesque, interesting, full of knowledge. Partly, in deficiencies not so easy to describe as are its virtues, it disappoints them.

Whatever the failings of this book are, the key to them lies in its title. It consists of lectures, not of a history; the subject is the "Jewish Church," and not the Jews. We said that, in every point but one, Professor Stanley was the best man that could have been selected to write such a book as this. That one point is, that he cannot persuade himself to work out and discuss fully a difficult and intricate position. His thoughts throw themselves spontaneously into the form of lectures. The method which he thus naturally professes and deliberately adopts is one which is particularly suited, it is true, to the history of the Jews, in so far as it enables its author to keep clear of polemic controversy. The different views, for example, which have been taken of the story of Balaam's ass, might lead an ordinary historian into a field of dispute and recrimination from which an easy deliverance is effected by the simple expedient of avoiding the topic altogether; and although the Professor has been rather too ready to adopt this safe and convenient device, we hardly grudge him, for the sake of peace, what an over-accurate critic might perhaps, in the cause of clearness, be disposed to challenge and refuse. Here, however, is the end of the licence which the system of lecture-history has any right to claim. When the author says that, as the chronology of the early books is so obscure, he will not enter into it at all, it must simply be observed that the omission very decidedly impairs the value of his work. It will be said that a writer may fairly be allowed to choose his own form of treatment. We reply, that we have nevertheless a right to criticize his choice. Lectures cannot discuss minute questions, or deal with facts simply as facts; and, in so far as they cannot do so, they are not the shape into which a history should be thrown which is more exposed than any other to the loose views which ensue from popularity, and the vagueness which, with many minds, is almost an ingredient of reverence.

These are lectures on the "Jewish Church." The Professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford seems to consider himself bound to assume towards the world at large the position which he occupies towards his university. It is quite conceivable that Jewish history from a Church point of view may be useful to others besides undergraduates, and if Ewald himself were to write a discourse on apostolical succession from the time of Aaron to our own, it would, no doubt, be worth attending to. But is it not notorious that the history of the Jews has suffered enough already from being overladen, so to speak, with theology? It has its theological side, which can seldom be far absent from our thoughts during its perusal; but is not this the very reason that it should be treated for once in its practical and human aspect alone? The Jews were a people who claimed in every important act a heavenly guidance, and from every part of whose story a religious moral has ever been drawn by Christians. But they were men like ourselves, fought with the same passions, spoke the same kind of language, hated and loved, hoped and feared, rejoiced and sorrowed, as we do. When we want to look upon them for once as men, why should they be forced upon us as a church? Dr. Stanley is describing the speech of Jotham to the assembled inhabitants of Shechem. "It was in the midst," he says, "of this festive solemnity that a voice was heard from the heights of Gerizim, memorable in the crisis of Shechem, but memorable also in the history of the Church, for it is the first recorded parable." By what train of thought can the Professor have arrived at this idea? Parables once supplied a valuable form of religious teaching to a body of men who may, by a figure of speech, be considered as an ecclesiastical body—the nucleus, at all events, of the Church. Therefore, the antecedent introduction of religious parables is a memorable event. Therefore, the first casual narrative of such a thing must be a memorable event. Therefore, this apologue, which bears a religious application, and which is not supposed by any one to be an unprecedented form of rhetoric, is memorable in the history of the Church. Is this history, or is it church doctrine, or is it Professor Stanley's mixture of the two?

It must be confessed in candour, that whenever the author of these lectures is dealing with a vivid and picturesque incident, or with the special subject of geography, his treatment is objective and historical enough. But even in an excess of picturesqueness there is something which the true student of history should regard as suspicious. Many years ago Dr. Milman, in order to bring the person of Abraham more vividly before the eyes of his readers, called him a Bedouin sheik, and by doing so incurred the displeasure of many excellent people, who considered that it was disrespectful to the Father of the faithful to speak of him by so modern and so very practical a title. The prejudice has now died away, and it is allowed that the more closely we can study Eastern customs, and endeavour to reproduce by their means the habits and appearance of the patriarchs, the better. But this system of historical teaching bids fair at present to monopolize the field to itself. The "Bedouin sheik" school of interpreters, if we may so call them, almost seem to forget that there are many things recorded of early times upon which modern illustration throws no light at all. It is better, perhaps, to be too vivid than to be too obscure; but the constant aiming after "sensation" criticism may lead an historian into even more inaccuracies than the commonplace cloudiness of a sermon. Dr. Stanley has his good sense and considerable knowledge to guard him from signal mistakes of the kind. But we cannot read these lectures without noticing here and there a forced scene-painting which is attractive enough, but more than likely to mislead. Hophni and Phinehas are prototypes of "bloated pluralists;" Ehud's dagger, on the strength of a very obscure word in the Septuagint translation of Scripture, "flashes for an instant" before it closes in the flesh of the king; the story of Ehud and Eglon is a specimen of the "comic vein" of Sacred History. Dr. Stanley is rather fond of a comic rendering. In the same way as Mr. T. Hughes, in his preface to the "Biglow Papers," discovered a rich humour in a scene of the Acts of the Apostles, the Oxford Professor sees a "primitive and racy humour" in every act of Samson's career, not even excepting his death. As far as we can see, he even regards this picturesque method as the only true one. "How," he asks, "would Samson have fared with Milner? To what would Deborah have been reduced in the refined speculations of Neander?" Neither Milner nor Neander correspond to our *beau idéal* of an historian, and Gibbon and Niebuhr have treated far more difficult characters with success. But what, it may be rejoined, would have become of the battle of Lake Regillus, or the scene of Runnymede meadow, in the pages of a modern Professor of ecclesiastical history?

It is, however, with the omissions of this book, and not with its faults of style, that we are chiefly disappointed. One marked peculiarity of Jewish history is that its sources are almost entirely to be looked for in one particular series of national writings. A history of the Jews ought, therefore, to be in a great measure a commentary on the historical parts of the Old Testament. The present work explains a very large number of passages, and hints

* Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part I. Abraham to Samuel. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christchurch. With Map and Plans. Murray. 1863.

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at the explanation of very many more; but wherever some well known difficulty occurs, some topic upon which every reader would ask for his help who was not studying the books for the first time, Dr. Stanley dexterously evades it. It has often been asked, what is the explanation of the plural name of God, which, as is well known, is followed by a singular verb? The Church of England fixes one particular meaning on the usage, and many others have been proposed, with more or less plausibility. Dr. Stanley's one reference to it is a remark that, "if we may trust the conjecture of one distinguished writer," it betokens a transition from a polytheistic to a monotheistic belief. But the question is, whether we may trust this distinguished writer, in preference to other distinguished writers who say the opposite? It is surely a matter for a serious history to discuss. Again, it is a very interesting question, and one which "the refined speculations of Neander" would probably not have omitted, whether the Israelites were members of the same human family as the Canaanites. The most obvious arguments on the one side are, that the Phœnicians, whose language and religion seem to have prevailed in Canaan, were of Semitic race, and that such names as Melchisedec and Abimelech are undoubtedly Semitic; on the other hand, the ethnological list of the "Beni-Noah," in the tenth chapter of Genesis, a document of unquestionable antiquity, speaks of them as sons of Ham. What does the lecturer say? "To overlook the unity, the comparative unity, between Abraham and the neighbour races of Palestine, would be to overlook one of the most valuable testimonies to the antiquity of the record." In the first place we may remind Dr. Stanley that we do not adopt or reject views according as they seem to prove or disprove the antiquity of the Pentateuch, but according as they seem true or false. But, in the second place, we may ask him whether it is the absolute or the comparative unity that he wishes us to adopt, and, granting that in a later passage he does speak distinctly of the Canaanites as Phœnicians, whether he does not consider that the subject deserves any discussion. Later on, we have the book of Job introduced. It is rather tantalizing to be told that "when, where, and by whom that wonderful book was written, we need not here pause to ask;" because these are the very questions which we *do* pause to ask, when the book is brought forward in the history, and to which we naturally expect a reply. So, again, the author mentions that a certain religious usage separates those portions of the Pentateuch in which the word "Elohim" is used for the Supreme Being from those in which "Jehovah" is so used, with as calm indifference as though he had never heard of the hypothesis, now generally accepted, that the two words indicate the existence of two distinct original documents. "We need not here," he says at another place, "discuss the vexed question of the precise time at which the book of Deuteronomy assumed its present form." Nevertheless, considering that by a great many critics of modern times the book in question is believed to have been written at a later period than the rest of the Pentateuch, the topic would seem a very fit and proper one for discussion, whether the book be chiefly regarded as a narrative of events, or as an expression of the feelings of the Jewish Church.

With all its imperfections, we are almost ashamed of writing thus much in dispraise of Professor Stanley's book. Our excuse must be, that we expected so much from it. But, after all, there is probably no man in England who could have written it so well. If we have been obliged to urge the weak points of the lectures, it is not because we do not anticipate a great amount of good from their publication. In such a passage as the explanation of Deborah's song—though even here the lecturer might have made more use of Dr. Donaldson's ingenious essay—we see how much may be done by a skilful handling of words and apposite geographical detail. Scenic power, ready comparison, a liberal habit of thought, a reverent tone, a polished and graceful style,—to praise these in Dr. Stanley is almost to descend to commonplace. There are few theological writers for whom we feel more respect, and none to whom Biblical criticism in this country owes a greater debt. Since most of those who care for the study of the Old Testament will find out the merits of the work for themselves, it seemed chiefly necessary to point out what we consider its defects. Had the work been less valuable or less important, they might have passed unnoticed. As it is, they serve to remind us that the sacred narrative has yet to find its expounder. Professor Stanley may have some claim to be the Macaulay of Jewish history; he is not, and he is not likely to be, its Grote.

NO NAME.*

THERE are three methods of treating the human character, corresponding to the three principal classes into which the fraternity of novelists may be most appropriately divided. In the first of these classes are to be placed the favoured few whom Nature has gifted with real conceptive genius. They paint not so much what they have seen, as what imaginative intuition enables them to shadow forth from the recesses of their own minds. They form an ideal; and instinct, rather than experience, convinces mankind of its inherent truthfulness. Millions of people have felt Hamlet or Lear to be natural characters, not because they ever saw anybody like them in real life, but because a higher sense than sight is appealed to, and something within bears witness to their reality and consistency throughout. Of this highest order of story-tellers Charlotte Brontë may be accepted as the type. She goes to the very core of her characters, and works gradually outward. Their closest secrets are those she knows the best, and interests us most about. Their outward demeanour, the events of their life, the evolution of the tale, merely concern us as evidencing the process which is going on within. We compare them with nothing but our own consciousness, and unhesitatingly pronounce them to be true. There is a second order, of which Mr. Trollope is just now the most characteristic representative. He is intent on a life-like, external reality; he holds the mirror up, not to nature, but to the exterior of a highly artificial society; he strives that the people in his pages should precisely correspond in language, thought, taste, and behaviour, to the millions of ordinary beings who at the present moment form the population of Great Britain. He catches the last mode, and is never more than a month behind the Paris fashions. He has a great artist to sketch the lace shawls, and artistic bonnets, and undulating dresses, in which his performers go through their parts. The resemblance to contemporaneous life is much more exact than in the former case, and the slightest incongruity catches our eye and provokes criticism. We watch his young ladies and gentlemen with the same scrutinizing exactness that enables us, unhesitatingly, to define the social position of our fellow-guests at a dinner-party. We know, for instance, that the young ladies by no means belong to the cream of society, and lapse occasionally into absolute vulgarisms; and we know this by some one of a hundred tiny tests with which the author has provided us for the purpose of gauging them. Everything depends on resemblance, as the resemblance is one which everybody is able to test; the task of securing and maintaining it is one which few people like Mr. Trollope are clever enough to achieve successfully.

The third class finds its undoubted chief in Mr. Wilkie Collins; here there is neither insight into character, as in the first instance, nor careful imitation of externals, as in the second. On the contrary, the characters are moral monstrosities; not shocking only because they are too monstrous to suggest the idea of their possibility, while the resemblance to real life is the very faintest possible, and only just sufficient to enable author and reader to forget the fictitiousness of the whole. No such beings as Magdalen Vanstone, or Captain Wragge, or Mrs. Lecount, ever did or could exist; but they form admirable materials for the sort of superstructure which the author's ingenuity raises upon their characters. They possess in superhuman abundance the precise gifts which are necessary for the complicated, bewildering congeries of improbabilities which, by a thousand clever artifices, are formed into a harmonious and consistent whole. Each of the facts, taken separately, is unlikely; all, taken collectively, are nothing short of impossible; and yet, so cleverly is one piece of the story dovetailed into another, so fortunate are the conjunctures which rescue the whole at the moment when it is falling to pieces, so cogent a chain of circumstantial evidence is drawn around it, that, though we feel it lies outside the pale of belief, it is extremely difficult to lay one's finger on the precise point where the confines of possibility are transgressed, and the common laws of likelihood obtrusively violated. Mr. Wilkie Collins is, then, *par excellence*, a story-teller; everything depends on the interest which attaches to its gradual evolution, and to its crowning *dénouement*. We can say nothing for the characters, but a great deal for the circumstances in which the characters, as each scene shifts, find themselves placed. The action of the piece never ceases, and every detail leads up to the final catastrophe. The story is certainly not profound, but it must be read with the same care as a complicated law case, or the interesting points will be overlooked. The reader's inquisitiveness is constantly excited, as to how in the world some new difficulty is to be surmounted, or some suddenly disclosed danger escaped. Nothing but the most implicit belief in Mr. Wilkie Collins' power to extemporise an expedient, and to make everything come right at last, could enable ordinarily sensitive readers to peruse his volumes with unshaken nerves. We are for ever on the verge of a crash; a look, a word, a piece of riband, a stray envelope, a late train, a talkative maid, or a careless postman—may at any moment tumble the whole fabric to the ground. We hold our breath till the author has safely landed us in the next secure position, and allows us a few moments' rest before another entanglement, another crisis, another stroke of luck, another fortunate escape. Mr. Wilkie Collins has a great command of clever contrivances, by which this sort of thing may be kept going on indefinitely. He manipulates all his puppets with the greatest skill, foresight, and patience; he arranges about flys and post-horses, and express trains, with the mathematical precision and cool-headedness of a practised station-master. One of his characters is driving full gallop to catch the last up-train; if he misses it, all is lost. Another is searching in the enemy's bedroom for a missing piece of evidence; in fifteen minutes the enemy will be back, the evidence hopelessly gone. Another is speeding to the Continent on a false scent, and will be got home within a few hours of a marriage, which there is reason to conceal. A fourth is in full pursuit of a letter, which, if delivered, will be his "ruin." We turn dizzy at the proximity of so many dreadful contingencies and hair-breadth escapes: in the midst of all Mr. Wilkie Collins sits calm, calculating, unruffled, unanxious, and entirely master of the situation. He pulls this string or that, throws the train off the line, lames the post-horses, stops the telegraph, or burns the letter, just as the occasion demands, and once more we escape for some new and still more alarming combination in the next chapter

All this is, we think, a little overdone in "No Name:" the reader really gets too flurried, and his attention is too hard-worked, to be compatible with artistic enjoyment. We arrive at the close

* No Name. By Wilkie Collins. Sampson, Low, & Co., Ludgate-hill. 1862.

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of the third volume almost as exhausted as at the end of a difficult cross-road railway journey; there have been half-a-dozen different trains, any mistake in any one of which would have marred our travelling for the day; the carriage which took us to the station was within a second of being too late; we have been within a few yards of a collision; in each train we have unexpectedly met an old acquaintance; we have several times lost our luggage, and recovered it again by miracle. All is over now; but one's nerves are shaken, the mind still continues to hope, calculate, prepare for disaster, or devise expedients for success; our host mercifully dismisses us to bed, and our troubles haunt us in our dreams. The thousands who have devoured "No Name," as it appeared, have probably experienced the same sort of fluttering spirits, nervous anxiety, and weary restlessness.

No amount of mechanical ingenuity would, however, account by itself for the popularity of Mr. Wilkie Collins's works. He has several other important qualifications. He writes an admirable style; he is thoroughly in earnest in his desire to please; his humour, though distinctly fashioned on a model Mr. Dickens invented and popularized, is better sustained, and less fantastic and affected than anything which Mr. Dickens has of late years produced. Captain Wragge bears a family resemblance to Mr. Pecksniff, but is extremely entertaining in his voluble, persuasive, respectable rascality. His definition of his trade of swindling as "moral agriculture," and the picture he draws of himself as a "great financial fact," living on the proceeds of a newly-invented pill, and "scouring the field of human indigestion with a triple ploughshare of scammony, aloes, and gamboge," are as good in their way as anything can be. His apology for cheating is characteristically humorous. Is it, he asks, or is it not the duty of a Christian community to help the needy? "If you say no, you simply shock me, and there's an end of it. If you say yes, then I beg to ask, why am I to blame for making a Christian community do its duty? . . . What! your pockets are full and mine are empty, and you refuse to help me? Sordid wretch! do you think I will allow you to violate the sacred obligations of morality in my person? I won't allow you—I say distinctly I won't allow you. These are my principles as a moral agriculturist."

Society has hitherto failed to recognize his claims, but he hopes, like other benefactors of the species, some day to be understood and appreciated:—

"When that day comes, don't drag me out of my grave and give me a public funeral: don't take advantage of my having no voice to raise in my own behalf and insult me by a national statue. No! do me justice on my tombstone; dash me off in one masterly sentence, on my epitaph: 'Here lies Wragge, embalmed in the tardy recognition of his species: he ploughed, sowed, and reaped his fellow-creatures, and enlightened posterity congratulates him on the uniform excellence of his crops.'"

Equally good is the picture of Mrs. Wragge, with her wits all astray, her cap awry, one shoe invariably down at heel and the other in the next room, offending her husband's sense of propriety by her habit of falling asleep crooked, and endeavouring to shirk the responsibility of her intellectual shortcomings by the unmetaphysical apology, "Please, sir, it's my head; it isn't me." Both of these are capital comical characters, and though nobody since Machiavelli was ever so astute as the Captain, nor anybody out of an idiot asylum so foolish as his wife, both serve admirably to relieve the graver portions of the picture. Nature, indeed, is not adhered to any more than society is reflected; but neither is it in the tragical personages of the drama. On the other hand, we have something racy, cheerful, entertaining; and, if we cannot give Mr. Wilkie Collins credit for insight into character, or that imitative ability which to a certain degree supplies its place, we may thank him for an entertainment the merits of which high and low are capable of appreciating, and which he has certainly spared no pains in making first-rate of its kind.

MRS. GROTE'S COLLECTED PAPERS.*

Mrs. Grote has published a volume of "Essays and Reviews" of her own, in which a surprising amount and variety of knowledge are skilfully employed to set many important social and historical questions in a clear and interesting light. She is equally at home, equally intelligent and confident, in farming, in art, in literary history, in village politics, the state of parties in France, the claims of labour, and the injustice of marriage. The result is a very agreeable and suggestive book, in which the variety and shortness of the papers, and a genial and vivacious style, prevent the weariness which commonly waits on the reading of miscellanies. We are effectually kept awake by the writer's fearlessness and freedom from conventionality, and we are amused by the heartiness and fulness of her expression. Opponents' arguments are shown to be not merely in a circle, but in a revolving circle; the young of the criminal population are happily described as the "countless larvæ of infant felony;" and a few pages supply a goodly list of such epithets as "plate-holders," "charity-crusaders," "alms-leviers," "humanity-preachers," "squad of humanity-foragers," and "Dorcas tribe," for those who order others to be charitable. There is something attractive even in the perpetual use throughout these pages of the first person; it gives an impression of sincerity, and of a wish that the thoughts should be valued according to the worth of the writer, and not as the utterances of impersonal reason pronouncing *ex cathedrâ*. Lastly, Mrs. Grote's clear arrangement and power of connecting particular facts with general principles, recall the lucid precision of French scientific writers. She can generalize as fast as she can write; indeed, her belief in general laws sometimes carries her so far as to forget the necessity of means for their realization.

Mrs. Grote has three especial bugbears: centralization, interference with property, and indissoluble marriage. She makes the parliamentary grants for education the occasion of some good remarks about the first of these:—

"When a nation has come to be pampered by extraordinary facilities of locomotion and intercommunication, and, indeed, by the adequate organization of most of the departments connected with material comfort, the few examples which remain of old systems strike us as intolerably clumsy, and inappropriate to the circumstances of the period. And, at this point of public sentiment, a lively conception of the comparative advantages of centralization lays hold of the imagination, and so gradually allows this principle to take root in our institutions. The spread of this principle in Great Britain I take to be fraught with injurious consequences to the national character; we are entering upon a changed state of things, wherein, for the sake of escaping the tiresome obligations involved in citizenship, the indolent man accepts the direction of the Executive Government."

In the "Case of the Poor against the Rich," Mrs. Grote states her opinion that foreign critics in general, and M. Léon Faucher in particular, when they condemn as inhuman the attitude of the rich towards the poor in England, show an entire ignorance of what we do for our poor. A great part of their sorrows are beyond our reach, and, for the rest, not only does the Poor-law of 1835 provide against starvation, which is all that law ought to regard, but the amount of private charity is injuriously enormous. Two nostrums, popular with French theorists, are disposed of, namely, a universal system of small holdings of land, and partnership between the employers and their workmen. Mrs. Grote's answer to the second of these is unsatisfactory. She regards it merely as a disguised method of raising wages. Its real object is very different: it is, of course, intended to raise wages, but only by giving the workmen a more intelligent interest in his work and so making the work of more value, to the advantage of both classes. Mrs. Grote regards "le droit de travail" as only another form of "la propriété c'est le vol." Her ideas of the sanctity of property are so absolute that at first sight they seem like a satire. It is "our 'ark of the covenant;'" and it is laid down as "the especial duty of the higher classes to cultivate this sentiment (respect for property) in their poor dependents." The only remedies for pauperism which are approved are, emigration, and moral training to induce the poor to refrain from marriage and check the increase of population. Even in these Mrs. Grote has not much confidence; for emigration, she says, benefits only the emigrants and not the mother country, and moral tone cannot be raised before, but only side by side with improvement in physical condition. She is probably wrong in saying that emigration drains the country of its best young blood; in reality, emigrants are oftener men who have failed to find a place at home, either from restlessness or stupidity, or some similar disqualification. It must be remarked, in conclusion, that if Mrs. Grote's fondness for rigorous demonstration and for laws of Political Economy makes her in this essay appear hard on the poor and deficient in sympathy for their feelings, on the other hand, her account of East Burnham, where she lived for some years, abundantly proves that she both understands and sympathises with them.

A few short poems conclude the volume, from one of which, written in memory of Mendelssohn, we select a few lines, to show the versatility of Mrs. Grote's powers:—

"These ancient groves and solitudes among
Lately a bright celestial Being strayed;
A brief retreat from out the admiring throng,
He sought and found beneath their leafy shade.

Ah! Mendelssohn, hadst thou but oftener sought
Calm Nature's presence—hadst thou oftener fled
The incense-offering crowd, and idly caught
The summer breeze to fan thy fevered head—

Haply, e'en now, within its earthly sphere
Had beamed the radiance of thy soul divine;
And spared had been the unavailing tear,
Which from a thousand eyelids falls with mine."

The last and perhaps the most interesting and characteristic piece is a poem which embodies Mrs. Grote's views on marriage. This is a delicate subject; but then if—

"The world's male chivalry has perish'd out,
Yet women are knight-errants to the last;"

and Mrs. Grote attacks it fearlessly. In the ideal state to which her aspirations on this subject seem to be directed—so far as her views of the ideal state can be gathered, from guarded hints and by implication—she agrees, though from a different point of view, with the theories of W. Von Humboldt, and also with many practical though unconscious and nameless philosophers in various parts of the world, but especially in the Polynesian isles, that an indissoluble marriage tie is barbarous and generally undesirable. Mrs. Grote is, indeed, of opinion that there are some cases in which marriage may for a time have its bright side:—

"Haply a pure and justly-kindled flame
At Hymen's shrine a happier lot may claim,
For those who, blest with beauty, health, and grace,
Seek on those gifts a crowning charm to place,
And crave a sanction on their promised bliss."

* Collected Papers (Original and Reprinted), in Prose and Verse. By Mrs. Grote. London: John Murray. 1862.

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But, alas!

> "E'en here will steal—in destiny like this,
> That 'bitter drop,' which, mortal cup without
> May never mixed be, and turn to nought
> Their glorious inheritance."

And thrice alas! for those who may chance to be deficient in either, much more in all, of the requisites. Seriously speaking, the opinions held on this subject by a sensible and liberal-minded woman are of the highest value. A question which has been regarded as open, or even settled in the negative by such men as Plato, Rousseau, and Humboldt, cannot be considered as placed beyond discussion, even by the almost universal consent of the western side of the civilized world. Marriage, practically indissoluble, is by far the most important of the cases in which the right of the individual appears to come openly into collision with the good of the greatest number. Mrs. Grote has a strong case, and selects the arguments which are most striking and to the point, and though her statement loses in apparent force by its poetical dress, she is evidently in earnest. The chief blots which are pointed out in the present system of marriage are—the hopelessness of separation, however great the incompatibility of temper; the powerlessness of the wife to seclude herself even for a time from her husband, whilst he may seclude himself from her, under certain slight penalties, as long and as often as he likes; the unfairness of the wife's want of control over her property and earnings; and the demoralizing tendencies of the wife's position, which drives her to deceit, the weapon of the weak, and saps even the wish to be free. The end which the author seems to desire,—a desire rather implied than expressly stated,—is the sanction by custom of merely temporary connections, accompanied, of course, by certain limitations in practice. Meanwhile, in default of merely provisional marriage, two practical means of mitigation are demanded—facility and cheapness of divorce, and the concession to the wife of complete control over her own property. The chief objection to the ideal counsel of perfection is that it is, like other counsels of perfection, wholly unpractical. There cannot be the least chance that temporary connections, acknowledged to be such, will ever supplant marriage. Marriage is too closely bound up with all social order, and the evils of its derangement would be worse than the evils of its abuse. The idea of a husband and wife perfectly independent of each other and able to end their connection at any moment, is rather a metaphysical notion of what the freedom of the individual should be than a possible or practicable plan. In every such union, political or social, the magnitude of the interests which are involved in that union, and the consequent duty of maintaining it, and the right of either side to claim that it shall be maintained, constitute a principle of right which must override the more primary and personal right of the individual to be free in his own way. The right to be free, in fact, ceases to exist, at least in the view of the law, where it is inconsistent with the wider interests of the community and with the vital necessity of order. To take a single instance, such a plan must be wholly inconsistent with the interests and education of the children. But whilst the general recognition and custom of provisional connections, terminable at will, seems to be Mrs. Grote's ideal, she points out, as we have said, two less sweeping remedies for the evils of marriage. As to the desirability of cheap divorce, it may reasonably be contended that public opinion and the stringency of the courts would abundantly suffice to check the abuse of the remedy; and that is the most practicable means of reforming the injustice of marriage. The second remedy suggested is equally obvious. The common objection, that the husband's influence and the wife's weakness would still, in the great majority of cases, give to him hardly less absolute control over her property than he now has, is fairly met. "Law takes no cognizance of folly and weakness. If it was not thought right to interdict Mr. Wyndham from exercising absolute control over *his* property, although for foolish, vicious, and discreditable purposes, neither ought the law to prevent a woman from committing the folly of bringing herself to want in order to please a spendthrift husband. But if women were brought up to deal with money matters and to comprehend 'business,' they would acquire more solid habits of mind and firmness of character, and their property would not lightly be sacrificed to a misplaced sentiment." But the probable efficiency of this remedy is greatly overstated: in the vast majority of cases it could have no place whatever. Right of control over their own property and earnings would be of small practical benefit to that large class of wives who have no property at all, or only a very little, and who, on the most liberal interpretation of the word "earnings," cannot be said to do marketable work enough to pay for their living. Nor, to turn to a minor point, can we share Mrs. Grote's indignation at the fact that law compels women—

> "To frame
> A fiction and contrivance, would they hold
> A portion only of their rightful gold."

Men are not accustomed to attach any ignominy to the use of legal fictions. Mrs. Grote's grounds of hope that these two checks will at some future time come into play to redress the balance of the sexes are twofold. The first is, the augmenting impatience and clamour of women, which will storm the conscience of society; the second is, that men become daily more sensitive to the annoyance of seeing those around them in a state of distress, and that it is possible for women, by keeping themselves in a perpetual attitude of grievance, and their husbands in consequent perpetual discomfort, to induce those unjust judges to get out of bed and buy them off. Wives are "not to bate one jot," whatever may be the import of this awful and mysterious threat, until they are satisfied and the laws of marriage are revised. Mrs. Grote's suggestions are practical, and, if they were not, free discussion of customs, however firmly fixed, must have the good effect of preventing them becoming indurated, and of making more intelligible the grounds on which they rest. It must be remembered that the ideal change to which she aspires is not urged as a practical measure, on the ground that it is unlikely "to find favour with English thought and feeling."

We know no recent volume of miscellanies which is more pleasant reading or more suggestive than this. There is the ever-present stimulus of great questions treated so as at any rate to bring out their importance and their bearing on the times; and if they are not brought comfortably to a satisfactory conclusion, that is because they are questions which have as yet attained only half their development, and are incapable of a present solution. Above all, the style is lively, and rises to its subject, and we rejoice in the absence of all nonsense, of sentiment, and of woman's mission.

CLUBS FOR WORKING MEN.*

A VERY useful movement, which for some time back has been carried on in a quiet, unobtrusive way in shy nooks and corners of London and other large cities, has just received the patronage of an influential Union, with the indefatigable Lord Brougham as president, and Lord Lyttelton, the City Recorder, Mr. Layard, M.P., Dr. Guthrie, Professor Scott, of Owen's College, &c., among its members. The object of this movement is to establish clubhouses for working-men. Unfortunately, this class has been, of late years, the object of so much fussy and futile philanthropy; has been viewed, in regard to its condition and wants, in so ideal a light; and has been so absurdly provided with things for which it could have no more use than tropical savages for great-coats and flannel drawers, that it is not easy to excite public interest in any new scheme for its benefit. The present effort, however, is of a very different stamp from many which have preceded it. It is exceedingly plain and practical in design, does not aim too high, and requires no complex or costly machinery to set it in motion. It is certainly somewhat inconsistent, that while clubs abound for the use of those who already possess snug, luxurious homes, the necessity should have been overlooked of providing similar accommodation for those who stand so much more in need of it, on account of the discomfort of their dwellings. The average labouring man is not a very sensitive or impatient creature; but it is no wonder if his squalid over-crowded lodging, fretful wife, and squalling children, become, at times, rather unbearable, and drive him to seek comfort in the public-house. He has not much leisure after his day's work is done, but yet he is rather at a loss how to spend it. Even if reading be other than a sore task to him, he is too tired to enjoy it, and has, besides, no literature at hand. His wife is probably a poor conversationist, and can only discourse about domestic difficulties. It is less for the sake of the drink than of society that he goes to the tap-room; but when there he feels bound to "do something for the good of the house," and it is easy to guess in what a mood he often returns home. On every side the working-man is driven to the public-house: his very industry, foresight, and charity, lead him thither; for it is the head-quarters of his Friendly Society, and the house of call for his trade. Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his reports on Friendly Societies, is constantly reiterating that the holding of these societies at a public-house is the frequent cause of their failure. He found, for instance, that last year the number of societies enrolled and certified in Herefordshire since 1793 was 136, of which 123 were held at public-houses, and only 13 in schools or private rooms; of the former, no less than 42 had been broken up, while of the latter only one had failed. What else could be expected, when we learn that, in cases where the annual contribution is 15s. a head, 6s. additional is often spent in liquor; and that at one club in Southampton, comprising 120 members, 258 gallons were consumed in three years?

Hitherto the plans which have been set on foot to provide working-men with an escape from the beer-shop, have been pitched rather too high. As a rule, Mechanics' Institutes have long ceased to deserve that title, because they are frequented not by mechanics, but by clerks and shopkeepers. The Temperance Rooms are cheerless and forbidding. The Working Men's Colleges are for the choice, aspiring spirits, and are "caviare to the general." A place of meeting more genial and familiar than the Temperance Room, less ambitious than the College, is now proffered by the Union of which we are speaking. It seeks "to provide a club or institute, as members of which the working-men of the neighbourhood can enjoy rational, social intercourse with each other, coupled with opportunities for mental improvement, recreation, and mutual helpfulness; and, further, to give them facilities for carrying on various plans of social improvement, such as Co-operative Societies, Friendly or Benefit Clubs, Mental Improvement Societies, Building Societies, and the like, in the prosecution of which working-men are at present often obliged to resort to public-houses for the mere want of better meeting-places." It may be said that such clubs will tempt men to desert too often their own firesides, but we must remember that it is not a question between home and the club, but between the club and the "Pig and Whistle," and it requires no argument to prove which is most likely to be attended

* Suggestions for the Formation and Management of Working Men's Clubs and Institutes. London: issued by the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, 150, Strand.

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with domestic benefit. "This is not the place," says the Union in its tract, "for enlarging on the beneficial effects of such a society in promoting the comfort and improvement of a man's home, in making him a better husband, father, or brother. It ought to be, and if wisely managed will be, full of blessings to that family club which gathers round the domestic hearth, and which should always have the first claims on a man's consideration."

The Union can add with truth, "these are no mere visionary ideas," for they have already been reduced to practice, with most beneficial results, in Westminster, Notting Hill, Paddington, Norwood, East London, Shrewsbury, Leeds, Carlisle, Southampton, &c. A better instance cannot be cited of the excellent results attending these clubs than is offered by the history of one which was established, in 1860, in Duck-lane, Westminster. This quarter of the city does not enjoy a very enviable reputation. The name of the Devil's Acre, which it once earned, still clings to it, and though much has been done of late years to eradicate the hot-beds of disease and crime which used to flourish here, it is still the haunt of an irregular and undisciplined population. Altogether, therefore, Duck-lane does not seem a very promising site for a sober, decorous, and improving club; yet the most complete success has attended the experiment. At first, the club was held in a single room, fitted up with deal tables, benches, and gas-lights; but the members increased so rapidly that another apartment had soon to be added. In the first room coffee is supplied, eatables and tobacco being brought by any who want them; but in the other rooms the members have, of their own accord, interdicted all eating and drinking, as they say it disturbs them. There is a small library, and a number of periodicals are taken in. Instructive and amusing lectures are given once a fortnight, and a simple religious service is held every Sunday. The club is open daily from 6 to 10 P.M., on payment of a halfpenny a week, and already it is almost self-supporting. Upwards of 2,900 subscriptions were taken out in 1861, and last year the attendance has been fully maintained. A similar institution has been established, with no less satisfactory results, in another "shy" quarter of London —Clare-market. At Southampton, a Club has rivalled the public-house in one of its most attractive features. "We were often told," says one of the managers, "that no one could play at skittles without beer. We resolved to test the assertion, and the result so far is, that while *our* skittle-alley is thronged every evening, those of the public-houses around are almost deserted, and our players are as noted for good words and good temper as most others are for the contrary."

An admirable feature in most of the clubs hitherto established is, that they are left to the management of the members, who are real working-men, and understand exactly what sort of regulations they and their fellows will endure and what sort of entertainment they require. Except at the starting, no extraneous aid is required; and all that the Union now formed seeks to do is, to encourage the establishment of clubs by disseminating the necessary information, and making occasional grants or loans, either in the shape of books or money. All who have the interest of working-men at heart will surely wish it success and second its endeavours.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

David Elginbrod. By George Macdonald, M.A., Author of "Within and Without," and "Phantastes." 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.—The Neapolitan Earthquake of 1857, and First Principles of Observational Seismology. By Robert Mallet, C.E. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.—The Museum: a Quarterly Magazine of Education, Literature, and Science. Vol. II. E. Stanford: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.—The Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge. Bell and Daldy.—The Home and Foreign Review. January, 1863. Williams & Norgate.—Lectures to the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co.—Lower Brittany and the Bible There: its Priests and People. Also Notes on Religious and Civil Liberty in France. By James Bromfield. Longmans. —The Handbook of Family Devotion. Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—The British Quarterly Review. January. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.—Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life. By Benjamin Brierley. Vol. II. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—The London Quarterly Review. January. H. J. Tresidder.—The Mystery of Money Explained, and Illustrated by the Monetary History of England from the Norman Conquest to the Present Time. Walton & Maberly.—The History and Pleasant Chronicle of Little Jehan de Saintre, and the Lady of the Fair Cousins. Together with the Book of the Knight of the Tower, Landry. Both done into English by Alexander Vance. Chapman & Hall.—Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian. By J. W. Jackson. Trübner & Co.—The Story of a Siberian Exile. By M. Rufin Pietrowski. Longmans.—Poems in the Dorset Dialect. By William Barnes. Third edition. J. R. Smith.—Punch for 1852. New edition of Vol. XXII. Bradbury & Evans.

ART AND SCIENCE.

THE CHORALE BOOK FOR ENGLAND.*

COLLECTIONS of psalm and hymn tunes are almost as plentiful as diaries and journals of travel. As the majority of tourists think it incumbent on them to give the world a record of their holiday rambles, so nearly every parish organist seems impelled to publish his "collection of psalm and hymn tunes;" in many cases only levying contributions on the congregations for whose use these "collections" profess to be compiled. With such a mass of stereotyped mediocrity, it is gratifying to find two such distinguished musicians as Professor Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt co-operating in a work which deserves to take high rank as a standard collection of Church tunes, admirable alike in selection and arrangement. Congregational psalm-singing, so generally practised for some time after the Reformation, has, for many years past, fallen into great neglect in the Established Church, so that it is common to hear that musical portion of our Church service, which should be the united expression of the general voice, left almost entirely to the performance of charity children, who can scarcely be qualified, either vocally or intellectually, to fulfil the mandate, "Sing ye praises with understanding." Despite the efforts which have been made by various systems of class-teaching, to induce a more general co-operation in congregational singing, our Church service, in this respect, still offers much room for improvement. Some of the dissenting bodies have shown that such "loud uplifting of the universal voice" is still attainable, by earnest zeal in its constant practice. It must, however, be admitted, that many of their tunes are of a character far beneath the dignity of the purpose to which they are applied. We have heard of the saying of an eminent dissenting divine, that "he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes." On this theory all sorts of secular tunes became impressed into religious service, until it was no uncommon thing to hear such strains as "Rousseau's Dream," or "Cherry ripe," allied to texts of the most solemn and sacred character. As Mrs. Ford says, "They do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'" Nor has this distortion of secular tunes to sacred uses been confined to the Dissenters—for many years past, the psalmody of the Established Church has been vitiated by a large infusion of melodies which have even less analogy with religious sentiment than the incongruous association just quoted from Shakespeare.

It may be urged that some few even of the grand old orthodox Church tunes were originally derived from secular airs. On this subject the editors of the "Chorale Book" say, "It speaks well for the character of the secular music of that period, that any of its melodies should have taken a place in the Church, which they have retained undisputed to the present day." Our own impression, however, is that if we could trace these originals still further back, we should find that they were themselves popular adaptations of Gregorian or Ambrosian tunes of the Romish Church. It must be borne in mind that at that period there was little, if any, distinction of style between the music of the Church and that of the people. Music, as an art, owed its origin and cultivation entirely to the Church; and even the madrigals and love-songs of the early part of the sixteenth century bear the distinct impress of the Church style. It was reserved for the later development of the opera, and the consequent free expression of human sentiment and passion in stage music, to place a distinct and lasting barrier between the music of religious worship and that of the outer world. The results of this change may be seen in exaggerated force in the music of the Italian Church. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Italian Church music realized all that is sublime and earnest in religious expression, and chaste and learned in construction. It gave the laws to musical Europe—it furnished the models on which such composers as Bach and Handel were formed. Look at it now! It exists but in the past. The encroachments of a secular and frivolous style, unchecked by any power from within the Church itself, have destroyed what was once a school of art worthy of the country of Raffaelle and of Michael Angelo. The truth is that there must be as wide a distinction preserved between the sacred and secular styles in music, as that which ought to distinguish ecclesiastical from domestic architecture. While the temple of God should be a structure worthy of His worship, the language (musical or otherwise) in which we address the Deity, should be far above the commonplace of life. As already indicated, the music of the English Church, especially its psalmody (with which we are now chiefly concerned), has been for many years undergoing various processes of deterioration and secularization. The appearance, therefore, of a work of so wholesome and sound a character as the "Chorale Book," is worthy of special recognition.

It was the Lutheran chorale which first embodied the expression of sublime and devotional feeling in congregational music. Whereas, in the Romish Church, the musical service was chiefly a performance to which the worshipper listened inactively: the early Protestants largely advocated and encouraged congregational singing. They seem to have thought, Luther especially, with a quaint old writer, that "when Christians sing all together in some easy tune, accommodated to the words of their praise, and not likely to take off their attention from sense to sound, then experience shows they sing most lustily (as the Psalmist expresses it), and with the best good courage. The symphony of voice and the sympathy of heart may flow through the whole congregation, which is the finest music to truly serious persons and the most acceptable to God of any in the world." This opinion will be shared by all who have heard in the vast churches of Germany the grand old chorales sung in unison by the whole congregation to the accompaniment of a large organ—it is the highest and purest expression of the combined religious feeling of a multitude of worshippers. Those who have not heard them in the churches of Germany can scarcely fail to have noticed in Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul," the sublime effect of "Sleepers, wake," which is, in fact, the Lutheran

* The Chorale Book for England: a Complete Hymn-book for Public and Private Worship. The Hymns translated by Catherine Winkworth; the Tunes compiled and edited by William Sterndale Bennett, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge; and by Otto Goldschmidt. Longman & Co.

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chorale, "Wachet auf." The symphony of brass instruments at the end of each strain represents the little interlude (Zwischen-Spiel) which the German organists are accustomed to play at the close of each musical phrase; the object of such interpolations being to give breathing time to the singers after the exhaustion of the long-sustained notes of the tune. Again, Meyerbeer, in his opera, "Les Huguenots," has made frequent use of the chorale, "Ein festes Burg ist unser Gott," a tune which was for many years the watchword of religious freedom in Germany.

The Lutheran chorales, collected (and in some instances composed) by Luther himself, formed the models on which many of our early English Church melodies were framed; and in proportion as this high and pure standard has been departed from, the sublimity and propriety of English psalmody have been lost sight of. It is therefore with much satisfaction that we welcome the appearance of the "Chorale-Book," as a collection of some of the grandest and purest old tunes associated with religious purposes. The work before us professes to be "a complete hymn-book for public and private worship in accordance with the services and festivals of the Church of England." The hymns, translated from the "Lyra Germanica" and other sources, by Miss Catherine Wiskworth, are classified according to the various occasions for which they are adapted. The translator tells us, in her preface, that whereas her former well-known publication "was intended chiefly for use as a work of private devotion, the 'English Chorale-Book' is intended primarily for use in united worship in the Church and family, as also in meetings for the practice of church-music." Our present purpose is, however, with the musical portion of the work. The editors, in a carefully-written preface, explain that, although intended and adapted for English use, the book is so especially a collection of German hymnology that they have "abstained, with one exception, from inserting either hymns or tunes of English origin." The preface gives a well-digested sketch of the history of German hymnology; and in a carefully-compiled index of tunes, dates and references to numerous old collections are copiously given. Especially commendable is their hesitation to fix the authorship of tunes which have hitherto been, with the recklessness of ignorance, most erroneously attributed. The editors seem to be fully aware that, in old collections of psalm and hymn tunes, the name affixed to the tune more frequently signifies that merely of the arranger or harmonizer than of the composer or author of the tune itself. Thus the English tune called "York," having the name of John Milton attached to it in Ravenscroft's Collection (1621), has been almost invariably accepted as the composition of the poet's father, notwithstanding the appearance of the same melody, in the same collection, with the name (unpoetical antithesis!) of Simon Stubbs,—the probability being that the tunes in both cases are merely arrangements. In like manner, the tune known here as the "Old Hundredth," after being attributed to various authors, has been confidently set down as the composition of Claude Goudimel, because coupled with his name in an early collection of psalm tunes. The fact is, that some of these old tunes are as difficult to trace to their origin as national legends and traditions; and the most that a conscientious editor can do is to give all the known dates and authorities on the subject, and leave the question as he finds it, conjectural and doubtful. This has been done by the editors of the present work, in the few cases where positive knowledge seems impossible; while, in most other instances, the authorship is determined on what appears to be indisputable authority. The "Chorale Book" contains upwards of a hundred church melodies, very purely harmonized in four parts—the tunes, of course, being given to the treble or upper part according to modern usage; the ancient practice of assigning the melody to the tenor having long been discontinued. This work, viewed in its musical aspect, is likely to cause a healthy reaction in English psalmody.

There has been but little novelty in the musical performances of the past few weeks. As usual at Christmas, the "Messiah" has been given in various localities. Mr. G. W. Martin's National Choral Society has greatly enhanced its reputation by a very praiseworthy performance (at Exeter Hall) of "Judas Maccabæus"—a performance so successful and attractive as to be repeated on Wednesday last,—when Mr. Sims Reeves was singing his best—his rendering of the great airs "Call forth thy pow'rs" and "Sound an alarm" being magnificent specimens of musical declamation. Mr. Martin's choir has been for some time steadily progressing in strength and efficiency, and has now fairly taken its place as one of the musical institutions of London. The "Creation" is announced for performance by this society on February 4th.

Other signs of musical activity are now becoming apparent. The Popular Concerts are to be resumed on Monday next. The first concert (of the season) of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir is announced for the following Wednesday; and the Sacred Harmonic Society are to give Mendelssohn's "Athalie" and Mozart's Requiem on Friday.

Mr. Balfe's new opera for Covent Garden is reported to be partly in rehearsal; the title is said to be "Marie Tudor." Mr. Vincent Wallace is in Paris, completing an opera for the same theatre.

La Presse has just published a letter from Alexander Dumas on the production at the theatre of San Carlo (Naples) of Auber's "La Muette de Portici" (Masaniello). Dumas begins his communication thus:—"If Garibaldi had not, one fine morning, conceived the happy idea of dethroning the King of Naples, and had not successfully carried out this idea, the public of San Carlo would have been ignorant to this day that there exists a score of 'La Muette de Portici' and a *maestro* named Auber." The living dramatist's jealousy of his deceased rival peeps out in his incidental remark that the libretto "is, like all that Scribe did, mediocre in invention and vulgar in execution." Defective as the book of "Masaniello" undoubtedly is, this sweeping censure of Scribe will scarcely be agreed to by those who are acquainted with such comedies as "La Camaraderie," "Le Verre d'Eau," and "Bertrand et Raton," and his opera books of "Le Domino Noir," "Les Diamans de la Couronne," and others. M. Dumas records the complete success of the music, and is loud in praise of Signor Armandi (the Masaniello) both as an actor and singer. The passages bearing on revolutionary principles were enthusiastically received. "La Muette" is to be revived at the Paris Grand Opera about the end of this month.

M. Louis Romani, of Milan, has recently published a history of the Theatre of La Scala, from its opening in 1778—a book that should contain much interesting matter relating to Italian musical history.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

Mr. Max Müller's recent work on languages has formed, for some time past, a prolific source of learned discussions; and during the last week, at the Philological Society, some of that gentleman's opinions have received rather severe handling in a paper by Mr. T. Hewitt Key, the Professor of Comparative Grammar at University College,—"Sanskrit as the basis of Philological Science, and the labours of the German school in that field—are they not overvalued?" Attention was first drawn to the theory of Prof. Max Müller (History of Sanskrit Literature, p. 507), that when Pânini composed his great work on grammar, in the middle of the fourth century B.C. (pp. 245, 301, &c.), the art of writing was yet unknown to him, so that the human memory must then have been capacious enough to retain not merely the Vedic hymns and the vast mass of Brahmanic literature, but a whole library of successive races of grammarians who preceded Pânini; and this at a time when every branch of letters was already flourishing in Greece! A second theory of the Professor's was then discussed, that which infers an extensive use of Sanskrit in the Indian peninsula so early as Solomon, from the sole evidence of the Hebrew names for the imported ape, peacock, ivory, and sandal-wood. These names he asserts to be clearly of Sanskrit origin; but it is contended without sufficient reason. Thus, to take one specimen—not the least plausible of the four—the theory assumes that *valyuka*, the Sanskrit for "sandal-wood," first lost its initial *v* and final *ka*, then assuming an *m*, became *algum*; and finally, by the transmutation of *gum* to *mug*, attained the exact form which appears in the Hebrew, *almug* (Lectures on the Science of Language, pp. 204-5). The rest of the paper dealt with separate etymologies deemed unsatisfactory, though sanctioned by Indian authorities and the Bopp school of Philology. Thus Prof. M. Müller, ever hostile to the Onomatopœic, or as he, by way of disparagement, would call it, the Bow-Wow theory, refuses to see in the various names of the "crow or raven," Sanskrit *kârava*, Latin *cor(o)uo*, English *c(o)row*, the sound *cor* as indicative of the bird's note; and would fain derive it (*ib.* p. 369) either from the Sanskrit verb *ru* of "general predicative power,"—denoting any sound whatever, and so, *a priori*, applicable, as he himself says, "to the nightingale as well as to the raven," and actually used for "the murmuring of rivers, the barking of dogs, or the mooing of cows,"—or else from the Sanskrit substantive *kâru*, "a singer," two etymologies which were thought wholly unsatisfactory, the latter as ludicrously inapplicable in respect of meaning, the former as being, to use legal language, void for uncertainty. The same objection of excess of generality was deemed valid against other derivations from various Sanskrit verbs meaning simply "to go," which are put forward by Oriental scholars, as our own *cow*, and Sanskrit *go* (*gau*), "steer or cow," from Sanskrit *ga*, "to go;" γαια, and γη, "earth," from the same verb *ga*, "to go;" Sanskrit *gma*, "earth," from *gam*, "to go;" our own *earth*, ultimately from *ṛi*, "to go;" Sanskrit *saras*, "water," from *sri*, "to go;" *salila*, "water," from *sal*, "to go;" the Ganges itself from a reduplicated *ga*, and so signifying "go-go;" our own *serpent*, ultimately from *sri*, "to go;" the German *schlange*, of like power, from *srang*, "to go;" our *worm*, through *krimi*, from *kram*, "to go;" and lastly, for words denoting time, as our *year*, either with Bopp from *yâ*, "to go," or with Lassen from *ṭr*, "to go;" and, Latin *ævum*, from *i*, "to go," &c. The paper is to be continued on Friday the 18th, and will then more particularly deal with Bopp's great work, the Vergleichende Grammatik.

The old wooden tanks lined with lead, so common a few years since in our houses, are fast being superseded by cisterns made of slate, and others of wrought, cast, and galvanized iron. To the slate cisterns no objection can be raised, except the placing them uncovered on the tops of houses, as is very often the case, and where dirt, leaves, and vermin will intrude, and the confervoid growth of vegetable matter take place, to the detriment of the water and the prejudice of those who drink it. Galvanized iron tanks are thought to be very cleanly, but it is doubtful if their use is altogether to be approved. The zinc with which they are galvanized must form salts soluble in the water, and which will have a tendency to produce various disagreeable and unhealthy effects. Moreover, it is very little use to take care of the tank if we do not take care of the pipes which supply it. These are usually of lead, with copper connections. There will be mutual actions and reactions of the salts of copper, zinc, and lead upon each other, the pipes, and the metal tanks; but the combined attack of the total result will infallibly be made upon the human system; and a little investigation would prove how very many slight and how many serious diseases have their origin in such contaminated water. It is better,

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however, to have the tank at the top than at the bottom of the house; for in the latter situation, in large towns, a thin film of mucous animal matter will be commonly found on the surface — a prolific source of cutaneous eruptions and blotches.

But the worst position of all for a supply-tank is where, from handiness of connection with the general water and drainage pipes in a house, they are too commonly placed; and then, indeed, the water, becoming impregnated with the particles of decomposing animal matter, becomes a prolific source of morbid affections, gastric fever, and erysipelas. Nothing is of more importance to health than the purity of the water used in beverages and domestic culinary operations, and very good results would accrue from the habitual use of slate tanks, and the application of large filtering compartments, filled with sharp sand, from which all the water required for drinking or cooking purposes should be drawn.

A new Society—the Anthropological—has been founded under the Presidency of Dr. Hunt, and Capt. R. Burton and Sir C. Nicholson, Vice-Presidents. Its objects are to study man in all his leading aspects, physical, mental, and historical; to investigate the laws of his origin and progress; to ascertain his place in nature and his relations to the inferior forms of life. In short, to take up in a fair and unbiased spirit the investigation of one of the great exciting topics of the time. In the provisional council the appointments seem to have been made more with a view to obtain an efficient working body than with any wish for titled patronage. The purpose is work to be done, and works to be published. A quarterly journal will be published, which will give the subjects of the papers read at the meetings, and a volume of transactions and a volume of translations of important foreign books and papers will also be printed annually.

Mr. Coxwell has been lecturing on Balloons at the Tottenham Institution. It was not likely he would omit the memorable high ascent—nor did he; and although every one is now familiar with its main features, his description was not devoid of novelty or freshness. It is the first time he has described his own conduct on that occasion. The best comment that can be made on Mr. Coxwell's presence of mind, is the fact of the rapidity with which, while Mr. Glaisher was unconscious, he brought down the balloon to a lower level more congenial to human existence. Nineteen thousand feet were thus descended in nine minutes, when the balloon's further progress was arrested by a discharge of ballast.

During the past year a book entitled "Facsimiles of Certain Portions of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and of the Epistles of St. James and Jude," were published by Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool. The validity of the originals of this work has been a topic of great discussion for some time past; and on Wednesday, at the Royal Society of Literature, the Papyri themselves, which belong to Mr. Mayer, and were deciphered by M. Simonides, were exhibited, together with the equally celebrated "Utanius."

M. Simonides was present, and a number of the questions which have been raised respecting them were boldly discussed, chiefly the general nature of the writings and the material on which they were written, the result being an agreement that these documents should be laid on the Society's table for two days under the care of Mr. Thos. Wright and M. Simonides, for the inspection of learned men and others who might wish to see them.

At the Entomological Society an interesting exhibition was made by Professor Westwood, of a large tough pouch-like nest from Africa of some gregarious Lepidopterous larvæ suspended from the branch of a tree, and of the leaves of various plants mined by various larvæ of the same class, mounted on glass to show the miners inside, and the shape and peculiarities of their workings. Amongst the other numerous exhibitions was a Trichopterous insect new to this country—*Limnephilus nobilis* (Kolenati).

At the Geologists' Association a discourse was delivered by Mr. Carter Blake, "On the Fossil Animals of South America." The great extinct mammalia, of the New World, were brought into comparison with their European contemporaries. These remains are from deposits of Pliocene age, equivalent, perhaps, to our entire Mammalian era, for as yet we have no decisive knowledge of any division by an intermediate glacial period, as occurs in Europe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—I observe that in your last number I am charged with having dealt unfairly with M. Hautefeuille and Dr. Phillimore, in some letters I have recently addressed to the *Times* newspaper, by misquoting their opinions. I am not in the habit of noticing merely argumentative attacks, which do not seem to me deserving of a reply. This imputation of deliberate bad faith is a different matter. I have no fear that any one who has taken the trouble to look into the works in question, which your contributor does not appear to have done, will for a moment imagine that there is the slightest foundation for such a charge. As all your readers, however, may not have had that opportunity, I think it right to correct the serious errors of fact into which you have fallen.

You say, that M. Hautefeuille treats international questions under two heads, first, that of the "primary or divine law;" secondly, that of the "secondary law." You say that by the first M. Hautefeuille means the "dictates of international morality," and by the second the "customary usages of positive international law." It would not be difficult, if it were worth while, to show that M. Hautefeuille does not mean anything of the sort. But perhaps when an author, as Pope says, "does not mean, but only blunders round a meaning," it is of little use discussing that which does not really mean anything at all. For the sake of argument, I am willing to accept your interpretation of M. Hautefeuille's cant phraseology; the material point as regards the vindication of my good faith in the representation of M. Hautefeuille's opinion is, that he distinctly asserts that neutral trade in contraband within the neutral territory is prohibited not only by the "primary and divine law," but also by the "secondary law," which you interpret to mean the "customary and positive international law." He expends several pages in proving that Lampredi's statement, that the "secondary law" does not prohibit such a trade is an "error." Vol. ii. pp. 168—171. At the conclusion of the chapter, after stating his view of the "primary law," he says expressly, "la loi secondaire n'a rien changé, n'a rien modifié a cette disposition;" *i.e.*, that the primary and the secondary law, jointly and severally, prohibit such a traffic.

I do not object at all to a man putting forth the opinion that it is contrary to the "primary divine law" to assert that a grant to a man and his heirs conveys an estate in fee simple, if he can get anybody to attend to him. But if he proceeds to argue and to assert that the law of England does not lay down the contrary, I take the liberty of protesting against the statement, and of pointing out that such a writer is not a safe authority on conveyancing.

If M. Hautefeuille had contented himself with stating the clear law of nations as it is, and had then given his reasons for thinking that that law was founded on erroneous principles and ought to be reformed, such a mode of treating the subject would have been quite unobjectionable. But instead of this, he distinctly states the law to be as he thinks it ought to be, which happens to be precisely the reverse of what it is. If, as you say, this was intended by M. Hautefeuille as merely a "theoretical" proposition, permit me to ask in what page of his three big volumes, on the rights and duties of neutral nations, is the actual law and practical rule on this subject to be found; and if so material a point is wholly absent, what is the value of such a treatise as a guide to international law?

You say M. Hautefeuille "does not inculcate on the neutral government the duty of preventing its subjects from selling in its territory muniments of war to a belligerent." Does he not? He says that such *a traffic is unlawful and prohibited.* He adds that the neutral nation whose subjects engage in such a traffic incurs the liability of a just war. And this is not to inculcate on the neutral government the duty of preventing such a traffic! If that be so I have wholly failed to apprehend the first duty of a Government towards its subjects. I had always imagined that there was none more paramount than that of protecting its innocent inhabitants from the just retribution which the acts of guilty subjects, if not placed under proper restraint, might bring down upon them. I suspect that if the doctrine of M. Hautefeuille ever obtained any credit amongst nations, a feeble neutral would very soon have this duty "inculcated" upon it by a powerful belligerent in a manner which would prove anything but "theoretical."

Now one word as to Dr. Phillimore. I have never disputed that his work is "to a degree honest and laborious." Its defects are of a kind with which integrity and industry have nothing to do. I have not complained of want of diligence in the collection of materials, but of failure in that discrimination which is requisite to employ them with effect. But it is your contributor, and not I, who have misquoted Dr. Phillimore. You say, that what with M. Hautefeuille is the "primary divine law," is, with Dr. Phillimore, the "principle of universal justice." Now the favourite implement of Dr. Phillimore is not the "principle of *universal* justice," but the principle of "*eternal* justice." Whether "eternal justice" is the same thing or a different thing from "universal justice," or wherein they are distinguished from the justice of ordinary mortals, or whether, in fact, they either, or both of them, mean anything at all, I don't exactly determine. I do not go quite so far as a learned friend of mine, who said that, as far as he could perceive, "eternal justice" was only a fine name for "infernal nonsense." But I think in this matter, I may retort upon you the remark that, "at all events the author is entitled to have his opinion fairly quoted." Dr. Phillimore has a clear right to the epithet he profers, and, on the whole, as Mr. Weller observes, "eternal" is perhaps "the more tenderer word" of the two. Your contributor has wholly misapprehended the scope of Lord Redesdale's remarks. If he had practised at the Equity Bar, he would have found that neither Lord Redesdale, nor any of his successors, would have listened with much patience to an argument founded on the principles either of "eternal" or of "universal" justice against a well-established and firmly-settled rule of law.

No man who reads the passage of Dr. Phillimore's work, to which I referred, with candour and attention, can doubt for an instant that he intends to lay down the actual and practical rule established by the balance of the authorities, and not to hazard a mere speculative opinion. I venture to ask, as in the case of M. Hautefeuille, if this is intended only for theory, in what part of a work professing to treat of the actual law of nations, is the practical rule to be found? You say that Dr. Phillimore's opinion is not intended to "refer to the practices of war as they are." Is it not? Then, what is the meaning of the passage about Belgium, to which in my letter I expressly referred? He says, as an argument against the rule for which I have contended,

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h at if it were admitted, "Belgium, bound by the very charter of her national existence to a perpetual neutrality, might allow Russia, *during the present war*, to purchase any amount of ammunition and military stores, without any infraction of neutrality." It is no justification for this unfortunate illustration, that it is copied out of the very flimsy work of the French Commentators on Valin. Not only *might* Belgium have done what Dr. Phillimore suggests it is impossible she could have been permitted to do, but she actually did it all through the Russian war. Liège was practically the armoury of Russia. Does anybody doubt that if the law, as laid down by M. Hautefeuille and Dr. Phillimore, had been well founded, England and France would have "inculcated" on the Belgian Government, if necessary, by an English fleet in the Scheldt and a French army on the frontier, the "duty" of prohibiting such a trade?

I am glad that your contributor, in the attack he has made upon me, has not thought fit to attempt to controvert the positions I have laid down, or to sustain the propriety even of the "theoretical" view of the writers, whose cause, as it seems to me, he has somewhat injudiciously espoused. Your contributor admits that the rule which M. Hautefeuille and Dr. Phillimore seek to invalidate, is "fixed upon a very reasonable basis," and that the doctrine which they have deduced from the "primary divine law" and the "principles of eternal justice," is "hard in principle and impossible in practice." A result somewhat unsatisfactory, perhaps, but by no means unusual in the case of speculations founded on transcendental absurdities. But it generally turns out that "wisdom is justified of her children," and the experience of mankind, in the end, puts to shame the theories of those who are sagacious only in their own conceit.

Temple. HISTORICUS.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

ARCHITECTS—Conduit-street, Hanover-square, at 8 P.M. "Building and Sanitary Arrangements." By John Taylor, Jun., Esq.

GEOGRAPHICAL—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. 1. "Ocean Currents on the North-East Coast of South America." By Mr. J. A. Mann. 2. "Ocean Telegraphy." By Captain Rowett. 3. "Survey of the Natural Condition of the Atlantic, with special regard to Telegraphic Communication between Europe and America." By Dr. G. C. Wallich.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "Sculpture." By Professor R. Westmacott, R.A.

MEDICAL—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ P.M. "On the Artificial Hand of Sergeant Gallegos, and other cases." By Mr. Bishop.

TUESDAY.

ETHNOLOGICAL—4, St. Martin's Place, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Commixture of the Races of Man as affecting the Progress of Civilization." By J. Crawfurd, Esq., President. 2. "On the Human Skull found at Kellet, in Lancashire." 3. "On some Ancient Indian Antiquities from Ecuador." By Mr. Bollaert.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 P.M. "On Railway Telegraphs and the application of Electricity to the Signalling and Working of Trains." By Mr. W. H. Preece.

MEDICAL & CHIRURGICAL—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street, at 8½ P.M.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN—22, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.

ZOOLOGICAL—11, Hanover-square, at 9 P.M. 1. "On the Ornithology of the Island of Bourou." By Mr. A. R. Wallace. 2. "On Snakes collected by Mr. R. F. Burton in West Africa." 3. "On an Australian Venomous Serpent." By Dr. Günther.

WEDNESDAY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—Sackville-Street, at 8½ P.M. 1. "On the Proceedings of Charles I. from the Storming of Liecester to the Battle of Naseby," illustrated by Letters of Charles I. By Sir Henry Halford. 2. "On a Roman Villa at Marlston, Berkshire," and exhibition of the Antiquities found therein. By Dr. Palmer. 3. "On Ancient Brand-irons." By Mr. Syer Cuming.

MICROSCOPICAL—King's College, at 8 P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "Commercial Law." By G. W. Hastings, LL.B.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M.

GRAPHIC—Flaxman Hall, University College, at 8 P.M.

THURSDAY.

ROYAL SOCIETY—Burlington House, at 8.30 P.M. 1. "Notes of Researches on the Poly-Ammonias, No. XXI.—Secondary Products formed in the Manufacture of Aniline." By Dr. Hoffmann. 2. "On the Form of the Crystals of Benzoyl." By Dr. W. H. Miller. 3. "On the Synthesis of Leucic Acid." By Dr. Frankland. 4. "On the Artificial Formation of Fibrin from Albumen." By A. Smee, jun.

ANTIQUARIES—Somerset House, at 8.30 P.M.

LINNÆAN—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On Loranthiaceæ." By Professor Oliver. 2. "New Species of Aberia." By Dr. Anderson. 3. "Germination of Seed in *Cyclamen nefandum* and *C. persicum*." By Dr. Masters. 4. "Development of *Chlocon* (*Ephemera*) *dimidiata*." By J. Lubbock, Esq. 5. "Japanese Species of *Leiostraca*." By Mr. Adams.

CHEMICAL—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. "On the Atomic Weights of Nickel and Cobalt." By Dr. W. T. Russell.

NUMISMATIC—13, Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, at 7 P.M.

FRIDAY.

PHILOLOGICAL—Somerset House, at 8.15 P.M. "The Sanskrit Language as the basis of Linguistic Science, and the Labours of the German School of Philology in that field—are they not overvalued?" By Professor T. Hewitt Key.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. "Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor Field.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Arundell's (A.) Practical Treatise on the Law relative to Mines and Mining Companies. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s.

Bailey's (Samuel) Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind. Third series. 8vo., cloth, 8s. 6d.

Barnes's (W.) Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect. Third Collection. Fcap., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Bennett's (C.) The Stories that Little Breeches Told. Second edition, illustrated. Crown 4to., plain, 7s. 6d. coloured cloth.

Bernard (Saint), Life and Times of, A.D. 1091—1153. By J. C. Morison, M.A. 8vo., cloth, 14s.

Blomfield's (Bishop) Manual of Family Prayers. New edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Bowe's (Rev. G. S.) Illustrative Gatherings for Preachers and Teachers. Third edition. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

Boyle's Court Guide. New edition, corrected to January, 1863. 12mo, bds., 5s.

Bromfield's (J.) Lower Brittany and the Bible there: its Priests and People. Crown, 8vo., cloth, 9s.

Bryce's (A. R.) Second Latin Reader: extracts from Nepos, Cæsar, &c. Crown, 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Cassell's Illustrated Exhibitor of the Objects in the International Exhibition. 4to., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Census Tables of England and Wales. 6d. on a sheet.

Chambers' (T. K.) The Renewal of Life: Chemical Lectures on a Restorative System of Medicine. Second edition. Crown, 8vo., cloth, 6s. 6d.

Champneys' (Rev. W. W.) Drops from the Deep Well. 18mo., cloth, 1s.

Christian Advocate (The), and Review. Vol. 2, 1862. 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Cousin Bessie: a Story of Youthful Earnestness. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

Cumming's (Rev. Dr. John) Driftwood, Seaweed, and Fallen Leaves. 2 vols. Post 8vo., cloth, £1. 1s.

Curling's (T. B.) Observations on Diseases of the Rectum. Third edition, enlarged. 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Dublin Examination Papers for 1863. 12mo., bds., 2s. 6d.

Dublin University Calendar for 1863. 12mo., canvas, 3s. 6d.

Easy Lessons; or, Leading Strings to Knowledge. New edition. 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured.

Eric; or, Little by Little. By F. W. Farrar. Sixth edition. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

Every Man's own Lawyer: a Handy-book of the Principles of Law and Equity. 12mo., cloth, 6s. 6d.

Fowler's (Rev. F. W.) Answer to Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch. 8vo., sewed, 2s.

Fyfe's (J. H.) The Enterprise beyond the Seas; or, the Planting of Our Colonies. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Geldart's (Mrs.) The Sick Room and its Secret. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

"Give ye them to Eat:" Plain Words on the Cotton Famine. 12mo., sewed, 6d.

Greenhow's (W. T.) The Shipping Law Manual. 8vo., cloth, £1.

Help Onward; or, Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year. 16mo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Help and Comfort for the Sick Poor. Fourth edition. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Henry and Mary; or, the Little Orphans. By Susan Cobbett. Fcap., cloth, 1s.

House (The), by the Churchyard. By J. Sheridan Le Fann. 3 vols. Post 8vo., cloth, £1. 11s. 6d.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 133.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863. [Price 4d. Unstamped.

Captain Wragge at the Tuileries.
Prospects of Lancashire.
Foreign Intervention in China.
The Ionian Islands.
The American Proclamations.
The New Highway Act.

Charity *versus* Wit.
Moses among the Essayists.
Municipal Institutions in Greece.
New Theatrical Managers.
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Reviews:—
The Science of Language.
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List of Meetings.
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CAPTAIN WRAGGE AT THE TUILERIES.

When Captain Horatio Wragge was particularly satisfied with the results of his "moral agriculture," his complacency found relief in a vein of fluent and unctuous platitude. Indeed, the style of "the Captain," when expounding his theory of moral sentiments, so closely resembles that of the Emperor of the French and his literary disciples, as somewhat to impugn Mr. Wilkie Collins' title to the claim of originality. It would not be difficult to demonstrate that "No Name" is, in reality, a covert political epilogue, and that the domestic economy of the Captain and Mrs. Wragge is intended to typify the relations between Louis Napoleon and the nation which has wedded him. The peremptory love of order which the master displays,—the manner in which, for its own good, the French people is kept constantly "up at heel," and compelled to "sleep straight,"—and the way in which the unhappy victim of domestic tyranny is permitted to indemnify herself for the loss of her personal liberty by the manufacture of fine clothes and occasional shopping, afford evidences of similarity, which clearly prove the political tendencies of Mr. Collins' last romance. Indeed, when the Captain states a debtor and creditor account, which is rendered by himself, audited and found correct by himself, and which ascertains a large balance in his own favour, it is impossible not to see that the author must have had in view the annual audit at the Tuileries. We ought to ask pardon of the ingenious author for thus divulging the clue to his work, as it may, perhaps, create some difficulty in the way of its importation at Calais. But as "Gulliver" was written to ridicule the prosecution of Atterbury, as the "Tale of a Tub" was intended for a theological discussion, so we cannot doubt that in Louis Napoleon we have discovered the original of "the Captain."

Altogether there is an unction about the French speech which shows that the author is particularly well pleased with the state of things in general, and of himself in particular. It is hardly necessary to say that he recommends to the "great bodies" of the State and their imminent successors the same happy frame of mind. He thinks, on the whole, the best thing everybody can do is to "accept the present system without reserve, and to prefer serious deliberation to sterile discussions." The distinction is an important one, and by no means peculiar to the ruler of France: a "serious deliberation" means a speech in laudation of the Government; a "sterile discussion" means a criticism on the policy of the administration. Louis Napoleon is decidedly beginning to "settle in life," and puts a little water in his wine. For once he has not denounced war against anybody—at least not anybody to speak of: for so long as he is concerned in vindicating the "honour of France" only at the expense of the Cochin-Chinese, the Mexicans, and, we may add, at his own, there is little which need disturb the tranquillity of Europe. Indeed, the Emperor, like a ranter who has come in accidentally to a good landed estate, is beginning to go to church. A very marked change has come over the tone of his mind and the language of his discourses since the Italian campaign placed him in a situation of political affluence. So have we seen a gentleman of questionable antecedents, with somewhat dubious belongings, gradually establish his position in the country. So the immortal Becky Sharp, partly by taking Lady Southdown's pills, and partly by reading her daughter's tracts, gradually arrived at a position in which she alternately played an appropriate part at the roulette table, and the religious bazaar.

When Louis Napoleon had everything to gain he was an interesting, though somewhat alarming character; he has now got something to lose, and he is having respectable rest not without a dash of concomitant dulness. He has given up going to war for ideas, and is going in for commercial treaties, and, generally, for what Mr. Carlyle calls a "calico millennium." He is for all the world like Mr. Disraeli in office, or a garotter turned parish clerk. In this point of view, his last oration, if not lively, is at least reassuring. Indeed, the speech is as decorous, dull, and uneventful as if even a real king's speech. He takes stock of the quinquennium, and professes his profound satisfaction with himself and with the "great bodies" to whom, with a somewhat transparent irony, he is condescending enough to attribute part of the merit. He has delivered Italy without quarrelling with Austria or abandoning the Holy Father, and, indeed, has settled the whole affair to the entire advantage of everybody except the Italians, the Austrians, and the Pope. "Duty," we are told, "always advances through danger." And certainly the duty of "adding two provinces" to France advanced through the danger of alienating the confidence and esteem of all the Governments of Europe. Whether it is this particular transaction which is referred to in the remarkable policy, which is announced of "erasing from diplomatic parchments the old questions of litigation," we know not. Orators who have denounced history as an old almanack, and who have treated charters as musty parchments, have not found favour with English audiences. But we must confess that this onslaught on "diplomatic parchments" is the only touch in the discourse which smacks of the old leaven; and it probably slipped in unawares, just as a polite disciple of the Bishop of New Zealand will in spite of himself occasionally betray an inclination for roast baby. We have heard something like it before, and we suspect that

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"erasing diplomatic parchments" is only another and more elegant form of the formula, familiar to every Frenchman, "tearing up the treaties of 1815."

The allusion to the American business shows that the Emperor, as is his wont, is determined not to abandon an idea which he has once embraced. He speaks, however, with calmness, if not with good humour, of the repulse he experienced in his proposals of mediation to the great maritime Powers. We suspect that French politicians, though they may be unwilling to confess it, have discovered the truth which a writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes* has proclaimed, that the discretion of England in this matter saved France from a great scrape. Louis Napoleon seems still to flatter himself that the American belligerents will accept his arbitration. In this, we cannot help thinking that he is profoundly mistaken. His proposal of intervention has already made him odious to the North, whilst his position in Mexico makes him the object of intense suspicion and dislike to the South. However, we are by no means disposed to envy him the task he appears so eager to undertake, and we trust that the Emperor of the French may engross the whole responsibility and enjoy all the honour of determining the boundaries and the conditions of the new slave community which is knocking at the door of Europe.

In England we have seen that, in spite of the American disaster, the state of the revenue is flourishing and the financial prospects encouraging. The Emperor is not able to offer so promising a budget. He finds himself compelled to apologize for the condition of the empire, which *would* be flourishing if the American war had not dried up one of the sources of industry. This indicates how much restriction France has still to get rid of before she can establish that cosmopolitan system of trade which sustains itself by a principle of compensation in the midst of the most unexpected reverses. It is noticeable also that Louis Napoleon is obliged to announce a vote for the distressed cotton manufacturing population of France. The numbers of this population must be so much smaller than that of the corresponding districts in England, that it would be curious to know what proportion the private benevolence in that country has borne to the subscriptions in England. One of the most remarkable and lamentable results of the system of governmental centralization in France, is the paralysis with which it strikes the spirit of private charity. No man thinks of taking care of another under a system which teaches him to believe that it is the bounden duty of the State to take care of them both. In striking contrast with this paragraph of the French speech is the fervent hope expressed by Lord Derby and his son at the great Lancashire meeting, that their country would escape the "degradation" of having to apply for the aid of a Parliamentary grant.

It cannot be disputed that in the course of the last five years the Government of the Emperor of the French has acquired a solidity which was altogether wanting to the earlier period of its existence. The success of the Italian campaign, the development of commercial prosperity in a country remarkably economical of its wealth and resources, the comparative relaxation of restrictive measures of police, and, above all, the patent fact of protracted possession, have all contributed to a result which it were idle to deny. Some persons, fixing on these material indications of success, will conclude, like the "Flaneur in Paris," who seems to be a sort of modern Dr. Pangloss, that everything is for the best in the best of possible empires. But it is as true of politics as of religion, that man shall not live by bread alone. There is something more wanting to the life of a state than the mere brute enjoyments of physical prosperity. It is impossible to consider a Government in a sound and healthy condition which has made no progress whatsoever towards enlisting on its side the intelligence and education of the country. The worst feature of the Imperial system is, that it has not only not succeeded, but that it does not even seem to desire to assimilate and incorporate into itself that which is estimable in character or respectable in intellect in France. With a cynicism which is too often the weakness of the most acute politicians, Louis Napoleon thinks he can produce great results by worthless instruments. Independence of character and loftiness of talent alarm his suspicions and vex his indolence. The Baroches, the Walewskis, and the Mornys, are content to do his bidding without question. This suits his saturnine ambition and his constitutional apathy. The Emperor himself is an experienced politician and a sagacious tactician. He has the great quality which his greater uncle wanted—that of knowing when to stop. By the help of this invaluable self-restraint he is able to be his own minister. But the Government of France is essentially the government of one man. It has struck no roots into the intelligence of the country. It is supported by the tyranny of the masses against which the educated minority secretly but stubbornly revolts. The Emperor has founded an empire for himself, but he sustains it, like Atlas, on his own shoulders. He has not laid the basis of an institution, or secured the foundations of a dynasty. "The Empire is a man, and not a system," wrote a French journalist. The Minister of the Interior answered the epigram by the effectual retort of a warning. He silenced his critic, but he did not answer what was indeed unanswerable. Not having the fear of M. de Persigny before our eyes, we try to adopt and repeat the apophthegm.

PROSPECTS OF LANCASHIRE.

FROM time to time we have to guard against opposite tendencies in the public mind and opposite errors on the part of those whose profession it is to enlighten and inform the public. At first there was a strong tendency, on the part of several influential journals, to exaggerate the suffering and loss which would be brought upon the manufacturing district by the withdrawal of the American supply, and to represent it as equivalent to certain and speedy ruin, which it might be necessary and wise to avert even by a prohibition of the American blockade. We had to protest against this view, and to show that America, though our chief, was not our sole source whence cotton could be drawn, and that, in the words of Mr. Cobden, it would be cheaper to keep our operatives for three years on venison and turtle than to venture on an interference which must infallibly entail a war with the United States. It was then affirmed that Lancashire wealth was doing next to nothing towards the relief of Lancashire distress; that her manufacturers subscribed little to the general fund, and paid scarcely anything in poor-rates. We were then obliged to prove that these maligned manufacturers, themselves often considerably impoverished, were in reality subscribing silently, unostentatiously, effectually, and in their own way, to succour their distressed workmen, sums, in comparison with which those daily blazoned in the public papers and contributed by millionaires sink into real insignificance; and that mill property, which had ceased to yield any income at all to its occupiers or owners, was paying heavy rates, such as Lancashire has never known before, and such as no other county in England knows now. Next, the administrators of relief were charged with niggard hard-heartedness, because they declined to allot to the unemployed weekly contributions which would, with many of them, make employment almost a matter of indifference,—which would place the Lancashire operative out of work in a better position than the Sussex or Dorsetshire labourer in work,—and which would therefore, as a matter of course, encourage and create both idleness and imposture. We were again under the necessity of pointing out the danger and the mischief of acting on this ignorant advice, and yielding to this reckless pressure. We are now confidently told by the same misleaders that the distress is rapidly abating, that the worst is already over, that the subscriptions are ample to meet all demands actual and prospective, and that 25 per cent. of those who are living on this public charity are ascertained to be impostors. We are assured that the distress and stoppage of employment have in reality arisen much more from over production than from the interruption of our usual supply of the raw material; that we shall in a few months have cotton enough from India and elsewhere; that, in a word, the temporary calamity has made us virtually independent of America, and that we need no longer fear the competition of Orleans staple with Egyptian and Surat. With this farrago of fallacies we have now to deal, and we shall do so as briefly and clearly as we can.

In the first place, few acquainted with the cotton districts, or conversant with the peculiar position and necessities of the cotton trade, have much hope that the trifling diminution observable during the last three weeks in the number of recipients of relief—a diminution amounting successively to one, three, and five per cent.—arises from any systematic or permanent resumption of work. It may be that from some temporary orders a few mills have worked

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four days which before were working only three, or that some applicants for charity have been drafted off into flax or woollen mills; but mills that have been closed cannot, we feel confident, have been re-opened except under rare and casual influences, nor to any extensive amount. The reason is very simple and very effectual: the price of raw cotton is still enormously high; the price of yarns and piece-goods has not risen in anything like a proportionate degree; and the result is that only a very few descriptions—and these of the finest fabrics, in which very little cotton is used—can be manufactured or sold without a heavy loss to the producer. Now, though manufacturers will often continue to work their mills long after work ceases to be remunerative, partly out of consideration for their hands, and partly because the loss incurred by working may, for a while, be less than the loss incurred by stopping; yet, when once things have reached a point which has necessitated stoppage, and the establishment has thus become disorganized, work will not be resumed till prices have again become remunerative. A great alteration in the relative values of the raw material and the manufactured article must be effected before mills will be generally re-opened. At the same time we fully admit that a demand for piece-goods has sprung up in the last few weeks; but it is far too soon yet to count on its continuance or its extent.

In the second place, we may at once admit and announce most gratefully that the present funds in the hands of the relief committees, and the present rate of parochial expenditure (which, when spread over the whole county, will not be very oppressive) are sufficient to maintain the *present* number of applicants for several months to come in decent health and comfort. Yet there is nothing in these facts which ought to discourage the continuance of the most liberal charitable donations; since we neither know how long the distress may be prolonged nor to what degree it may be extended. We know that numbers who have hitherto been rate-payers are now dropping into destitution; and at first have to be excused the payment of their quota, and shortly afterwards have to be themselves assisted. Many others, such as mechanics, machine-makers, small shopkeepers, warehouse clerks and warehouse porters, colliers, carters, and the like—who have, up to this time, lived on their savings, or on what they could pawn, or on the casual and partial occupation they could obtain, are now, by the mere prolongation of the distress, reduced to share it. They have exhausted all their resources; they are at the end of their means; and are week by week becoming just as destitute as the ordinary factory hand who had no savings and very little property. All these will shortly have to be provided for out of the Relief Fund or the poor's-rates, and may augment the drain upon these sources to an altogether incalculable amount. Nor can any man pretend to predict how long the pressure may continue, though we know for certain that the longer it lasts the more severe and extensive it must become. There will, in all probability, this year be cotton enough to allow three days' work a week on an average to the factories in the manufacturing districts; but *whether* they will work these three days, or *when* they will begin to do so, is a much more questionable matter. For, first, working half-time is (for reasons into which we need not enter now) so very costly and almost ruinous a system, that no manufacturer will adopt it if he can help. The same price which would remunerate him if he worked six days will not pay if he works only three. It is, therefore, far more probable—especially when we consider the number of millowners who have been ruined—that *half* the mills will resume *full work* when the time comes and prices have been adjusted, than that all will resume half-work. If so, then, though half the operatives will again be well off, the other half (that is, at least, a quarter of a million, besides those dependent on them) will be wholly without employment, and must remain, more or less, a burden on the country. Again, though there may be cotton enough to work half-time, it by no means follows that there will be a demand for half production. We know that the markets of many parts of the world are becoming comparatively bare of cotton goods, and that a demand for *a certain quantity* at certain prices will arise sooner or later, and has indeed begun. But what that certain quantity will prove to be we can only conjecture, and conjecture in the dark. We know pretty well what Europe and India and America consumed when cotton was at fourpence per pound; but we do not know at all how much these quarters will consume now that cotton is at sixteenpence. We are sure that the consumption of the world must be enormously reduced, and we cannot be at all sure that it may not be reduced below one-half. All we can as yet tell, is that nobody buys cotton goods who can help it, and that numbers who formerly bought cotton now buy linen and woollen articles instead, finding them quite as cheap and far more durable.

Thirdly. As to the assertion that 25 per cent. of the present recipients of relief in the distressed districts are impostors, it is simply as unfounded as it is reckless; and it was a sin to make it. With reference to the statement that over-production, and not deficient supply of cotton, is responsible for the present stoppage, there is just enough truth in it to make its falsehood more current and more mischievous. There can be no question that some markets of the world had been largely overstocked, especially that of India; and that the difficulty of effecting remunerative sales would have led to a certain amount of "short time," even had cotton been as abundant as ever. But this evil would have been comparatively trivial in degree, and no more than has often been encountered before; and, as Mr. Cobden well explained at Midhurst, would very speedily have worked its own remedy, since the fall of price, which must have ensued as necessary to force sales, would have opened fresh markets and increased the consumption of old ones, according to the natural and invariable operation of such causes. In this way a temporary inconvenience would have led to a permanent gain.

The remaining fallacy which we signalized—the idea of our liberation from future dependence on America for our cotton—is too wide a subject to be dealt with at the end of an article. We must reserve the exposure of it for another time.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION IN CHINA.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for this month contains an article entitled "Progress in China," which is deserving of the attention of our readers. The gallant member for Aberdeen will probably take an early opportunity, after the meeting of Parliament, of favouring a reluctant auditory with a picture of the condition and prospects of the Taepings, as "evolved from his own internal consciousness" during the recess; while the member for Brighton—gifted with a less brilliant imagination, but possessing the advantages of personal experience—will have it in his power to mislead an ignorant public, as he has already done, upon the subject of the Foreign Inspectorate of the Customs in China.

The readers of the article before us may obtain, from a source evidently well informed, the truth upon both points; and it will be their own fault if they are taken in either by visionary Taeping enthusiasts, or by persons interested in having the trade of China conducted upon its old unsatisfactory footing. The concurrent testimony of all recent travellers has, indeed, almost entirely dispelled the illusions which so long existed with reference to those devastating hordes who have for some years past been laying waste the most fertile provinces of China; but the origin and progress of the Foreign Customs Inspectorate system in China, which has suggested to the Government of that country the creation of a foreign naval force for police purposes, has been but imperfectly understood. An impression has prevailed in this country that the gentlemen employed in the collection of the Chinese Customs were forced upon the Chinese authorities, and appointed by our Government; and one honourable member not long since actually applied to the Foreign Secretary for a list of the names of the gentlemen so employed. As neither Prince Kung nor Mr. Lay had done the Government the honour of communicating with the Foreign Office on the subject, the returns were naturally not forthcoming, and we learn, from the lists published in "Blackwood," that by no means the largest proportion of those filling the principal posts are British subjects at all.

The result of this total misconception of the constitution and scope of the Foreign Inspectorate has been to create an impression on the public mind, that it is the precursor of a system of intervention on the part of the Government of this country, which may entangle us in a war. We are perpetually haunted by the bugbear of a Chinese war, and any local complication we do not understand we assume is to lead us into one. Let us hear the opinion of Lau, the Governor-General of the two Kwang. In a memorial addressed to the Emperor in 1859, deploring the extent of contraband trade at Can-

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ton, he says, "Your Majesty's servant sees no remedy for arresting this evil, but the adoption of a system similar to that in force at Shanghai, under which foreigners are employed for the control of foreigners; their thorough acquaintance with the language, and comprehension of all Customs questions will put collusion out of the power of the dishonest natives, and while our revenue will benefit, we shall avoid causes of quarrel with foreign nations." Experience has proved the truth of Lau's opinion. The *Arrow* case never would have been heard of, if Yeh had been advised by a foreigner, paid by the same Government as himself, in whom that Government had confidence, and whose advice he could not dare to disregard.

It is natural enough that the British merchants should see objections to any system which puts "collusion with them out of the power of the dishonest native;" but they have themselves to thank for it. We learn that in the early part of 1854, the Taoutai, or Intendant of Circuit at Shanghai, actually went into a smuggling partnership with two of the leading foreign firms, and the strength of this coalition roused the opposition of the other smugglers. Hence, in self-defence, the Chinese Government resorted to foreigners for assistance, and have found them so much more trustworthy than their own officials, that they are now employed at all the open ports.

The mode by which Mr. Lay's probity was tested in the first instance is amusing and characteristic: £30,000 were lodged in his hands by the Chinese Government for the purchase of a war steamer; circumstances prevented Mr. Lay from making the purchase, and he proposed to return the money. The Chinese authorities persistently declined to receive it, "telling him to consider it an *affaire finie*," that such a bagatelle was not worth talking about, that he had saved many times £30,000 to the exchequer, and so on. Years passed; at last, when Mr. Lay insisted on being relieved of the charge, the authorities owned that the sum had merely been left in his hands to test his honesty. "Oh," said the Taoutai, "I have had two men watching you and that money for years, by day and by night. It is our custom, but you have shown that your heart is sound; henceforward you shall be trusted with anything."

The opposition with which the Foreign Inspectorate has had to contend has not been confined to the British merchant. Her Majesty's consuls have, in many instances, done all in their power to thwart an agency which, by strengthening the hands of the Chinese Government, has deprived these gentlemen of the power of bullying the imperial authorities on the old-established principle. It has too often happened that our consuls, either from a desire to gain notoriety, or unable to resist the pressure of the English community, have adopted a line of conduct in their intercourse with the local Chinese authorities, calculated to endanger the peaceful relations of the two countries. Some unhappy mandarin whose acquaintance with civilized usage, under such circumstances, is limited, finds himself suddenly threatened with round shot from the British gun-boat lying under his windows. He is sure to be blamed by his own Government for making a concession if he yields, and for creating trouble if he resists. The dilemma being hopeless, and with no one to turn to for advice, he is just as likely as not to adopt the latter course in despair.

Under the present arrangement he is able to appeal to his European colleague, who drafts an official despatch; and her Majesty's consul, if he has exceeded the strict letter of the law, finds himself at once forced into his proper position. It is only due to many of our consuls to say that they have recognized the advantages of a foreign *intermédiaire;* and that Sir Frederick Bruce, in spite of the pressure, official and officious, which has been brought to bear upon him, has steadily given his support to a system which is so admirably designed to soften the asperities by which the diplomatic intercourse between Chinese and European officials was frequently characterized.

The working of the Foreign Inspectorate since its establishment has been so satisfactory, and the confidence with which it has inspired the Chinese authorities is so unlimited, that not long since they proposed to Mr. Lay the creation of a naval force which should co-operate with the Customs' officials in the suppression of piracy, and dispersion of those robber hordes who, under the dignified name of rebels, have for years past plundered some of the finest provinces in the empire. Hitherto the British Government has been saddled with the charge of protecting the open ports, and of putting down piracy on the high seas. Our fleets in China employed in these duties had, in the most peaceful times, generally exceeded forty pennants; and the lists of men who have been killed and wounded in this irregular and thankless service is far longer than that of our most celebrated naval engagements. The unhealthiness of the climate, the intricacies of the navigation, and the constant petty warfare in which we are engaged, combine to render the China station much more expensive to this country than any other. The Chinese Government proposes to relieve us of all our heavy work on this long line of coast; they will themselves seek out and destroy those fleets of pirate junks which infest their inner waters, and will attack, whenever they are approachable by water, those rebel hosts which have so long interrupted our commerce with the interior, and threatened the foreign settlements. For this purpose Mr. Lay has been entrusted with a large sum of money and a *carte blanche* to secure the services of the most skilful foreigners. Fortunately, our Government have not seen fit to throw obstacles in the way of an enterprise which depended for its success, to a certain extent, on their good will. They have permitted naval officers to take service with the Chinese, very much under the same precedent as that followed in Turkey, South America, and other countries. Six of the largest-sized gunboats have been purchased by the Chinese Government; Captain Sherard Osborn has been selected for the command of the fleet. This officer will, doubtless, also have supreme control over the Chinese fleets of war-junks now operating against the rebels, will fly the Chinese flag, wear the Chinese uniform, and be as much of a mandarin as may be. He will owe no allegiance to our Government, and we trust that England will not be considered responsible either for him or his acts. He and his officers receive large salaries, and they must take all the risks of a change of humour on the part of their somewhat capricious masters at Pekin.

He will best acquire their confidence by denationalizing himself as much as possible, and by keeping clear of British officials from one end of the empire to the other. We trust that, under no circumstances, will our Government assume any liabilities in behalf of Captain Osborn and his comrades; and that, on the other hand, Captain Osborn will remember that he is a Chinese and not a British officer for the time, and will not allow himself to be influenced by the views of our Government when they conflict with the interests of China. Those interests in commercial matters must be identical with our own. How they can best be served it will be for Prince Kung, Mr. Lay, and Captain Osborn, to judge. We wish them every success in their undertaking; we do not see that anything but good can come from it; and the only intervention we fear is that of an ignorant public, whose untimely interference may prevent the only enlightened Administration, which China has had for a century, from working out the political problems of the country in their own way.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

THE proposed cession of the Ionian Islands to the Kingdom of Greece is no longer the child of rumour. Mr. Elliot's mission to Athens, and the publication in the *Gazette* of the memorandum presented by him to the Provisional Government, have laid bare to the public the desire of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet to abandon the Protectorate which England has exercised since the treaty of 1815. The feelings of the Greeks themselves upon this subject, may be gathered from the language of deputations that have been received by Mr. Elliot; and most strange and unexpected is their sublime indifference to an offer which will largely increase their territories, give them the possession of a fine harbour, and add 250,000 souls to their scanty numbers. The Greeks are grateful for the goodwill of England, of which the proposal to surrender the Islands is an earnest and guarantee; but this is not what they asked us for. We have piped to you, they seem to say, and ye have not danced; we asked you for bread, and you have given us a stone. All that they want is a constitutional king to rule over them, and we alone can supply them with just the kind of article that they are in need of. Vainly did Mr. Elliot attempt to comfort the deputation for the loss of Prince Alfred by dangling before their eyes the glittering prospect of having the Ionian Islands all to themselves. "Greece"—was the mournful reply to his well-meant efforts—"is more in need, at all events just now, of an honourable and sincerely constitutional prince than of

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an increase of territory. Great Britain, above every other royal dynasty, honours and respects the constitutional system." And so they parted,—Mr. Elliot recommending to them King Ferdinand, whom the Greeks do not wish for, and who will have nothing to do with them,—and the members of the deputation hoping and praying that somehow it would be all right, but profoundly convinced that everything would go wrong if they were not allowed to have Prince Alfred for their king.

That the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece will be an act both just and politic we have never doubted, and we have a full belief that it will be ratified and approved by the good sense of the English people; but it would be idle to hope that a measure so bold, and at the same time so contrary to the spirit and traditions of our foreign policy in times past, will be suffered to pass without an effort to defeat it. In the Conservative organs may already be heard the mutterings of the storm that will break when Parliament meets. The kinds of charges likely to be brought against the Government are not difficult to foresee. Until that "better future" comes, for which the nations yearn, and which Louis Napoleon does so much to hasten, there is much to be said, we mournfully admit, for the good old plan, that he should keep who can; and of this John Bull has an instinctive perception. The mere pride of vast dominions and the habit of chuckling over common-places about the empire on which the sun never sets, have, to a great degree, died away among us; but there remains, firm as ever, the conviction that we must hold the strong places of the earth, lest they fall into the hands of others less scrupulous than ourselves, and be turned against us and the general peace of the world. For our own part we are persuaded, as we have declared on a former occasion, that Corfu is a source of heavy expenditure to us in time of peace, and of weakness rather than of strength in warfare; but the events of the great war, and the successive occupations of the Ionian Islands by different belligerent powers, have bequeathed to us a tradition that Corfu is a place of vast importance as the key of the Adriatic, and necessary for the maintenance of our maritime supremacy in the Mediterranean. Against the force of this respectable tradition, rendered doubly impressive by warnings that the citadel of Corfu will soon pass out of the weak hands of Greece into the strong hand of France or of Russia, and against denunciations of the illegality of a proposal to cede a part of the Queen's dominions without the consent of Parliament, the Government will no doubt have to contend. We abide, however, in the faith that the wise initiative of the Government will be confirmed by a majority of the legislature as well as of the nation. Public opinion even now rules the world, and every day adds to the might of this ruler. And that we shall gain in moral power by giving to the world an example, too rare in history, of the generosity of "a strong man armed," will hardly be denied by the most fanatical believer in the material advantages that we derive from the possession of Corfu. The events of the Greek revolution have placed us in a splendid position before Europe; and to enhance the greatness of our prestige nothing is wanting but the surrender of seven useless islands with their troublesome inhabitants.

No man has a better right than Mr. Goldwin Smith loudly to express his satisfaction at the cession of the Ionian Islands. To him belongs the honour, beyond cavil or dispute, of having been the vigorous advocate of this very measure, at a time when what he preached was foolishness to the mass of the public. Content, however, as Mr. Goldwin Smith is, with the cession of the Islands, he is dissatisfied with the conditions annexed to it. He would have had an unconditional surrender of the Protectorate. Unless the Greeks are prepared, as they have been told by Mr. Elliot, to maintain constitutional monarchy, to abandon all thoughts of an aggressive policy towards Turkey, and to choose "a sovereign against whom no well-founded objection could be raised," the Ionian Islands will not be handed over to them; and it is against these conditions that Mr. Goldwin Smith has raised his voice in a recent letter to the *Daily News*. "Did any professor," he asks, "even in Laputa, ever dream a more chimerical dream than this of bestowing constitutional monarchy on all the nations of the earth, old and young, trained and untrained, whether monarchy has a root in them or not?" It is clear, however, that there is nothing in this condition repugnant to the Greeks themselves; indeed, it is only the echo of their own wishes as declared by the Provisional Government, when the throne was left vacant by Otho's abdication. Illegal and iniquitous as was the tenor of Otho's rule, the faith of the Greeks in constitutional monarchy seems to have undergone no diminution. Year after year they went on hoping against hope that the king would mend his ways and begin to respect the constitution. We are far from thinking that constitutional monarchy is a panacea for all evils, but when Mr. Goldwin Smith points to the present attitude of the king of Prussia as an argument against its introduction on foreign soils, we may, on the other hand, bid him turn his eyes towards the Italian kingdom. There, constitutional monarchy is not the slow growth of centuries. It may almost be said to have been the creature of Cavour, and, wielded by his skilful hand, it has been chief among the instruments of Italian regeneration. Mr. Goldwin Smith would have the Greeks look about among themselves for some man "on whom nature has set something of the true royal stamp," and take him to be their ruler. Were there such a man among them, he would probably have come to the surface ere this; but a Greek State, ruled by a native Dictator, or a Greek Republic, would be an object of distrust and suspicion to every crowned head in Europe. Dynastic prejudices still count for something in courts and cabinets; and the Greeks are too weak to set them at nought with impunity.

With the second condition, that the Greeks should abstain from aggressions upon Turkey, Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to be even more dissatisfied than with the first. If the Turk is past all hope of redemption, and there is vitality enough in the Greek to start on a new career, the Greek will hereafter displace the Turk, and it will be well for the world that this should come to pass; but, looking to the exigencies and the duties of the present hour, we do not see how the Government could propose to strengthen the hands of the Greeks without demanding of them some securities against the abuse of their increased strength in an attack upon the Sultan's dominions. It would be too much, of course, to expect that any Ministry of which Lord Palmerston is a member should deliberately stultify the whole policy of the Crimean war, and that within a very few years; but setting aside these considerations, the second condition is also dictated by good faith towards the other Powers, from which we received the Protectorate as a trust. Mr. Goldwin Smith makes light of the "balance of power;" but, rightly or wrongly, the treaties of 1815 were made with a view to this balance of power, and one of the arrangements to secure it was the English Protectorate of the Ionian Islands. Whether the balance of power be a mischievous chimera or not, the parties to the Treaty of 1815 still regard it as a prime object of policy; and so long as the purpose for which a trust was made exists, we are bound, in releasing ourselves, to see that its purpose be not defeated in other hands than our own. But to the Greeks themselves—at least, in their present frame of mind—this second condition appears to be as little irksome as the first. The lessons of adversity have been laid to heart by them; their patriotism looks to the development of the resources of their cruelly neglected country, and they give no present indications of a temper to embark upon the perilous game of aggression.

THE AMERICAN PROCLAMATIONS.

THE cause of American Union, which might have survived a bloody and internecine war, a rapidly increasing debt, a profligate waste of national expenditure, and a desolation of whole provinces, daily becomes more desperate through the blind mistakes of its champions. This week brings news that cannot but disappoint America's best friends. A war of principles is growing into a war of passions. At Richmond and at Washington alike the hated and fatal black flag appears upon the scene. The President of the Southern Confederacy, exasperated by the not unprovoked though brutal severity of General Butler's régime at New Orleans, has taken on him the terrible responsibility of a step which must add new horrors to the contest. From the northern capital, at one and the same moment, issues a hot blast of hatred and defiance, which seems indefinitely to adjourn all hopes if not of reconciliation, at least of re-union. Each, in undoubted honesty of purpose, but with a blindness at which the evil Genius of America might smile, appeals to the Providence, which rules all human events, to prosper his own intemperate designs. Never has the irony of Fortune been

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more conspicuous than when she equipped on the one side a bad cause with enthusiastic followers and with able and chivalrous leaders, while she marshalled on the other ill-trained troops, incompetent generals, and a feeble and foolish Government, under the banner of a great principle which claims the sympathy of the civilized world. A moderate policy, an able administration, combined with even an ordinary allowance of military and political genius, might have preserved to posterity a great empire, which, though full of blemishes, of vulgarities and of bravado, would have grown under the salutary influence of time into something worthy of the admiration of mankind. It seems to be the will of Heaven that the hopes of a future for America, which led all liberal minds to pardon her shortcomings in the present, should be cast down. The Union, if it is to perish, will perish not from the weakness of its constitution, not from any irreconcileable diversity of interests among its component parts, but from the folly of an administration. The stars, in their courses, have fought against Lincoln and his ministry.

Divûm inclementia, Divûm
Has evertit opes, sternitque a culmine Trojam.

The emancipation scheme of the Washington Executive is not of such a nature as to have appealed to the sympathies of either a Buxton or a Wilberforce. A slave-holding and slave-breeding nation, however brave and loyal in itself, cannot deserve the genuine respect of England or of France. The South has not merely broken up the American Union, it has actually broken it up because slavery was at stake, and in order to protect the domestic institution which, disguise it as best we may, is an outrage on the nineteenth century. But though the South have been slaveholders, the North, with the exception of a minority, are not at heart Abolitionists by principle. Suddenly, and as a desperate military resource, they propose to give freedom to the slaves of those who have beaten them on the field of battle. This is not Abolition, but a wild and wanton incendiary movement. Athens, when she encouraged the Helots of Lacedæmon to revolt, played no very dissimilar part. No concession was made to the cause of humanity by a policy which fastened on the Spartan frontier the servile revolution, which would have been repressed with a bloody hand, had it shown itself in the Athenian silver-mines of Laurium. The manifesto of President Lincoln does not convert the war into a war of emancipation. All that it does is to make a certain amount of military and political capital out of a sacred principle. West Virginia is exempted from the measure, which is to convert North and South Carolina into a cottonless wilderness. Thirteen parishes in Louisiana escape the fate reserved for the remainder of the State. Nor does the Government of Washington profess to be actuated by any nobler motives than despair. What is done is done, we learn from the lips of the chief actor, "as a fit and necessary war measure for repressing the rebellion." The rights of humanity will take but little benefit from it, except so far as the unforeseen current of human affairs may drift the American ship in the direction of the ultimate emancipation of the slaves. No political prophet can foresee with certainty the result of this last move upon the condition of the slave population of the South. Viewed, however, as part of the policy of a religious Abolitionist, it is too feeble and too temporizing to justify the President of the Union in claiming for it what he claims so ostentatiously —"the gracious favour of Almighty God." As a political expedient it will fare as ill in the war, as in that which he invokes with the same breath, namely, the considerate judgment of mankind.

The pressure under which Lincoln and his immediate advisers have been placed, is evident to all serious observers of the situation. The fitful and inconsiderate outbursts of Abolitionism among many of the Northern generals, contrasted with the silent and stern attitude of the remainder, compelled the chief of the executive to make his election. The Republic was driven to choose some official line to be pursued about the slaves. It was idle any longer to continue to sow hopes of emancipation with one hand, and to weed them out carefully with the other. But though the dilemma had become obvious, more resolution and a clearer conception of the only policy that could save the country might have averted the difficulty altogether, if firm measures had been taken in the first instance. Imprudence and weakness prevented Lincoln either from observing into what perils he was drifting, or from arresting his downward course by a show of vigour towards the party whose honest folly was seriously compromising him. Flirtation with the Fremonts of the North was a natural error for the President to fall into, considering his political antecedents. A wiser and more experienced politician would have understood where he was being dragged by an injudicious clique. Two years ago Mr. Lincoln would have repudiated the notion that he would so soon throw overboard his inauguration "platform." Nor have the two years been marked by a steady progress on his part. He has hesitated, vacillated, wavered, turned back, returned again, looked, trembled, and at last jumped. It has taken two years, or nearly two years, to drag him over a Rubicon which Cæsar would have crossed at once, or, better still, never have crossed at all. There has not been a particle of selfishness or unpatriotism attaching to his conduct. No more honourable man could have been preferred to the station which he fills. It is, as we have said, simply the irony of fortune, which is often wont to raise up weak men to cope with great events.

Whether the North will accept with cheerfulness an arbitrary programme, which in letter and form is a violation of constitutional law, while in spirit it is opposed to the wishes of one-half of the still loyal states, time alone can show. Mr. Lincoln has been careful to conciliate the Democratic portion of the community by resting his decision solely upon military grounds. So transparent an artifice will probably be understood both at New York and Boston. Half of the New York press may naturally denounce the step from old prejudices and political sympathies. The quieter and less conspicuous wellwishers to the Union will remark, with dismay, that one more irreparable affront has been offered to the Confederates. The truant sheep of the Union are gone; and the Union shepherd puts upa bristling fence to prevent them from returning. Whatever bitter memories have hitherto been evoked in the progress of the struggle will be embittered a hundredfold. Even if the slaves of Louisiana and Virginia exhibit an indifference to the promises held out to them, and no serious conflagration follows the lighted torch which Mr. Lincoln has recklessly flung into the cotton fields of the South, the South will still have been uselessly alienated by a desperate and deadly threat. Hitherto they have been fighting for their hearths and homes in no very different sense from that in which the North have been fighting for the same. Henceforward they may truly say that they are fighting to preserve themselves from domestic ruin. The Washington Government has only supplied the South with a new motive for vigorous resistance. The arms of Lee and Jackson will be stronger by reason of the menaces of Lincoln. Nor can the North expect to win sympathy from Europe. They have no right to bid us choose between the prospect of perpetual slavery and a servile war in the South. Probably the arrow they aim at the joint in the armour of the slaveholder will be less dangerous than is anticipated by the Boston philanthropists. For the sake of humanity we cannot but hope that slavery may draw closer to its end, even during this war; yet for the sake of humanity we cannot wish that this storm may break on the South, which Mr. Lincoln has at last determined to invoke upon their heads. Intervention in the contest would be useless, and therefore would certainly be unwise; yet the friends of the Union will feel, not without regret, that Mr. Lincoln's recent stroke brings European intervention nearer. A time may come, when the leading powers of Europe will have it in their power to weaken the hands of slavery in America. They will not find it easier to do so, because the Executive in Washington have begun to fling about fire in a way that is not so much determined as simply wanton and desperate. The Lincoln Cabinet have burnt not so much their own ships, as the ships of the Confederates. They may yet have reason to repent so hasty and inconsiderate an act.

THE NEW HIGHWAY ACT.

A CONTEST of considerable importance has been carried on with great keenness during the last ten days in not a few of the counties of England. The point in dispute was the management of the highways, and the contest lay between the public, who wish to have the roads kept in good repair, and the parishes, who wish to maintain their ancient privilege of repairing them as badly as possible. In this struggle the public was represented by the county magistrates assembled in Quarter Sessions, who, under the Act of last Session, have the power of forming

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highway districts by the union of several parishes. The parishes appeared on their own behalf, and strenuously defended their ancient right of a separate and independent control over the roads within their own limits. Success has varied, but on the whole Victory has inclined to the side of the public. But parochial authorities are proverbially tough, and generally die hard. And they have never made a harder fight for any of their ancient privileges than for this power of managing the highways by separate parishes. They successfully resisted any change in Parliament for more than a dozen years. Every Ministry, both Whig and Tory, since the time of Sir Robert Peel, has attempted to take the management of the highways out of the hands of vestries. Every Secretary of State since 1849 has brought in a bill with that object, and after all these repeated attempts, the Act which was at length passed last year did not itself enforce a change of management, but gave the power of enforcing it to the Justices in Quarter Sessions. Hence it happened that the whole battle had to be fought over again in every Quarter Sessions through the country. Each of these assemblies was turned for the time into a local parliament, which was vexed with petitions from alarmed ratepayers, and besieged by importunate vestries, who were making a last desperate effort to ward off any change. Happily the justices have, for the most part, stood firm against this pressure, and the new Highway Act will now be very generally adopted through the country.

The nature of the change will be readily perceived by calling to mind the existing system of management. It is well known that all the roads forming the great arterial communications of the country were long since taken out of the management of the parishes, and included in local turnpike acts. But all roads not thus converted into turnpike roads, or included in some other local act, are repaired by parishes as highways, each parish repairing the part of the road lying within its own limits. For the purpose of maintaining them, a surveyor was appointed, and the expense attending their repair was defrayed by a parochial tax called a highway rate. The defects of this system are manifest. The extent of road which lay within a single parish was seldom sufficient to warrant the employment of a paid surveyor, and the office was generally taken in turn by the tenant farmers who knew nothing about road-making, and were no more fit for the business than for the conduct of a department of state. Besides, even if the surveyors possessed the skill, they could not give much time to an occupation for which there was no sort of remuneration. It could not be expected that farmers would leave their own business to look after roads for which they received nothing. Moreover, in the time and manner of making the necessary repairs, the interests of the public were made entirely subservient to those of the parish. The repairs were made, not when they were required, but when it was convenient for the farmers to send their horses to draw the materials. And with the view of keeping down the poor-rate, it was the custom to employ on the roads all the halt and the lame of the parish, who were too old or too weak to get work from any of the farmers, and who were quite incompetent for labour on the roads. This had been practised so long that vestries came at length to regard roads as made not for the service of the public, but for the employment of persons who were fit for nothing else, or for the accommodation of the horse and cart of the farmer.

The small size of the districts into which the country is divided, according to the parochial arrangement, for highway management, is the main objection to the present system. In some instances, the sub-division is still more minute, and each township, instead of each parish, has a separate surveyor. There are at the present moment in England more than 17,000 districts, each with a separate surveyor and a separate highway rate. These officers are elected annually, and, from the nature of the case, have no professional knowledge of the science of road-making; and are indeed, for the most part, ignorant that there is any such science. A sum of more than £2,000,000 is annually expended in the repair of the highways by this army of amateur road-makers,—with what poor results most people are aware. The wonder is that so primitive a system should have lasted so long. And it was, in fact, abandoned more than a century ago, with respect to the great arterial communications of the country, which are now included in turnpike acts, and more lately, with respect to roads in the neighbourhood of towns, which are under various local acts. All these roads were originally under parochial management, and continued to be so till the inefficiency of that system became apparent. But abuses often linger in quiet by-ways long after they have been removed from places of bustle and resort. The parish surveyor and his feeble assistants have long since been swept away from the turnpike roads. Some amount of skill was necessary for the maintenance of roads on which there was heavy and continuous traffic. But these functionaries have kept their ground on the parish roads up to the present time, and would have kept it much longer but for the change made by the introduction of railways. This has altogether altered the relative importance of parish roads and turnpike roads. The latter have given place to railways, and are no longer the leading communications of the country. Many of the parish roads, on the other hand, in consequence of their connection with railways, to which they act as feeders, have become of great importance. As might have been expected, the parochial system of management, with its necessary consequence of unpaid, and therefore unskilled, direction, has not been able to meet the demands of this increase of traffic. The parish surveyors have, therefore, at last got the word to move on.

The natural remedy for the evils of the present system is to increase the size of the divisions which are under separate highway management. Accordingly, under the new Act, several parishes will be grouped together, so as to form a single highway district, the roads in which will be managed by a highway board, formed partly of persons elected by each parish, and partly of the justices residing in the district. This board will elect a surveyor, who will receive a salary. The country will probably be able to furnish 200 or 300 professional surveyors, though it could not supply 17,000. There will not, however, be any change in the incidence of the taxation necessary to meet the expense. The estimates of the repairs required in each parish will be made separately by the district surveyor, and the parish will continue as before to pay for the repair of its own roads, with the addition only of its share of the common expenses connected with the officers of the board. The principle of the new system is to make the highway districts of such extent, as to enable the board to obtain skilful management, and thus secure efficiency as well as economy. The system of unprofessional surveyors, must in the end prove the most expensive, even though these officers receive no salary. Want of skill, wherever professional knowledge is required, is always want of economy. The advantages of enlarged districts are so obvious that it might have been supposed that the parishes would have willingly accepted the change. The very reverse has been the case. The opposition of the ratepayers has been mainly founded on the idea that the employment of paid surveyors would lead to increased expense. This fear seems to be without foundation. The expense that will be saved by more skilful management may fairly be set against the salaries of the surveyor and the other officers of the board. But on this point we are not left to mere conjecture. The experience of the six counties of South Wales is sufficient to reassure the alarmed ratepayers on the head of increased expense. In those counties, highway districts, similar to those now proposed, have existed for several years, and there is a unanimous concurrence of opinion that since that system came into operation there has been a very marked improvement in the state of the roads without any addition whatever to the annual expenditure.

Another objection is urged against the new system on the ground that it tends to the destruction of local self-government. Centralization and bureaucracy are words of fearful import in English ears, and there is little doubt that this objection had great influence on many persons who opposed the new act. It is, however, manifest that sub-division may be carried to such an extent for the purposes of local management, as to become an absurdity. The question in such cases always is, what ought to be the size of the district on which separate powers of government are bestowed. And it is manifest that if the sub-division be so minute as not to warrant the employment of professional knowledge when it is necessary, local self-government has been carried to an extreme. If the ratepayers of every street in a town had the separate control of the paving of their own street, that would, doubtless, be local self-government, but it would be government reduced to an absurdity.

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CHARITY *versus* WIT.

On one question of the day, and not an unimportant one, the world is at present showing a disposition towards primeval chaos. It would be just as sensible to go without clothes and eat boiled babies as to go back to the beginning of all our knowledge and work out everything afresh. The subject of charity is one upon which there is yet a great deal to learn; it is impossible to say, at the present moment, how far the dictates of natural benevolence and of political economy contradict one another. But we are, after all, not quite at the commencement of the inquiry into such topics. Any doubt as to the merits of casual and unmethodical charity is about as reasonable as a doubt on the burning of witches or the virtues of a pure despotism. If there is anything on earth about which human certainty is possible, it is this: we are as certain that giving away money at random is not wise, as that the moon is not made of green cheese. Society can hardly be conscious of the trouble that it will cost, if all the philosophy of modern civilization has to be worked out over again.

If alms are to be given to the poor, they should be given systematically and cautiously; they will thus do least harm and most good. In order to relieve the distress of the London poor with some degree of order and intelligence, a Society was formed two years ago, on the principle that its funds should not be wasted on the machinery of management, but administered personally by such of the donors as had time to spare. To the appeals of this Society the *Times* generously opened its columns, and gave it what indirect assistance it could; the scheme found supporters, and has hitherto seemed to prosper. But the Lancashire distress, and the general understanding among Englishmen that, whether charity under ordinary circumstances were advisable or not, the sufferings of the operatives should at all events be relieved, has turned the heads of the charitable. There is a longing to give, even if it be at random. The same journal that supported the systematic scheme has also given its countenance to a number of small cases of distress, which must of necessity be capriciously selected, and the support of which must drive other deserving people mad with jealousy. It was the same mode of proceeding which led some well-meaning families in the country to select for their private alms other casual families in Lancashire, relieving them continuously and bounteously at what ought really to be considered the expense of their neighbours. One "wife of an officer" obtains a hearing in print; but how many wives of officers are there whose grievances never see the light? We begin to think that the *Times* heart is better than its head. Still, if it is injudicious in supporting the casual bounties of some, the organized bounty of others finds in it a ready assistance. Its offences on the one score may be fairly set against its utility on the other.

Meanwhile a weekly journal, which, whatever its other virtues may be, is not in general distinguished by a very profound knowledge of facts, conceived that it was able to throw some light upon the question by treating it from a satirical point of view. The public mind must be very much at sea upon the subject, when it can seem possible to any reasonable thinker that such a method of treatment will be generally acceptable. To dilate with humorous irony upon the details of an important battle, or indulge in some hard hits at the death of a near friend, would in ordinary times appear about as fit an application of style to matter. The question, whether public benevolence is most successful when organized or disorganized, contains in our judgment as little of a comic element as any question that can be started. But the *Saturday Review*, with an ingenuity which does it credit, managed to discover a way of rendering it comic; and this way is so simple and so easy of execution, that it is worth some study. The scheme for organizing charity affords no field for humour; then, what can be more obvious than to represent it as a scheme for doing something else, and so make fun of it? The inventor of this idea is clearly a person of a delicate and skilful perception. Here is the intellectual process. "W. D. B.'s" plan was for giving charity with some order and method. But all charity necessitates visiting the poor. Some schemes of visiting the poor involve the giving of religious advice. Religious advice is sometimes misapplied. Misapplied religious advice is susceptible of humorous treatment. Therefore, the scheme of "W. D. B." is susceptible of humorous treatment. Therefore, any amount of silly ill-nature may be given to the public in connexion with it; which was to be demonstrated.

But that the tone of the article which we have mentioned is an example of a distinct vein of unworthy thought, traceable for a long time past in the pages in which it appears, it might have seemed hardly worth a notice. It is, however, part and parcel of a connected thread, and must be taken with the rest. Whenever the reader sees in those columns a subject mentioned which can by any skill be tortured into an allusion to Dissenters, or to popular religion, or to the alluring topic of immoral indulgence, he knows what treatment will be adopted, and what kind of hand will guide the pen. He guesses beforehand that whatever is not in accordance with some pedantry of ecclesiastical formalism, will be represented as gross and ridiculous; he knows that the untaught devotion of the poor will be regarded only in the one light of its vulgarity; he knows that whatever opportunity is offered for lightly hovering round the lives and persons of the fallen victims of vice, for pleasantly twitting their habits and appearance, for cutting jokes at the titles by which they are known, will be seized upon with an eager pleasure. He feels, probably, himself, that the treatment is as far removed from manliness as it can possibly be; he may possibly not be without a passing fancy that if he were offered his choice, between having his hand cut off, and putting it to a suggestion that the promoters of "midnight meetings" are not the better for the intercourse they cultivate, he would infinitely prefer the former alternative of the two. But he does well to read on: his knowledge of human nature will be enlarged, and he will be the more able to appreciate a somewhat loftier tone when he sees it. For example, if he should ever chance to see an active, rich, pleasure-loving man, a hero in athletic toils, a proficient in intellectual work, quietly writing to decline a day's amusement on the ground of previous engagement; if he should manage to discover what this engagement was, and should find that it was a walk on a winter's day to the recesses of Whitechapel, to spend hour after hour in furtherance of the scheme of "W. D. B.;" if he should hear the narrative afterwards, and listen to the speaker as he told the new and awful experiences of the day's work, he will be able, as we are able, from having seen and heard it, to judge between the spirit which does this work for the love of God and man, and the spirit which endeavours to write it down for the love of "sensation" and paradox.

"Visiting the poor," ironically remarks the writer, "forms an essential portion of the received ideal of a Christian man or woman." The deplorable error may possibly have arisen from the stress which St. James unfortunately lays upon the practice in his epistle, in an allusion to pure and undefiled religion. But, however unnecessary and injudicious it may be, it is hard to see how charity can be given to the poor without going to their houses to give it. The idea of a guardsman presenting half-a-crown to a starving family in their own home may have something richly comic in it. It may even be a vulgar idea,—though we should rather have said that the vulgarity lay in conceiving an officer of the Guards as a man who, by his position in society, is debarred from sympathy with the poorer classes. But how is the unfortunate guardsman to present it? By handing it to the clergyman, the writer would probably reply, under some indistinct impression that there must be something in the rubric to forbid officers to associate with silkweavers, except under ecclesiastical sanction; or, it may be, some historical recollection that the centurion, Cornelius, used invariably to give his alms through the medium of the clergyman of his parish. But, supposing that the object of "W. D. B." is to take the labour from the already overworked clergymen, and that his guardsman make a point of consulting them beforehand, what is to be said? "One cannot help feeling some nervousness at a suggestion which proposes to turn the whole Household Brigade loose upon the London parishes in the unwonted guise of district visitors." We should have thought that the unpleasant feeling might have been avoided by the very simple means of not making the suggestion. No one but the writer ever made it. The proposal which has been made, and which for two years has been carried out, is that those men who have the time should personally distribute the money subscribed. They are not supposed to act as spiritual guides, though if any poor man or woman should choose to talk on religious subjects to their benefactor, we can see no objection to their doing so. "It will form a material assistance in the way of getting rid of Sunday afternoons, which in a Protestant community is a serious recommendation." It is not our business to defend the Protestant respect for Sundays from facetious criticism; but we do look with some admiration at the idea thrown out that the reason why guardsmen bring the money to the poor is because they can think of nothing else to do on the first day of the week. The notion is so felicitous, so apposite, so full of happy sarcasm. It is quite worthy of the only other theory advanced, that they do it by way of "spiritual plate-powder." Whoever wishes to understand thoroughly the furthest limit to which mere silliness can bring the human mind, ought, we think, carefully to

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study, analyze, and examine the bearings of this last phrase, remembering the circumstances of the case, and the nature of the subject at issue.

But have we been treating all this absurdity in the right sense? There are those who may think that no sentiment but pure indignation applies to the method which we have described of handling the topic of public charity. They may hold that such a style of writing should be mentioned by no honest man except with downright anger. We cannot wholly agree with them. We, probably, feel as much dislike as they do to the tone of thought, and perhaps even more contempt; but a great part of the blame we prefer to lay upon the readers. If the public would care a little more for the theory of those subjects, and take more pains to understand distinctly what charity means and what it does not, an article of the kind would be impossible. As it is, we are glad to find that it is not highly valued. There are some kinds of faults which the world can readily appreciate. "People whose profession it is to preach," says the writer, "like clergymen or Scripture-readers, are saved by their official position from the appearance of gratuitous insolence." Perhaps so. People whose profession it is to prattle, like certain journalists, are by no means saved by any position of theirs from the appearance of feeble folly.

MOSES AMONG THE ESSAYISTS.

THE unwary traveller, whose course lies down Oxford-street or the Strand, finds the dangers and difficulties of his voyage terribly increased by the high literary art with which the enterprising shopkeeper now baits his advertisements. A sensation novelette displayed at full length in a large plate-glass window breaks off at the most thrilling part of the page to reassure the public as to the excellent quality and low price of Griffin's family teas. Poetry of the most exalted description invites the passer-by to try somebody's patent candles; and the modern Ulysses is sung on one side of the road into the dangerous abode of a poetical siren of a haberdasher, or on the other into the web of a spiderlike and subtle-minded undertaker, whose object seems to be to combine at once rapidity, economy, and decorum. At such a time of enormous literary high-pressure, a new and hitherto untrodden path has been struck out by the noblest and most famous of their profession. This is the season at which tailors and millin:rs, and all aspiring tradesmen, usually salute the rising year and their numerous customers in some light madrigal or whatever else is at once appropriate and novel. It has been reserved for Moses & Son to soar above the beaten track, and to distance all their literary rivals. Poetry may be said to be only in fashion with the mob. Every snob of a tailor has his poet now. Moses & Son accordingly will have nothing more to do with verse. The stranger who enters London through the gates of Euston-square is no longer gratuitously informed, by means of a shower of hand-bills, that

"It certainly were best
To try our winter Oxford vest;"

or warned in didactic strains that "The man of taste and fashion flies to Moses in the Minories." The Minories are no longer in favour of rhyme; Parnassus is at a discount; epic poems are no longer buoyant; and the highest firms would no more think of bringing out a professional "Idylls of the King," than of resorting to a common-place advertisement in the *Times*. This is the age of Essays, of *Saturday Reviews*, of sensible and smart prose writing; and Moses & Son have accordingly dismissed their private poet, and set up a private Essayist and Reviewer. The production with which they welcome the New Year is of the highest moral and literary tone, is entered at Stationers' Hall, and the "right of translation" is, of course, strictly "reserved." No foreign house can expect to be allowed to command the services of the authors of the highest distinction whose assistance Messrs. Moses & Son, at an enormous outlay, have been enabled to secure.

We are all more or less desirous, on some ground or other, begins the philosopher of the Minories, to win the respect of our fellow creatures, and the ways of winning it are infinitely diversified. To obtain influence and position, the majority of mankind will labour an entire life, and continue to toil in some particular trade or profession long after their actual necessities are supplied. "The merchant still speculates in the mart, the seaman still ploughs the deep, the goldhunter still digs the mine, the scholar still collects additional lore by the midnight lamp." It is the Roman poet over again. *Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum*—each of us has his own way of aiming at honour and at fame. But there is one way, pursues the essayist of the Minories, which the whole human race adopt, with rare exceptions—namely, an attention to personal appearance, or an endeavour to produce favourable impressions by the fashion, or propriety, or becomingness, or neatness, or splendour of their habiliments. He is not the first person who has remarked on the necessity of this part of the paraphernalia of human life. A modern poet has put the same truth as forcibly, and very nearly as delicately:

"Dicite cœlicolæ: squamosi dicite pisces,
Ni tegerent braccæ crura, quid esset homo?"

Some philosophers and men of genius, Moses & Son regret to think, have been great slovens, and affected to consider attention to personal appearance as effeminate or foolish. This mistake is less common than it used to be. "Most of our *literati* now dress like gentlemen." The considerate and high-principled House in question have not thought it right to mention more explicitly who are the exceptions to the rule. But they evidently have their eye upon them; and it is probably for the benefit of those "of our *literati*" who cannot be brought to a proper sense of the importance of a winter outfit, that the reviewer proceeds to detail the various anecdotes on the subject which may be collected from the *Spectator*, the "Life of Dr. Johnson," and other similar sources. The following story bears with it its own moral:—

"When Gérard, the famous French painter, called on Lanjuinais (a leader of the Girondists), with a letter of introduction, his first reception was cold and discouraging; but in the course of conversation the artist's good sense and amiability dissipated the unfavourable impression produced by an ill-arranged and shabby attire. When he rose to take leave, Lanjuinais accompanied him to the lobby with marks of respect and good-will. Gérard could not help expressing his surprise. 'My young friend,' said Lanjuinais, 'we receive an unknown person according to his dress; we take leave of him according to his merit.'"

Not much is to be said for the orthodoxy of this anecdote. We are afraid Lanjuinais cannot have been one of those persons who entertain angels unawares. He would have thought nothing of the angel unless the angel had his wings about him; and upon his theory he would have been justified. But Moses & Son are not disposed to throw out raw theories of moral conduct without showing how each is capable of a practical application to the affairs of everyday life. The major premiss is, that we ought to attend to dress. The minor informs us very minutely of the way in which the major may be put in operation.

"'I remember,' says the *Spectator*, in continuation of the article just quoted, 'that Mr. Osborn (the author of 'Letters to his Son') advises his son to appear in his habit rather above than below his fortune; and Lord Chesterfield, who understood the world, gave his son the most earnest instructions on the same point. Mr. Osborn observes, that a man will always find 'a handsome suit of clothes procure him some additional respect.' If the writer in the *Spectator* had lived in these days, it is by no means improbable that he would have advised his readers to go to E. Moses & Son for a *handsome suit of clothes*, such, for example, as their cheap yet elegant and useful attire, so widely known as *the Indispensable Suit*. Gay, the poet, tells us 'that everything must be suitable to the season, and there can be no propriety in dress without a strict regard to time.' This is a very obvious and yet often neglected truth, but one which E. Moses & Son have done their best to uphold and illustrate, in their selection and preparation of stocks especially suited to the several seasons of the year."

This sagacious reminder completely proves that it may be said of Messrs. Moses & Son, as of John Gilpin's wife, that,—

"Though on pleasure they were bent,
They had a frugal mind."

It would, however, be unfair to their essayist and philosopher to suppose that he has an *arrière pensée* in all the morsels of information which he spreads before us. This is far from being the case. In return for the slight scraps of puffery which he inserts in some places, Messrs. Moses & Son give him his head in others. Two pages are devoted to the subject of enamelling in ancient and modern times, which wind up with a satirical allusion to Madame Rachel. There is nothing niggardly about the great literary work turned out by the Minories. It is not filled, as commonplace professional houses might have tried to fill it, with such literary or intellectual remarks alone as can be brought round to end in a professional assertion of the superior merits of Messrs. Moses. Occasionally, it is true the great and undoubted superiority of that distinguished firm breaks through the literary veil; but it is rather as if their superiority was a matter of course which the essayist took so thoroughly for granted, that, without any effort on his part, his conviction must now and then dawn through his writing. His object is not to argue on the point, or to establish by reasoning a fact which is indeed as clear as the hills. He only seeks to give a "half-hour's amusement" to "our friends and constituents." The authors who work in this spirit have to do with nothing except the very highest art. Their

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task is far removed from the paltry daubing and sign-painting of lower professional artists. They are called upon not to descant upon the paletots of this or that tailor, but to take a high and bird's-eye view of the theory of dress, and its moral influences on the soul and the character. They cannot be said to digress if, in this exalted view of their duty, they occasionally wander into digressions, into which even the agile Moses & Son might be unable to follow them, and into a region where the voice of the Minories is altogether silent. Thus we have historical and even classical information, which is useful for its intrinsic value.

"In Rome, in the days of Poppæa and Agrippina, the fashionable lady was attended by cosmetæ, or slaves initiated in all the mysteries of the toilette, the moment she left her bath. We mention these little matters to show how long some fashions, contrary to nature and true taste, may endure, in contradiction to the assertion of some philosophers that a false taste must be of comparatively brief duration. The old-fashioned hoop-petticoat that was put down by an edict of George IV. because it was inconvenient in his crowded drawing-room, is now revived, and is more prevalent than ever, under the name of crinoline.

* * * * *

"Even in point of cost, the dresses of the gentlemen have often been more extravagant than those of the fairer sex. Sir Walter Raleigh's doublet was embroidered with pearls; his buff shoes were covered with precious stones of the value of £6,600; his armour blazed with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. The Duke of Buckingham, King James's favourite, sometimes had his diamonds so loosely put on his garments that when he pleased he could, with a sudden shake, sprinkle the ground with them, that the Dames de la Cour might pick them up; he had a suit of white velvet, embroidered with diamonds, the value of £80,000. Some of the English nobles at the Field of the Cloth of Gold carried their whole fortunes upon their backs."

Instruction so valuable and so varied as the above is not to be obtained every day, nor indeed in every shop. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth himself might pause and admire an anonymous artist who rivals him in knowledge of the upholstery and haberdashery of the past. It is a great credit to Messrs. Moses & Son that they should have procured the services of a writer of such learning and high moral purpose. Nor is it possible to think without a flush of generous emotion of this liberal-minded and open-handed firm strewing gratis these pearls of literature up and down the streets of London, over highways and byeways, in at cab windows and down kitchen areas, contenting themselves with no more immediate reward than the approbation of their age. The schoolmaster, it is said, is abroad. He is indeed abroad, for he lurks unsuspected behind the advertisements of the British tailor. We are gently lured on by gossip about Dr. Johnson and Agrippina, to the "celebrated sixteen shilling trowsers." For though the Essayist of the Minories is far from obtrusive on the point, this is the point to which his labours all converge. The pamphlet ends, as it should end, with a blaze of fireworks, in the midst of which the name of Moses & Son is conspicuous against the nightly sky, extinguishing by its brilliancy all minor stars.

"A good tailor enjoys a sort of monopoly. Messrs. E. Moses & Son may speak to this point from long experience. Ever since they proved to their customers that they had the very best cutters in the world, and had always on hand the largest supplies of the best materials from all quarters of the globe, and could produce on their premises better articles at lower prices than any other house in the trade, they have been overwhelmed with business, and have been compelled to go on increasing their establishments to an unprecedented extent, and to toil night and day in the public service—and certainly not merely without regret, but most gratefully, eagerly, and happily, for, as Shakespeare truly says:—

'The labor we delight in physics pain.'"

We cannot but sympathize with those who are worn out by their daily and nightly labours in the way above suggested. May the constitution of Messrs. Moses & Son be supported against the ravages of their incessant toil! They wish to impress upon the gentlemen of England the importance of dressing well. They are also anxious that Messrs. Moses & Son should have the opportunity of dressing the gentlemen of England. Their petition, therefore, is a double one,—that we may have a passion to dress, and that we may gratify it by repairing to the Minories,—and it would be is a terrible thing if it ever should be said of them that

"Jove heard in heaven and granted half their prayer,
The rest the gods dispersed in empty air."

MUNICIPAL INSTITUTIONS IN GREECE.

We have recommended a reform of the municipal institutions of Greece as most necessary to the future prosperity of the country. It will now be our task to explain the grounds on which this recommendation is based. Capodistrias and the Regency utterly destroyed the popular municipal system of Greece, and substituted for it a communal organization by which both the urban and rural populations were brought directly under the power of the central administration. All feeling of individual independence was obliterated in the people; they were not permitted to promote local improvements or to share in the administration of their own local affairs. They were even compelled to submit to the undisguised and continuous misappropriation of the municipal funds by royal authority. The Greeks submitted sullenly to this despotism, and would doubtless have resented it far earlier than 1862 had not Otho succeeded in irretrievably dislocating their internal social and political organization, which had been powerful for good under the Turks.

For the territorial sub-divisions instituted by the Othmans in Greece, the Regency substituted a division of the country into Demarchies of three classes, viz.:—

First Class Demoi, to consist of at least			10,000	inhabitants.
Second	„	„	2,000	„
Third	„	„ of less than	2,000	„

By thus dividing the country the people were virtually separated from each other; they ceased to have any one interest in common. Their independence had been crushed; anything like a combined action amongst them became nearly impossible. Hence we find, as resulting from the exercise of a despotic royal authority over the municipal institutions of Greece, that up to the present day the boundaries of Demarchies have not been defined as prescribed by law. There has been no real or legal control established over the municipal receipts and expenditure; even the prescribed account-books have never been kept at the Demarchies. In 1859 neither the Minister of the Interior nor the Minister of Finance could inform the Financial Commissioners, then sitting at Athens, of the amount of the communal revenue.

Following out the history of the Communes, we find that the Turkish system existed up to 1821. In that year the Council of Epidaurus tried to establish a more uniform system. Their decrees were approved by the Assembly at Astros in 1823. The kingdom was then divided into departments; each department into provinces; and each province into communes. The President Capodistrias preserved their organization; but by laws, dated 16th April, 1828, and 7th January, 1830, he brought the municipalities entirely under the control of the central power, and deprived them of the right of electing their mayor.

Under the Regency, by a law dated 8th January, 1834, which is now the organic law of the communal system of Greece, the old popular municipal system was abrogated, and the communal authorities were placed in direct dependence on the Eparchs as representatives of the central executive. This administrative subordination has created the abuses which have rendered the communal system inoperative for producing local improvements. Here, again, the Greek system contrasts most unfavourably with the Turkish. One essential difference between the two systems is to be found in the mode of electing the municipal officers. The Turks permitted these officers to be elected by the people, and, in accordance with the essence of a communal system, caused it to be constituted by the people, and made the magistrates, like the individual citizens, responsible to the law alone for their acts. Although the communal Magistracy were employed by the Turks to perform certain fiscal duties, their paramount duties were local, and intimately connected with the prosperity of the people who were their constituents. The Greeks are now denied the right of electing any but the lowest officials of the provincial government. In the election of the mayor or Demarch, the people were, under Otho, powerless. The members of the municipal council were elected by universal suffrage. But the aldermen (paredroi) were appointed by an oligarchical college of electors, created merely for this election; and the Demarch, the magistrate who is supposed to represent the commune, and to attend to its local wants and duties, was selected by the king from a list of three names, chosen, not by the people, but by the oligarchical body constituted to choose the aldermen. This body, or college of electors, is composed of an equal number of municipal councillors and of the highest taxpayers in the commune. The people, who are the electors of legislators, are not allowed to elect their own local officers. Even the Greek communal system, created in order to act for the people, does not sanction elections of a nature to render it probable that the elected magistrates will consult popular interests, or represent popular feelings.

A communal magistracy is, as a rule, created to perform certain local duties which lie beyond the sphere of the national government. The central administration and its agents ought therefore to possess only the right of inspection over communal authorities, and not a right of control. Consequently, its interference for correction or punishment ought to be exercised only by application in the ordinary form to the courts of law. By directly subjecting

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the communal magistrates to the central administration, the communal system is virtually brought to an end.

This iniquitous system of rendering the communal magistrates subject to the Eparchs, and dependent on the arbitrary authority of the Minister of the Interior, gives rise in Greece to many evils. In the first place, it encourages the Eparchs to neglect their duty. They transmit orders to the Demarchs, which they know cannot be executed, merely to escape responsibility, though they know they are acting a farce; and the Demarchs pretend that they have so much business to perform for the Eparchs, that they neglect the duties which they were elected by their fellow-citizens to execute. The fruits of this negligence have been long ripening over the whole country, and are visible even to casual travellers. They see that under this *quasi* communal system, which has now been in active operation for nearly thirty years, and has consumed above 60,000,000 of drachms of national produce, no local improvements have been undertaken; that the roads and bridges made by the Turks have been allowed to fall into ruin, and that the people are generally discontented.

A second result of the system is to offer a direct impediment to all material progress: it paralyzes the action of the central administration, and tends to make all men politicians, to merge all local interests in central party strife, to arrest the consolidation of civil order, and to retard the carrying out of social improvements. The Demarchs have become petty tyrants, by acting as agents of the central government. In this way it is that the communal system has been converted into an arena for the antagonism of two adverse principles. Local and central interests contend for the mastery. Yet the field of battle was created, nominally, to relieve local claims from the oppression of central interests. On the one hand, the municipalities are regarded as a popular and national institution, existing for the express object of enabling the people to take the initiative in developing their local prosperity. The legal recognition of this popular and national character of the Greek communal system is consecrated by the provision of the law, which declares that the members of the municipal council shall be elected by universal suffrage. They are chosen, like the elected members of the national legislature, by the body of the people. Thus the municipal councils are interwoven, as a national institution, with the political and social life of Greece.

But, on the other hand, the communal magistrates are withdrawn from all responsibility to their fellow-citizens, and reduced to the character of mere ministerial officials. Obliged to act as subordinates of the Eparchs, they are sunk into the lowest class of civil *employés*. Thus the people elect and pay local magistrates, who forthwith become officials of the central administration, antagonists of local interests, and agents for central party purposes. To give vitality to the communal system of Greece it is necessary to reform these evils; and this can only be done by restricting the action of the local magistrates to local business, as intrusted to them by the mandate of their electors, and by the communal law. If the central administration require more provincial officials, let them be named and paid by the Minister of the Interior. They will then be dependent on his will, and responsible to the regulations of the central administration.

In order to constitute a communal system on a proper basis, the magistracy must be elected by the people, and must be responsible to the law alone. No Demarch ought to be liable to suspension, except by a unanimous vote of a municipal council, or by the sentence of a court of law. The Minister of the Interior ought only to possess the right of inspection in the general interests of the State. In case of any neglect or violation of duty by the municipal authorities, the Minister ought only to have the power of instructing the Attorney-General (Eisangeleus) to apply to the court of law for a remedy. During the thirty years of existence which the communal system of Greece has enjoyed, with ample funds at its command, no steps have been taken to make roads, even in those localities where the value of agricultural produce might have been doubled by enabling the cultivators to bring it to market in carts. The facilities of travelling have been diminished by the abolition of post stations, which existed under the Turks. No attempt has been made to improve agriculture by opening new markets, or to extend commercial enterprise. The accounts of the communes have been uncontrolled, and their funds have been despotically misappropriated. No further evidence is required to show that the system is essentially bad and corrupt. Let a true communal system be tried in Greece, and let the existing system, which is nothing more than the installation of deputy eparchs in the Demarchies, be abolished. The prosperity of the communes constitutes the prosperity of the State; the prosperity of the State is the only guarantee held by the three protecting Powers for the loan of 1832; and to England it offers the only hope that constitutional liberty can ever be made to take root and flourish in Greece.

NEW THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

The saturnalia of pantomimic inanities which convention has determined shall regale the sight-seeing public from Christmas to Easter, has this year been agreeably diversified by two new appearances in the world of theatrical administration. Mr. Boucicault has come out with a monstrous puff, and Mr. Fechter with an admirable play. Nothing could be more laudable than the former gentleman's design of realizing a modest income of twenty thousand a year by delivering our playhouses from the perils of asphyxia; and we regret that a sensible scheme should have been ushered in with such extravagant self-glorification as to inspire all but the most credulous section of the community with the natural scepticism which attends the announcement of prospects too brilliant to be entirely real. Mr. Boucicault is, however, on the right track for success when he makes fresh air, comfortable seats, and convenient passages as essential a part of his programme as an amusing performance. There are thousands of people in London with leisure on their hands, and a long evening to be disposed of, to whom the theatre is the readiest, pleasantest, and most innocent of all resources. The detestable discomforts which at present beset the playgoer's career from beginning to end, have rendered playgoing almost an unfashionable amusement; and by rendering it unfashionable, have robbed the theatres of the support by which alone they can be maintained at a level of real efficiency. First-rate actresses have disappeared from the world as completely as the extinct Dodos and Icthyosauri which Professor Owen reconstructs from a single antediluvian fragment; and even second-rate performers are a scanty band. The deficiency of the one class is perhaps irremediable; Nature is parsimonious of her greatest gifts, and grants even to France a Rachel only once a century; but for the want of the other we have nobody to thank but ourselves. Decent mediocrity is always to be had at its price in any quantity desired; and a comedy, sufficiently well acted to be amusing, is a marketable article, which might be purchased with as much certainty, if people chose to pay the money, as a picture, a concert, or a flower-show. Unfortunately, the sort of social stigma which at one time attached to the profession, has driven many young women of spirit and ability to earn their livelihood in other and less congenial lines of life. A well-paid actress, enjoying her profession and commanding a reasonable success, is, one would think, more happily employed than an oppressed, overworked, and solitary governess, struggling in silence against starvation upon the miserable pittance which is the reward of her labours. The experience of private life would seem to suggest that a considerable percentage of women are, or might easily become, tolerably good actresses; and if such is the case, it is a real misfortune that people whose gifts happen to lie in this direction should not employ them in a manner which would be equally advantageous to the public and themselves. A clever determined governess, with dramatic aptitudes, who took to the stage, might perhaps raise a passing outcry of ruffled propriety, but she would in all probability make her fortune, and, at any rate, would secure a competence; and it is a curious instance of the tyranny of convention that such an opening should fail in its appeal to courage or discontent, and so tempting an experiment be left untried.

In the dearth, however, of dramatic ability, both Mr. Fechter and Mr. Boucicault deserve real praise for the vigour with which they have carried out their respective schemes. "Astley's" will no longer witness the "damnable iteration" of circulating equestrians, who with dreary exactness imitated, one from another, year after year, the perilous evolutions proper to Mr. Batty's amphitheatre. The daring steeds which rushed, at a moment's notice, from behind the scenes, and neighed a warlike accompaniment to the military tragedies of the occasion, have rushed and neighed their last, and have, we would fain hope, retired to some equine Elysium, where, for the first time in their lives, they will be allowed to gallop straightforward, where no fugitive lover conducts his courtship on their backs, and no terrible being, arrayed in full evening costume, cracks his unerring lash at the slightest symptom of diminishing alacrity. It is difficult to think, without regret, of the long succession of houri-like Amazons arrayed in gauze and glittering with spangles, who, for a century past, have violated all known laws of gravitation in the arena from whence they have now definitely disappeared. Who can look back without a wild gush of sentiment at the horrible suspense of the moment when Angelica, in a cloud

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of muslin, flies from an indignant father's roof, and relieves her overstrained sentiment by a *pas seul* upon the neck and shoulders of her milk-white Arab steed; while her adorer, upon a "jet-black child of the desert," follows at an impetuous canter, and piques himself on maintaining an equilibrium still more extravagantly impossible than that which his mistress has attempted? Who can forget the rising enthusiasm of boyhood as the band struck into a feverish galop, and the rival steeds rushed on more and more wildly, and the gentleman in black cracked his whip with more inspiriting emphasis than ever, till at last Love triumphed over every difficulty, and the enchanted Angelica sank blushing into her adorer's embrace, amidst the applause of the galleries, the derisive exultation of the clown, and the condescending approval of the gentleman manager? All this is past; but Mr. Boucicault's "Siege of Lucknow" is scarcely less exciting, and certainly to the full as melodramatic. What the taste of the Westminster sight-seers may be, it would perhaps be rash to define; but we presume that Mr. Boucicault is right in imagining that they like gunpowder, sabres, hair-breadth escapes, sanguinary Indian chieftains, and comic Irish subalterns. The piece, viewed otherwise than as a lively spectacle, is simply ridiculous; but Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault have a true vein of pathos, and the broad farce of the one, and the gentle sentiment of the other, throw a certain zest into a performance which would otherwise prove intolerably bombastical and commonplace. The manager has, no doubt, better things in store; and will, we hope, spend a modest portion of his first year's £20,000 in paying some really clever writer either to make him a new play, or to adapt a French one to the capacities of a Westminster audience. Meantime, the theatre, though far from Elysium, is not quite the Inferno which stifling passages, narrow seats, glaring lights, and insufficient doors, have rendered unhappily familiar. Its painting is light and pretty, and the plan of numbering the seats saves a great deal of unnecessary confusion.

Mr. Fechter's "romantic drama" well deserves the success which it has already secured. If the duty of "sensation-pieces" be to harrow up the feelings by a series of wonderful adventures, mysterious characteristics, and conflicting sentiments, Mr. Brougham and M. Paul Féval may be considered to have achieved all that the most exacting critic could demand. Complicated as the story of the "Duke's Motto" is, and glaring as are the improbabilities which in more than one place are essential to its evolution, the consummate acting of Mr. Fechter, and the nicety with which every detail has been arranged, make it thoroughly intelligible and interesting to the beholder. Mr. Fechter has everything in his favour as an actor of refined melodrama; and can play such a part as that of Henri de Lagardère to perfection. His expression of face, his dignified attitudes, his graceful movements, his ready play of feature, enable him to assume the part of a soldier, lover, high-bred courtier, or interesting adventurer, with signal success. He is one of the very few people who can make love without maundering, who can declaim without bluster, and whose fine passages do not seem frothy rhodomontade. Nothing can be better than the skill with which, after having killed "the hunchback," who is the evil genius of the play, he assumes his garb, simulates his movements, and at last, after a series of desperate escapes, makes his disguise the instrument of his enemies' humiliation. The part of heroine is played by Miss Kate Terry with a great deal of delicacy and feeling; and one scene, in which Henri de Lagardère, disguised as the hunchback, reveals himself to her in the presence of bystanders, warns her of impending danger, and pretends to have influenced her by mesmeric action, is as well done by both performers as anything of the sort could be. Its excellence is best attested by the breathless anxiety with which the audience attend its consummation. Altogether, if falling short of the highest essentials of a drama, the "Duke's Motto" secures all that most sightseers care for—pathos, incident, play of character, and a sufficient versimilitude to escape the obvious violation of possibility. Mr. Fechter will, of course, vary the performances with those higher and more metaphysical conceptions which he has already attempted with so much success; and with Mr. Vining as principal gentleman, Miss Kate Terry as interesting young lady, and Miss Leclerc for everything in which good looks and liveliness are essential, he may certainly hope for a more permanent popularity than of late years has proved the destiny of most theatrical administrators.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

TIME and money have at length done their appointed work, and the Underground Railway is now opened for traffic. It is no longer a mysterious cavern peeped into by children, gaped into by full-grown idlers, gossiped about in tap-rooms and parlours with more or less incredulity, and watched over lovingly by graphic and statistical reporters. It is no longer a withering nuisance to blighted shopkeepers, and a source of perpetual alarm and vexation to quiet housekeepers. Its course has been often marked by local earthquakes, and its capital has been called in to heal those gaping wounds of property. It has threatened utter destruction to workhouses and mansions; and it has itself been threatened with utter destruction by an unruly sewer. It has been nearly ten years before the public upon paper, and three years round them and under them on clay and gravel. As much nonsense has been talked by friends about its "mission," and as many doubts have been expressed by enemies about its powers, as if it had been the first railway ever planned and constructed. The fine old ignorant love of wonders, and the fine old conservative hatred of novelties, have both found abundant food in the Underground Railway.

The origin of the enterprise, if clearly traced, will show what the new railway was really designed to be and to do. To a certain extent it is the last desperate throw of a board of directors who manage the finest and the least profitable main line in the kingdom. The Great Western Railway, originally planned by a man who was a dangerous compound of the showman and the engineer, has been sinking commercially, year by year, though it is still one of the most striking sights of the country. Its expenditure has been a broad gauge expenditure. Its rails and carriages, if we except the second class, are all on a grand scale, and it has the proud distinction of standing almost alone amongst its fellows. Its gauge is not the gauge of other lines, and, therefore, when it visits its neighbours, the costly preparation of an extra rail has to be made for its reception. An ordinary commercial engineer would have built it in harmony with the general railway system; but the late Mr. Brunel was far above all such vulgar considerations. His father constructed the Thames Tunnel—and he constructed the *Great Eastern*. It was a family failing not to care for shareholders, and to show a lordly contempt for dividends. The Great Western Railway is only suffering the usual penalties of a Brunel enterprise, and its chance of fruitfulness has probably not been increased by its many extensions. Most of these extensions, however, were forced upon it by railway competition, and we are not inclined to blame it for struggling with its opponents. When it can fairly earn 4 per cent. annual net profit, we shall think it has done its duty. The public ought not to pay more for the use of railway capital, and the shareholders ought not to expect more. Railway investments being quite as secure as the national funds, ought not to produce higher gains than the natural rate of profit.

The managers of the Great Western, in their competition with two or three other main lines, thought it wise to draw nearer to the heart of London. Instead of waiting for goods and passengers to flow to Paddington, they determined to push out and meet their customers on the road. They were helped in this scheme by powerful and interested allies. The Corporation of the City of London, in its zeal for exterminating rookeries, had become the possessors of a vast unprofitable desert. New Victoria-street, Clerkenwell, which was hailed as a great city reformation nearly ten years ago, was suddenly checked in its progress. Like all incomplete things it gradually fell into decay, and was found out to be rather overrated as a metropolitan improvement. It had destroyed many disreputable lodgings without destroying the lodgers; it had caused a low neighbourhood to be more crowded by creating a rise in rents; it had provided a muddy playground for troops of poor little ragamuffins, and had opened up rather depressing views of Field-lane and Frying-pan Alley. Its black slimy arches were sometimes used as a tomb for murdered infants, and always as a school for teaching pitch and toss, and the rudiments of "the noble art of self-defence." Some of these things might have been tolerated if the thoroughfare had encouraged building speculators, but neither warehouses, shops, nor model dwellings rose on either side of its footway. Under these circumstances the Metropolitan Railway was welcomed as a deliverer; and doubtless in the hope of encouraging the erection of a great goods station, and reaping plentiful harvests of created ground-rents, the Corporation went into partnership with the promoters of the Great Western extension. Out of the million and a quarter sterling sunk in the Underground Railway, the city, we believe, finds two hundred thousand pounds, the rest being supplied by the shareholders of the Great Western and the Great Northern Railways, assisted by the general public.

The fact that the city has taken a large interest in this railway seems to have led a great number of writers to predict the immediate relief of the city traffic. The Common Council is certainly goaded into unusual activity at the present moment by the difficulty

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caused by the crowds of passengers and vehicles in the city thoroughfares; but there is no more real connection between the city railway investment, and the desire lately shown by the Common Council to take the whole business of the city into custody, than there was between the Goodwin Sands and old Tenterden steeple. One is a commercial sprat thrown out to catch a salmon; the other is a wild aspiration of embarrassed Authority, which will struggle to gain its ends by a new police bill.

The ability of the Underground Railway to relieve the city traffic has been ridiculously overrated. The line starts from the Great Western at Paddington, and reaches King's-cross in a direct line under the New-road—a thoroughfare always able to accommodate at least ten times the vehicles ever seen upon its surface. From King's-cross it goes close to the foot of Holborn-hill, along the bed of the Fleet valley, and casts out all its goods and passengers to struggle up Snow-hill, and increase the agony of the traffic in the narrow gorge of Newgate-street. What it may do in the future—supposing its contemplated extensions to Ludgate-hill and Finsbury-circus are ever carried out—we will not discuss. We are only examining it as it now exists; and can see in it a feeder, but no reliever of the traffic. Its influence may be very slightly felt at Holborn-bars—a point next in importance to London-bridge as a feeder of the city traffic: but Cheapside will not have cause to thank it for one truck the less, or for the absence of one jostled and impatient passenger. There are at least a dozen more crowded thoroughfares in the city, where it can never have any effect either in reducing or increasing the traffic, and it ought not to be puffed into popularity for purely imaginary powers.

Of its prospects as a commercial speculation, we are fortunately not called upon to speak, as we cannot bring ourselves to look upon it as a free and independent undertaking. We are told that the cost of its construction, which amounts to something like £350,000 a mile, is very moderate compared with the cost of viaducts through cities. We are very glad to hear it. As a dozen similar projects are before Parliament for the east, west, south, and north of London, we presume that shareholders can be found who are satisfied with these investments. Our estimate of just railway profits is not a very high one, and probably the gains of the Underground Railway will reach that modest estimate. In any case, however, the undertaking, after having been a nuisance for two or three years, may now be fairly praised as a great public convenience. No regard need be paid to the trifling difficulties which have sprung up during the first few days of working. The rumoured choke-damp, the fainting porter, the rawness of the arrangements, the engines with defective smoke-consuming apparatus, and half a dozen other drawbacks, will be remedied as quickly as they are recorded. No railway was ever opened for business in a perfect condition; and when we hear that the Underground Railway was inspected for nearly three months by the officers of the Board of Trade, we are surprised that so few faults can be found in its working. The travelling on the line, on the second day of its opening, was rapid and comfortable. The carriages are broad, and well-lighted with gas; the first-class carriages contain five seats on each side. The lowest fare is threepence for travelling from one end of the line to the other, and the highest is sixpence. Starting from Farringdon-street, King's-cross is reached in three minutes; Gower-street, the next station, is reached in about the same time; and so on to the Portland-road, the Edgware-road, and the terminus at Bishop's-road. The stations, though lighted with a sickly reflection from porcelain tiles, seem well-built, and supplied with every accommodation. The time consumed in the journeys is about one-half of the time taken by omnibuses: and although the fares of these latter vehicles have been very generally reduced, the railway still has the advantage in point of cheapness. Without praising it for engineering points, which are beyond our area of discussion, or joining the cry which hails it as the one traffic reformer of the age, we may congratulate its proprietors on its safe completion, and the public on the possession of another railway.

LE FILS DE GIBOYER.

Under this title there is now being acted, at the Théâtre Français, a comedy, by M. Emile Augier, a writer who had already taken rank as the chief of a school of political dramatists peculiar to France. The piece has excited more than usual interest with the public, as, apart from its merits as a play, it embodies a telling attack against the Legitimists, or Ultramontane party; and its appearance at the present moment, after running the gauntlet of censors, is thought, not without reason, to indicate the political bias, for the time being, of the Emperor; and a wish, perhaps, to show to the public that the appointment of M. Drouyn de Lhuys is not so retrograde a movement as was at first expected. In the present gagged state of the press, any straw which indicates, however faintly, which way the wind blows, is anxiously caught at by a people who, though outwardly quiet, are as certainly eager for change and for political excitement as ever.

The plot of the "Fils de Giboyer" is complicated; it takes its origin in the schemes of a coterie of ladies and gentlemen of the Legitimist party, the heads of which are a Baronne Pfeffers and a Marquis d'Auberive. The Baronne is represented as an artful and ambitious widow who, originally of low birth, has successfully thrust herself into the position of the head of a religious *salon* in the Quartier St. Germain. The marquis, on his part, is a nobleman past the middle age, who has enjoyed life after the manner of the *ancien régime;* he has had a *liaison* in his younger days with the wife of M. Maréchal, a *bourgeois*, who has since become wealthy; the issue was a daughter, the true parentage of whom the marquis is constantly boasting of, and whom he wishes to marry to his nephew and heir, Count Hugues d'Outreville. In order to facilitate this match, and to reconcile the count to such a *mésalliance*, he proposes to raise Maréchal's position in society by getting him chosen by the coterie as their representative in the Chamber of Deputies to lead an attack intended by the clerical party against the University.

The play opens with a discussion of these plans between the Marquis and the Baronne, in which each probes the other's weaknesses with evident pleasure. In the midst of it M. d'Outreville is shown in; instead of the fine specimen of his race expected by the marquis, his nephew turns out to be a lean, ungainly young man, more like a sacristan than a nobleman of the old school; he is a representative of the young Legitimist of the present day, a *dévot*, and of an innocence which almost amounts to idiocy; he quotes Latin frequently, and refers his conduct to the rules laid down by the Père Saint-Agathe, his confessor. The Baronne soon perceives that he is a man likely to suit her for a husband; she wishes to marry, finding that her position, though secure with the men of her party, owing to her personal charms, is insecure with the ladies in consequence of her antecedents; and her ambition would be well suited by a husband who would strengthen her religious claims, at the same time that he would not be strong enough to assert independence. With this aim she at once goes to work, and the Count speedily falls under the spell of her fascination. In the meantime, the Marquis is full of his own plans for his nephew's marriage, and after the ladies' departure discloses them to him, proposing to give the young lady a considerable fortune. The count is at first unwilling to agree, but is not insensible to the money prospects of the match. M. Maréchal, a vulgar toady of the marquis, is delighted with the prospect of such an alliance, and with the task imposed upon him. He becomes a Legitimist on the spot, and employs himself with learning by heart a speech made for him under the direction of the coterie by a literary hack, Giboyer, while his wife occupies herself with flirting with his secretary, Gérard, the son of Giboyer. The daughter, Mdlle. Fernande, alive to the weaknesses of her step-mother, and despising Gérard for the part which he appears content to play, accepts the addresses of the count, in order to get out of the atmosphere of guilt. Gérard, who is far from perceiving the full drift of the advances of Madame Maréchal, is stung by the conduct of Fernande to him, and demands an explanation.

The result of this interview is, that an attachment springs up between Gérard and Fernande, which speedily becomes most violent. Gérard confesses this to Giboyer, who, unknown to him, is his father. This Giboyer is the character of the piece. He is of that wholly genteel order of vagabonds which is so well known in the lowest literary depths of Paris. He is willing to sell his pen to any bidder, no matter of what politics, so long as he has his price. But he has his redeeming qualities, in his strong affection for his son, whom he has brought up under another name, without disclosing his paternity, that he may not share the dishonour of his father. For this son's sake, he is ready to go through anything. To educate him, he has lived in the very dregs of society: at one time as a keeper of an office for the hire of nurses; for two years he received pay for going to prison for a newspaper; he is still ready to do anything, and determines, at any cost, to gain for his son the object of his attachment.

In the mean time the Baronne, intent upon gaining the count for herself, intrigues so as to prevent his marriage with Fernande. She secretly contrives that the coterie shall take from M. Maréchal the duty which they had entrusted to him, and give it to a Protestant deputy, from whom they are led to believe the attack on the University will come with great effect; the speech, therefore, of Giboyer is taken from Maréchal and entrusted to a Protestant.

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Maréchal is furious; in a scene between him and Giboyer he expresses his disgust, and the latter suggests to him that he should speak on the other side of the question and demolish the arguments of the speech which he had already learned, and advises him to get Gérard to compose this for him. This is done; Maréchal has complete success in the Chamber over his adversary, the Protestant; the Legitimists are furious with him; the match between his daughter and the Count becomes impossible, and is broken off. Maréchal is in an ecstacy of joy at his success; he denounces his quondam friends; he comes forward with the air of one who has just discovered and is announcing a grand moral sentiment, and says, "Je méprise la noblesse; la seule distinction que j'admette entre les hommes c'est la fortune." It is impossible to speak too highly of the foolish air of confidence with which this part is invested by M. Provost. Madame Maréchal is furious; her husband pays no attention to her, he glories in being a *roturier*, and taunts his wife with her low origin; he ends by promising his daughter to Gérard, in order to keep him at hand for the purpose of making further speeches for the Chamber, and the play winds up with Giboyer disclosing his paternity to Gérard and Maréchal, whom not even this degrading connection diverts from his plan. We are left to suppose that the Baronne succeeds in marrying Count Hugues and getting his escutcheon. Enough has been thus indicated of the plot to show that it affords abundant opportunity for the pungent satire of the clever author against the clerical and Legitimist party. More than doubt is thrown upon their morals, their sincerity, and, hardest cut of all, upon their pedigrees. The story is sufficiently immoral to suit the prevailing taste of the Paris theatres; while the only noble sentiments in the piece are put into the mouth of the very lowest of mankind, Giboyer, the pariah of society, the bravo of the newspapers. The piece is throughout a political pamphlet dressed up for the stage, and little disguise is used in the satire which is expended upon Louis Veuillot and his Ultramontane employers. To the honour of French critics, and the Liberal party in particular, who cannot be accused of any sympathy with the party thus abused, they have spoken out freely against Augier—not so much for the merits of his play, as from the feeling that fair play is not conceded to the party who are thus held up to contempt. The author, by carefully avoiding anything which could hurt the feelings of the party now in power, has been able to hit hard a party who have been long *hors de combat*, and who are obviously unable to retaliate upon the stage. It is felt by all the really liberal that a true man could have been better occupied in showing up the same faults that are here laid bare in a party who use them to some purpose, rather than in trampling on the fallen. A play that would show to the public fair samples of the Maréchals and Giboyers of the Napoleonic order would be infinitely more amusing and more telling, and would probably conduce to a speedy overthrow of the dynasty: as it is, the analogy is patent to the crowds who go to hear this play, and it is probable that it will do more harm to the government of the day than to the party whom it was intended to ridicule.

THE PAST WEEK.

The speech of the Emperor Napoleon, at the opening of the French Chambers, reviewed in a few sentences his policy for the last five years. He remarked that people generally are pleased to seek, in the acts of sovereigns, for hidden motives and mysterious combinations; but that his own objects have been simple enough. They have been to increase the prosperity of France and her moral ascendancy, without abusing, but without weakening, the power committed to his hand. Abroad, he has sought to encourage the legitimate aspirations of "the peoples," while observing treaties and international law; to develope French commerce with the countries to which, by a community of interests, France is most closely drawn; to settle the old questions still in debate, that all pretexts for a misunderstanding may be removed; lastly, to pursue the reparation of every insult to the French flag, and of every wrong which a Frenchman has suffered. How, then, have these principles been applied? In the East, by the assistance of the Emperor's Government, the Danubian provinces have effected their union as a single people, in fulfilment of the national wish; while, as for the grievances of Servia, Montenegro, and the Syrian Christians, so far as those grievances were well-founded, he has, without disregarding the rights of the Porte, supported their claim for redress. His arms have defended the independence of Italy, yet he has not made any compromise with "the revolution," nor has he abandoned the Holy Father, whom France, by her honour and by her past engagements, was bound to support; and, except on the actual battle-fields of Magenta and Solferino, the good relations between France and Austria have remained unchanged. The differences with Spain about the frontier and about the old debt of 1823, as well as the difference with Switzerland about the Valley of Dappes, were causes of dispute which have now been set at rest. Treaties of commerce with England, Belgium, Prussia, Italy, and Switzerland, have been or are about to be concluded. The expeditions to Cochin China and Mexico prove that there are no countries so distant as to allow the honour of France to be attacked there with impunity. He could not do all things without some "complications." Nevertheless, France has been aggrandized by two provinces; the barriers which separated her from her neighbours have been lowered; a vast territory in the far East has been opened to her activity; and, what is better than conquests, she has won the sympathy of peoples without losing the esteem of governments, so that the Emperor has had the most friendly interviews with a majority of the Sovereigns of Europe. Nor has the peace of Europe been disturbed by the late events in Greece. With regard to the internal state of the French Empire, he has sought, by a complete amnesty, to efface the reminiscences of civil discord. He has, at the same time, endeavoured to increase the importance of the great bodies of the State. He has called the Senate and Legislative Body to take a more direct part in public affairs, surrounded them with all due guarantees for liberty of discussion, and renounced a prerogative hitherto deemed indispensable, that he might enable the Legislative Body more absolutely to control the expenditure, and that he might give more solidity to the basis of public credit. For the diminution of expenses, the army and navy have been reduced. The floating debt has been lessened, and by the successful conversion of the Rentes, a great step has been taken towards the "unification" of the whole national debt. The revenue from indirect taxation is continually augmented by the increased prosperity of the country, which would be still more flourishing if it were not for the stagnation of one part of the trade and industry of France, occasioned by the American war. It is proposed to ask the Legislature for a grant to relieve the distress of the French cotton manufacturers, who endure, with so much resignation, a misfortune which it does not depend on their Government to arrest. The Emperor, however, has tried to make his counsels, inspired by a sincere sympathy, reach the other side of the Atlantic. His offer of mediation was intended to stop further bloodshed and to prevent the exhaustion of "a country whose future cannot be indifferent to him;" but as the other great maritime Powers do not yet consider themselves able to join him in that offer, he must defer it to a more convenient period. He then mentions different administrative improvements: the army reserve, the reconstruction of the fleet, the institutions for the benefit of the poor, the great public works, the encouragement of agriculture, science, and art, the growth of French colonies, the suppression of negro immigration, the firmer hold of French dominion in Algeria, and the conciliation of the Arabs there. He refers the Chambers to a ministerial report on the situation of the empire, which has since been published. Finally, he charges the members of the Legislature to get through the useful work of their session; and when they go home to their departments, let them promote harmony, spread just ideas, lead the country to rely upon itself, and, of course, to rely upon him, since he is ready to accept whatever may be for the interest of the people. This being the last session of the existing Legislative Body, the Emperor observes that he has not thought proper to anticipate its legal dissolution, for that would have been an act of ingratitude towards the Chamber and of distrust towards the country. The days are gone by when it was requisite to seize a happy incident to ensure the votes of a restricted constituency. There is no longer, in the masses of the French population, the fickleness of former times; nor do their convictions waver with every breath of the political atmosphere. He trusts the electors will send to the new Chamber men like the last, who—accepting without an *arrière pensée*, the present form of government, resolving to avoid vain conflicts and to strengthen the constitution, preferring the stability of the State to the barren contests of party—are, indeed, the truest patriots, animated by the spirit of the age. Such is the Emperor's last political lecture, upon which some comments are made by us in another page. Prince Napoleon's journey to Egypt is thought to have been arranged by order, that he may not impugn the Imperial policy on the Roman question in the debates of the Senate. The *Courrier du Dimanche* has been visited with a third warning by the censorship for an article by M. Prevost Paradol on the coming elections, which will not take place till next September. The *Temps* has got a first warning for an article on the Emperor's speech. The funeral of the late Archbishop of Paris has taken place with great pomp in Notre Dame.

President Lincoln, in fulfilment of the promise or threat of his proclamation in September last, has put forth another proclamation, dated on New Year's Day, to declare all the slaves free in the rebellious States. He says that the United States Government, with its military and naval authorities, will henceforth recognize and maintain the freedom of the slaves. But he does not expressly pledge the military and naval forces of the United States Government to set them free. Those who can make good their escape may be received into the Federal military service for garrison duty, or on board ship. He recommends all emancipated negroes to abstain from violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and to labour faithfully, where allowed, for reasonable wages. He sincerely believes this decree to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution, upon military necessity; he therefore invokes upon it the favour of God, and the considerate judgment of mankind. The States designated as in rebellion are Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except New Orleans and the part occupied by Federal troops; Mississipi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North and South

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Carolina, and Virginia, excepting West Virginia, and the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, which are in possession of the Federals. The President has given his assent to the bill for erecting Western Virginia into a separate State.

On the other hand, Mr. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, has issued a proclamation ordering that General Butler and the officers under his command shall be put to death as felons, if any of them be captured, in retaliation for the various outrages, a long list of which is set forth, which have been perpetrated at New Orleans and elsewhere. Besides these outrages, President Davis refers to the emancipation decree of President Lincoln, by which the slaves are incited to an atrocious servile war. He directs that all escaped slaves in the Federal army who may be taken prisoners by the Confederates, along with the United States' officers commanding them, shall be dealt with not as prisoners of war, but as criminals against the law of the States to which they belong. But at the very moment when the Confederate President thus denounces Gen. Butler as a robber and murderer, and sentences him to be hanged, the Federal Government sends General Banks to New Orleans to supersede him in his command. This was the final, though it may not have been the original destination of Gen. Banks' expedition to the shores of the Mexican Gulf. He addresses a proclamation to the people of these States, including Texas, which he styles collectively, "The Department of the Gulf," assuring them that the North does not suffer from this war any loss of population or wealth, but that the disloyal South is a prey to desolation. He promises to treat as enemies those who are enemies, but as friends those who are friends; putting no restrictions, however, on individual liberty, except those which the public safety requires. He has begun by stopping the sale of confiscated property at New Orleans.

Among the other political news from America is to be noticed the inaugural address of the new Governor of New York State, Mr. Horatio Seymour, a leader of the Democratic party. He declares that he shall consider it his first duty to uphold the State sovereignty; from which it may be inferred that he will oppose any unconstitutional exercise of authority by the Federal Government. The Confederate steamer, *Alabama*, which has made prize of one of the Californian mail-boats, but without much gold on board, still provokes the alarm of New York merchants and shipowners. Their Chamber of Commerce has passed fresh resolutions, complaining that the war on American commerce, by ships built and manned in Great Britain, is not effectually put down by English public opinion, and by the strong hand of our own Government.

The chief war news this week is, that a fierce battle has taken place at Murfreesborough, in Tennessee, which seemed to turn against the Southerners, though we are not sure, from the last reports, what would be the actual result of it; the Federals, however, claimed to have broken their enemy's centre, forced the entrenchments, and driven them back for a mile. The fighting had lasted three days, and was not yet done. The Federals, namely, a portion of the force of gunboats and troops on board the transports, with which General Banks entered the Mississippi, have made an attack on Vicksburg, and bombarded that town for three days, but were each time repulsed with heavy loss. The guerilla Captain Morgan, notorious for his feats of audacity, has been defeated in Kentucky, but got away with the loss of a few score of his men.

The Prussian Chambers have met once more, when a royal message, or speech from the throne, was read to them by Count Bismark Schönhausen, the Prime Minister. The King says it is his wish to come to a fixed understanding with his Parliament upon the questions left unsettled in their last session. Having just declared, in his reply to the municipal address of Berlin, that the present state of things, "which they call a conflict," proceeds from a confusion in the minds of the Chamber of Deputies, and that he will allow nobody to doubt his sincere intention to preserve the constitutional charters of the country, his majesty now addresses the representatives of the people. They must abide, he says, by that position which the constitution assigns to them, and all the different branches of the legislature must respect, mutually, each other's constitutional rights. He promises that his Ministers shall lay before the two chambers a communication in reference to the revenue and expenditure of last year, and ask a Parliamentary sanction for those expenses which have been incurred without their previous consent. The Government will also submit to the Chambers the modified budget for 1863 and the budget for 1864, and propose an alteration in the law of military service. The Government is resolved not to postpone the advantages of the commercial treaty with France after the expiration of the Zollverein treaties.

Some more despatches on the Roman question are published. It appears that England has proposed to the Pope to withdraw to Malta; and on the 20th December, in an interview with Monsignor Chigi, the Papal nuncio, M. Drouyn de Lhuys expressed a hope that in the event, which he trusted might never happen, of the Pope being compelled to leave Italy, his Holiness would retire to France in preference to England. Again, M. Drouyn de Lhuys points out complaints made by England of armaments going on at Rome, and that 600 Austrians and Bavarians had been sent from that city into the Neapolitan provinces in uniforms much resembling those worn by French troops. In answer to this, the French ambassador at Rome, the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, states that, having made inquiries, he believes himself justified in denying the statement that these 600 Bavarians and Austrians had been sent from Rome. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, on another occasion, replies to the complaint made by England, that the presence of the ex-King of Naples, Francis II., encourages brigandage in Naples. He expresses his regret that Francis II. has persisted in remaining at Rome. He adds that the French Government has not hesitated to express its opinion upon this subject to the ex-King; but the English Cabinet will understand that France cannot use the authority she possesses in Rome to bring about the compulsory removal of the ex-King, which she desires to effect by persuasion only. Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne states that Mr. Odo Russell, during the Christmas fêtes, renewed his proposal to the Pope to leave Rome, expressing regret that the offer of England had not been accepted, and adding that he had reason to believe His Holiness would very shortly find himself forced to profit by it. M. de Sartiges, the French ambassador at Turin, states that he has had an interview with Signor Pasolini respecting the declaration that no agreement was possible between France denying Rome to the Italians, and Italy unalterably bent upon acquiring Rome. Signor Pasolini replied that for the present the question of Rome must be laid aside, although the new Ministry shared the opinion of the country, that Rome was the natural capital of Italy.

At home, we have had no events of any importance this week. Parliament has been finally prorogued to the 5th of February, when the business of the country will recommence. Sir Charles Wood, along with Mr. Stansfeld, the other M.P. for Halifax, has made a speech to his constituents, taking credit to the present Government for whatever has been going on well. He touched on the commercial treaty with France, the state of our national defences, the moral support given to Italy, and the tranquillity with which a change of rulers had been effected in Greece. He justified the prudent refusal of our Government to mediate between North and South, in the dreadful American struggle. He wished he could see any prospect of its speedy end. He admired the fortitude of the suffering Lancashire people. As for getting a sufficient cotton supply from India, that was a mere question of price. If it were made worth while for the ryots in India to grow cotton, they could do so to any extent. It was not for the Government to grow cotton; it had been suggested, however, that the Government should offer a premium on the exportation of cotton from India, or that land growing cotton in India should be exempted from the land-tax; but as he had to consider, not the benefit of Lancashire, but the benefit of India, he could never be a party to such a proceeding. The Indian public works were progressing so fast that, by the time next year's cotton crop was ready, two main roads would be ready for its transport. No less than eleven or twelve millions sterling of the Indian revenue had in the past years been expended on public works.

Mr. Kinglake, speaking to the Bridgewater electors, thinks this country has had a lucky escape from being mixed up with the Mexican affair; France has been guilty of a base and wicked fraud. He hesitates to approve the cession of the Ionian Islands.

Archbishop Whately has written to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, telling her that those in England who do not sympathize with the party of the North in America have as much dislike to slavery as she herself can have; but they understand that the war is waged, not for the abolition of slavery, but for the restoration of the Union, and they think that the Southerners have a right to claim their independence. He recommends, for the safe and effectual emancipation of the slaves, the plan of Bishop Hinds, that there be an *ad valorem* tax upon slaves, their value to be fixed by the owner, and that the Government have the option of purchasing their freedom at that price. He fears, however, that the time is gone by for trying this experiment in America.

Mr. Bright has been speaking to the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, at their annual dinner. He touched on the question of further changes in the maritime law of nations, and the abolition of commercial blockade. He thought it very wise of our Government to give up the Ionian Islands, and would also give up the rock of Gibraltar, with a view to closer amity and commerce with Spain. In reference to the "strange paralysis" of our Lancashire cotton industry, he complained that Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, by their careless predictions of the speedy triumph of the Southern Confederacy, had checked the commercial demand for Indian cotton, and thus discouraged its supply. He denounced the "folly and malice" of the *Times* in its treatment of the North.

The Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg, Prince Albert's elder brother, who has been named by the Austrian papers as the new candidate proposed by England for the throne of Greece, is now stated by *La France* to have declined the nomination.

The Italian government has put an end to the exceptional powers vested in the provincial governors of Naples and Palermo since Garibaldi's last escapade.

Sir Henry Bulwer, dining with the English residents at Alexandria, praised both the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt for their equitable and reforming policy; but he ridiculed the project of the Suez Canal, and said that, if Said Pasha was so amiable as to be taken in by that scheme, he ought to pay for it out of his own private purse.

The Directors of the Bank of England have raised the minimum rate of discount from three to four per cent. This movement has tended to confirm the check to the stock market, but has not produced any bad effect.

The Great Western Railway has come to a most important agreement with the London and South Western, and the London and North Western Companies. They are henceforth to desist from injurious competition, to suit each other's convenience, as well as that of the public, in their traffic arrangements, and to refrain from unnecessary expenditure in the making of new lines.

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Reviews of Books.

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.*

The publication of the third edition of Mr. Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Language," is a nearly unexampled instance of the success which may be obtained by a scientific book written so as to be popular in the true sense of the word. It gives the pith of most abstruse studies in a form intelligible to any person of fair education, and explains their connection with topics of wide and lasting interest to mankind. Philology, in the technical sense of the word, can, from the nature of the case, interest only a few persons largely provided with special knowledge; but every one who cares to attach any sort of accurate or definite meaning to his words must be interested in knowing the general nature of language, the great instrument, and, in some respects, the master of thought. It is from the extreme richness and variety of knowledge with which it handles this topic that Mr. Max Müller's book derives its principal interest. It may be well to describe shortly the general character of the author's doctrines, before considering the inferences to be drawn from them. They are as follows:—

The science of language is physical and not historical; that is to say, its changes are regulated not by conscious efforts of the human will, but by hidden causes independent of it, the operation of which is capable of being explained by fixed principles. The most important of these are two, namely, phonetic decay and dialectic regeneration. Phonetic decay is the process of clipping and changing words by use which is continually in progress; as for instance, when the abbreviation "'bus" takes the place of "omnibus," or when "cab" is substituted for "cabriolet." Dialectic regeneration is the process of inventing new words, a process which goes on to some extent in the most civilized literary languages at the period of their fullest maturity; as in our own time and country such words as "shunt" and "nugget" have been added to the dictionary. Amongst barbarous tribes it proceeds so rapidly that some of the dialects of South America and South Africa have been known, in the course of a single generation, to lose their identity and become altogether unintelligible to those who had studied them carefully at the beginning of that period. The energy with which these processes are carried on varies inversely with the degree of civilization and literary cultivation with which a given language is associated. It is at a maximum at such a period as that of the dissolution of the Roman Empire, at a minimum at such a period as our own. By studying the ways in which the two processes are carried on, several operations may be performed which, till within the last forty years, were not suspected to be possible. In the first place, the genealogy of different languages may be traced. It may be shown which tongues can be proved to have had, in point of fact, a common historical origin; and some highly curious observations may be made upon the time when one was derived from another. In the second place, languages may be classified according to their form, that is, according to the ways in which words are clipped or invented. In the third place, the original component parts of language, its ultimate atoms, so to say, may be demonstrated by analysis; and some opinions may thus be formed on philosophical problems of the highest interest which have hitherto been treated in an arbitrary manner. Some conclusions on each of these points appear to be established even in the present state of the science of language. Most of the languages spoken in Europe, Asia, and Africa, if not all of them, may be arranged genealogically, though there are some, with regard to which this is not possible. The distinction is that, in some instances, the difference between languages with a common origin has been made by phonetic decay—by clipping and garbling the old words; in others, by dialectic regeneration—by inventing new words. In the first case, it is generally possible to trace a connection between different members of the same family, as what were once words come to be grammatical forms, varying slightly according to circumstances. For instance, many grammatical forms in Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, and French, are all corruptions of words more ancient than any of these languages, and the common ancestors of them all. On the other hand, where the difference has been made by the invention of new words, it is very possible that there may be no similarity between the result, as the inventions which happened to suit the genius of different races and nations may have been altogether unlike each other. The best marked families of languages are the Aryan, the Semitic, and the Turanian. Of the Aryan, the Sanscrit is the most ancient existing member, though its structure affords traces of predecessors still more ancient. Most of the languages of modern Europe, and many of those spoken in the Indian Peninsula, are junior members of it. The Semitic family includes Syriac and Chaldee, Hebrew and Arabic. The Turanian family is rather a general name than a family proper, as the derivation of its different members from each other or from a common stock is not well made out. It includes the different languages and dialects spoken by the wandering tribes of Asia.

By analysing languages of all these families, it has been discovered that all known languages may, finally, be traced up to certain roots. They are all monosyllabic, and are of two classes,—roots predicative and roots demonstrative. A predicative root conveys some thought; a demonstrative root connects that thought with some determinate object. For instance, the word "*lux*" consists of the predicative root "*luc*," which means "to shine," and the demonstrative *s*, which means "there;" so that *luc-s* means "shining there," or light. This result is in many ways most important. One of its consequences is, that it forms the basis of a classification of languages according to the way in which their roots are combined. In some languages the predicative roots are used as words—either substantives, verbs, adjectives, or adverbs. This is especially the case in Chinese, in which every word is a syllable and every syllable is significant, taking its meaning from its position in the sentence. When, for instance, a Chinese wants to say "men," he has no separate grammatical form to express the plural, but does so by saying "man-many." Our own word "man-kind" is exactly like Chinese, and the whole language is formed in this way. Chinese is the only language which still remains in this perfectly primitive stage. As soon as any of the roots of which language is ultimately composed cease to have their original meaning, and become mere signs of derivation or case, the language becomes what is called "agglutinative." It consists, that is, of roots preserved in an entire and significant state, but succeeded by other roots which, though still partially significant, act principally as terminations. The peculiarity of such languages is that the original root is always maintained in a distinct and significant shape. Languages in which all the roots run into each other (as in the Aryan languages), so as to form inflected words, are said to belong to the inflectional stage. The distinction is illustrated by such a word as "age." The original root is the Sanscrit "æ," life. Hence come *æ-vum*, *æv-itas*, *ætas*, *ætaticum*, *edage* (old French) *eage*—age. In an agglutinative language the æ would have been preserved unaltered through all these changes, whatever syllables might have been affixed to it. In the Aryan languages, through which it passed from Sanscrit to French, it was absolutely lost.

This double classification of languages by family and by form leads ultimately to a most curious result. Every known form of human speech, and therefore of human thought, comes at last to be exhibited in the form of artful combinations of a surprisingly small number of roots. Mr. Max Müller thinks that Sanscrit can be reduced ultimately to about 500 roots, from the combinations of which all the languages of the Aryan family may be derived. Strange as this may sound, it is rendered not merely credible, but in a certain sense conceivable, by illustrations which show the wonderful variety of purposes to which a root once formed is capable of being applied. For instance, the root *spec* means to look; hence come the English spy, the looker, the Greek σκεπτ,—whence sceptic, an examiner or inquirer, and episcopos, an overlooker or bishop; respectable, or one who is worth looking back at; with respect to; respective; respite, the looking back on a case; despise, looking down upon; suspect, looking up at from below; circumspect; prospect; aspect; auspicious; speculum, a mirror, whence speculative; species, special, specify, and a thousand other words of the most dissimilar meanings. This illustration shows that a small number of roots would go a very long way towards providing the number of words required even by the richest languages. It lends directly to the two deepest and most interesting problems connected with language, its origin and its exact meaning.

With regard to the origin of language, it may be and has been asked how came *spec* to mean to see, *ar* to plough, *dâ* to give, and so forth? The answer which the investigations partly made and partly recorded by Mr. Max Müller afford to this question, is partly negative and partly positive. One popular theory on the subject was that all words were originally interjections, exclamations of surprise, pleasure, or the like, forced from the primitive men by the contemplation of the world around them. According to another they were imitations of sounds, such as the cries of animals, the splashing of water, the breaking of wood, &c. Each of these theories is exploded by the discovery of the fact that the oldest words are verbs and demonstrative particles. It is impossible to suppose that the meaning "to see" was affixed to the syllable "spec" either by imitating any natural noise, or by systematizing any exclamation. All that can be said is, that in point of fact, at the greatest distance we can reach to, we find that people did use the word "spec" in the sense of seeing; and this is an ultimate fact, beyond which, for the present, we cannot go, and on which we must be contented to rest. Whether we can go further and say that there was a time when the whole human race used the word "spec," or some other such word in this sense, and whether all languages can thus be reduced to a common origin, is a question on which, at present, science says nothing either way. Mr. Max Müller thinks that it is possible that the affirmative may be true, though there is no positive proof of it. Two things, however, appear to be clear, namely, that the formation of words to denote things is natural and peculiar to the human race, as a certain form is natural and peculiar to them; and that the earliest sounds which they used for this purpose were sounds bearing the meanings already stated.

To persons unaccustomed to metaphysical inquiries, these may not appear to be very important discoveries. Should they be fully verified and stated with precision they would, in fact, go far to revolutionize all metaphysical and philosophical inquiry. They afford the first glimpse of a possible solution of the questions which have exercised for centuries the curiosity and ingenuity of philosophers, about the nature and origin of knowledge; and which have hitherto so completely baffled the subtlety which has been

* Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in April, May, and June, 1861. Third edition. By Max Müller. Longmans. 1862.

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devoted to their study that they have been viewed rather as topics fit only for a very early age than as subjects deserving of serious inquiry. The greatest question of this class has always been whether ideas are or are not innate. Now, it is perfectly clear that all our thoughts are limited by and clothed in language, and that men can no more think without words than they can breathe without air. Knowledge is only a kind of thought; knowledge, therefore, is dependent on language, and therefore if we can arrive at the origin of language we arrive at something very like the origin of knowledge. Now, suppose it is proved that there once was a time when human beings opening their eyes and ears to the world around them, said "luc," and thereby conveyed to each other the notion of "shining," and -*s*, and thereby conveyed to each other the notion of "there," it would follow that the origin of all knowledge was the combination of sensible experience with some mental power for which we have no name, and which we can hardly represent to our imaginations. It will also follow that all knowledge was at first vague in the highest degree. "Spec" may have meant, in general, "to look," and "ar" "to plough," but who can affect to say or even to guess what the precise meaning of looking or ploughing may have been? Was "spec" equivalent to the English word "look," or to the word "see," or to "stare," or to "gaze"? Did it convey any meaning to a blind man?

To attempt to answer such questions would be obviously absurd. It seems natural to suppose that the original roots were, like the language of a child, ductile and indefinite, though, probably, extremely vivid. Even after the first stage was past, and roots had been combined into regular words, many of the most important words—perhaps most of them—were metaphors, sometimes exceedingly striking. "Man," for instance, means "earthy" or "mortal"—he who is of the dust, he who dies. Sin is "the throttler," and so on. Hence it would appear that to the first burst of vague though vivid names applied to particular acts, succeeded a set of metaphors assigned as names to objects; and, by degrees, experience and the multiplication of wants introduced the wonderfully elaborate and accurate languages of modern times. The inference from all this is most important. It is that there is no foundation for the doctrine of innate propositions which have a transcendent authority of their own, and are exempt from all criticism, and the arbiters of it. If language was originally made up of the vaguest kind of verbs, and grew by degrees into a series of hardly less indefinite metaphors, it is idle to try to arrive at the ultimate truths from which all lower truth is to be inferred, by seeking for a set of verbal propositions known to be true by internal consciousness. Nothing but a proposition can be the subject of belief. Every proposition must be expressed in words, and all words can, in some way or other, be examined and accounted for, and shown to be attempts to reduce to a definite meaning some vague name or poetical metaphor. In other words, knowledge lies before, and not behind us, and must be reached by applying our faculties to the things without, and not to the words within us. Words are of inestimable value as the records of what we have learnt by observation, but it is by further observation only that we can learn more.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.*

The work before us contains a very full and interesting account of a remarkable district. It is divided into four parts, relating respectively to the Physical Geography, Natural History, Civil History, and Antiquities, and to the economical characteristics of the Channel Islands. Each of these divisions is interesting, and the book is also handsomely printed and illustrated by very beautiful woodcuts from the drawings of Mr. Paul F. Naftel. It seems strange that there should be so much to be said about such a very small place. It is almost impertinent for a population of ninety thousand people to have a history of their own, two constitutions derived from time immemorial, and to consider themselves entitled to all the peculiarities of independent states. Thus we find that they have a currency of their own. The Jersey pound is about equal to 18s. 5½d, and the Guernsey pound to 19s. 2½d. The Jersey pound, again, is 1·08 lbs. avoirdupois, and, what seems more remarkable, as it appears at first sight to involve even an insular system of mathematics, the Jersey square foot is a space twelve Jersey inches in breadth, each such inch being twenty-four Jersey feet long by one inch broad. Of all ways of claiming independence, this seems to be one of the most irrational. They have, however, more interesting national characteristics than these, and an excellent general notion of them may be obtained from the volume before us.

Their geographical position would alone be enough to give them an interest, even in the absence of other advantages. By the possession of a strongly fortified position on these islands, we should go a long way towards obtaining an absolute command of the Channel in time of war. The fact has been acknowledged, but the way in which we have acted upon it can scarcely be called satisfactory, especially by financial reformers. At an enormous expense, nearly a million sterling, a breakwater has been built which has secured the different recommendations of having to be built up in water twenty fathoms deep, of cutting across an excellent anchorage, and of making an inconvenient harbour. It has also involved a great deal of blasting and clearing out of rocks to make the harbour secure. In addition to this, we have the pleasant reflection, that though the accommodation is far less and far worse than it ought to have been, it would be impossible or absurd to stop the works in their present state. As we have waded so far in we may as well go right through and secure such advantages as are to be obtained, and which will no doubt be considerable. The cost of the forts necessary to defend five miles of coast in one part of the island and two miles in another might almost suggest the idea that it would have been cheaper to build an impregnable island from the foundations in some more favoured spot. It is, however, doubtless agreeable to have an effective harbour and fortress so near Cherbourg. It would be a convenient place for our gunboats or iron-clad steamers to collect; to take in coal and stores; to refit and be ready for an enemy issuing from the fortified harbours of France. Whenever this should become necessary the Channel Islands may make a more conspicuous appearance in warlike history than they have hitherto done. The only occasion in modern times on which they have been the subjects of invasion was the attack on Jersey in 1781. The French passed through a difficult channel by the help of a treacherous pilot, landed by night, and before daylight had marched into the market-place at St. Helier's, and seized the lieutenant-governor. Having got him, they determined apparently to make the best of him. They not only forced him to sign a surrender, and to order the royal troops to confine themselves to their barracks, but put him in front of their own lines as they marched up to attack Elizabeth Castle. Fortunately the English troops do not seem to have attached too high a value, under these circumstances, either to the governor's commands, or his person. They laughed at the capitulation, attacked the French, and drove them into the market-place, where they were compelled to give themselves up as prisoners of war. The notices of former wars in the islands are not numerous, and, indeed, if we may judge from the results of Dr. Latham's industry, we may say that remarkably few events seem to have happened in the islands at all. That there was a naval battle off Guernsey in the reign of Edward III.; that Mary burnt some of the inhabitants for being Protestants, and Elizabeth punished others for being Papists, seem to be the most startling facts he has to mention. We next have a fragment of a poem by the famous Prynne; not unlike in style to a celebrated prize poem whose first lines are:—

> "There is an island in the Western seas
> (At least I've heard so) called the Hebrides."

Prynne begins:—

> "Mount Orgueil Castle is a lofty pile,
> Within the eastern part of Jersey Isle;"

and informs us that—

> "The castle's ample, airy, healthy, and
> The prospect pleasant both by sea and land."

The history became a little more exciting in the Civil War, when Jersey took the royal side and Guernsey the parliamentary. Dr. Latham modestly states that he is unable to explain this difference in political feeling. We should say that Guernsey was probably against the King, because Jersey was for him, and *vice versâ*. The loyalty of the inhabitants of Guernsey is amusingly displayed in two petitions; in the first, they inform Richard Cromwell that, "having shared the general consternation" on the death of his father, "they have also participated in the great exultation which possesses the hearts of all who profess piety" at the accession of Richard, and suggest that they would like 1,000 tods of wool yearly. In the next petition directed to Charles II., who had sent them a pardon for their submission to usurpers, they state "that we can never sufficiently admire and acknowledge your majesty's incomparable goodness and mercy towards us, for which we bless God and your majesty, devoting ourselves and services, and all that is near and dear to us, to your majesty's service." The men of Guernsey evidently knew how to behave to the ruling powers.

Of the earliest historical period in the islands we know but little; and the tendency of Dr. Latham's remarks is to make the little that we do know more doubtful. There was, indeed, a famous Saint Helerius, who gave his name to the town of St. Heliers, in Jersey, and who seems to have been a jovial character. He once, it seems, dug two holes, knee-deep, filled them with freezing water, laid sharp stones at the bottom, and stood on them till his feet bled. To prevent himself falling backwards or forwards, he erected a board at his back, with two sharp nails projecting behind each shoulder-blade, and in front of him he placed a platform full of awls. We are hardly surprised, after this, to hear that, when a snake had crawled down a man's throat as he lay asleep with his mouth open, an accident of frequent occurrence, it immediately crept out again at Saint Helerius's request. But as to who were the original inhabitants amongst whom the said saint preached we have little or no information. We are told, indeed, that in the year 515 A.D., the Chattuarii, who inhabited Normandy, were attacked by the Northmen under Chochilaichus; but whether Chochilaichus ought to be called Hugleikr, a Dane, or whether he is not rather Theodoric, King of the Franks, seems to be questionable. Doubt is even thrown upon the pedigree of Rollo, the ancestor of William the Conqueror, and finally we are left to choose between nine different origins of the population, all of which may have had some share in the honour of being the forefathers of the Channel islanders.

Without prying into these questions of remote history, the present inhabitants seem to be a prosperous race. Their lines may be decidedly said to have fallen in pleasant places. The mildness of

* The Channel Islands. By D. J. Ansted and R. G. Latham. Allen & Co. London. 1862.

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the climate is specially favourable to the cultivation of fruit-trees. We are told of the great Chaumontel pears, of which those weighing 16 oz. are considered first-rate. But one monstrous pear, the giant of his race, was grown at Laporte, in Guernsey, in the year 1849. It measured 6½ inches in length, 14½ in girth, and weighed 38 oz. What are the gigantic gooseberries or huge turnips of the country newspaper, compared with such noble fruit as this? Besides these pears, grapes, apples, and other fruit, and large quantities of early potatoes, are important articles of export from Jersey and Guernsey. A considerable quantity of cattle is also exported. We are told, however, as a useful warning, that the whole stock of cattle in Alderney does not exceed 400 head. The greater part of the animals sold in England as "Alderney cows" consists of small Breton cows, worth little more than £5 in Brittany. The chief attractions, however, of the islands to English visitors are the mildness of the climate and the beauty of much of the coast scenery. The peculiarities of climate resemble, in a general way, those of the West of England. A general mildness and equability of temperature prevail. The summer is cooler than in England, but autumn is warmer, and prolonged into those months which in England are regarded as mid-winter. The daily range of temperature is remarkably small. The average daily range of different months in Guernsey varies from 6·1° in November, up to 11·6° in June; whilst at Greenwich, the greatest range is in July, 21·3°, and in the least is 9·5° in December. One peculiarity, due to the climate and position of the islands, is the beauty of the sunrises and sunsets, and especially of the latter. The most striking part of the island scenery is the bold and varied line of coast. A fine example of this is the vertical wall of rock which surrounds the little island of Sark, which forms a kind of tableland, some two miles in length, and at an elevation of 350 feet above the sea. This cliff is everywhere penetrated by caverns, vaults, and tunnels, where the action of the waves has gradually eaten away the softer parts of the rock. The most singular of the natural wonders thus formed is called the Creux du Derrible, and is a kind of natural shaft communicating with the sea, and opening above into a field. At high water the foam of the sea rises high up this chimney, and in former times, when the rock had not crumbled so much and the entrance was narrower, used to be splashed up to the top in severe storms. Close to this is the singular little Creux harbour, formed by a breakwater, which only leaves space for one small boat to pass. Even from the breakwater, no way of approaching the interior of the island discloses itself. The united wisdom of the Lords of the Admiralty, who recently landed on this breakwater in the course of a tour of inspection, was incapable of discovering the artificial tunnel by which alone the road can be reached. They were compelled at last to give the case up as hopeless, and returned on board in search of less difficult landing-places. These peculiarities of scenery are, of course, due to the geological characteristics of the island. They are composed of a succession of spurs of porphyrite rock pointing westwards, and denuded by the action of the sea of all the covering of stratified rocks which they may once have possessed, except a patch here and there in sheltered positions. They are the mere bare skeleton of the varied structure which we see elsewhere. But the comparative anatomy of the coast, as of its inhabitants, is best to be learnt from its skeleton. The points of interest are thus numerous, though, as Mr. Ansted says, "at the two extremities of the geological scale." They are illustrations of the mode of production and change of crystalline rock and mineral veins on the one hand, and, on the other, of the most recent changes that have taken place on the earth. We can observe the causes of the stratified form of the crystalline rocks; the nature of the fissures and veins which have split them up; and the changes of elevation, depression, and weathering to which they have been subject. On the other hand, we find also an admirable ground for the study of those phenomena, which form, as Mr. Ansted says, "the very grammar of geology." The deposit of beds of peat, of rolled pebbles, and stratified sand, the way in which such deposits are broken up and altered, and the effects of small upheavals and depressions imperceptible to the eye, are all admirably illustrated.

In addition to a very excellent account of the geology of the islands, we have extremely full information given as to the botany and zoology, with lists of all the species known to exist. The study of the rocky bays and pools which surround the shores of every part of the Channel Islands supplies unbounded wealth of material for the observer. "The great range of the tide, the complicated character and gloom of these vast natural vaults, whose deeper recesses are not accessible more than a few hours in the year, are among the causes of this wealth. They may, with truth, be regarded as the '*grüne Gewölbe*' of the Channel Islands. They are green treasure-houses, where, instead of the stores of Mediæval art, such as are lavishly spread out in the chambers so named in Dresden, we find all that is brightest and richest and most varied in Nature's work."

In conclusion, we may safely say that no one can visit the Channel Islands without finding very much to interest and inform in the work before us.

THALATTA.*

This volume is more of rhapsody than a romance: it consists of a number of well written and spirited studies on almost every subject in the whole range between the two titles which stand on its opening page. There is a great deal about the sea, a good deal about politics, and a good deal about everything that a highly-trained, polished, and rather humorous mind comes across in a journey from a fishing village on the coasts of the Northern Ocean to a prime minister's reception-room in Downing-street. The author is a lover of Oxford, an admirer of Mr. Disraeli, and a profound believer in "men" as opposed to "measures." Modern liberalism seems to him but the political tinkering necessitated by the absence of a commanding nature, and of a moral will, which might secure the confidence even of dissentients. The hero of the story is an ideal creation, for which the characters and careers of Pitt, Canning, and Sir Robert Peel, have been alike laid under contribution. The story is slight, uneventful, and indistinctly told: many passages skirt the region of absolute absurdity, still more violate every principle of dramatic likelihood; so far from keeping out of sight, the author hardly ever leaves the stage, and forbids us for an instant to forget that he is close at hand. Such a volume might easily have been detestable; but "Thalatta" has been rescued from such a fate by various redeeming qualities, and is on the whole extremely pleasant reading. In the first place, such narrative as there is breathes a true pathos and energy. The word-painting—for word-painting it certainly is—is careful, vivid, and effective. There is a description, for instance, of a storm overtaking a fleet of fishing-boats, and of the loss of one of them, which is admirably life-like and natural. One of the sailors on board has parted with his sweetheart in a huff, and the interest of the scene is made to centre upon the catastrophe, which removes the possibility of reconciliation. The evening is fine and still, but a strange murmur in the air, and the fitful glimmering of the northern lights, predict the approaching disturbance. "Swiftly the fire of fight gathered along the northern horizon—swift charges—swift retreats—a kindling onset, as the northern chivalry swept the field and the shadowy shafts of the archers rang against their burnished corslets, until the battle streamed away and was lost upon the distant firmament behind the northern star."

One by one the sleepers awake, to find the gale rattling fiercely from the north, the huge white breakers sweeping across the bay and roaring hoarsely on the coast, and "here and there amid the tumult a solitary boat visible—a scrap of sail hoisted on one of the masts, the other bare of canvas—plunging deeply and heavily among the waves, and vainly attempting, by lying close to the wind, to escape the rocky headlands." Gradually the night darkens, the white ridge of surf marking the line of rocks outside the bar alone stands out distinct, and an agonized crowd of on-lookers, in all the anguish of suspense, gathers on the beach to watch, as one by one the struggling craft outside are hurried by the fierce swell round the weather-pier, and the crews as they sweep past the light and the troubled faces of the crowd, pull down the sheet that has just saved, and in a few seconds more would destroy them. Then follows the appropriate tragedy. One of the boats has just eluded two heavy waves that broke close upon its bow, and is nearing the harbour mouth, when the rope that holds the sheet gives way, and the doomed craft in an instant is swept away like a cork towards the line of breakers.

"An involuntary cry of horror escaped from the crowd. They saw the steersman rush from his seat in the boat and make a vain attempt to clutch the sheet ere it escaped; they could almost hear the deep and bitter curse which broke from his lips at the ill luck or folly which had delivered them up to death. They could note this, but little beside, for the tragedy was consummated with terrible rapidity. The oars of the men were of no avail against the deadly gripe of the current, and although they strove gallantly for life, it was clear from the first that they were drifting hopelessly to death. A rope, as they were hurried past the pier-head, was flung to them, but it snapped like a reed before it could be fastened. Past the sickened on-lookers they went, not thirty yards away, the light streaming on the white horror of their faces, as they struggled helplessly with their oars. The next wave that broke upon them bore them out of sight, and shivered the craft against the Witches' Rock.

"'Merciful heavens!' some one exclaimed as the light fell upon the steersman's pale, resolute face, 'it's young Peter Stephen.' What cry is that? It is the cry of a despairing woman—of a woman whose heart is broken. Poor Elsie!"

Scenes like this look less impressive when transplanted from the surrounding circumstances, which give them verisimilitude by surrounding them with a natural and appropriate colouring; and the art of a story-teller consists very much in introducing them at a judicious moment, and in gradually preparing the mind for their reception. It is scarcely a disparagement to the author to say that these portions of his work are infinitely better done than those in which he forgets the artistic evolution of his plot, and abandons himself to the casual meditations to which its incidents give rise, or throws so transparent a veil over the personality of the performers, that it is impossible not to recognize the same individuals using one after another as the mouthpiece of a favourite sentiment or a momentary mood.

Sometimes in this way really excellent scenes are spoilt by the dramatic proprieties of the occasion being neglected in order to allow the author to indulge in a little sentimental sermonizing, to air some favourite fancy, or be borne along on the gentle current of a well-trained, polished, and half good-natured cynicism. On one occasion, for example, we have a description, first, of an opera at Venice, and then of a supper-party afterwards at the rooms of the prima donna. Nothing could be more spirited and vigorous

* Thalatta: or, The Great Commoner. A Political Romance. Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1862.

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than the one, scarcely anything more languid and unnatural than the other, for the simple reason that in the first scene the author is thinking about the personages of the story, and in the second about himself and his lucubrations. Here is the entrance of Catarina as Lady Macbeth upon the stage.

"She had little to say—a few passionate words of anger and entreaty; but the vignette was perfect in its way; an elaborate picture could not have been more curiously finished. She stood before the house for one breathless moment, a white-armed fury; very beautiful, but fierce and merciless as the panther, as, raising her white arms, she points pitilessly to the chamber wherein lies the king. Such an arm! I have never seen its match. It spoke to the people expressively, eloquently as her face. What often becomes an incumbrance to an inferior artist, was with her the highest spell of her craft. In its strained and agitated muscles you could read anger, contempt, defiance, detestation; most womanly weakness, when, at the end, it dropped exhausted and helpless by her side. She cast it up to heaven, and its grand vehement curve invoked the vindictive gods; it clasped the neck of her Roman lover with the passion and tenderness of an Italian Aphrodite."

Those who have shuddered at Rachel in "Les Horaces," or at Grisi's famous oath-scene in "Don Giovanni," will be at no loss for the originals of the sketch, and will readily admit its forcible reality. The last act is still more exciting:—

"She had taken off her jewels and the rich robes which befit a noble's wife; there is nothing save her white night-gear around the queen. Her small feet are bare; and though they are blue with cold, the marble floor does not chill her. She advances coldly, calmly, stilly—like the visitant of a dream. What wants the queen? She knows well, no doubt; for there is neither hesitation nor embarrassment in her gait. But look into her eyes. They are blank, expressionless, like a statue's. The lamp is there, but the light has been extinguished, or rather inverted, turned in, to illumine that inner life men call the conscience. For see, a spasm of pain contracts the pale lips, and the white hands wring each other in a fierce pressure. 'Out, damned spot.' 'Tis in vain. That white arm and that little hand, all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten again. Ay! she knows it. She will give up the fight. The fever has devoured her life, and the damned spot has eaten into her soul. What a sigh is there! 'Twas that sigh snapped the heart-strings. Back to bed, fair queen, an you list; but it matters not. The hours are numbered. No man or woman could groan that bitter groan and live. So the pale apparition passes away to her doom,—pale, but with the flush of pain still upon her cheek."

A supper party with a young lady who could act like this, ought, one would think, to have been amusing; but the guests whom Catarina had invited to her table, behave like the young ladies and gentlemen of the Sir Charles Grandison epoch, discuss high art and high morals with a chilling propriety, season their talk with classical quotation and historical allusion, and are, on the whole, a great deal more pompous, well behaved, and well informed, than anybody at a *petit souper* has the least right to be. Catarina herself, though she is described as "brilliant and bewitching, saucy, bitter, tender and pathetic, as the mood changed," adds but little to the enlivenment of the narration, and winds up a rather chilling festivity by carrying off her guests to the Duomo, and behaving in an extremely hysterical and uncalled-for manner before one of the shrines of the silent and dimly-lit edifice. All this is unnatural enough, and the author is of course far too sagacious not to perceive it. The supper parties of famous actresses are not, as a rule, devoted to ethical and political discussions, nor do they usually conclude with devotional visits to a neighbouring cathedral; and if the author's good taste and refinement disincline him from depicting the scene as it would naturally present itself, he may reasonably suspect that he is travelling out of his appropriate limits, and occupying himself with a subject-matter which involves the abandonment either of truthfulness or propriety. He appears on the stage and gives a monologue on history and art, simply because the actors and actresses are drinking champagne behind the scenes, and are far too hilarious to be entirely correct. But where no such obstacle to dramatic exactness exists, and where the author really loses sight of himself in his characters, the painting is often full of grace, pathos, and expression. The account of a great debate at Westminster, and of the speech of an almost dying statesman, is, if anything, almost too serious and life-like to be pleasant; and proves that the author, if he chose, might achieve a really brilliant success as a political biographer. Equally good are the conversations of the country people, the account of a county election, a travelling theatrical company, and of the narrow escape of two lovers, who, too busy with their flirtation to be watchful sailors, are overtaken by a squall, and rescued only by a fortunate shifting of the wind. Perhaps the best story in the book is one borrowed, we believe, from the chronicles of Irish disturbance, and certainly not in the least spoilt by the process of transplantation to a Scotch village. It appears as an episode in the youth of an old woman, to whom some mystery is known to attach, and whose strange ways have invested her with a sort of prestige in the eyes of the villagers. The tale is told by a veteran poacher, who has been reclaimed into a gamekeeper, and who is lying in wait with his master for a flight of ducks:—

"'I ken it weel,' he said, 'and guid richt I have—nane better noo. I was a wean at the time, and she was a bit lassie hersel—a bonnie lassie wi' bricht een, and curly red hair, that happed her roun' like a hood. It was in the hard time afore the war, when the hail country was fairly wicked wi' hate and hunger. Her feyther was verra chief wi' the yerl,—a strang, stout chiel, that spoke his mind freely. But he was hard on the starvin' folk, and "the boys" swore that he shudna live past Marymas. Sae it chanced that ae mirk nicht in the fa' a band o' them cam to his hoose—he was a fearless man, and wudna steek the door for a' the deevils oot o' hell, he wad say—and into the room where he was sittin' wi' his wife Marion, and little Elsie upon her lap, beside the fire. There was a dull licht, for the peats were low, and they dragged him oot, and never a word spoken; for man and wife kent what was come upon them, and that it behoved not to pray to them that shed innocent bluid. They stickit him like a stirk at his ain door. Weel, the wife jaloused that they wad finish wi' her (for she had ever backed her man up—he was aye richt, the rest were aye wrang); and when they were awa', she grippit little Elsie, and steekit her into a closet in the wa'. There was a chink in the buird, and she says to her—"Noo, lass, they are killin' your feyther ootside, and when they hae kilt him, they will come back and kill me. Look weel at them when they come, and mind you swear to them when you see them in coort. I'll cast a peat on the fire the last thing to raise a bleeze, and struggle hard that you may take a guid look." The bairn keeked thro' the chink, and saw them murder her mither. It's a terrible but true story. But she had marked them weel, and swore to them afore the lords. I was there mysel; and weel I mind it, tho' I was but a wean at the time,—it's sixty year this very fa'. There were the twa lords, sitting crackin' in their red gowns like twa howdies, and a wheen glib lads wi' horsehair wigs, and the prisoners ahint them. There was unca little against them, though, and the writer body—a fat man, wi' a red roun' face like a haerst moon—was cock-sure they wad wun aff, till the lass was fetched in. Her face was deadly white, but her een burned like live peats. The writer-bodies were no for lattin' her speak at first; but she was sae quiet, and douce, and keen, that the lords pit her in the box, and speert at her aboot the Catechism, and the Testament, and the Ten Comandments, and she answered every word freely and fairly. Then she looked lang at the men, and says quite quiet, pointing to ane and anither o' them, "You were there, and you were there, and you were there." It was like as if she had spoken in a dwam, or aff a buik: there was nae dauntin' her. The three loons were hangit, and Elspit gaed hame wi' Whitey, that was sib to her feyther's gude brither. She grew lang and bonny, and Sandy Gray courted her; but they say she never leuch again. And 'deed, sir,' he concluded, 'it was a burnin' trouble for a young bairn.'"

WILD WALES.*

In these days, when among the educated classes it is almost the exception to find a person of ordinary intelligence who has not, at some time or other, rushed into print, the public is yearly afflicted with a large number of "Books of Travel." A large percentage of those who live abroad for a few months feel themselves bound—or, at least, fairly entitled—to entrust their experiences to a confiding public. If the writer be a young lady, she serves up an insipid *rechauffé* of the information derived from her guide-book, flavoured here and there with a few pages of rapturous sentiment. The young gentleman traveller, on the other hand, when he does not attempt to be archæological or profound, and abstains from filling his volume with crude generalisations and inaccurate architectural descriptions, usually imitates the style of the "Italian Notes," or the "Kickleburys on the Rhine." He thinks himself graphic and amusing if he describes what he had for dinner in the various inns at which he stopped, and cracks jokes on the toughness of the fowls or the badness of the wine. If one may judge from a good many volumes of recent "Tours" in various parts of the Continent, no conversation is too absolutely trivial, no adventure too commonplace to be first recorded in the diary, and in due time transferred to the manuscript intended for publication, provided only that the conversation or adventure did not take place in England. Such writers see everything through the magnifying medium of their own self-importance; whatever happened to themselves at once becomes valuable and interesting in their eyes; they forget how utterly insignificant it will appear to others when it is no longer invested with the bright halo with which it has been glorified by the weaksightedness of self-love.

It would be a great injustice to class Mr. Borrow with writers like these. His former books have won him a distinguished and honourable place in literature, and even this book, which is perhaps his worst, will live longer than the little volumes of those literary butterflies who flutter through an immortality of three weeks in the advertisements and the circulating libraries. Mr. Borrow starts with some of a traveller's best qualifications. He is a linguist, a pedestrian, an enthusiast; he has a genuine and wholesome hatred of affectation and gentility; he has genial sympathies and a cultivated mind. A man with such advantages could hardly write a book altogether poor and valueless, and accordingly in Mr. Borrow's three volumes we find a good deal that is positively interesting, and a good deal more that we can at least read with tolerable equanimity. Among these portions we may mention the derivations of various names, the quotations from various Welsh bards, and the criticisms upon them, the occasional accounts of popular superstitions, and such brief biographies as those of Grouwy Owen and Tom of the Dingle. Many, too, of the conversations with peasants of all countries and tourists of every class, are racy and amusing. Mr. Borrow has a very happy knack of making himself at home with every one whom he meets. Wherever he is—on the high-road, by the fireside of the village inn, in the railway carriage, or on the moors at midnight—he seems to make it his first object to enter into perfectly unconstrained conversation with all whom

* Wild Wales, its People, Language, and Scenery. By George Borrow. Murray.

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chance throws in his way. The very name of conventionality is detestable to him, and he does not hesitate for a moment to take long walks with weavers and carters, and even to sit down and drink ale with a ragged and slatternly Irish girl whom he finds tramping and fortune-telling near Chester. In this way he manages to see and hear a great deal more than the common run of travellers, and the use which he makes of the confidence inspired by his pleasant manners and his knowledge of the language, enables him to give us an insight into the feelings and character of the Welsh peasantry for which we might look in vain in the pages of a less eccentric writer. But it happens curiously that some of his most interesting conversations are not with Welshmen at all. As a specimen we may quote, in a greatly abbreviated form, his account of an interview with some Irish tinkers. After describing them, he says (using one of his favourite expressions):—

"I gave them the seal of the evening.

"'Good evening to your haner,' said the man.

"'Fine weather,' said I.

"'Very, sir,' said the elder female. 'Won't you please to sit down?' and reaching back into the tent, she pulled out a stool, which she placed near me.

"'And what trade or profession do you follow?' said I.

"'We do a bit in the tinkering line, your haner.'

"'Do you find tinkering a very profitable profession?' said I.

"'Not very, your haner; but we contrive to get a crust and a drink by it.'

"'That's more than ever I could,' said I.

"'Has your haner, then, ever followed tinkering?' said the man.

"'Yes,' said I; 'but I soon left off.'

"'And became a minister,' said the elder female. 'Well .... Oh, it was kind in your honour to come to us here in the Sabbath evening, in order that you might bring us God.'

"'What do you mean by bringing you God?' said I.

"'Talking to us about good things, sir, and instructing us out of the Holy Book.'

"'I am no minister,' said I.

"'Then you are a priest. .... Yes, I see you are a priest. Oh, your reverence, give us God! Pull out the crucifix from your bosom and let us kiss the face of God.'

"'I am no priest.'

"'Then you are a minister. .. Oh, sir, pull out the Holy Book, and instruct us from it this blessed Sabbath evening. Give us God, sir, give us God. .... Oh, sir, do give us God. We need him, sir, for we are sinful people. We call ourselves tinkers, but many is the sinful thing ...'

"'Bi-do-hosd,' said the man; Irish words, tantamount to 'Be silent.'

"'I will not be hushed,' said the woman. 'The man is a good man, and will do us no harm. .. Oh, sir, give us comfort in some shape or other, either as priest or minister; give us God! give us God!'

"'I am neither priest nor minister,' said I, 'and can only say, Lord, have mercy upon you!' Then, getting up, I flung the children some money and departed.

"'We do not want your money, sir,' screamed the woman after me; 'we have plenty of money. Give us God! Give us God!'

"But I hastened across the meadow, which was now quite dusky, and was presently in the inn with my wife and daughter."

When we tell the reader that this is by far the most interesting passage in the three volumes, and that, unabbreviated, it occupies six pages, they will rightly conjecture that a great part of Mr. Borrow's book may have been very easy writing, but is frightfully hard reading. All that is in the slightest degree useful or entertaining might be easily compressed into a hundred pages, instead of occupying, as it does, *one thousand two hundred and ninety-seven!* But if a writer is to tell us all that Mr. Borrow thinks fit to tell us, there is no reason why he should ever stop. We do not care to know that Mr. Borrow's wife "is a perfect paragon of wives—can make puddings, and sweets, and treacle posset, and is the best woman of business in East Anglia;" or that his step-daughter "has all kinds of good qualities, and several accomplishments, knowing something of conchology, more of botany, drawing capitally in the Dutch style, and playing remarkably well on the guitar—not the trumpery German thing so called—but the real Spanish guitar." Still less do we care to be informed of Mr. Borrow's proleptic opinions on Chester cheese and ale, and how, having tasted the cheese, he found it like soap, and ejected the half-masticated morsel into the street," and soon after "spirted out the ale after it." Yet, with experiences like the last—less nauseous but equally contemptible—a large number of Mr. Borrow's pages is occupied. If life were not short, and Mr. Borrow's book very long, it would be amusing to count the number of times he criticises the ale which was brought to him at village pothouses, and enumerates the precise dishes which he ate at breakfast, dinner, or supper. Then, again, it is interesting to know that Mr. Borrow could and did talk Irish with several vagabonds at different places; that he blessed them in Latin; that he addressed a stonemason from California in Spanish, a black beggar in Arabic and French, and a certain pedlar in Italian. We do not think that the mention of these circumstances was due solely to vanity, and even if it were, the vanity is, perhaps, excusable; but we should certainly be content with having been informed *once or twice only* that Mr. Borrow can speak Welsh, whereas that one fact is most needlessly obtruded upon us in almost every chapter of the book. We are quite disposed to forgive Mr. Borrow's undisguised and transparent egotism, but he should try not to make it so very fatiguing to his readers. Above all, a man of his ability and position should abstain from permanently recording the vulgar incidents and disjointed chit-chat of a very ordinary tour. Half of the things which swell out these three thick volumes would have been wholly uninteresting had they happened to, and been related by Shakespeare himself. What possible good does Mr. Borrow think that he is doing to any single person by the tedious narrative of such trivialities as this?

"Left to myself, I began to discuss my dinner. Of the dinner I had nothing to complain, but the ale which accompanied it was very bad. This was the more mortifying for remembering the excellent ale I had drunk at Bala some months previously," &c.

Has Mr. Borrow ever faced the fact that if his pages were weeded of this kind of thing, and of its every-day remarks on every subject which allowed of a digression, his book would dwindle down to about a quarter of its present size? If he really supposes that there was any necessity for him to write a little disquisition on health because he meets with a young man who is sickly; and an essay on the advantages of umbrellas, suggested by going out on a wet day, he would have had quite as much right to inflict thirty volumes on us as he had to present us with three.

We never quarrel with a few wholesome prejudices, and we are fond of a little occasional eccentricity in opinion. But here, too, Mr. Borrow tries our patience severely. He believes in the wisdom and necessity of negro slavery. He is very hot indeed against the "Papists," being convinced of "the original identity of nuns and nautch-girls, begging priests and begging Brahmins (!);" feeling some satisfaction in teaching a Welsh peasant to call the Pope "the arch-thief of the world;" and calling Joost van Vondel, "perhaps the *only pure and virtuous character* that ever went over to Rome." He is "*ashamed* to say that he is an Englishman;" and he "*despises* railroads and those that travel by them." If these sentiments, which constantly recur, are intended as jokes they are not very amusing; if they are meant in earnest, they are perhaps more original and equally innocuous. In any case they are quite unworthy of a sensible writer; and as it is impossible to read Mr. Borrow's books without feeling a great regard and admiration for many points of his character, we will conclude by the sincere wish that his next appearance as an author may be more to his own credit, and the advantage of his readers. The obtrusive frivolities of his present volumes would not be so easy to forgive and pass over, had he not been a man whose past services to literature are still gratefully remembered.

COX'S TALES OF GODS AND HEROES.*

THE myths of the Scandinavians and Germans may be, and have been, transplanted with success into English literature. Their blood flows in our veins; actions and heroes of theirs are mixed up with our historical traditions, and the earliest conditions of their national existence were much like our own. Widely as their history and ours have differed, there has been enough of parallelism and even of coincidence between them to enable us to enter into the spirit of their legends. Not only have we, as it were, many bilingual inscriptions, many common myths to act as a key to the rest, but the mythical faculty has throughout worked under not dissimilar conditions, and employed itself on nearly the same subject-matter. The legends, again, of early Rome are within the reach of our retrospective imagination, and can be told in English without losing their characteristics. The interval which divides their age from us is bridged over by many continuous trains of thought, and the legends themselves are of that semi-historical or political kind which does not suffer in being repeated. Their interest is that of incident and of character, not of fancy; they are legends proper, not myths. But with the Greek myths the case is altogether different. Many obstacles combine to make their adequate reproduction almost a hopeless task. In the first place, they are peculiarly un-analyzable. It is impossible to assign their proper parts, on the one hand, to the linguistic phenomena of a primitive age before the separation of the races; and on the other, to the elements added by the period in which the Hellenic peoples passed through the first slow steps of culture and thought; or, thirdly, to the creative imagination of individual poets. It is impossible to say how much was the object of religious regard, how much bore plainly an allegorical character, and how much was recognized as poetical and artistic. We cannot understand them, and we have no parallels of native or borrowed thought to help us. If, in trying to reproduce them, we do not alter them at all, then they are unintelligible; and if we alter them to make them intelligible, then we spoil them. The very nature of their excellence is such as to elude expression in another form. The imagination of the Greeks, taking the common mythical materials to which it was heir jointly with the Indo-European nations, clothed them in more beautiful forms; but that simplicity which is the essence of their beauty is the most intangible of all perfections. It is the work of native genius, which cannot be copied, because it was not produced by any means which are at our command. The very causes of this beauty are as yet only half understood. We are only now beginning to appreciate, and have not even begun to understand that profusion of artistic power which was so lavishly given to every common artisan that he could not make anything which was not beautiful. A further difficulty is, that the myths are inseparably bound up with the words in which they are conveyed. As little can they be

* Tales of Gods and Heroes. By the Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A. London: Longman, Green, & Co. 1862.

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perfectly rendered in another language as one of the great statues could be reproduced in wood. The two things are entirely different in kind. Lastly, a large part, and that, perhaps, the most beautiful, cannot be well detached from their places in the literature which gave to them their full proportions and expression. The Greek myths may be compared to that golden fleece which plays so prominent a part in them. Between us and them lie stormy seas, which must be crossed without a compass. There are long years to be spent in toilsome wanderings over the world of Greek thought, and there are dragons in the way which can only be overcome by the help of the enchantments of the highest poetical genius.

Mr. Cox is a veteran navigator of these dangerous seas, and has already made at least two voyages amidst much-deserved applause. In his present enterprise he is less successful; but still he deserves our thanks, both for having attempted a great subject and because he has brought to his difficult task much labour and some scholarship. He has read Grote, Professor Max Müller, and Dasent, and has adopted the formulas of a good master. The causes of his failure, notwithstanding all these qualifications, are not very difficult to see. They are of two kinds,—one in the matter, and the other in the manner of his book. As for the first kind, we may distinguish two stages in the growth of myths. At first they are little more than phenomena of language, the fragmentary anthropomorphism of a lively imagination which treated things as persons and named them accordingly, and again divided synonymous names into new persons. In this stage the myth is in its most genuine and interesting form; but it is as yet only the first idea, the sketch, the memorandum, which is to be filled in at a later time. Such are the myths of Kephalos and Procris, of Phœbus and Daphne, of Selene and Endymion. These are not fit to be made into long prose stories. The shortest possible expression of them is the most natural and sufficient, and any unnecessary verbiage or additional personification or incident is simply useless and impertinent. In his first books, Mr. Cox generally avoided these, and escaped many dangers. But whilst many of the myths never went beyond this stage, there were others which received a further development. The most pliable or the most impressive of them were selected by the poets, were enlarged and made consistent, and, perhaps, used as vehicles of some moral lesson or view of life. Exactly in proportion as they cease to be genuinely linguistic myths and begin to receive these more artificial and fuller proportions by the later additions of incident and character and poetical adornment, they become more capable of reproduction in forms which, if they seem poor to those who know the originals, may still be valuable to those who do not. Mr. Cox's first efforts were more closely confined to this latter kind, and were, consequently, more successful. In his new volume he has introduced more of the genuine myths of the first kind, and these have been inevitably spoiled by the amount of "padding" and modern feeling which he has found it necessary to introduce. There are also some more general mistakes which infect the whole and spoil even those which do not fall under the first head. The chief of these are a childish style, a want of historical exactness, and a failure to appreciate the point of view, both of the myths and of the early writers from whom the author borrows.

It is a very common mistake to write childishly for children, but it is a very great one. Children are not in the least degree edified by seeing their instructors put on intellectual pinafores and talk down to their level. Besides, it is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the Greek myths, that whilst they are always told with perfect simplicity, they are never childish; if the Greeks were boys, they were not juvenile. So, in the reproduction of them, simplicity is indispensable; but it must be in the point of view, not in an infantine style. The only way to attain it is to choose a simple subject, master it thoroughly, and express it in the most natural and straightforward manner. Mr. Cox's plan is to begin his sentences with "so," and to use a great many false vocatives. It is said that an archbishop once puzzled a roomful of people by asking them the vocative of "Cat," and that it was finally left for him to tell them that it was "Puss." The correctness, indeed, even of the archbishop's vocative, depended on the sex of the specimen in question, but it will serve as an illustration. Mr. Cox's vocatives, "O man," "O race of men," "O maiden," are not in the least better English than "O cat."

Again, the whole character of the myths or legends is often greatly altered under Mr. Cox's treatment. He has taken his work too easily, and is perpetually inexact. Nothing is, indeed, harder than to tell a tale as it was told originally, without altering its spirit or its setting. It is difficult even where the story concerns men and things of our own day, and where there is, consequently, no unusual obstacle to a full appreciation; and the difficulty is almost infinitely increased when, as in the case of the early legends of Greece, the spirit is entirely different from our own, and the interest depends not on one or two salient points so much as on the character and imaginative cast of the whole. Not only is the difficulty of appreciation added to that of reproduction, but it is almost impossible to reproduce without insensibly bringing in some modern, and therefore incongruous, thought or expression. This kind of fault can never perhaps be entirely avoided, but it has not by any means been reduced to the smallest possible amount in this book. In every page some modern sentiment is introduced, or Greek sentiments of one age are transferred to another. In the Greek legend, for instance, Daphne was changed bodily into a laurel, Narcissus into a flower. In Mr. Cox, Daphne plunges into a river and Narcissus pines to death, and a laurel grows up by the river-bank, a flower by the grave. This is just the difference between the genuine and the artificial states of the myths. So, again, Phaethon's sisters moralize out of Ovid, the Apologue of Prodicus is inserted in the Labours of Hercules, and Darius talks of the sons of Javan, as if he had been acquainted with Genesis.

In the same spirit the morality of the heroic ages receives a modern tone. We learn for the first time that the Greeks of that period had "a system of law, with judges to administer it." They are men, we are told, "who, if their life is passed in wars and battles, yet hold that the man who loves war deserves exclusion from law, and hearth, and clan." This lofty morality, somewhat in advance of our own, depends on a single quotation from the Iliad, so entirely opposed to the general spirit of that poem, that it would be of no weight, even if it was correct. But in reality Mr. Cox has unaccountably omitted the one important word in the passage, in fact the one which contains the subject of the proposition. In the original, Nestor is content with saying, "he who loves strife *with his countrymen* is likely to lose the benefits of clan, and home, and justice." It would not be fair to Mr. Cox to accuse his language of perpetually distorting the effect of the original, without giving a specimen. We will select a passage from the charge delivered by Apollo to the priests whom he has newly established at Delphi:—

"Only guard ye my temple well, and keep your hands clean and your heart pure; for if ye deal rightly, no man shall take away your glory; but if ye speak lies and do iniquity, if ye hurt the people who come to my altar, and make them to go astray, then shall other men rise up in your place, and ye yourselves shall be thrust out for ever, because ye would not obey my words."

All that Apollo really says, so far as the sense of the hymn can be made out at all, is:—

"Live at your ease, and slaughter the flocks which men will bring. All that is required of you is to say what I tell you, to take care of the temple, and not to damage its credit, and my revenue, by playing any tricks with the strangers. If you disobey me, men shall come and make slaves of you for all your days."

There is a further question, which we have not space to discuss; how far, namely, the Greek myths can be made available for children. There is much to be said for introducing them early to the thoughts and poetical creations which are to be the subject of their reading for years. Again, that they do take pleasure in them is often asserted, and is probably true; but it is, in all likelihood, only that unintelligent pleasure which they may take in the plot of a play of Shakespeare. The incidents alone are within their reach; the artistic pleasure which the myths give to educated men is the result of long training and countless associations. It seems, at any rate, quite certain, that any attempt to bring them down to a child's level, otherwise than by telling them with the utmost simplicity, can only succeed in spoiling them altogether.

SCOTLAND UNDER HER EARLY KINGS.*

Mr. Tytler begins his History of Scotland with the reign of Alexander III., giving as his reason for this his conviction, that only after the date of that prince does the history of Scotland become interesting or instructive. He might have added, that only after the same date does the history of Scotland become authentic. Undoubtedly, as its authenticity grows beyond the possibility of dispute, its power to command interest and impart instruction increases in proportion. Than the war of independence, no nobler war was ever waged for freedom; in the memorable words of the Scots' Parliament to the Pope, "Not for glory, riches, or honours, did we fight, but for liberty alone, which no good man abandons but with his life." Than the subsequent troubles of Scotland—more especially her ecclesiastical difficulties—few more useful subjects of study could engage the attention of the statesman. But before the war of independence all is vague and doubtful, and most is ignoble. Milton has recorded his opinion that the transactions and battles of the Heptarchy are not more deserving of a particular record than the quarrels of tribes of crows. The observation applies with tenfold force to the transactions and battles of obscure northern magnates, of whom we cannot certainly say that they ever existed. The historical part of Mr. Robertson's work begins about the year 842, and ends about 1280; that is, it ends precisely where the interest of Scotch history begins. We cannot but think this a sad waste of labour—the more to be regretted because the labour has evidently been honest and arduous. Not even the most enthusiastic Scotchman, we should imagine, could patiently struggle through page after page in the following style:—

"Boedhe, the death of whose son has been already noticed, left a daughter, Gruoch, who by her marriage with Gilcomgain, the son of Malbride MacRory, carried the claims of the line of Duff, after the death of her brother, into the family of the Moray Mormaors. Finlay MacRory, the antagonist of Sigurd Lodverson, lost his life in a feud with his nephews Malcolm and Gilcomgain, to the former of whom the earldom reverted according to the Gaelic rule of succession, until his death in 1029, when it fell into the possession of his younger brother Gilcomgain. Three years later the Mormaor was surprised and burnt in his *Rath* or fortress, with fifty of his immediate followers, leaving an infant son, Lulach, who, after the death of Boedhe's son in the following year, became the sole remaining representative of the

* Scotland under her Early Kings: a History of the Kingdom to the close of the Thirteenth Century. By E. William Robertson. In 2 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1863.

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line of Kenneth Macduff. Gruoch, the widow of Gilcomgain, was married eventually to Macbeth Mac Finlay, who had succeeded her late husband and his own cousin in the Mormaorship of Moray, when, as the husband of Gruoch and the guardian of the infant Lulach, Macbeth became the representative during the minority of the latter of his claims upon the crown of Scotland.

"Bethoc, or Beatrice, the eldest of the late king's daughters, carried her claims to the race of Atholl by her marriage with Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, who was also the head of the Atholl family. Their son was Duncan, the heir and successor of his grandfather, who before his accession to the throne of Scotland, had been placed by Malcolm over the dependent province of Strath Clyde."

One name alone here interests us. But few readers will greatly care to learn that the strife between the Thane and the King was really a struggle between rival dynasties; that the latter, when he met his death, was not "the meek and hoary Duncan," but a prince yet in the morning of life; and that the fortunate competitor for the crown was a great and good king, whose memory was long celebrated in tradition as that of one whose reign was a happy time of prosperity and peace. Those, however, who are unwilling to give up their early prepossessions may rest undisturbed; for the fact is, that this whitewashed character of Macbeth is hardly more authentic than that which Shakspeare gathered from the pages of Holinshed. Winton, indeed, can be quoted on his behalf:—

"All his time was great plenty,
Abounding both on land and sea;
He was in justice right lawful,
And til his lieges all, awful."

Most of the old chronicles agree in his praise. But, after all, the matter is mainly one of tradition. Now the great fault of Mr. Robertson's book is, that throughout he deals with tradition as if he was narrating undoubted history. He makes no attempt to reconstruct, like Niebuhr; still less does he give us the myths themselves for what they are worth, like Grote; but he sets forth the most remote and fabulous legends as gravely and prosaically as the best-known facts in history. It is this which makes a great part of his book wearisome on the one hand and valueless on the other. We have neither stories to amuse nor information which might enrich our minds. The truth is, that Mr. Robertson wants the historical faculty. To narrate everything which any authority, good or bad, sets down as an event which once occurred, is not to write history. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Robertson has done. Of discrimination he is utterly destitute. He seems to think that all authorities are equallly reliable, and that all recorded events are equally true. His style of reasoning often reminds us, not to be irreverent, of Mr. Justice Stareleigh: "How could I have it in my notes, sir, if you hadn't said so?" The result of this style of writing, we fear, must be that at least one of Mr. Robertson's volumes will be read by very few, and will be remembered by none. Of the early kings of Scotland we really learn quite enough, and that in the most appropriate way, in the "Tales of a Grandfather," with, perhaps, one exception. No one can hold it doubtful that King David I. was a great and benevolent prince. His title to fame is established by evidence far beyond tradition. He enriched the Church; he regulated the baronage; he called the burghs into existence. It is not too much to say that he created Southern Scotland. He was the Justinian of Scotland in a far higher sense than Edward I. was the Justinian of England; for he was not only the founder of law, he modelled institutions and framed the structure of society. It was long before reformers, clamorous against wrong, ceased to invoke the laws of the good King David, or legislators eager to recommend their measures forgot to claim for them the sanction of that high authority. Far beyond any in the list of Scottish kings, he possessed that surest mark of greatness—the power of leaving the impress of his character on the ages which have succeeded him. He has been compared by Scottish writers to Charlemagne and Alfred, and he was inferior to them in this only, that they were fortunate in a wider field. He was their equal in power and breadth of view; while the following traits, preserved by his friend and biographer Alred, remind us of St. Louis himself, as sketched by the pen of Joinville. "I have seen him," says the abbot, "with his foot in the stirrup, going to hunt, at the prayer of a poor petitioner leave his horse, return into the hall, give up his purpose for the day, and kindly and patiently hear the cause. He often used to sit at the door of the palace, hear the causes of the poor and old, who were warned upon certain days as he came into each district." But to this theme Mr. Robertson is unequal. He is too diffuse, too deficient in imagination, and too abounding in learning to bring before us a simple and life-like picture of the great Scottish prince. A far more vivid, and, though a shorter, yet a more complete portraiture, is given by Mr. Cosmo Innes in his volume called "Scotland in the Middle Ages." Mr. Innes is not an especially lively or picturesque writer, but he is a Froissart compared with Mr. Robertson.

The greater part of Mr. Robertson's second volume consists of appendices—all of them the result of great research, some of them conveying information of considerable value. In his preface he apologizes for the number of them, but the apology was unnecessary. They treat of matters far more important than the exploits of apocryphal kings, and are worth all the rest of the book put together. The dissertations on the "Celt and the Teuton," on "Tenures," and on "the Kin," will repay careful study. Yet here, too, we find the same fault which marred the purely historical part of Mr. Robertson's work. There is no discrimination. Matters with regard to which certain information is unattainable are explained with the same decision as matters which come before us in the full light of historical knowledge. We have no discussion from Mr. Robertson. He does not argue out his theories; he merely asserts that so and so was the case; and he does this equally as to matters with which we are familiar and as to matters which we know nothing at all about. His sun shines alike on the true and the untrue. He will tell us the nature of the office of the Cen-cinneth and the Toshach as unhesitatingly as if he was telling us the nature of the modern sheriff. This fault is one which detracts from the value of historical disquisition not less seriously than from the value of historical narrative. Great labour devolves upon the reader who has to separate the tares and the wheat thus growing up together. And with regard to matters so obscure as those with which Mr. Robertson's Appendices are concerned, no labour will enable ordinary readers to effect this separation. They must be content to rely on the author, who thus gives them stones for bread. In fact, Mr. Robertson's learning is too much for him; it overpowers him, as the armour of Saul did the stripling David; he cannot wield it. He puts it all forth with a profuseness which suggests the idea that its acquisition has been the result of immediate "cram." Long familiarity with his subjects has not taught him the most important of all lessons—what to keep back. What a contrast between his elaborate knowledge and hasty conclusions, and the cautious discussions and dignified reticence of a writer like Hallam! And when we find among these conclusions assertions so startling as that free socage was not a Saxon tenure, and that William the Conqueror did not introduce any new system of tenures into England, we cannot resist a fear that the haste with which they have been arrived at has been more remarkable than the carefulness of the investigations on which they were based. Worse than all this, Mr. Robertson seems to us to have neglected reliable sources of knowledge in his zeal for fanciful research. Not only does he appear to want that historical insight which distinguishes, as if instinctively, between truth and falsehood, but he seems possessed of an unhappy preference for the false. We strongly suspect that the origin of civil institutions, even in Scotland, is attributable to the influence of Rome; and we are quite sure that the best authorities for the early history of Scotland are the Lives of the Saints. In Mr. Robertson's book we have nothing at all about Rome, and not nearly enough about the early Scotch Church as illustrative of Scotch history. Reeves's "History of St. Columba," though professedly an ecclesiastical work, throws far more light on secular affairs.

We have already said that Mr. Robertson's work must have been arduous; had it been more discriminating, it might have been at once less arduous and more useful. As it is, we doubt not that his book will be often consulted by those who read in order to write, but we fear it will never be a favourite with those who read for the sake of reading only.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Invasion of the Crimea, to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander Wm. Kinglake. 2 vols. Blackwood & Sons.—Roba di Roma. By W. W. Story. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.—Sephas; or, Cloudy Skies. A Story. By Michael Ford. 2 vols. Saunders, Otley, & Co.—Weakness of the Government of the United States. By a late American Statesman. Houlston & Wright.—Every Man's Own Lawyer. Lockwood & Co.—The Holiness of Beauty. By W. Cave Thomas. F. S. Ellis, Covent-garden.—Science and Scripture. By J. R. Young. Lockwood & Co.—Parvula; or, a Few Little Rhymes. By Minimus. Trübner & Co.—Memoir of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—Tales and Sketches. By Hugh Miller. Edited by Mrs. Miller. A. & C. Black.—Christianity and its Evidences; with an Epistle to his former Congregation. By John Macnaught, M.A. Longmans.—Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory for 1863. Twentieth annual publication. Longmans.—Aperçus sur les Institutions et les Mœurs des Americains. Par J. F. Milliroux. Dentu, Paris.

ART AND SCIENCE.

LANCASHIRE FUND EXHIBITIONS.

One of the most interesting of the many schemes which the prevailing distress of the cotton districts has called into existence, is that of a collection of works of art. Two such exhibitions have been set on foot; the one which was first opened and which is now just about to close, was the "Water-colour Painters' Lancashire Relief Fund" Collection at the German Gallery, 168, New Bond-street. Members of both the Water-colour Societies, other professional painters, and a sprinkling of amateurs, contribute to this exhibition. The artists make a free gift of their works, and the money for Lancashire is raised both by way of the payments at the door, and by subscriptions of a guinea a head received on the spot and at branch collecting-places, entitling the subscribers to a chance in a forthcoming lottery, whereby the works of art will be distributed among them. Our reference to this exhibition, though not in time to induce readers to visit the Gallery, may still serve to direct their attention to the chance which a well-bestowed subscription would give them in the allotment of the pictures.

The second exhibition, which opened on Tuesday last, is upon a

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different plan. It is "for sale of paintings, drawings, and other works of art, for the relief of the distress in the cotton districts," and is held at the Suffolk-street Gallery. The volume, "Poems, an Offering to Lancashire," is produced in connection with this gathering; also an amateurs' and artists' exhibition. The proportions, however, of the first-mentioned exhibition are reversed, the amateurs being in a great majority, and the artists coming in chiefly to give tone to the project, and to mark the desire of individuals to aid in the good cause. The muster of professional men in this gallery is not so strong as to relieve them from the obligation of taking any further measures which their sense of the requirements of the case may dictate. We are aware that Mr. Lance made some while ago a suggestion for a combined movement at the British Institution, but have not heard of the prospects of that plan. No doubt many professional artists find that they do the duty which lies before them better by direct subscriptions of money than by making the distressed operatives a present of their hand and brain work. The conflicting claims which may fairly be recognized in this case do not affect the case of amateurs; and we are glad to find that they have come forward handsomely with the products of their skill. The catalogue gives 790 numbers of contributions, and several more might be made out by reckoning up all one by one. The list of patrons and patronesses is powerful; and the attendance on the private-view day was such as to show active interest, in many influential quarters, in the success of the scheme.

This is a case in which good sense and good feeling alike exempt the critic from the necessity of rigidly appraising the artistic value of the show, and drawing up an exact balance-sheet of merits and defects. Pope demurs to the notion of breaking a butterfly upon a wheel: and, if we substitute for the butterfly a small creature of positive well-deserving, such as the bee, we shall make out a still stronger case. In the present instance, every contributing amateur occupies the laudable position of the bee; and, though it may be a fact that Lady Augusta Cadogan is not the only one of them who exhibits "The Fine Arts in their Infancy," we shall say no more of that side of the question here, but, coupling with Pope's maxim that of Dante—

"Non ragoniam di lor, ma guarda e passa,"

we shall pause only upon such of the contributors as may be honestly complimented.

To begin with the professional painters. We find in this gallery Mr. Stanfield represented by able landscape-studies and old figure-drawings in sepia; Mr. Cope, by several studies of heads and details; Mr. Mulready, by a water-colour of his "Disobedient Prophet," and an academy-model in pen and ink outline; Mr. Calderon, by a female oil figure, which he names "Olina," being one of the ladies in his last year's Academy-picture of Queen Katharine of Arragon; Mr. Millais, by a pencil sketch of his fine concluding design to Tennyson's "Dora;" Messrs. W. B. Scott, Uwins, and John Chalon. With Messrs. Roberts, Naftel, Cooke, Creswick, McCallum, Sutcliffe, and Fenn, we return to the landscape painters. The "Binsey, near Oxford," of Mr. Boyce, is perhaps, on the whole, the most perfect thing in the collection, lovely in its sunny verdure and pollard willows: it has been exhibited before. "The Valley of the Ticino," by the same artist, is an earlier and also a valuable study. Mr. Arthur Severn, a professional student of painting as yet very young, shows a skill far outstripping his years. "St. Paul's from the Thames at Westminster—view from our window," is especially successful. There is real promise of excellence in the calm water, with burnished streaks reflecting different colours; the blueish-grey of the receding buildings; the sun setting in a horizon of salmon-red tinge, and with flocks of scattered clouds. Others of Mr. Severn's landscapes are meritorious in a similar way, but not in quite the same degree. Mr. Bottomley's vigorous "Head of West Highland Bull" is the best of the animal pictures. Other classes of contributions are well exemplified in the flower-pieces of the two Misses Mutrie, the engraving from Mr. Watts's head of Tennyson, and the large photograph of the Elgin Fates.

We now turn to the amateurs, and, among them, first to the figure-designers. The Hon. Mrs. Robert Boyle sends three of her drawings, almost invariably distinguished for delicate sentiment and handling. The best of the three, "Oh! that I were where I would be!" is from her first and ablest book, "Child's Play." The "Nativity" we have seen before. "In the midst of Life we are in Death" pourtrays a dead child on the bier. "The Virgin and Saint Catharine" is a large, complete, and accurate copy, by Mrs. C. T. Newton, from the Borgognone in the National Gallery. Another of this lady's contributions, "Portrait of H.R.H. the Princess Louis of Hesse, with autograph—drawn for this exhibition by permission," will probably be the popular favourite among the whole collection. Mr. F. W. Dicey's Italian heads, the boy goat-herd "Carmine" and the peasant-girl "Stella," have a superior character of breadth, vigour, and national portraiture. Mr. H. J. Lucas, in "Old Letters" and "Gossip," sends two more than usually complete pen-and-ink designs in the style wherein Mr. Millais is the chief master. Mrs. Blackburn's oil-picture, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove!"—an elderly, worn Scotchwoman with pigeons, and with a good background of the roofs of a city-view—is marked by the seriousness and honesty of this fine designer's productions. We may name also an "Early Christian" version, by Mr. Boddington, of "The Flight into Egypt;" a sweet "Sketch of a Girl's Head," by Miss E. Epps, more than commonly painter-like in its colour and flesh-painting, combined with extreme simplicity; "The Cottage-window," by Mr. Boughton, a successful figure of a peasant girl, in a style recalling partially those of Edouard Frère and Frederick Goodall; and two Algerian subjects, by Miss Leigh Smith.

Landscapes, however, as usual in amateur collections, predominate; and in these, also as usual, Mrs. Bodichon takes a leading position. "Near Algiers" is a good study of grey landscape, blueish in the hills, drab-tinged in the soil. "The Sussex Coast" has vigour and poetic feeling; with gulls flying athwart the ragged, breeze-tormented brushwood, which crosses a slaty-blue sea and slatier-clouded sky. "Near Maenturog, Wales," is solemn in dim light and blue hill-distance. Solemn, too, and of a similar class of merit, is the "Ancient Aqueduct near Algiers," by Mrs. Ludlow, a member of the same family as Mrs. Bodichon. Miss C. Jenkinson gives a simple yet interesting study of "The Matterhorn at Sunrise, from the Riffelberg;" Miss Ewart, a strongly tinted view of "San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice;" Mr. Jenyns, a back view of quaint old brook-side houses at "Troyes," with a cat crossing the tiles, singularly well chosen for picturesqueness, and modestly realized,—also a view of "Angers" well expressing a difficult rayed effect of rainy light; the Countess Grey, a view of "Nice from Mont Biron," simply efficient in its rendering of the light and the hill-contours; Miss Courtauld, a well-conceived treatment in oils of "Cattle in the Highlands," grave and somewhat mournful in impression; Mrs. Russell Gurney, a "View near Bex," *simplex munditiis*. We cannot dwell upon a number of other pleasing or meritorious contributions in the landscape section; but must do their authors the justice of naming Lady Eastlake, the Rev. Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Cheney, Mrs. James Alderson, Miss Townsend, Miss Ellen Beale, Mr. Brabazon, Dr. Deakin, the Rev. Mr. Bury, General Lewis, Mrs. Lawes, Mr. Kempe, Lady Leighton, Miss A. Tyssen Amhurst, Mr. Gambier Parry, Mr. Henry Kingsley, Miss Hampson, Miss V. Thompson, Mr. Walter Severn, and Mr. Talfourd.

The still-life, etchings, and other miscellaneous sections, equally present various points of interest. Mr. Ruskin sends a valuable selection, including samples of his thoroughly faithful and delicate foliage-studies, and of his etchings after Turner, published in the "Modern Painters." Other skilful etchers are Dr. Haden, only inferior to his evident model, Mr. Whistler; Mr. A. J. Lewis, in a highly-finished style; and Mr. Walter Severn in one simpler and more decisive. Miss Lane's "Magnolia Blossom" is a very vigorous, straightforward sketch. Misses C. Bright, North, Richmond, and Fordham, should also be mentioned.

With these observations, we commend the Artists' and Amateurs' Exhibition to the attention and purses of visitors, with whom it rests to convert into a practical success the good intentions of the contributors. Indeed, we believe that the scheme has the best prospects; the sales at the private view, long before the closing of the rooms, having exceeded £500. We return, in conclusion, for a few moments to the Water-colour Painters' Exhibition. It would be out of date by this time to enter here into details such as we have given concerning the more recent collection. In the fewest words, therefore, we recognize the eminent artistic excellence of two of the works sent—the "Mauvais Sujet" of Mr. Madox Brown, and the mediæval "Backgammon" of Mr. E. Burne Jones; and we indicate the standing of the exhibitors by naming, as among their most prominent members, Messrs. Wehnert, Maplestone, Waller Paton, Dawson, George Fripp, Haghe, Raven, Oakes, Cave Thomas, Henry and Edmund Warren, Peel, Bennett, Boyce, Cope, Goodall, Penley, Cooke, Jopling, Glennie, Rosenberg, Werner, and Spencer Stanhope.

MUSIC.

Among the several causes which have contributed to the pre-eminence of the Germans as a musical nation, one of the chief is undoubtedly to be found in their cultivation of instrumental chamber-music. The various forms of the sonata, the quartett, quintett, and the orchestral symphony, (which, however, belongs not to the class of *home* music specially referred to here), although derived from Italian origin, have been thoroughly developed only by the Germans; who, alone, have infused into these forms of the art the highest poetical idealism and the deepest human sentiment. There are few more agreeable features of modern English society than the rapid increase of the taste for such performances among all classes of the community. It is to Germany that we most naturally betake ourselves for the gratification of so legitimate a taste. We look elsewhere in vain for anything comparable to the glorious collection of works for chamber performance bequeathed to us by the great German composers, from Bach to Mendelssohn,—works infinite in variety and inexhaustible in interest. Well may the Germans be proud of such a national treasury of cultivated art and noble thought,—national in production, but destined for universal enjoyment wherever high musical taste exists.

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The chamber-music of the great German masters has, of course, always been familiar as household words to all accomplished English amateurs; but it was reserved for the "Monday Popular Concerts" to create and maintain a taste for these works among the great mass of the London public.

A few years since it would have been considered little better than insanity to call together an assemblage of two or three thousand people to listen to music intended for a small and thoughtful audience, and performed by some six or eight executants. Noise was held to be indispensable to the attraction of a listening crowd. A blatant orchestra, a loud-tongued chorus, and a programme plentifully spiced with the exciting rhythms of dance music, were requisite elements of former "Popular Concerts." Now it is a frequent thing to see the large St. James's Hall filled with an audience whose rapt attention to music of the highest and most intellectual class, if it does not always imply universal comprehension, at least betokens a widely-spread desire to cultivate a taste for what is thoughtful and refined, rather than for that which is merely amusing, if not vulgar. It is true that large audiences are simultaneously attracted to professedly musical entertainments which can only be classed under the latter description; but the success of the "Monday Popular Concerts" forms a powerful and satisfactory compensating balance to such lower influences.

After the usual Christmas recess, the "Monday Popular Concerts" were resumed this week, with every prospect of a continuance of their former success. Herr Joachim, who took his farewell at the last concert in December, has been replaced (as principal violin) by M. Sainton, than whom it would be difficult to find a better substitute for the great German artist—M. Sainton's style being peculiarly fitted for *concertante* playing. The chief novelty on Monday was Hummel's Military Septet for pianoforte, violin, flute, clarinet, trumpet, contrabass, and violoncello—a work which was performed here for the first time, Mr. Charles Hallé being the pianist. The Military Septet is of a more popular and melodious character than Hummel's better known and earlier work of the same form in D minor. It abounds in clear flowing melody and brilliant passages of display for the pianoforte; and is characterized throughout by that exquisite refinement and grace which are marked features in Hummel's music. The *military* spirit, however, is scarcely perceptible, excepting in the first movement—the *finale* ending in the gentlest and most tranquil manner; probably typical of the peace which is the usual object and end of war. The Septet was admirably performed by M. Hallé and his coadjutors, Messrs. Sainton, Pratten, Lazarus, Ward, Severn, and Piatti; some exception being taken to the extreme speed with which M. Hallé played the trio, the effect of which was somewhat to embarrass the trumpet in the execution of the difficult passages assigned to that instrument. M. Hallé's solo, at the end of the first part of the concert, was Beethoven's Sonata in A, from Op. 2. The whole of this work was given in the most masterly style. Every movement bore the impress of deep study and clearly-defined intention, while the mechanical execution was literally faultless. Although, with the exception of the first allegro and the final rondo, we might be disposed to differ with M. Hallé on some of his readings, we too gladly recognize the character and individuality of the performance to cavil at minor points on which some discretionary license must be conceded to the interpreter.

Mendelssohn's Sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violoncello, by M. Hallé and Signor Piatti, presented about as perfect a combination of executive skill as could well be imagined, the rich tone of the latter gentleman's instrument being matched by one of the most superb "Broadwood Grands" ever heard in a concert-room. Some agreeable vocal music by Miss Banks (who appeared instead of Madame Sainton-Dolby) and Mr. Winn, with Mr. Benedict as accompanyist, contrasted pleasantly with the instrumental pieces; and Beethoven's Violin Quartet in C minor (No. 4) closed a concert which may fairly be cited in proof of the growth of a sound popular musical taste.

Another sign of healthy progress is the multiplication of choral societies, both public and private. Not many years ago, English chorus-singing was too frequently characterized by coarseness and want of sympathetic expression. Handel's choruses, it is true, we could give with a bold, broad vigour; partly owing, probably, to traditional influences descended from the composer's own time; but even in these, when the lighter graces of refined expression and gentle pathos were required, it was seldom that our choristers were competent to the demand. Thus, in the very same concert, we might have heard the "Hallelujah" or "Hailstone" chorus given with "trumpet-tongued" effect; while such choruses as "Galatea, dry thy tears," and others of like character, would be listlessly drawled through, the voices sinking a quarter of a tone below the pitch.

Here, again, we must acknowledge the benefits which musical art owes to the German people. The various performances in this country of the Cologne and Berlin choirs completed the lesson which was perhaps first taught us by the admirable choral singing of the German opera company introduced here by Mr. Monck Mason. It was then seen how skilled training of a body of intelligent artists could command all the varied shades of expression, contrast of effect, and sympathetic feeling, without which music is but a cold and passionless language. Who that heard that company sing the "Prisoners' chorus" in "Fidelio," can ever forget the sublime effect of the multiplied expression of deep poetic sentiment? These examples, combined with the gradual substitution of the contralto voice for the male alto, have had the best influence on English chorus singing.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir presents a happy exemplification of these effects. This institution, now in its eighth year, gave its first concert of the season on Wednesday evening, when it offered ample proof of the progress of English chorus-singing, by its refined and expressive execution of various part-songs, madrigals, psalms, &c., several of the lighter pieces being encored. In addition to these, the programme contained part-songs by Messrs. Hatton, Pearsall, and Benedict, besides one of Mendelssohn's eight-part psalms, a Kyrie Eleison of Leo's, and madrigals by Morley and Dowland. Most of these were sung with great steadiness of intonation, admirable contrast of *piano* and *forte;* and that general sympathetic expression which is a sign not only of excellent training but of individual aptitude.

During the evening Herr Coenen performed various pianoforte pieces; displaying considerable execution, but a somewhat hard style, with an excessive use of the pedal. With some modification of these tendencies, this gentleman might probably be an effective player of the dashing brilliant order.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

In the case of old documents the evidences of their discoveries are far more difficult to obtain than proofs of their originality. Something in the documents themselves may prove or disprove this, but discovery is as likely to be made by some individual in a solitary place, nay, even very probably in secrecy; for who, seeking for old documents, is likely to ask or to obtain any one to accompany him on such an uncertain mission; and who, discovering them accidentally, is likely to be accompanied by any witness? Moreover, how such documents come into learned men's hands, we all know it is not always convenient to tell. These remarks apply very generally, and are not meant to apply specially to the "great row" now going on in the British archæological world. We, last week, noticed the exhibition of papyri and manuscripts by M. Simonides before the Royal Society of Literature, and stated that these objects would remain two days for free inspection. The learned have availed themselves of the occasion, and many have been, seen, and departed, we will not say believing, but some perhaps as wise, some perhaps wiser, and some perhaps less wise than they came. For the present, at least, we had rather not express much opinion as to who is right and who is wrong, as the Royal Society of Literature will, probably, comment on the exhibition at their next meeting. M. Simonides professes to be a champion of truth. The very numerous manuscripts he is reputed to possess, must have come into his hands, no doubt, by very various means. For some we have his special statements; and the two now causing the greatest excitement are the Mayer papyri and one volume of a reputed set of twenty-four or twenty-five palimpsest volumes—the Uranius.

With regard to the disputed papyri, in Mr. Mayer's valuable museum at Liverpool were numerous unexamined papyri. M. Simonides having a celebrity for deciphering ancient writings was requested some three or four years ago by Mr. Mayer to examine some of these, and a few were selected by him and unrolled in Mr. Mayer's museum. Papyri, as is well known, are the prepared broad leaves of a species of rush, said by some to have been cultivated only by the ancient priests, and to be now extinct. Their exportation was prohibited under penalty of death. Amongst the Egyptians were three principal classes,—priests, soldiers, and cultivators of the soil. In the interments of the first, the Hieratic or high style persons, were placed papyri containing the whole or portions of the Egyptian Ritual-Book of the Dead; and others containing historical, or legal documents, or having been used as note-books by the scribes have been found. Unwritten papyri, therefore, except in case of fraud or accident, are not likely to be found. Sir C. Nicholson, however, stated he had seen considerable pieces in Egypt.

The papyri which Dr. Simonides unrolled in the Mayer Museum he took away (by consent) to decipher. Some time after, he handed Mr. Mayer his readings, and these were published, with fac-similes of some of the papyri now exhibited and under discussion. Now, the bearings of certain passages and statements in these manuscripts are not in accordance with certain opinions and current doctrines—theological as well as antiquarian. Consequently, their authenticity *is* contested; and it has been surmised that the documents under discussion are *not* those selected by Dr. Simonides from Mr. Mayer's collection, but fabrications of his own substituted for them. Mr. Mayer believes they may be his, but having been out of his possession he cannot swear that they are. Moreover, there appears to have been some commixture of documents in Mr. Mayer's collection, and this has led to further uncertainties and contradictions. For example, one of the papyri purporting, according to Dr. Simonides, to be a "Letter from Hermippos to Horos," written from Thebes, was supposed to have been one of a number brought thence by the Rev. Mr. Stobart some eight years since.

Of this letter, Dr. Simonides asserts his belief that it is a document of the first or second century, and, as according to the Suidas lexicon, the age in which Hermippos lived was during the first and second century, the papyrus, he considers, is probably an original or an early copy of one. This letter contains a passage of six lines in Hieratic letters, which Dr. Simonides, in his reading, gives as the inscription over the door of a temple, and which Hermippos has given again in Greek letters, adding, also, a Greek translation to explain to his friend Horos what it is—Horos living then at Alexandria. The version given by Simonides, of the inscription quoted, being adverse to the

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readings of Egyptologists under the Champollion system, is one very evident reason why this letter should be a subject of attack; for, if Simonides were right, the Egyptologists were wrong; and if the letter bore out the statements of Simonides, his authority it was for those statements, and the case then rested on the genuineness or falsity of the letter. On this position has been raised a suspicion of forgery against Simonides, and one says he must have unrolled the papyri, forged the writing and re-rolled it; another, that these are not the documents he took from Mr. Mayer's museum, but others substituted; others, that this, and all the other papyri of the set under exhibition, are in the same handwriting, and so on. If fraud has been committed in such matters, it is not very easy to prove how it has been done, and at this moment the case stands thus:—Simonides asserts their originality, Mr. Mayer sends them from his museum for exhibition, and justice demands it should be stated that both Mr. Mayer and M. Simonides have afforded every facility for their examination, although M. Simonides objected to copies being made. The learned who have inspected them refuse to admit their genuineness, but decline, so far as we can gather, to state their objections in writing. This is to be regretted, as evidently the right course for a true decision is for M. Simonides to write his statements on his side, and for his opponents to commit to writing their contrary opinions and their objections. No actions for libel could hold against their authors for such opinions, and if any be deterred from expressing fully what they think by such fear, Simonides should guarantee their immunity from legal proceedings. As to the case of a papyrus being unrolled and re-rolled, the brittle state of such objects forbids, we think, the recognition of such an objection. Substitution might take place—the original papyrus might be valuable to the purloiner—but if so, whence did Simonides get his blank papyrus? If he took old written papyrus, and washed out the original writing and re-wrote the matter, what did he, or could he gain by such a fraud? And would no evidence of such washing remain? A small fungus or vegetable growth, it is said, exists on and under one of the letters of the writing—we looked, but could not see it; it may be there, however, for all that—but what it was supposed could be made out from it we could not gather from the general conversation. It might, however, be of moment to examine this fungus, for if under and over the writing, and any competent botanist could prove that it was an Egyptian species, it would be presumptive evidence that the writing was written in Egypt, where no one presumes Simonides has taken the Mayer papyri; or, if a British species, it would be presumptive evidence that the writing on the papyrus had been done in England. This then is another of those unsatisfactory cases with which for years M. Simonides' name has been mixed up. He has not been without sufferings. He has been arrested, prosecuted more than once or twice, but never convicted—always a verdict of not proven in his favour. Humboldt, it is said, declared him to be "an enigma," and the Mayer papyri affair seems to be a harder riddle for the archæologists than the late celebrated "feathered enigma" for Owen and the naturalists. A glance at the condition of matters in respect to the Uranius shows no more satisfactory aspect. There is the same suspicion against Simonides, the same absence of counter-proof—or certainly the same hesitation on the part of his opponents to speak out decisively. The volume of some eighty or ninety parchment leaves, called the Uranius, is one of those documents known as palimpsests; that is, it is one of those manuscripts which are written over an older manuscript on the same parchment—the older writing having been rubbed down or washed out, but which subsequently has reappeared in a faint colour.

Now the story of this volume, as far as we can make out, is this:—Uranius lived some time about the third and fourth century (between A.D. 290 and 360), and is said to have written seventy books concerning the ancient nations. His name is mentioned in Stephanos the Byzantine. These books were lost to knowledge, but M. Simonides professed to have discovered the whole of them at St. Sabbas, in Palestine, through Nikolaos Melissenos, the librarian and confessor of that monastery.

Besides these seventy palimpsest books, Dr. Simonides states that he brought away a catalogue of the Alexandrian Library, the works of Charon of Naucratis in seven books, each consisting of 500 palimpsest leaves, and a Lexicon of Chremon, of the Egyptian language, and of the hieroglyphics explained in the Greek language.

Now, it is imputed, also, to Dr. Simonides, that this volume of the Uranius is another of his forgeries. It may be, or it may not be; we do not profess in the present state of our knowledge to be able to judge; but it is certainly worth while to take a glance at the amount of matter suggested to be probably forged. The vellum leaves are of the size of those of our ordinary ponderous quarto books, and the volume contains some ninety leaves, or 180 pages, in close-written double columns of antique Greek writing, and written a second time by the same man—if both the writings be the forgery of Simonides—it contains 360 pages or 720 columns of forged writing so like the writings of two different ancient periods that the most eminent paleographists shrink from recording in writing the opinions they verbally express. But the matter does not end here; Simonides professes to have twenty-four or twenty-five more of these books, which are in his brother's charge at Syme, under circumstances intelligibly stated, at any rate, whether true or not. If this one volume be condemned as an imitation, what will be said when Simonides produces the twenty-five. Will it then be said he has forged some 18,000 columns of antique writing of equally close imitation? If this be proved, it will, indeed, be a miracle of forgery unprecedented for audacity and unequalled in execution, and surpassing, even the famous Annius of Viterbo. One volume, however, only is before us, and it remains for Dr. Simonides to produce the rest in his own justification. This volume of the Uranius now exhibited contains a genealogical history of the kings of Egypt, and has been shown not only at the Royal Society of Literature, but also at Liverpool; the last meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, and at several other places in England, and to almost all the professors of antiquities in Europe. Long is the list of men in array against him; his supporters at present are few.

There is yet another work, the "Hermas," exciting attention under similar disputed circumstances.

Pulmonary consumption, the disease especially of the young, the gifted, and most beautiful of the human race is an almost hopeless complaint. Can it be cured? How many earnest labourers in medical science have done their best to answer yes, but have miserably failed, and felt the bitter mockery of the war they have waged against its merciless ravages. Who has not witnessed the almost despairing search of mother, sister, brother, for some relieving condiment, some healing atmosphere, some—no matter what—means of release for the dying patient,—some one or some thing to snatch the loved one from death's icy grasp? But how seldom found! From a watery death how many have for ages been recovered by the clumsiest of means; to obtain renewed respiration, what out-of-the-way processes have been resorted to! and yet only five or six years ago a young physician conceived the natural and simple idea that as the muscles of the arm are connected with the muscles of the lungs, so, by raising and depressing the arms, we can use the lungs like a pair of bellows, and fairly pump air in and out of the chest. Within the last year only a medical committee have tested this plan and pronounced it good. It only awaits general practical application to testify to its real efficacy. To a man who could think so good a thing other thoughts were not likely to be wanting. Consumptive patients would be before him in his daily practice, and his thoughts, whether fertile or not, must, if his heart be human, be drawn towards their fatal malady. On this subject, as on drowning, Dr. Silvester's ideas are eminently practical; his design is to show, in the first place, why tubercular matter is deposited in a certain part of the lungs, and then how that deposit is to be removed. He confines himself to the early stages of consumption, and enters into no disquisitions on the origin or nature of the tubercular diathesis in the little pamphlet in which he has published his views. It is well known that the morbid deposit in the lungs is not placed indifferently in any part of their tissue, but under ordinary circumstances, one certain portion of the lungs is, from some cause or other, more liable to a deficiency of aëration than any other part, and this part—the upper lobes—is the very part which is most liable to the deposit of tubercle. Dr. Silvester proposes, therefore, to operate beneficially on the lungs and blood by a principle of aëration. To effect a perfect aëration of these lobes, and by that means to cause the expulsion of the tuberculous matter, is his plan.

Various methods of aërating the upper lobes may be made use of either in the standing or sitting posture. The latter being the more generally useful, a chair has been made expressly for this purpose by Mr. Bigg, of Leicester-square; but an ordinary chair is available for the purpose, the patient placing his hands on its arms to lift the weight of his shoulders off his chest, and give a fixed point of attachment for the muscles of respiration during the breathing.

In the standing posture, the patient is provided with two poles, one of which he clasps in each hand as high as he can conveniently reach, so as to allow the weight of the upper extremities to be borne by the poles; expanding the chest, he should draw a deep inspiration for about the duration of two seconds, and then give a steady forcible expiration for another two seconds, thus making fifteen deep respirations in a minute, or about the number made by an ordinary healthy person. By this method the upper ribs are raised to their fullest extent, and air is drawn into the highest cells alternately with the expulsion of the products of respiration from that part of the chest most frequently containing the seeds of the disease.

After putting these methods of treatment into practice in a considerable number of cases, Dr. Silvester states that he has obtained very satisfactory results. It has been observed, that after the plan has been adopted for a short time, *gurgling* respiration or gurgling cough may be heard at the apex of one or both lungs; the expectoration is considerably increased in amount, the tubercular matter after a time appears to achieve its own expulsion, and a remarkably clear sound of vesicular breathing succeeds.

The object of aërating the upper part of the chest is not only to get rid of any deposit which may exist there, but, by removing that deposit as soon as it forms, to restore the function of the lung, and to render it less liable to the attacks of disease. Dr. Silvester thinks that the reason of consumption being so commonly regarded as incurable, arises from the fact that the real nature of the case is not recognized or brought under treatment before the second or third stage of the disease has set in, when the complant is too frequently beyond medical aid. Alleviation of the symptoms is all that can then be looked for.

At the Archæological Institute, the Rev. C. H. Campion gave a full description of the mural paintings lately found in the church of Westmeston, Sussex, and of which some notice was offered by Mr. Blaauw at a previous meeting. Mr. Birch, keeper of antiquities in the British Museum, then delivered a very interesting discourse on the gold jewelled ornaments discovered by M. Mariette near Thebes, in 1859, and which were sent by the Viceroy to the late International Exhibition, where they had been inspected with eager curiosity. A fine series of drawings of these articles was displayed, made by Mr. Kiddle, who had thus preserved memorials of objects unrivalled in beauty of workmanship and in historical interest. Mr. Birch placed their date, at the lowest computation, at B.C. 1500 or 1510, but they are possibly of even higher antiquity. A notice was given by Mr. J. Hewitt of an ancient weapon of the 13th or 14th century, called the "Godenag" or "Good Day." The Hon. W. O. Stanley, M.P., sent for exhibition a drawing of a bronze cauldron found in Denbighshire. The Marquis de Casa Soring presented two lithographed fac-similes of the inscribed bronze tablets found near Malaga, in 1851. A series of the earliest documents relating to Reading Abbey was sent by the Marquis of Westminster; Lord Clifford also exhibited the fine cartulary of Chertsey Abbey, preserved in the library at Ugbrooke. Various other antiquities were exhibited. Dr. Rock announced that the unique French version of the *Modus* for holding Parliaments, belonging to Lord Winchelsea, would be given in the next *Archæological Journal*, under the editorial care of Mr. D. Hardy. He mentioned, too,

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that the first vol. of the work on "Christian Epigraphy," edited by the Cavalière de Rossi, had just appeared.

The important subject of "Railway Telegraphs, and their application to the signalling and working of trains" was brought on at the Civil Engineers by Mr. Preece. He did not advocate the adoption of the telegraph as a primary power in the working of railways, for it was, like many mechanical arrangements, an uncertain agent, but he considered its secondary or auxiliary capacity invaluable.

In the "block system," Clarke's, Tyer's, Walker's, Regnault's systems, and the German bell-system, Mr. Preece thought the two signals "danger" and "safety" were not sufficiently opposite in their indications to be unmistakeable. An obviation of this difficulty had been recently applied on the Great Western Railway by Mr. Spagnoletti. In this method (Highley's), written words were given in the place of the deflection of the needle. In all the ordinary systems the signals were so dissimilar to those used out of doors that the signalman had to master two systems, one of "line-signals" to regulate the trains; the other, electric signals, to regulate those of the line. Mr. Preece then described how he had assimilated on the South-Western Railway the electric to the line signals. The instrument he employed was an exact counterpart, on a small scale, of the signals employed on the line, whether semaphore, disk, or otherwise, and it was worked in precisely the same manner. The electric signal was thus simply a "distance-signal;" and it was contended that if a system of signalling was found sufficient to work the trains by manual power, the same system must be equally efficient when manipulated by electrical agency. The conclusions of Mr. Preece were, that with a well-managed speaking telegraph to regulate the trains, and a reliable signalling apparatus to regulate the signals, safety and regularity were assured. Indiscriminately used, the telegraph might become a positive source of danger; but carefully used, it was the greatest element of security.

Before the Royal Society, Mr. Francis Galton gave his "Development of the Theory of Cyclones." His opinions were that as a limited area of very low barometer is a locus of light ascending currents, which are in-draughted from all sides in cyclonic spirals, so a similar area of very high barometer is a locus of dense descending currents, which disperse on all sides in *anti*-cyclonic curves. The curvature of the cyclone being retrograde in this hemisphere, that of the anti-cyclone is direct, owing to the same well-known fundamental cause, though acting in a modified manner. The area of the cyclone is marked by storm and rain; that of the anti-cyclone by calms and fair weather. An anti-cyclone is enabled to feed a cyclone without abruptness, for the very reason that its curvature has an opposite character; just as a contrary rotation on the part of two wheels is a necessary condition of their moving in gear or in unison.

The experience of simultaneous charts of the weather of Europe, extending over ninety-three epochs of observation, compiled and shortly to be published by Mr. Galton, show an almost invariable deflection of the wind-currents in the sense mentioned above, and occasional instances of exceedingly well-marked systems of anti-cyclones. The loci of highest, and lowest barometer were separated in his charts by distances of from 1,000 to 2,000 miles, and Mr. Galton concludes that whenever there are limited areas of very high and very low barometers at distances not exceeding the above, a line drawn from the former to the latter will be cut in all cases by winds coming from the left.

Mr. Hardwicke has published the first number of his new edition of that well-known standard work, Sowerby's "English Botany." The number is five shillings, and contains twenty-seven nicely-coloured plates. The new edition is edited by Mr. Syme, and the popular descriptions of the plants are by Mrs. Lankester.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

MEDICAL—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ P.M. "On Alcoholic Phthysis." By Dr. Richardson.

ASIATIC.—5, New Burlington Street, at 3 P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "Sculpture." By Professor Westmacott, R.A.

ROYAL INSTITUTION — Albemarle-street, at 2 P.M. Special meeting of Members.

TUESDAY.

PATHOLOGICAL—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street, at 8 P.M.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—4, St. Martin's-place, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Nations and Tribes inhabiting British Burmah." By Colonel Phayre. 2. "On the Jews of Aden." Communicated by M. Bronkhorst.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 P.M. Continued Discussion on Mr. Preece's paper "On Railway Telegraphs."

STATISTICAL—12, St. James's-square, at 8 P.M. "On the Cotton Trade and Manufacturers as affected by the Civil War in America." By Dr. Leone Levi.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. Professor Marshall, "On Animal-Mechanics."

WEDNESDAY.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. Soirée.

GEOLOGICAL—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On a Northerly Extension of the Upper Silurian Passage-beds to Linley, Salop." By Mr. George E. Roberts and Mr. John Randall. 2. "On some Crustacean Tracks from the Old Red Sandstone near Ludlow." By Mr. George E. Roberts. 3. "On the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy, and their place in the History of the Glacial Period." By Mr. T. F. Jamieson.

ROYAL LITERATURE—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 4½ P.M.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M.

METEOROLOGICAL—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 7 P.M. "On the Average Height of the Barometer in London during the last Eighty-three Years." By Mr. Eaton.

THURSDAY.

ROYAL SOCIETY—Burlington House, at 8.30 P.M. 1. "On some new Compounds obtained by Nitrogen-substitution, and new Alcohols obtained therefrom." By P. Griess, Esq. 2. "Researches in some of the Artificial Colouring Matters; II.—On the Composition of some of the Blue Derivatives of the Tertiary Monamines derived from Cinchonine." By Professor A. W. Hoffmann. 3. "On the Differential Quotiaries of Dynamics." By G. Boote, Esq.

ANTIQUARIES—Somerset House, at 8.30 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. Professor Frankland "On Chemical Affinity."

FRIDAY.

PHILOLOGICAL—Somerset House, at 8.15 P.M. 1. "On the Origin of the terminal *m* of *am*;" and 2. "Some English Etymologies." By Mr. Henaleigh Wedgwood. 3. "Some Points in Sanskrit Grammar." By the Rev. G. Small.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 8 P.M. "On Radiation through the Earth's Atmosphere." By Professor Tyndall.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. "Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor Field.

SATURDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. Mr. W. Savory "On Life and Death."

BOTANIC—Inner Circle, Regent's Park, at 3½ P.M.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Adams's (E.) Geography Classified: a Manual of Mathematical Geography. Post 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.
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(Signed) ARTHUR LENNOX,
Chairman.

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THE

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OF

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No. 134.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863. [Price 4d. Unstamped.

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THERE are few sights more comical and absurd than that of a man who is under the professional necessity of putting himself into a passion which he does not feel. The actor who is painfully conscious that "Hecuba" is nothing "to him, or he to Hecuba"—the jovial widow who can scarcely conceal her satisfaction at the departure of the dear defunct—the doctor who is expected to look sad at a funeral—the clown who is called upon to appear merry in a pantomime—have all difficult and tiresome tasks enough in their way. But in these days the professional political grievance-monger seems to us to have a more laborious job than any of them. We really feel a sincere compassion for the Quarterly Reviewer, who had to sit down to write two sheets of political denunciation in the present state of public opinion. There is nothing in the world so disheartening as to play to a dead and indifferent audience, except it is to endeavour to flog into a passion a contented and complacent public. To say that the *Quarterly Review* has uttered a great deal of rubbish in a tolerably smart style, is only to admit that he has acquitted himself respectably in an unprofitable situation. The political article in the last *Quarterly* is a sort of "Brutus and Cassius" oration, such as might be delivered by a clever school-boy in a sixth-form debating club against some ideal tyrant. The ball opens, of course, with a tremendous philippic against Reform and all Reformers. The "general remodelling of all our valued institutions," we are told, has been "happily checked." "The great Reform delusion has been dissipated." The dangerous belief that a "constant degradation of the suffrage was to be the inexorable law of our growth" is at an end. In fact, *nous sommes sauvés*. "Our statesmen have awoken to the fact that the imagined Reform agitation was nothing but an intrigue among themselves, and the nation was far too sensible to desire any further approximation to the government of the multitude." These are "brave 'ords," but gentlemen, who deal in sneers of this description, should have the acuteness to remember that taunts are implements which have two edges, one of which may happen to wound the hands of those who wield them. To listen to the *Quarterly Review*, one would suppose that the records of the past were all obliterated, and that the memories of mankind could not reach over the space of four years. We should like to know who it was that, in the year 1858, gratuitously undertook the task of "remodelling our most valued institutions?" Who were then the fuglemen of the "great Reform delusion?" Whose Administration proposed, as the condition of its existence, to produce a bill for the "degradation of the suffrage?" Did the *Quarterly Review* never hear of Lord Derby's Reform Bill, or is it from that performance that it derives the idea that "Reform agitation was nothing but an intrigue among statesmen?" Lords Russell and Palmerston are bitterly reproached with having used Reform as a stepping-stone to power. In this, at least, they acted according to the traditions and principles of their party; but upon what grounds and for what objects did a Tory Administration pledge itself to a Reform Bill, and for what objects did Mr. Disraeli in the last agonies of the final struggle offer even to surrender the borough franchise? These are questions to which we recommend the Reviewer, before he prepares his next tirade, to provide himself with some plausible, if not satisfactory, answer.

The next head of the indictment against a "Reforming Administration" is that it has wickedly endeavoured to conciliate the Radicals. This, in the opinion of the *Quarterly Review*, is the head and front of Lord Palmerston's offending. We don't stop to inquire into the character or enormity of this offence. But if it is a high misdemeanour on the part of a Liberal minister to attempt to satisfy the Radicals after their several kinds, "commercial, religious, and sentimental," what are we to think of a Conservative leader of Opposition whose whole conception of policy is to entrap the affections of these gay Radicals, and allure them into little conspiracies by which he alone is to profit? The conduct of Lord Palmerston towards the gentlemen below the gangway is said by the Reviewer to be like that of a "flighty wife to a husband whom she dreads and detests." If we may be allowed to pursue this singular image, we should say that the behaviour of Mr. Disraeli towards the same gentlemen is most of all like that of a faithless husband towards a lady who is *not* his wife, but whom he desires at once to seduce and to desert. What has been the history of the Tory party, ever since they broke up the Government of Sir R. Peel and placed themselves under the guidance of their present leaders, except a series of meretricious alliances with politicians whose principles they abhorred, in order to gain possession of the offices they coveted? The *Quarterly Review* has actually the audacity to attribute to Lord Russell the expulsion of Sir R. Peel on the Irish Coercion Bill; as if all the world did not know that it was the work of the malignity of Mr. Disraeli, and the hatred of Lord G. Bentinck. For office, the Tories threw overboard their vaunted principles of Protection in 1852. For office, they coalesced with Mr. Cobden on the Chinese Resolution. For office, they allied themselves with Mr. Milner Gibson to defeat Lord Palmerston on the Conspiracy Bill. To retain the offices they had thus acquired, they sanctioned without remorse the "great Reform delusion." For office, they have intrigued and are intriguing with the rump of the Irish Papacy, in order to catch a few Irish votes at the expense of the dearest principles they have ever professed, and to the dishonour of the

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Church for whose interests they pretend an exclusive regard. For office, the advocates of national interests and efficient establishments have permitted their authorized leader to denounce "bloated armaments," and to bid for Radical support. And this is the party, and these are the men, who have the face to make it a charge against Lord Palmerston that he has sold the interests of the country in order to purchase Radical support. These are the men who venture to deal in charges of insincerity, and to challenge inquiry into their own good faith.

But then, for want of something better to say, the Tory Reviewer is fain to raise the stale cry that "the Church is in danger." Indeed, the passages which are devoted to the Church-rate question read more like ravings extracted out of a sermon of Sacheverel than the pages of a reasonable journal in the year 1863. We are told that the Church has been "offered up as a victim." The "supreme hour of the Church" had well nigh arrived when "the few leading Constitutional Whigs filed into the Dissenting lobby." "To this Government, among all Whig Governments, has been reserved the honour of attempting an enterprise of which Walpole and Fox never dreamed, and from which Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne recoiled. Never before, since the days of Cromwell, have the servants of the Crown voted as a body for the direct spoliation of the English Church." What balderdash is this? Has this unskilful writer forgotten that this senseless vituperation falls on other heads besides those which he hoped to break? When "the few leading Constitutional Whigs filed into the Dissenting lobby," did they go there alone or attended only by their "religious Radical" allies? Has the Quarterly Reviewer, who must needs go back to the days of the "elder Cromwell" for a parallel to such atrocities, forgotten that the heir of Derby of Latham joined in that "enterprise of which Walpole and Fox never dreamed, and from which Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne recoiled?" Does he not know that the eldest son of the Tory Prime Minister —the *spes surgentis Iuli*—the Secretary of State of the late and future Conservative Cabinet,—was a party not by his vote only, but by his writings, to the "direct spoliation of the English Church?" Nor did Lord Stanley stand alone. If we are not much mistaken, Sir J. Pakington, that other light of Tory wisdom, has lent on this subject his countenance and support to "the most spoliating Administration our history records." Yet Mr. Gladstone is denounced in unmeasured terms, for not speaking, though he voted, against a measure for which Lord Stanley wrote and which Sir J. Pakington supported. These are the sort of inconsistencies and absurdities into which journalists are betrayed, who are forced to talk nonsense simply because they have nothing to say.

Upon the question of Foreign affairs this ill-advised writer is equally unfortunate. His attempt to vilify the Italian policy of Government is a conspicuous failure. It is only a foolish repetition of that unhappy essay of Mr. Disraeli last session upon Papal independence, which received at the hands of Lord Palmerston so effective a castigation. It is, forsooth, the moral sympathy and support which Lord Russell has extended to the Italian cause which is the real cause of all the difficulties of the Italian Government. If only Lord Malmesbury had been at the Foreign Office, the Cabinet of Turin would have had a much easier time of it; the Pope would have quietly left Rome by this time; the Emperor of the French would have been accommodating; in short, by a policy of "complete abstinence," everything would have been arranged in the best possible manner. If the *Quarterly Review* were written exclusively for circulation among the Marines, this sort of stuff might perhaps be expected to go down; but does the writer suppose that the English people, and, what is more, the Italian people, do not know that the firm but prudent support of the English Cabinet has achieved for the cause of Italian liberty more even than the bayonets of France? Does he suppose that the world is unaware that it was the moral influence of England which enabled the Italian Government to break down the wretched compromise of Villafranca? Does he imagine that any one is ignorant that from one end of the Italian peninsula to the other the name of England is more cherished and respected than that of any other Power in Europe?

On the American question the Reviewer shows a little more caution. He attributes, indeed, *more suo*, the "ruin of the staple industry" of England to the policy of the Whig Government, reminding one of the celebrated inquiry,—

"Who made the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who filled the butcher's shops with large blue flies?"

The practical difference between the Administration of Lord Palmerston and that by which the *Quarterly Review* would fain replace it is that the latter, in addition to "the ruin of the staple industry of the country," would have given us the agreeable interlude of a war with America. However, we are happy to observe that even the *Quarterly Review* has had the wit to discover, since its October number, the general sense of the country on this subject, and we hear no more of the clamour for recognition and intervention, which is the staple commodity of the Tory daily press. Possibly the *Quarterly* has got "the office" on this subject from its friends, who are hoping for office themselves.

On the subject of the Ionian Islands, the *Quarterly* can find nothing better to say than that the Government have dismembered the British Empire in order to gratify the economical prejudices of Mr. Bright. If it were so, we don't see why the party who are pledged to the reduction of "bloated armaments" should object to the process of depletion. We suspect that, if this is the best card in the Opposition hand, they will not win the trick. The country will require some more reasonable and probable ground for quarrelling with a decision the good policy of which, on political and military grounds, is equally admitted.

In finance, the Tory essayist of course harks back to the threadbare topic of the Paper Duty. But in spite of all the lugubrious vaticinations which have issued from the Opposition benches, Mr. Gladstone has not yet ruined the country. On the great feature of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's scheme—we mean the Commercial Treaty with France—the Tories observe as profound a silence as that with which they habitually treat the topic of Free Trade. The signal and opportune success of the Commercial Treaty must be gall and wormwood to the gentlemen who opposed it with a malignity almost personal. They will gnaw the file in vain, in endeavouring to convict of misdemeanour a financier who has given to the country the only compensation possible for the disaster which has befallen our American trade. The reviewer concludes by endeavouring to develope a theory to account for the fact, to him incomprehensible, of Lord Palmerston's popularity and success. We cannot follow him into all the *ambages* of this intolerable nonsense. But we will offer him in a single sentence our own solution of the difficulty. Lord Palmerston is popular and successful because he is in every respect the exact opposite of the right honourable gentleman who leads the Tory party in the House of Commons, and who has the honour to enjoy the confidence of the *Quarterly Review*.

INDIAN *versus* AMERICAN COTTON.

IT is exceedingly difficult to establish fairly and conclusively in the popular mind any facts or principles involving much purely technical information. Readers easily forget what they haue never heard before, and do not very thoroughly understand; and writers who have never mastered the subject continue to put forth old fallacies, and to argue on superficial knowledge. We have endeavoured more than once to explain the peculiarities of the cotton supply, and the reason why the American staple has always been preferred to the Indian; and why, even now, the notion so constantly repeated by ordinary journals,—that a little exertion on the part of our Indian authorities, and a little emancipation from prejudice on the part of our British manufacturers, will soon make us independent of the United States, cannot be sustained. But as the exploded errors reappear from time to time, so must the old corrections be from time to time repeated. The case is really not difficult of comprehension, if only the simple facts are clearly stated and made generally known.

It is customary to speak of "cotton" as if it were one and the same article, like tea or coffee, only a little better or a little worse in quality according to the country it comes from, or the care taken in gathering it and packing it. No idea can well be more inaccurate, or rather more incomplete. Cotton is a production including almost as many varieties as corn; and, like corn, each variety has its special use and adaptation. Wheat, oats, and barley, are all available for food. Orleans, Surat, Egyptian, and Brazilian cotton are all available for calicoes and yarn. But the Brazilian staple is almost as distinct from the Indian as oats from wheat;

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and Surat cotton can no more make muslin or fine thread, or Egyptian make *weft*, than wheat can be malted or barley made into good household bread. The different cotton pods are distinct from each other not merely in length, in colour, and in cleanliness, according to the several climates and soils which produce them; they are originally different plants, some, we understand, being annuals and some biennials, —some even being plants and some being trees,—and though one quality may, to a considerable extent, be substituted for another—just as horses may be fed on barley and mankind on oats, when the price and the supply tempt to such a departure from ordinary practice,—yet this substitution has both its limits and its inconveniences in the case of cotton as well as in the case of grain.

Let us exemplify our meaning. The finest quality of cotton is known as *Sea Islands*. This grows on the low-lying islands off the coast of Georgia and Carolina, and has been produced also in Queensland, Australia. It is long, fine, and silky in fibre, and beautifully white in colour, and is used only for the highest numbers of yarn, from 150's to 300's, either for muslins or for doubling into the finest threads for lace. It sells, in ordinary years, for about 2s. and 3s. per lb., and only about 40,000 bales a year are produced or wanted. When this is scarce, or when, as now, the supply is interrupted, the best quality of Egyptian can, to a great extent, be substituted for it, though at a certain disadvantage, as it is less easy to work, more irregular in length of fibre, and of a very inferior colour.

In value and cost, *Egyptian* and *Brazilian* cotton rank next to Sea Islands, though at a long interval. The former can be spun into fine numbers, and the latter is very strong. Both are largely used in spinning what is called the *warp*, or the *longitudinal* threads of the cloth, which have to bear the friction and tension of the loom, and in which, therefore, tenacity is the quality required. The warp for muslins and for some threads is always, and almost must be, made from Egyptian cotton; and Brazil or West Indian, which has the same harsh and strong character, is largely used for the warp of the coarser fabrics, such as fustians and velveteens. None of these three sorts, however, are available for *woof* or *weft*, *i.e.*, the *transverse* threads of the fabric, for which softness, not strength, is needed, and where colour and cleanliness in the fibre are in consequence more valuable qualities than length.

Surat, or Indian cotton, ranks lowest of all. Its characteristics are shortness and irregularity of fibre, a rich white colour, and great admixture of leaf and dirt, which makes it not only troublesome but wasteful to use. It is employed chiefly in producing the coarser numbers of yarns, from 10's to 30's, and in making *weft* for calicoes, shirtings, and what are called *Domestics*—*i.e.*, the strongest sort of cotton textures. For these purposes it is well adapted, and would be more suitable still if it were transmitted in a cleaner state. Its ordinary price used to range from 2½d. to 5d. per lb. It has now reached the enormous figure of from 13d. to 16d. per pound.

Now *American* cotton combines and includes the characteristics of all the other qualities. Part of it, the Sea Islands, as we have seen, is longer, silkier, and whiter than the best Egyptian. Some of it, the best Orleans, is as strong as the Brazilian, and at the same time softer, cleaner, more regular, and far more workable. The remainder, the great bulk of the crop, known as "Upland," "Mobile," &c., is longer, cleaner, and, to use a technical expression, *kindlier* than the Surat, and a pound of it will go considerably further in producing yarn or cloth. American cotton is available for making both *warp* and *woof;* it can be applied to any purpose; it will spin any numbers, from 10's up to 250's. No wonder, then, that it should be more sought after than any other kind. The manufacturer has a preference for it—not, as it is customary to say, "a prejudice in its favour." He is prejudiced in its favour, just as the baker or the consumer is prejudiced in favour of the best wheat. He prefers it to Surat because it makes more yarn, and makes it better, just as the baker prefers wheat to oats, because it contains more nutriment and makes better bread. The price of American cotton used to range from 4d. to 8d. a lb.; at present it ranges from 18d. to 28d. a lb.

We have now explained sufficiently, we think, why the cotton of the United States is so much called for, and so much preferred to that of any other quarter of the world, and to that of India especially. There is another reason for what is termed the objection of manufacturers to Surat. It usually, indeed almost invariably, comes forward in a very filthy state. It is carelessly gathered, carelessly packed, and damaged in transit; so that it not only contains an enormous amount of seed, leaf, and dust, which has to be beaten out of it, and which when beaten out leaves a comparatively small residuum of actual cotton,—but the process of eliminating this rubbish is a very costly one. Surat requires more manipulation than American cotton. Being shorter in fibre also, the machinery has to work more slowly when engaged upon it, and as the yarn produced from it is weaker than that produced from the Orleans variety, it is more difficult to weave, and yields poorer wages to the operative, and a poorer result to the manufacturer. It is, in a word, in every way an inferior article, and can only be forced into consumption by its lower price or by the absence of its rival.

But it will be asked, "Cannot the quality be improved?" Certainly it can. The indigenous Indian cotton might, by care and honesty and common sense on the part of native merchants and producers, be forwarded in a far cleaner condition, and its transmission would then cost less per pound, and a higher price would be given for it. But little progress has yet been made in this direction. On the contrary, the higher price we give, the worse is often the average quality of the article sent; because the natives, being anxious to send as much as possible, pick the cotton more closely and include more dirt with their pickings. The American variety, too, might be produced in India, and indeed is and has long been produced in certain quantities; and, when forwarded to England, has always commanded the same price as a similar article produced in the United States. But two difficulties stand in the way of an *extensive* production of the superior quality in India—viz., the habits of the natives and the nature of the country. An Oriental people can scarcely ever be induced, except under the strongest pressure and the most unceasing supervision, to alter their system of agriculture or their articles of growth; and it is always difficult to substitute an exotic for an indigenous production. It is not, therefore, that Orleans cotton *cannot* be grown in India, but that it cannot be grown either so easily or so cheaply as in the United States, nor, when grown, can it be so easily transmitted. For the profitable and extensive growth of a crop so bulky as cotton, four requisites are indispensable—favouring soil and climate, cheap labour, intelligence and capital, and easy and abundant water-carriage. India has labour as cheap as the United States; its soil and climate are good, though not *so* good; but in intelligence and available capital it is far behind, and in means of carriage, either by rail or by water, there can be no comparison between India and America. These are the reasons why English manufacturers still retain their "unhallowed" longing for slave-grown cotton, and why they are convinced that, as soon as it again comes into the market, it will recover its old superior position.

THE LATIN HOBBY-HORSE.

THE flights of divine folly which Mr. Disraeli's imagination takes on the subject of the Jews and the "Caucasian mystery" have found a parallel at last. Each of the various prophets of Mumbo Jumbo is sure to have a chosen tribe that is destined to regenerate mankind. The pious Mr. Disraeli, who is never more at home than when he is executing sacred Hebrew dances after the agile and solemn manner of King David, prefers the Hebrew nation. The O'Donoghue, whose ceremonial consists in worshipping a wild Irish Mumbo Jumbo of his own upon the Irish harp, is for restoring the world by the medium of the Celt. In his turn, — last but not least, — the Emperor of the French takes up the Latin race. It is probable that Mr. Disraeli's ideal heroines, but for the exigencies of the world of fashion, would all have had hooked noses, and all performed upon the timbrel. The Emperor's ideal pleasure, in like manner, would be to be permitted to wear the diadem of Augustus and to revive a second Imperial Rome upon the banks of the Seine. His passion for a "Latin mystery" is as constant as that of the right honourable member for Bucks for a Caucasian. It invests him, moreover, with the same air of unutterable and lonely grandeur. In the daytime Mr. Disraeli and Louis Napoleon mix with the busy crowd of men; in the night-time they retire to the wild and desolate mountain-tops, to commune with the nationalities of the past. From the mountain-top of Hughenden Manor we catch at times weird murmurs

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about Asiatic regeneration, and occasional and fitful snatches of Jewish melody. The mountain-top of the Tuileries, with equal solemnity, gives out a sound of Latin tongues and the rustling of imperial purples. When we hear these mysterious noises, we know that they are part of the solace which great minds permit themselves. Mr. Disraeli is marshalling the tribes for a march through Asia Minor upon Jerusalem. Napoleon III. is redistributing the national frontiers of Europe or America, with the view of providing for the comfort of the Latin race.

It will be a consolation to the Latin race—whatever and wherever that mysterious nationality may be—to learn that an Imperial patron has got his eye upon them. So great an honour has, however, its corresponding drawbacks. The Latin race must "sleep straight," and never be "down at heel." The interests of civilization require that they should keep moving and always be in a state of the highest possible political polish. They must not disgrace their name, or bring indirect discredit on their historical origin. Mexico is a striking illustration of a country that forgot her position as member of the Latin race. In direct violation of her duty, she began to show symptoms of internal lassitude, disorder, and decay. His Imperial Majesty, from his lonely mountain-top, fixed his visionary eye upon her, and determined to take in hand so neglected and degenerate a branch of the Latin community. Ignorant, perhaps, of the first principles of ethnology, the Mexicans at first may have been at a loss to account for the sudden slap in the back which they received from France. They had for many years been going on comfortably murdering one another, without troubling themselves to recollect from what quarter of the globe their first ancestors had come. Nor were the wondering Governments of Europe much wiser. Nobody could conceive what possible interest his Majesty could take in the welfare of the Mexican commonwealth. A throne, perhaps, was wanted for Prince Napoleon, or for the Archduke Maximilian, or even for a troublesome Bourbon. As time progressed, all these shadowy suggestions were scattered to the winds. Even the return of Almonte and of the clerical exiles seemed likely to be abandoned, as by no means essential to the prime object of the expedition. After an interval of uncertainty, Mexico, and the world in general, have been enlightened as to the cause of the Mexican invasion. The interests of the Latin race account for all. General Forey, in obedience to his master's order, is by this time no doubt explaining the affair to the puzzled Mexicans. This poke in the ribs, they are informed, is to remind them of their privileges. "There will not be wanting people who will ask why we expend men and money to found a regular government in Mexico." The General is to enlighten these sceptics as to the real reason. France desires "to restore to the Latin race on the other side of the Atlantic all its strength and its privilege." Rarely has a more humorous spectacle been seen than that of a dreamy Imperial ethnologist sitting down, cigar in hand, to explain to one of his generals of brigade the necessity of invading Mexico for the sake of the destinies of the descendants of Latium. It is pleasant to conceive of the confusion of mind with which the honest general,—who, perhaps, had never heard of the Latin race before,—received so recondite an announcement, and retailed it in due turn to his *sous-lieutenants*. Going to war for an idea is plain sailing compared with going to war for the sake of the prospects of Latinity; and the perplexity of the French camp, when the news came of this new military mission, must have been extreme. We can well imagine how the corporals of Zouaves laid their heads together over the camp fires on receiving the intelligence, and wondered what in the name of Heaven was the Latin race. The Mexican Government had better give in at once without further bloodshed. If a treaty or a subsidy could have bought off the French, it would have been a different thing. As it is, nothing is left for it but submission, when they have to deal with an assailant who makes war across the Atlantic on ethnological principles. His Majesty is mounted on the most alarming of hobby-horses. A nation which is unfortunate enough to belong to the Latin race can do little except letting him have his way.

When Mexico has been conquered, Mexico—so runs the Emperor's programme—is to be put to rights. The condition of that unhappy country is in all conscience bad enough. It can hardly, however, be more gloomy than the sentimental picture given of it in the French papers. The *Moniteur*, with inimitable gravity, descants on the tyranny of the Mexican Government and the subservience of the the Mexican press. Incredible as it will seem, the Mexican press is not allowed to criticise in a hostile spirit the Mexican Ministry, or to express enthusiasm at the advent of the French. They have no M. de Persigny to maintain inviolate the rights of free discussion. The Mexican finances are also in a sad way. That profligate empire is immersed in debt. General Forey's orders are plain and straightforward—to reform all abuses, and to make Mexico as much as possible like France. "You will aid the new Government to introduce into the Administration, and particularly into the finances, that regularity of which France affords the best model." There is a cool simplicity about this which baffles all comment. It would be irreverent to suppose it possible that his Imperial Majesty can have been making game of his faithful general. But the prospects of the Latin race, the gagging of the Mexican press, and the "regularity" of the French finances and of French administration in general, must have afforded a quiet amusement this week to the politicians of Paris. It is possible, they will think, to have an almost too delightful regularity in administrative matters. Irregularity will certainly be banished for ever from the administration of Mexico, if the Emperor's plan is carried out of admitting only "the principal persons of all political parties, *who shall have embraced our cause*" to share in the discussion as to the new Government. This is introducing French administrative regularity with a vengeance, and insuring harmony and union among the framers of the future Mexican constitution. It will be convenient for General Forey to be able to remind them that for insuring regularity in the administration there is nothing like the French institution of Prefects. A few prefects judiciously scattered up and down Mexico, if they were active and intelligent, would bring about a wonderful unanimity of opinion among the delegates of the nation. Nothing serves so well as a Prefect for keeping the Latin race thoroughly up to the mark. It is thus the Latin race is enabled at once to enjoy liberty and order—the order being for the people and the liberty for the police.

That even French administration, with all its severities of discipline, would be at present a boon to Mexico, nobody can deny. Nor does England watch with any jealousy the military progress of the French eagles in the direction of the Mexican capital. General Forey may perform his mission, and do what he likes with Mexico and that section of the Mexican population which can boast a Latin origin; nor will a single voice be raised on this side of the Channel to protest against the cleansing of such an Augean stable as the Mexican Republic. What America will think of the Imperial letter remains to be seen. Some weeks ago we pointed out that the whole Transatlantic policy of the Emperor was probably based, not on the commercial interests of France, so much as on some hidden dreamy crotchet which belonged rather to a fanciful student than to a statesman. The secret is out at last. Napoleon III. wishes to play off the Latin race against the Anglo-Saxon, in the New World as well as in the Old. It is the shadowy phantasy of a visionary who has by a rare stroke of fortune obtained the chance of manipulating the world and resettling it on his own designs. The Emperor sees the English tree spreading its branches over the globe from America to Australia, and he is afraid lest the tree should absorb all things into itself. With the natural error of a politician whose early life has been passed in study and reserve, he attributes too much importance to his own generalizations. The phantoms of his brain take too palpable and real a hold upon him. The distinction between Anglo-Saxon and Latin is a distinction of more value to a pedant than to a statesman. The days are gone in which confederacies grouped themselves according to ethnological instinct. An Anglo-Saxon or a Latin league is a vain shadow, and need disquiet none but a bookworm. The Northerners hate the Southerners, and both hate England. So much for the strength of Anglo-Saxon blood. The Mexicans hate Spain, and the Italians have no great natural affection for the French. So much for the harmony of the Latin race. The Syrian intervention was based on more intelligible grounds. It can hardly be denied that France has much in common with the interests of Eastern Christianity. If Napoleon III. had based his Mexican intervention on the ground of the interests of Catholicism, criticism would have been silent, for Catholicism and France, in many respects, have common interests too; but to put it on so unsubstantial a ground as ethnology is

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simply idle. It is, however, of a piece with the whole conduct of the French monarch. His sympathies are excellent; it is only his elaborated schemes that fail. He falls into the common mistake of powerful statesmen. He thinks the world is a chessboard, and that he has only to put the pieces where he wishes them to stand. He forgets that he has to do with living pieces, which go on moving of themselves the moment he takes his hand off the board. If intervention between Federals and Confederates belongs to this grand design, and is planned for the benefit of the Latin race, perhaps Napoleon III. may find himself as far out in his American map of the future as in his Italian. We shall see whether the South will set their heart less on Mexico after they have been separated from the North. It may turn out that what was a few years back for Southerners merely a lawless fancy, may a few years hence be to them a political necessity.

THE NEW POLICE OF MILITARY SOCIETY.

THE wreck of the *Colombo* having delayed for a while the arrival of the heavy mails from Calcutta, we have only within the last few days been placed in possession of the formal statement published by the Committee of the Bengal United Service Club, recapitulating the circumstances which have eventuated in the expulsion of Lieut.-Col. Priestly, of the 42nd Highlanders; and in the subsequent withdrawal of his Excellency Sir Hugh Rose from that society.

There appears to be no dispute possible as to the actual facts of the case. An appendix annexed to the statement of the committee comprises *pièces justificatives* completely substantiating every paragraph of that clear and temperate document, of which we shall proceed to give a brief *précis*. About the beginning of August, 1862, two military officers, Lieut.-Col. Priestly and Major Fitzgerald, D.C.G., of the Indian Army, were residing in the club-house at Calcutta; taking their meals together daily at the public table, and meeting daily on the footing of ordinary acquaintances. They were both members of a Commission then occupied in inquiring into the commissariat department of the Bengal Presidency.

One evening they chanced to sit next each other at dinner, and in the course of conversation came to discuss the subject of the commissariat department, on which they appear to have entertained antagonistic views. In reply to a remark made by the colonel, that he thought that department would be improved if it were placed under the immediate orders of Sir Hugh Rose, Major Fitzgerald replied, "I do not think so. I have no respect for the Commander-in-Chief's public or private character." From this view of Sir Hugh Rose's merits Colonel Priestly quietly dissented, and shortly afterwards the party broke up, without any display of high words or intimation of ill-feeling on either side.

But, on the following day, Colonel Huyshe, the president of the Commission of which Colonel Priestly and Major Fitzgerald were members, informed the latter that he had received from Colonel Priestly an official letter declaring that he could not continue to act on the same Commission with an officer who entertained no respect for the character of the Commander-in-Chief in India. A letter of the same date, addressed by Colonel Priestly to the Adjutant-General of her Majesty's forces in India, officially reported that Major Fitzgerald, in private conversation at a club dinner-table, had grossly insulted him by saying that he had no respect for the character of Sir Hugh Rose.

When Major Fitzgerald became aware of the abuse which Colonel Priestly had made of his incautious remark, he wrote to assure him that he had had no intention of giving offence by what he had said, and tendering an apology, if he had done so inadvertently. Colonel Priestly declined to accept the apology offered, on the plea that the affair was no longer in his hands, having been officially reported by him to the superior authorities.

When these circumstances came to the cognizance of the committee of the Club, they met to consider, after communicating with Colonel Priestly, "whether an officer who had reported private conversations, not suddenly on the spur of the moment, but coolly and deliberately after an interval of about twelve hours, without in the meanwhile informing the gentleman whose conduct he reported that he even felt aggrieved by his remarks, was a proper person to remain a member of a Club composed of the servants of her Majesty, civil and military, in India."

The committee unanimously came to the conclusion that "unless that institution were to be allowed to degenerate into a vehicle for making known to those in authority the private thoughts of its members, it was obviously essential that the first member of it, who had ever acted upon such an extraordinary and unusual principle, should cease to belong to it." But in order to lessen the scandal as much as possible, they gave Colonel Priestly the option of retiring; intimating, at the same time, their resolve, if he did not do so, to bring his conduct before a general meeting of the Club. Colonel Priestly declined to profit by the alternative offered to him, and an extraordinary general meeting of the Club was accordingly convened for the 25th of September.

At this point of the affair Sir Hugh Rose interposed. He expressed his entire approbation of the conduct of Colonel Priestly, declaring that the rules of military discipline necessitated his reporting Major Fitzgerald's private remarks to his superiors, and issued a circular ordering the officers of the army to take no part in the approaching meeting of the Club. Four officers on his Excellency's staff—members of the Club—about the same time protested against the proceedings of the committee.

The meeting was nevertheless held on the appointed day, and, in obedience to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, it was attended only by the civilian members of the Club, who, however, held nearly 200 proxies of absent members, military and civil. The result was, that Colonel Priestly was unanimously expelled the Club, the only dissentients being the four protesters on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, who were not present.

Upon this Sir Hugh Rose thought fit to address to the committee and the civil members of the Club, in his capacity as its president, a severe official reproof, which is extremely amusing, from its strength of language and its debility of argument. His Excellency reminded them that Colonel Priestly was an officer of unblemished character and long service, who had displayed gallantry in the field; he pointed out to them that the corps which the gallant informer commanded was "the 'Black Watch'—a regiment whose name is never mentioned in the army but with veneration;" he affected to believe that the civilian members of the Club had been the only movers in bringing about that officer's expulsion, and declared his own opinion that, in "the painful affair" which had necessitated that strong measure, the offender "had acted with the perfect propriety of an officer and a gentleman." He reproached them with not having seen the propriety of leaving the matter to his arbitration as their president, and concluded by declaring that he could no longer remain connected with a Club whose members objected to have their private conversations officially reported to him. To this reprimand Mr. Crawford, the honorary secretary of the Club, politely replied that the Committee deeply deplored his Excellency's secession from amongst them, and explained that the reason they had not consulted him as to their conduct towards their erring member was simply because his Excellency was not a member, of the Club; the presidentship which his Excellency held being a purely honorary and *ex officio* distinction, carrying with it neither membership duties, responsibilities, nor privilege of voting. They further explained that his Excellency was in error in considering Colonel Priestly's expulsion as the act of the civilian members of the Club alone; that it had, on the contrary, been the unanimous opinion of every member of the Club not on his Excellency's staff that the expulsion should take place, but that their military members had been deterred by his Excellency's circular—as his Excellency must well know—from attending to record their votes to that effect.

Such is the disgraceful story which the *Colombo* would have brought home if she had not been wrecked, adding another to the long list of the deplorable military scandals, at home and abroad, which must of late have served to enliven the leisure of the Duke of Cambridge. A copy of the documents, of which we have here given a *précis*, has been forwarded by the Committee of the Calcutta Club to the Committees of the principal Clubs in England, inviting their opinion, "whether, in removing from among them a member who had so contaminated the one great bond of gentlemanlike intercourse, viz., the inviolability of social confidence, and who upheld his right to do so, they have done more than was forced upon them by their feelings as gentlemen and men of honour."

The pretensions put forward in this case by the Com-

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mander-in-Chief in India appear to be that, both in his public and in his private character, he is to command, *ex officio*, the respect of every officer in the service, no matter whether his public or his private conduct be of a nature to command respect or not; that no officer under his command is justified in expressing, in private conversation, any doubts upon such points; and that every officer under his command is, moreover, bound, as "an officer and a gentleman," to report to head quarters such doubts, if he hears them expressed in private conversation by any of his acquaintances.

We are of opinion that Sir Hugh Rose will find it as difficult to induce the army and the public at home to endorse this new and startling social theory as he has found it in India. Supposing, for instance, that a Commander-in-chief were an injudicious or unjust man, apt to behave as the military journals inform us Sir Hugh Rose has behaved in the matter of the Mhow court-martial; or, supposing he were a notoriously immoral man, disposed to avail himself of the advantages conferred upon him by his high position in order to corrupt the wives of his adherents, and to purchase the compliance of their husbands—does Sir Hugh Rose pretend that in such a case no officer in India should express in private his contempt for such a character; does he pretend that it would be the duty of the Priestlys of military society to inform against such of their club-fellows as gave vent to the just feelings of men of honour on such subjects?

The supplementary despatches of the Duke of Wellington recently published, show how that great man acted in a nearly similar position. About the year 1809, a Committee of the House of Commons investigated certain charges which had been made against the Duke of York, the then Commander-in-Chief of the British army.

Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley defended his chief in public as well as he was able; but he appears to have made no scruple in writing daily to the Duke of Richmond, a lieutenant-general in the army, his private opinion of the Duke's guilty complicity with his concubine in selling commissions in the army to unworthy individuals for her private emolument; and from what may be read in Sir Arthur Wellesley's letters of that date, it is very clear that, entertaining no respect whatever either for the private or the public character of the Royal Duke, who was Commander-in-Chief in 1809, he made no scruple whatever in communicating that opinion to a lieutenant-general in the army, who did not, however, feel bound, as Colonel Priestly has done, either to report the circumstance to the Adjutant-General, or to pretend to consider it a personal insult to himself.

We wait with considerable interest to see what steps the Royal Duke who is at present at the head of the army will take in this matter; whether he will refer it—as in the case of Colonel Burnaby—to a secret and packed court of inquiry composed of four officers of Colonel Priestly's own regiment—"the Black Watch whose name is never mentioned in the army but with veneration;" or whether, as in the case of the Robertson court-martial, he will allow the scandal to fester on unnoticed. Meantime, Sir Hugh Rose's position in India, as well as that of the Lieutenant-colonel commanding the Black Watch, cannot be considered creditable either to the public or private character of the service in which they unhappily hold high rank.

The view taken of the affair by the Governor-General of India may be inferred from the fact that Lord Elgin has not thought it necessary to interfere in the squabble; nor has he removed his name from the books of the Club, of which he is, *ex officio*, the honorary patron. Under such circumstances as those which we have detailed, it is clear that if Lord Elgin is not with Sir Hugh Rose and Colonel Priestly, he is decidedly against them.

THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

VOLUMINOUS as are the details in the American papers as to the five days' fighting which took place in Tennessee at the close of last year, it is by no means easy to collect either the plans of the rival commanders or the manner in which they were carried into effect. Even the numbers of the opposing armies are not ascertained. It may, perhaps, be assumed that the army of Rosencranz, the Federal commander, amounted to 45,000 men, with 100 guns; but no estimate whatever has appeared of the numbers of the Confederate forces under General Bragg. It is probable, however, that they were at least equal to the Federals; for it appears that instead of waiting to receive the attack, the Confederates on those occasions assumed the initiative. The difficulty of understanding the details of this series of engagements is increased by the fact that General Rosencranz, in his official despatch to the Commander-in-Chief at Washington, apparently omits the account of what took place on Wednesday, the 31st of December, and the three preceding days—or, at all events, alludes to them in the vaguest manner.

At present, the North have divided their military forces into three great armies. First, there is the army of the Potomac, under Burnside, which is still at Falmouth, on the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. To this position it withdrew after its repulse from the Confederate intrenchments on the southern side of that river. For the present, operations in this district are completely suspended, nor are they likely to be resumed unless the Confederates again threaten Washington. Second, there is the army of the South-west. This army, which consists of the corps of Grant, advancing from the north, and the corps of Sherman, which came to New Orleans with Banks by sea, is now engaged in the siege of Vicksburg. This city, which lies near the junction of the Yazoo river with the Mississippi, is 400 miles above New Orleans and about the same distance below Memphis, which is in the hands of the Federals. So long as Vicksburg remains in the hands of the Confederates, they can connect together the country on both sides of the great river, and thus supply their armies in Arkansas and Louisiana with recruits, arms, and ammunition to any extent. On the other hand, if Vicksburg falls before the Federals, the whole course of the Mississippi will be under Federal control; and, if that control be retained, it will be practically impossible for the Confederates, even if they achieve their independence, to extend slavery beyond this line. There are conflicting accounts as to whether Vicksburg has actually surrendered. According to some accounts, the Federals have been compelled to re-embark; according to other accounts, the Federal troops had carried three lines of intrenchments, and the place was on the point of surrendering. Third, there is the army of Tennessee, under the command of Rosencranz. Its head-quarters were, at the end of the year, at Nashville, in the State of Tennessee. If Rosencranz can succeed in holding that State, the result will be that the new Confederation, even if its independence were to be recognized immediately, would consist only of the five States of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, part of Virginia, and part of Mississippi. Leaving Florida out of the question, it is tolerably clear that such a Confederation would be but a feeble power. Whether the North have acted wisely, or according to the established principles of war, in undertaking so much at the same moment may be very questionable. But, on the other hand, they have certainly adopted the right course by devoting the winter months to prosecute, with energy, the war in Tennessee and on the banks of the Mississippi. If they can conclude this part of the war before the spring, and if peace is not concluded, the Federals will then be able to turn all their efforts to attack the Confederates in front of Richmond, and, if possible, to compel the surrender of the Virginian capital.

But to return to the army of Tennessee. At the close of last year this army had for some time been at Nashville, which is the capital of that State and stands upon the Cumberland river. To take this city had been for long the passionate desire of the Confederates. Its capture would probably have compelled the Federals to retire out of Tennessee and even right across Kentucky, to Louisville, on the banks of Ohio. By the capture of Nashville the control of the Tennessee and the Cumberland rivers would be restored to the Confederates. The railroads north and east would be at their service, so that their communications through Eastern Tennessee with Lee's army in Virginia would be completely secured. On the other hand, if Rosencranz with his Federals could succeed in holding Nashville, and in advancing southwards by force, he would not only succeed in restoring the warlike spirit of the North, broken by the disasters of Virginia, but he would isolate the Confederate army of the West, by cutting off its communications with



The nearest point to the Mississippi is 150 miles west, or to the left of Nashville.

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the Confederate army in the east, and would at the same time allow Sherman and Grant leisure to complete, if possible, the conquest of Vicksburg. But, besides these motives for fighting, Rosencranz had others even more powerful. He had a difficulty in provisioning his army. It is true that he had the railways behind him and the rivers; but the Cumberland had not yet risen, and whilst railways enable an army to move with great rapidity, they are so easily broken up by cavalry raids, that it is extremely dangerous to rely upon them entirely for supplies. By obtaining possession of Murfreesboro, which lies in a very fertile plain, the supplies would not only be ample but close at hand. Perhaps, also, Rosencranz had information which induced him to believe that he could inflict a severe blow upon the Confederate army in his front.

Whatever may have been his reasons, Rosencranz began his march from Nashville on Friday, the 26th of December last. He advanced in three columns towards Murfreesboro. This town is about thirty miles south-east of Nashville, and is intersected by the Stone River, a tributary of the Cumberland. The country is difficult: it is wooded, and broken by constant streams with precipitous banks. After considerable delay and constant skirmishing, the enemy were found posted in a strong position on the banks of the Stone River in front of Murfreesboro. According to the accounts, Rosencranz expected that Bragg would assail his right, overwhelm it, and so cut off his retreat to Nashville. For this purpose it had been strengthened, and the officers in command were desired to stand fast. On Wednesday, the last day of the year, there was a serious engagement; but the Federal right, instead of standing fast, lost all its artillery and was driven back. This seems to have compelled Rosencranz to retain his left, in order to support the discomfited right wing; and thus he was prevented executing the attack with his left which he had designed. At the close of the day the advantage was clearly on the side of the Confederates. On the 1st and 2nd the battle was renewed. On both days most determined attacks were made by the Confederates; but in both cases they were repulsed. On Saturday, the 3rd, or early on the morning of Sunday, the 4th, General Bragg retreated southward, and General Rosencranz now occupies Murfreesboro.

This retreat of the Confederates is of the utmost importance to the Federals. If Rosencranz had been defeated, he must have been annihilated. His retreat to Nashville, over thirty miles of a broken and difficult country, must have completely demoralized his troops; and as he could not have remained there, his subsequent retreat still further north must have been still more disastrous. It may seem a remarkable circumstance that the Federal troops should have displayed so much obstinacy, or that Rosencranz should have persisted with such resolution in the contest. But the truth is, that such confidence was justified by the character of his troops. These troops are not like the mercenaries of the East. They are recruited from the yeomen and farmers of Illinois, Ohio, and the North-west. They have a real and almost personal interest in the war. They are determined that the mouths of the Mississippi shall remain in their hands, and that the area of the slave power shall not be extended. This is the reason why the Federal armies of the West have fought, during the present war, with so much more resolution than the armies of the East, and is at the same time the justification of the tactics of Rosencranz.

The army of the Confederates has retreated southward to Shelbyville. Perhaps the fact that the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad has been broken up, so that Bragg can no longer draw reinforcements from the army in the East, may have dictated this resolution.

BRIGANDAGE IN THE NEAPOLITAN STATES.

THE Commission appointed by the new Italian Cabinet to inquire into the causes of brigandage in the States of Southern Italy, and to suggest a remedy for them, has arrived at Naples. We shall be curious to observe the course which these gentlemen adopt in the pursuit of their investigations, and interested to learn the measures they will have to propose when the inquiry is terminated. More than two years and a half have elapsed since Piedmontese rule was established in the Neapolitan Provinces; during the whole of that period some of the most fertile districts in the country have been a prey to incessant brigandage; and we may accept the appointment of this Commission as a proof that the evil is increasing rather than diminishing. Under these circumstances, we might well inquire why it had not been appointed sooner, were we not met by the still more pertinent question,—what will be the use of it now? The fact is, that this Commission can tell the Government nothing that it did not know before, nor furnish it with any materials which General La Marmora has not all along had at his disposal. If the Commissioners remain at Naples they will be no more competent to form an opinion of the state of the Capitanata or Basilicata than if they remained at Turin. If they proceed to those provinces they will only recapitulate the views and statements of the Piedmontese civil and military authorities, who have studied the subject before them. They will find their task neither agreeable nor profitable. They will have two classes of brigands to encounter,—those who will seek to rob them of their purses, and those who will try to steal from them their patronage. So they will find two causes of complaint most common among the respectable classes: first, that they are plundered by their own peasantry, who, under the name of Bourbons, and in the guise of brigands, pillage the farms on which they have been accustomed to labour; and next, that an ungrateful country has not compensated them for their losses by bestowing upon them places under Government. These gentry will attribute to Government the disorganized state of the country; they will insinuate that, in the time of the Bourbons, life and property were comparatively safe; but they will not venture, in the hearing of the Commissioners, to inveigh against the "Piedmontization" of the country, partly because freedom of speech is not yet a habit among them, and partly because a lingering hope of employment is always present with them. It is true that there are Neapolitans on the Commission; but even they, as Government emissaries, will fail to obtain a true perception of the animosity which is felt towards the existing *régime* in the provinces, not on account of any affection for the departed dynasty, but because no dynasty can ever be popular in a country, where the most false and cringing servility to authority is combined with cowardice and avarice among the middle and upper classes. If the Commission observe truly, they will report that the immediate cause of brigandage in the Neapolitan provinces lies, not in the existence of dynastic sympathies, not in a degraded peasantry, not in mal-administration on the part of the officials employed—though all these elements may combine in varied proportions towards producing the grand result,—but in the utter demoralization of that section of the community upon which, in every free country, the Government is accustomed to rely for co-operation and support.

The experiment of entrusting to Neapolitans the internal administration of their own country has failed signally in almost every instance in which it has been tried. The majority of the higher officials throughout the Southern Provinces are Italians from the North, whose education and training have better fitted them for the task of imposing upon a reluctant people the responsibilities of free institutions. The popular conception of liberty in the Neapolitan mind, on the arrival of Garibaldi, was an absence of care and responsibility; the people little imagined that the *dolce far niente* existence which they enjoyed under a despotic form of government was incompatible with the order of things they so ardently desired; they still demand a paternal form of government, but they claim the privileges of manhood; and, while they decline the trouble of governing themselves, they object to being governed by the Piedmontese. The landed gentry in the provinces where brigandage is rife pay large sums in black mail to the brigands, but are too timid to organize any armed resistance among themselves; the National Guard, when not actually in league with the brigands, are worse than useless; the peasantry find it more profitable to plunder than to work, more especially as their masters have all taken refuge in the towns, and, abandoning their country houses, have left their farm servants to their own devices.

The civil and military authorities from the North, unable to obtain the co-operation of any class, have found themselves forced into a line of conduct more or less arbitrary. A feeling of antagonism has thus gradually sprung up between the governing and the governed. Contempt on one side breeds fear and dislike on the other; the Northern and Southern States of America are scarcely more widely estranged in feeling and sympathy than the Northern and Southern States of Italy; and the slaves, who avail themselves of President

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Lincoln's proclamation, will certainly not be so troublesome to manage, as those emancipated by Garibaldi and presented by him to Victor Emmanuel some three years ago. We trust that the Commission will have the courage to suggest the only remedy which is to be found for a state of things so entirely exceptional, and requiring an exceptional mode of treatment; and that, disabusing their minds of the policy enunciated by Rattazzi on his assumption of office, which was, in fact, one of selfish expediency, they will recommend to the Cabinet the abandonment of a uniform system of government for the whole Peninsula. However well this principle may sound in theory, the conditions to be dealt with in Northern and Southern Italy are so entirely opposite, that what is a wholesome medicine in the one case, is poison in the other. If the treatment which is adapted to the people of Piedmont is equally applicable to the population of Naples, it is clear that the rule of the house of Bourbon must have been as enlightening in its tendencies as that of the house of Savoy; and that Francis II. had completed the education of his people up to the point at which they were fit to be passed on to the next "remove." Such, we confess, has never been our view of the rule of the Bourbons. We consider that the political education of the Neapolitans has yet to be undertaken, and that to expect the lowest class in the school to pursue the same studies as the highest is a manifest absurdity. The existence of brigandage is only another form of political ignorance and incapacity. If the Commissioners are so limited in their range of vision as not to see it in this light, they might as well have spared themselves their journey, and the unpopularity which it will, under any circumstances, involve. If, however, they have the courage and the patriotism to look the evil fairly in the face, and, instead of attempting to deal merely with the local symptoms, will strike boldly at the root of the disease, we have no fear of the ultimate cure of the patient, however disagreeable the process may be. There is nothing to fear from the Neapolitans themselves; a race which never ventured to organize a successful resistance against the grinding tyranny of the Bourbons may complain, but will never dare to rebel under a little wholesome discipline, if exercised by the Government at Turin. The King of Italy and his advisers, however, if they desire to restore order to these provinces, and establish throughout them safety to life and property—those first fruits of good government—must not be deterred, either by the sneers of their reactionary, or the opposition of their Democratic, enemies. If the treatment involve in the first instance some departure from the recognized principles of free institutions, it will only have been applied to qualify those subjected to it for a more thorough and complete enjoyment of the privileges of free men at last. Whether these views be adopted or not, we are perfectly ready to hazard the prophecy, that, without a radical change in the whole administrative system of these provinces, the labours of the Commission now pursuing its inquiries in them will have been in vain.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

THE discussion on the new site of St. Thomas's Hospital has reached another stage. Wandsworth, and the other suburban spots along the South-Western Railway which were under consideration, have all been given up. The notion of erecting the new hospital on an open common, remote from any populous district, has been definitively surrendered. It was from the first apparent to the medical officers of St. Thomas's and the public generally, that an institution, which was chiefly intended for the relief of cases of recent injuries and acute attacks requiring immediate attention, would be shorn of half its usefulness by its removal to a distance from the population who were to reap its benefits. The Grand Committee, who have been singularly slow of comprehension on this point, from whatever cause it may have arisen, have at length come round to the same opinion. After "mature consideration and reflection," which has extended over more than two years, they think it would be better to build the Hospital in the most central spot which can be found in town. The only question that remains is, What is the best site that can be selected within the metropolis? The chief point in dispute must now, therefore, be regarded as settled. The danger which for so many months was impending over this noble foundation is now at an end, and the public may wait with some degree of calmness for the result of the further inquiries which are to be made with respect to the several sites within the metropolis that have been proposed. It is seldom of use to pursue a controversy after the object in dispute has been gained. The Grand Committee got hold of a mistaken idea, and held it with singular pertinacity against the plain dictates of reason, and the general voice of the public. But they have now retreated from their false position, and the public are quite satisfied that the material point at issue has been yielded, and do not care to go back upon past disputes. It would have been prudent in the members of the Committee if they had observed a similar reticence. The very reverse, however, has been the case. The same Report, which announces to the governors the change of opinion on the part of the Committee, contains an elaborate defence of the whole of their own proceedings from the beginning of their contest with the Railway up to the present time. This defence involves an attack on all the persons who have differed with them, or called their proceedings in question. It is somewhat remarkable that the Committee should choose the moment at which they are withdrawing from the position which they have hitherto occupied, to attack the persons who counselled the very step they are now taking. The Committee level their chief attacks at their own medical officers and at the press; but it is evident that they are also in very ill humour with the public, who suffered themselves to be misled by the representations of those parties. The framers of such a Report can scarcely hope that it will escape criticism.

Mr. Tite is the chosen champion of the Grand Committee. He and the Treasurer have been such active members of it that they have not seldom been mistaken for the whole body, and Mr. Tite is put to the trouble of continually reminding the public that the Committee is not the compact family party commonly supposed. At the meeting of the governors held on Tuesday Mr. Tite moved the adoption of the Report, and in his speech he took occasion to defend himself and the Treasurer. They have, it appears, been exposed to much misrepresentation. The public, in fact, have all the while been under a strange delusion. It was very generally believed that these gentlemen had been labouring for the last two years to remove St. Thomas's Hospital to the country. Mr. Tite assures the governors that the whole thing was a mistake. Neither the Treasurer nor himself ever had any intention of the kind. It was all the invention of the newspapers. The papers will say anything. So says Mr. Tite, borrowing an idea from Theodore Hook, who assured a credulous old lady at the entrance to the House of Lords, that the death of Cardinal Wolsey was all a mistake, and that the papers had invented it. Mr. Tite and the treasurer would have saved the public much uneasiness and themselves much obloquy, if they had disclaimed at an earlier period the intention that was attributed to them. During two whole years all the persons interested in this foundation were kept in alarm, lest the new hospital should be erected in some uninhabited spot along the South Western line. The vestries of most of the metropolitan parishes south of the Thames presented petitions in favour of keeping the hospital in a central position. The medical officers of the institution joined in a unanimous protest against the contemplated removal, and offered unanswerable arguments in favour of keeping the hospital in town. Were they, too, deceived in the intentions commonly attributed to the Grand Committee? As those intentions were gathered from the statements made from time to time by the members of the Committee at the meetings of the governors and other occasions, we can only say, that, if every one has been deceived by them, the Committee have been as unfortunate in the selection of words to express their meaning, as in the selection of a site for the new hospital.

It soon appears, however, that Mr. Tite is only playing with words. He explains his meaning in the next sentence. When he denies an intention, on the part of himself and the treasurer, to remove the hospital to the country, he only means that they did not intend to remove the whole of it. They would leave a few bricks behind. St. Thomas's Hospital proper was no doubt to be erected in the country, and to be a model to the nation; but they would build or hire a few temporary rooms somewhere in the heart of London, where wounds and bruises might be looked after. It is on the strength of this miserable apology for a Hospital—this wretched substitute for the noble institution whose walls are now level with the ground, that Mr. Tite ventured to tell the meeting of the governors that he and the Treasurer

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never intended to take the hospital out of town. The thing is a quibble, a mere ruse to cover their retreat. This plan is nearly as objectionable as the other. There is little difference between taking the whole of the hospital away and taking the larger part of it. If three-fifths of the beds are likely to be used, as the medical staff affirmed, for cases requiring prompt assistance arising in the heart of a dense population, a few temporary wards would ill supply the place of a complete and well-conducted hospital. The arguments of the medical officers, founded on the convenience of the neighbourhood, on the facility of obtaining on all occasions the highest medical advice, and on the utility of the hospital as a medical school, apply with equal force to the scheme of division, as to that of complete removal. It is, however, idle to argue the question over again, as the Committee now themselves admit that it would be better to build one great Hospital in a central spot in London than to divide the institution into two parts. At the same time, they endeavour to find a justification for their original view of this subject by quoting passages from the opinions of various medical authorities which were received by them previously to the present discussion. In opposition to the clear and convincing document lately put forward with the authority of the entire medical staff of their own Hospital, they quote the earlier opinions of some of the same gentlemen. Very great complaint was, however, made at the meeting that some of those opinions were not fairly quoted. One instance was particularly referred to. Mr. Elliott produced a letter from Mr. Simon, one of the most distinguished medical men in London, in which the writer declared that the Committee had made "a singularly unfair and disingenuous use—a use which bordered very closely on misrepresentation—of his letter written in 1856 to the treasurer." With this instance before us, it would be rash to conclude that these medical gentlemen have shown so much inconsistency in their opinions. It is highly probable that the Committee received some medical opinions in favour of their scheme, but in their endeavour to make out a perfect defence for their own obstinacy in persisting in it after it had been generally condemned, they have strained those opinions in what is justly called a "disingenuous" manner, and have thereby thrown discredit on that part of their Report.

The other point on which Mr. Tite defended the Grand Committee was on the charge of litigiousness in their dealings with the Railway Company. Very possibly there may have been some exaggeration on this head. The Committee may have been represented as having wasted on litigation a few thousands more than they actually spent in that way. But the part of the Report which related this portion of their proceedings was also very much discredited by what took place at the meeting. It turns out that one offer of the Railway Company made to the Treasurer was omitted altogether from the Report, and was unknown even to Mr. Tite or to Mr. Wainewright, the solicitor of the Company. It is true that the offer was made at a late hour, when there was no time for deliberation. But it is very strange that an offer of so much importance should have remained locked in the breast of the Treasurer, and never have been communicated to any of his colleagues.

THE POPE AT MALTA.

The French newspapers have discovered a deep design on the part of this country to obtain possession of the person of the Pope. Lord John Russell, for the first time, probably, in his life, is being compared to Machiavelli, to Richelieu, and to Pitt; and we learn, from one excitable foreign journal, that the crafty object of Great Britain is, and always has been, to make the Papacy her vassal. M. Drouyn de Lhuys appears to have been caught with the general infection, and to have had a serious panic at the idea of losing his Holiness after all. The disappearance of the Grand Llama could not create much more alarm among his subjects than the bare notion of the Pope on English soil has done in Paris. The head of the Catholic religion has long been the object of every possible care at the hands of the French Emperor. An ambassador, a French general, and a considerable French army, have been told off to surround him. At first these fussy attentions were thrown away upon the Pope. He could not bring himself to do anything but pray for the Emperor, as if he was an ordinary sinner like the King of Italy, or any other heretic; gradually he has begun to thaw; and he at last blesses the Emperor, the Empress, and the little Prince Imperial with creditable ease and fervour. Cardinal Antonelli has done the same; and the French garrison at Rome can hardly stir out of doors without being thanked by the Cardinals in the name of the entire religious world. It is a proud position in the eyes of a vain nation to be the protectors of the sacred person of the head of the Church. The French rather like taking care of his Holiness, and attending to his comforts. It gives them prestige, and an air of political sanctimoniousness. Though by no means religious in their turn of mind, the French are fond of a little ostentatious diplomatic piety. It suits them to patronise the Pope. They take missionaries on board their men-of-war to Cochin China. The Emperor himself is understood to take a personal interest in the new Bulgarian convents; and to have a plan for reforming Mexico by means of the Mexican clergy. It is by no means necessary that these Evangelical tastes should be accompanied with strong religious convictions. Napoleon III. chooses to take a prominent place in the ceremonies of the Catholic Church; nor does it interfere with this laudable ambition that he cares very little about the points of Catholic doctrine. The Gold Stick in Waiting of the Papacy performs his duties punctually. Nobody has anything to do with his private sentiments upon matters of faith. An emperor is a political, not a religious being; and has a right to his own mixture of genuflexions and scepticism. The Pope's opinions are nonsense, but the Pope's person is a valuable possession for a great nation.

The horrible suspicion that England was desirous of supplanting the French Emperor and of playing Gold Stick to the Pope herself, was sufficient accordingly to drive all loyal French Anglophobists to the very verge of madness and distraction. Everything possible had been essayed to keep his Holiness under the thumb of the French Empire. The subtle intrigues of England have set all at nought. Lord Russell himself got up—according to the *Nation*—an *émeute* in London for the sole purpose of frightening the Pope from Rome, and inducing him to fling himself on the protection of the English. At the same juncture, the English envoy at Rome was discovered tampering with the Father of the Faithful under the very roof of the Vatican. The Pope—the French newspapers seem to think—is a troublesome and slippery kind of old creature. It is impossible to take one's eye off him for a single moment. Somebody is sure to get hold of him and undo the labour of years. The origin of the awful rumour about English influence is given in a despatch from the French Ambassador at Rome. Mr. Odo Russell last summer solicited and obtained an interview with Pio Nono, and pleaded "as usual, though in decorous terms," the cause of Italian unity. The conversation closed without result, and Mr. Odo Russell bade his venerable host good-bye. "Adieu, dear Mr. Russell," said his Holiness; "who knows if one day I shall not be forced to go to you for hospitality?" The expression sank deep into the mind of the too imaginative Mr. Russell. To diplomatists, trifles light as air are what they are said in Shakespeare to be to the jealous. Mr. Odo Russell, whose business it was, according to the traditions of diplomacy, not to lose a single wink of the great spiritual potentate to whom he was accredited, came in hot haste to London; believing, no doubt, that he was the repository of an important political secret. The Foreign Secretary was informed of the Pope's very remarkable expression. Lord Russell at this great juncture appears to have been more overcome than he should have been at the discovery of a political marc's-nest. He took the Pope's badinage *au pied de la lettre*, gravely sat down, and selected from his Complete Letterwriter a suitable despatch, in which the Pope was offered the Mediterranean fleet to convey him to Malta. This characteristic document in due time was transmitted to Cardinal Antonelli, who, having as much idea of going to Malta as he had of going to Jerusalem, was probably proportionately surprised. He explained to the enthusiastic English envoy that the Vatican was not going to break up. "Dear Mr. Russell," however, was not inclined to let go his hold. Important political intrigues are too great a novelty at the English Foreign Office not to be kept up as long as possible. The Pope and Cardinal Antonelli said there was nothing in it. Mr. Odo Russell was all the more convinced that he had come across something which would make the name of Russell famous, and was not to be put off the scent. His frank and confiding nature led him to communicate the whole story to an officer of the Pope's household. The officer revealed everything to the French embassy. The French Embassy have given it to Europe. A serious expostulation has been addressed in consequence to the Pope by the French Foreign Minister. The Parisian Press is up in arms at the thought of the Machiavellian ingenuity of Lord Russell. To Englishmen, the entire

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occurrence is a piece of news. Meanwhile, the sagacious Lord Russell sits and contemplates the mare's-nest he has found, and probably by this time has made up his mind that the united wisdom of Lord Russell and Mr. Odo Russell have been in fault, and that it does not do to concoct great political enterprises on the strength of the blarney of a good-natured and fussy ecclesiastic.

The Continent and the Paris journals on this occasion may be reassured. There is not the least wish in this country to have the Pope either at Malta or in Leicester-square. The Pope is of some use to France, but he is of no use at all to England. We gladly make a present of him and of Cardinal Antonelli to the Catholic Powers. He would be a greater nuisance to this country than the Ionian Islands, and the certain source of continual grievances. Either we should treat him too well, and Europe would be jealous; or we should neglect him, and Europe would be indignant. In no way could we escape odium. Lord Russell himself would live the life of the wretched, and be in perpetual hot water with Austria, with France, and with Spain. Not even at Malta would the Pope be a tolerable guest. Maltese fanaticism is not, as it is, the most enlightened form under which Catholicism presents itself; and Malta—which is now a Catholic hothouse—would become a Catholic furnace of intolerance, of superstition, and of intrigue. Nothing but the pomps and vanities of office can have brought the author of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill to look with moderate complacency on the project. It is the old story of Lord John's fatal and besetting habit of attempting to write State papers. Supposing his Holiness had taken our impulsive and ambitious Foreign Secretary at his word, and accepted his humorous offer of hospitality. Lord Russell would have landed us in a scrape which would have been awkward and ludicrous enough. The Continent would have stormed at the sight of the venerable Pontiff landing from an English steamer, with the Mediterranean fleet behind him, and Lord Russell waiting to welcome him on the Dover pier. No finer historical tableau could have been drawn than Lord Russell receiving the Papal benediction on his knees, with an amused and astonished nation in the background, watching the performance of their Protestant Foreign Secretary.

The ridiculous indignation of the Parisian press at the suggestion of a British asylum for the Pope proves at least that the possession of the Pope's person would be esteemed an honour and an advantage, even by the anti-clerical party, in a country so secular as France. It will be difficult to select a residence for the Court of Rome which will not arouse the jealousy of Catholic Europe. It cannot be said that the political influence of the Papacy, even in these days, is slight. It is a real object with the Continent to see that the Pope should be independent. For his own sake, we can well imagine that he would nowhere be so independent as in England. The Catholic Church, except when in the dominions of the Church, will never really be free, except in a free State. The very political influence which the Papacy must possess in Catholic countries would be for ever bringing it into contact or conflict with the Executive. Under the Roman empire the Roman senate and the Roman people were never free, because it was conceivable that a political use might be made of their name. It might be said in like manner of the Catholic Church and the Pope, that they must ever be *nequaquam obscura nomina, etiamsi aliquando adumbrarentur*. The most congenial retreat that Pio Nono could find would probably be Spain, where the Court and a large section of the population are Ultramontanist to the backbone. The Pope might go there if he chose, but in half a dozen years Spain would be too hot to hold him. His residence there would be the signal for court intrigue and ecclesiastical encroachment, which would, before long, be followed by widely-felt popular dissatisfaction, a liberal reaction, and civil commotion. Spain before long will have to pass through the same ordeal of religious politics as Belgium. The same effect would follow in all places in which the Pope was not supreme. He is too great to be the guest of any Catholic nation. France herself could not safely hold him. Whether or no it would be possible to devise some expedient by which he might remain at Rome, even if Rome became the capital of Italy, it is hard to say. Any such compromise must be hazardous in the extreme, and is not likely to be tried in a lifetime of a Pope who is too old and feeble to cope with the difficulties of a very critical position.

BARRISTERS' FEES.

No one who has any adequate notion of the ways of courts of justice will have been surprised at the decision of the Court of Common Pleas, in the case of Mr. Kennedy and the lady who was so well known to the legal world as Mrs. Swinfen, and who will now enjoy the satisfaction of having contributed, under the name of Broun, one-half to the title of a leading case on a very interesting subject. Passing over mere technicalities, the result of the decision in Kennedy *v.* Broun is, that there not only is no contract between counsel and their clients in ordinary cases—a proposition which even Mr. Kennedy never contested—but that the nature of the relation is such that no contract can be made in respect of a barrister's services, even if both he and his client wish to make it. The Court of Common Pleas decided this to be the law in an elaborate judgment, which may be divided into two parts. The first ascertains, by the usual array of authorities, what the law upon the subject actually is. The second is directed to the less usual and less necessary task of defending the expediency of the law upon principle. In a passage of great vigour, and distinguished by masculine eloquence, the Court describes the duties of barristers, dilates upon their importance to the public, and argues that they could not be performed in a satisfactory manner if they were to be made the subject of specific contract.

"The incapacity of the advocate in litigation to make a contract of hiring affects the integrity and dignity of advocates, and so is in close relation with the highest of human interests—namely, the administration of justice. We are aware that in the class of advocates, as in every other numerous class, there will be bad men taking the wages of evil, and therewith also, for the most part, the early blight that awaits upon the servants of evil. We are aware also that there will be many men of ordinary powers performing ordinary duties without praise or blame; but the advocate entitled to permanent success must unite high powers of intellect with high principles of duty; his faculties and acquirements are tested by a ceaseless competition proportioned to the prizes to be gained—that is, wealth and power and honour without, and active exercise for the best gifts of mind within. He is trusted with interests, and privileges, and powers almost to an unlimited degree. His client must trust to him at times for fortune, and character, and life. The law trusts him with a privilege in respect of liberty of speech which is in practice bounded only by his own sense of duty; and he may have to speak upon subjects concerning the deepest interests of social life, and the innermost feelings of the human soul. The law also trusts him with a power of insisting on answers to the most painful questioning, and this power again is in practice only controlled by his own view of the interests of truth. It is of the last importance that the sense of duty should be in active energy proportioned to the magnitude of these interests. If the law is that the advocate is incapable of contracting for hire to serve, when he has undertaken an advocacy, his words and acts ought to be guided by a sense of duty—that is to say, duty to his client, binding him to exert every faculty and privilege and power in order that he may maintain that client's right, together with duty to the Court and himself, binding him to guard against abuse of the powers and privileges intrusted to him, by a constant recourse to his own sense of right. If an advocate with these qualities stands by the client in time of his utmost need, regardless alike of popular clamour and powerful interest, speaking with the boldness which a sense of duty can alone recommend, we say the service of such an advocate is beyond all price to the client, and such men are the guarantees to communities for the maintenance of their dearest rights, and the words of such men carry a wholesome spirit to all who are influenced by them. Such is the system of advocacy intended by the law, requiring the remuneration to be by gratuity; but if the law allowed the advocate to make a contract of hiring and service, it may be that his mind would be lowered, and that his performance would be guided by the words of his contract rather than by principles of duty; that words sold and delivered according to contract for the purpose of earning hire would fail of creating sympathy and persuasion, in proportion as they were suggestive of effrontery and selfishness, and that the standard of duty throughout the whole class of advocates might be degraded."

This vigorous and interesting passage offers a singular contrast to the judgments usually delivered in courts of justice, and deserves attention as an instance of a sort of excursion into that domain of speculation and general principles which the severe genius of English jurisprudence hardly ever allows to its exponents. No one can deny, or would wish to underrate, the vigour of the language employed, or the healthiness of the sentiments expressed. The force of the argument is perhaps less apparent. Shortly, it comes to this. The rules of the whole profession must be framed so as to provide for those exceptional cases in which the public are deeply interested. On common occasions it matters very little what the rule is, but in important cases the proper exercise of the advocate's discretion becomes a matter of the greatest public importance, and it can be secured only by a system of gratuitous compensation as distinguished from compensation by contract. The first proposition is indisputably true. The public importance of the existence and of the proper exercise of the discretion of advocates cannot be exaggerated, and the rules laid down for the regulation of the profession must no doubt be framed with an eye to the cases in which this fact is brought conspicuously forward, and not with an eye to other laws of greater frequency but less importance. No one who considers the matter with anything like competent knowledge can fail to perceive that it would be most unwise to lay down any rule as to the relations between counsel and their clients, which, in cases of great public

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interest,—political prosecutions, for instance,—could in any degree fetter the discretion which the Bar are at present bound to exercise in the interest of the public, or lessen the influence which attaches, and ought to attach, to what is said by counsel of high character. If the public, out of jealousy of assumptions which are sometimes insolent and often hypocritical, were to do anything to lower the dignity of the Bar in the sense of those words so ably and vigorously explained by the Court of Common Pleas, they would strike a fatal blow at most important interests. A class of advocates habitually regarding themselves as the mere mouth-pieces of their clients, and as men invested with no public duties and responsibilities, would be a nuisance of the most intolerable kind. There can be no doubt that much of the language respecting the Bar which passes current at the present day shows either ignorance of this privilege or indifference to it. Many persons both speak and write as if barristers had no other or higher duties to perform than those of honestly doing their work, and often very dirty work, too, for their money. The shallow treatment of the subject by Mr. Trollope, in one of his late novels, is a fair specimen of the way of thinking which prevails at present on this topic. To those who entertain it, the language quoted above is a proper and timely rebuke.

All this, however, being fully granted, the consequence pointed out by the Court of Common Pleas does not appear to follow. A barrister's duties are of great importance; they require a high sense of duty and public spirit, *therefore* no contract should be made, either prospectively for their performance or retrospectively for payment because they have been performed. If a recognition of the right of the parties to contract involved the consequence that the advocate was at liberty to refuse business upon the offer of a brief and a reasonable fee; or if it involved the consequence that a barrister might not exercise to the full that discretion with which he is at present invested for the public interest, the argument would be perfectly valid. This, however, is not the case, and no one can suppose it to be so. It would no doubt be wrong to allow barristers to sell their services without any restriction whatever; but why should they not be allowed to sell them for a reasonable price, to be settled according to some rule well understood by both sides? It is so with attorneys. The contract between attorney and client is a contract in the fullest sense of the word. Yet there is, in principle at least, no difficulty as to payment, because taxing-masters are provided for the express purpose of saying what is to be paid; nor would a contract to pay more be valid. So a cabman has a right to be paid sixpence a mile, but every one who takes a cab enters into a contract to pay that amount as much as if each passenger made his own bargain. These instances show that the power of arbitration on the one side to do the work, and on the other to pay the fee, would not of necessity enable barristers to be extortionate or involve them in any unseemly haggling. Means of settling the amount of the fee might easily be provided, and the result would be that barristers would hold themselves out to the world as persons ready to enter into contracts according to certain fixed rules. In such a position there would be nothing degrading. It would, indeed, be more dignified than the practice which some leading members of the bar adopt of driving bargains through their clerks, which are not the less bargains, because they cannot be legally enforced.

The matter of fees, therefore, affords no reason in favour of the present incapacity to contract. The question of discretion is more important. The Court seems to have assumed that if there were a contract between counsel and client, the counsel must say whatever the client pleased. "Words sold and delivered according to contract would fail of creating sympathy." No doubt, if this were the case, it would indeed be fatal. A viler trade than that of letting out one's tongue, of engaging for money to say whatever a client wished, it would be impossible to imagine. Where, however, is the connection between the mere fact of contract and this vile practice? Why may not a client and his counsel lawfully contract, that, in consideration of a certain fee, the counsel will conduct the client's cause according to the rules of his profession, and subject to the discretion which those rules confer. If such contracts were made, the counsel would have the very same powers in every respect as at present, and would be bound to exercise them in the public interest by precisely the same set of obligations; but contracts are by no means uncommon, and are entered into by men of perfect honour in every rank of life. A pilot contracts to take a ship into harbour; but it is of the very essence of the contract that he shall have full authority to give orders. An attorney contracts to manage his client's lawsuit. The discretion reposed in him is as delicate and in some respects even more important than that which is reposed in counsel; but his contract is founded on that discretion, and recognizes it in the fullest way. Suppose a client were to say to his attorney, "You have accepted my retainer, you have engaged to conduct my cause, I therefore demand that you should go and tamper with the witnesses on the other side." The answer to such a speech would be conveyed by kicking the speaker out of the house; and why should not the same course be taken by counsel? The Court of Common Pleas seems to think that if actions could be brought for fees or for negligence, a client might say, "I hired you to browbeat, to bully, to mis-state evidence, and to mis-quote cases, and I expect you to do so." Surely the answer would be, "You hired me to discharge a public duty on certain well-known terms; so long as I discharge that duty on those terms, I fulfil my obligation." The judges themselves are in a certain sense contractors. In consideration of £5,000 a year they undertake to do certain work. Does this deprive them of all discretion in the way in which the work is to be done? In the case of an arbitrator there may be not only a substantial but an express legal contract, yet the duties of an arbitrator, and his powers, are judicial in the strictest sense of the word. If a man may contract to adjudicate it seems a strange anomaly that he may not contract to plead.

Whatever may be the legal merits of these questions, there can be no doubt that in practice the sentiment by which the Bar is animated is of far more importance than the express laws by which it is, or, in the last resort, might be governed. It would be well for the profession and the public if the sentiments quoted above could be accepted as an index to the general state of feeling amongst barristers as to their profession. If the fact were so, many theoretical anomalies might readily be forgiven. Unfortunately, the Bar do not act up to the high standard which the Court of Common Pleas sets up for them. Too many of them put it in the power of shallow and vulgar critics, who are incapable of understanding the high view of the profession, to taunt them with practices utterly inconsistent with their professed principles, and to argue with considerable plausibility that they refuse to allow of contracts between counsel and clients, not because they fear to lower their dignity, but because they want to shirk their engagements with impunity. Where, it is asked, is the dignity of a man who screws the last guinea out of a reluctant client by the agency of his clerk, and after taking the fee refuses to do the work? Where is the dignity of a man who undertakes to be in three or four places at once; and when all his cases but one have been disposed of in his absence, refuses to return his fees on the ground that the Bar is too proud to make contracts, and that the fee is only an *honorarium*, and not prospective payment for work to be done? These questions are simply unanswerable. The real friends of the profession, those who honour it as one of the noblest of English institutions, and as a calling in which the highest talents and the greatest virtues may find a worthy arena, hear them with shame and in silence. Such practices are simple cheating, and cheating of a peculiarly dirty and hypocritical kind. They ought to be put down in the most decisive way, and if proper measures were taken, they might be put down. The proper corollary to the judgment in Kennedy *v.* Broun would be the adoption of measures to maintain that dignity which the judgment describes so well. Let there be a proper court of discipline; let us hear no more of such scandals as those which throw an uninviting halo round the names of Mr. Edwin James and Mr. Digby Seymour; let eminent counsel at the Common Law Bar follow the good example set them in the Courts of Equity, and confine their practice to particular courts; let the amount of fees be settled in such a way as to give a substantial meaning to the boast that the public are entitled to the services of the Bar in a different sense from that in which every man is entitled to have any luxury he can pay for; and when this is done, it will be matter of little importance whether the relations between clients and counsel are regulated by practice or by contract. Of Mr. Kennedy, and the *teterrima causa* in which he has figured, it will be enough to quote one clause of the judgment:—"In this case, the advocate, by disclosing words of intimate confidence which passed in moments of helpless anxiety, has raised the phantom of a contract for a sum of monstrous amount; and of this we hope we may say there is no one in the profession who would be willing to accept from her this verdict of £20,000 as a gift."

ELOQUENCE IN PARLIAMENT.

To inveigh against the degeneracy of the age in general is a habit which may be safely recommended to all writers who are particularly anxious that their sentiments shall not be refuted. There are no statistics whatever to prove that we are not more

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selfish, ill-mannered, and idle than our grandfathers, and ill-natured people may consequently, without fear of definite contradiction, assert that we are. No registrar-general can ever make a report on the highmindedness of the metropolis for the week ending such and such a Saturday, 1863; hypocrisy and sincerity may do battle for centuries without ever going to scale. But in such attacks on modern times it is well to be discreetly indistinct. Fewer murders are committed by this generation than by that of a century ago; more individuals can read and write than could read and write then; and a smaller allowance of port is considered sufficient for the daily exhilaration of gentlemen. One of the most common comparisons between old times and new is that of their respective eloquence. Our age has lost, it is said, the art of public speaking: men grow impatient now of the rhetoric which used once to charm, entrance, persuade them; puny logicians rule the senate now; there were giants in the days of old. So runs the querulous contrast; and, with every allowance made for the natural tendency to exaggerate the virtues of the past, it must be allowed that the complaint is made more frequently and forcibly than can be accounted for by mere caprice.

There are two standards by which the oratory of different ages may be compared. One of these is the impression which the speeches make upon the audience. In this respect the palm must certainly be yielded to the elder generation, if we are to trust the existing evidence. There is no mistaking the tone in which the efforts of the great Parliamentary orators of the close of the last century and the beginning of the present are described by their contemporaries. The speeches of the day were then the topics of common conversation; they influenced the votes of the House, they calmed or roused the passions of the country, they startled their hearers into admiration. No parallel can be quoted in modern times to the effect produced upon the House of Commons by Sheridan's famous speech upon the "Fourth Charge" against Warren Hastings, to which, however, his summing-up in Westminster Hall, before the Lords, was considered nearly equal. But in the first place, it must be remembered that the audience to which an orator then addressed himself was more susceptible of influence than any which could be found now. Members were less in fear of their constituents, and could more easily follow their own taste in the votes they gave; while speakers had the satisfaction of knowing that their arguments might possibly be new, and that their illustrations had not already been supplied by the press. It was not so difficult to convince men who were open to conviction, and who had not studied the whole question that morning in print. Again, this applause was often as capricious as it was vehement. Sheridan, at the close of whose speech the House adjourned in order to have time to recover their dispassionate powers of judgment, was counted out on the question of the Abolition of Slavery. Burke, with his fancy and enthusiasm, was more than once coughed down. Fox, who delighted his hearers with his argument, is said on many occasions to have wearied them by his iteration. Pitt, Fox, and Burke agreed to give the palm of ancient and modern eloquence to the speech of Sheridan just mentioned; and yet some doubts as to the justice of the verdict cannot but suggest themselves, when we hear a speech of Lord Radnor, a few years later, spoken of by both Windham and Canning as the best they had ever heard. Either the degeneracy of orators had taken place very rapidly, or such judgments must be taken with a little reservation.

The other standard of comparison between speeches is supplied by the printed copies which we possess. For the reasons given above, it must be concluded that these afford the best means of judging the question. It is often said that the speeches of some of the great leaders seventy and eighty years ago are so badly reported that we can form but little idea of the words actually spoken. It is difficult to know how far this is true; but we are inclined to believe that the statement is exaggerated. It was as easy to take short-hand notes in the time of Pitt as it is now. The language of the orators of that day, as we have it reported, bears much the same relation, and exhibits the same degree of unlikeness to that of modern debaters that the style of writing in their times bears to that of their descendants. Nor are they given with a uniformity which would be fatal to a belief in the accuracy of the reports; even the speeches of Irishmen may be recognized to this day by the peculiarity of their language. Probably Burke has suffered more from the short-hand writers than any other speaker of his time; but, after all, there are many who suffer still. Neither Sir James Graham nor Macaulay, both whose periods were most elaborate, were ever reported accurately, and it is only necessary at the present day to compare the Parliamentary proceedings as given by two different daily journals, to estimate the looseness of rendering to which rapid speakers are liable. Even in the great financial duel of December, 1852, the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* differed in some places to the extent of two or three lines together in their report of the chief speakers of the evening; and that of the *Morning Chronicle* was, on the whole, the more accurate of the two.

To set the oratory of former and of modern times in rivalry with one another is at best an unprofitable task. But it may not be useless to notice the most marked points of difference between them. One feature, which has, in a great measure, disappeared from our public speaking, is the tone of self-confidence, not to use a harsher expression, which used to pervade it. The personality of the speaker used to enter into his rhetoric to an extent which would hardly be tolerated now. It was the intellectual element which corresponded to the now nearly abandoned "action." One great orator produced a magic effect by shaking his head, during a telling sentence, at a lord at the end of the House; another fell back in his seat, from real or simulated faintness, when his work was done; Lord Brougham, only thirty years ago, besought the peers, "on bended knees," not to reject the Reform Bill. Traces of the prominent personal element are to be found in every great speech of the time. It takes sometimes the form of attacks against opponents to which Parliament is now a stranger; sometimes that of such painful scenes as the quarrel between Fox and Burke; but it is most common in the form of what may almost be called egotism. Pitt once told the House of Commons of the reminiscences of his childhood. Fox declared, at the beginning of one of his best speeches,—that on the Westminster election, that he did not expect to meet with bare justice in the House. The words created some disturbance; Fox dwelt on them, repeated them, and overawed his enemies, as the story goes, when he had pronounced them four times over. How irresistibly the *ego* breaks out in Grattan's celebrated invective in the Irish Parliament against Flood, by no means a contemptible foe! The speaker begins by supposing an imaginary character, whom he invests with all the faults of his opponent, and in whom he traces his history. His evident intention is to keep up the transparent mask to the end of the speech, and then annihilate his rival by a word; much in the same way as Brougham, forty years later, directed a memorable attack on Canning. But in the middle of the speech the orator can restrain himself no longer; the direct hostility which inspires the assault is too powerful to allow the flimsy pretext of an imaginary character, and Grattan bursts into one of those fiery onsets which no man ever led with such effect. "The merchant may say to you—the constitutionalist may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, I now say, and say to your beard, sir,—you are not an honest man!"

The artificial character of most of the great speeches on record is another feature which cannot but be remarked. Nearly all exhibit a designed, often a complicated, arrangement of the matter. There is no reason to think that speeches were prepared with more labour than at present: some doubtless were committed to memory then as now, some depended on the inspiration of the moment. Cicero himself cannot have elaborated his speeches with more care than Lord Macaulay. The impression which the speeches of the latter on the Reform Bill left on the minds of the audience was, that the speaker was an extraordinarily clever man, who did not seem to care much about the debate, provided that his sentences turned out right. He quotes in his speeches from his history, and in his history from his speeches. But in arrangement of the matter, Macaulay no more resembles Pitt than a simple equation resembles a problem in the Lunar Theorem. The only modern debater who seems to take pains in this respect, is Mr. Gladstone: and it is for this reason, probably, that so curious a resemblance will be found between all his budget speeches, considered simply as rhetorical exercises. This is not the only respect in which Mr. Gladstone bears some likeness to the "heaven-born minister." Unlike him in manner, he is like him in clear roundness of enunciation, and like him in persuasiveness of tone. Such parallels are often interesting to trace, even when perfect exactness is unattainable. Thus, in his modes of thought and choice of words, Mr. Disraeli approaches more nearly than any modern speaker to Canning, though he, again, is very different from him in manner: and as far as regards vigour, readiness, and beautiful clearness of style, Lord Derby is the nearest copy of Fox which we can produce. Burke has no close parallel among us now, nor has Grattan; unless we may conceive Mr. Roebuck in his best moments, to bring back, in some faint degree, the "drawling but fiery" sentences of the great Irishman. It need hardly be added that he in no degree resembles him in exquisite music of cadence, in which Grattan stands among all orators supreme.

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Perhaps the infrequency of extraneous ornament would be the most striking evidence to any of the older generation who should attend a modern debate, that the times have changed. Where are now the quotations, for which Virgil and Horace used to be ransacked? A great speech unadorned by a few Latin verses was a rarity in the days of Pitt; and English poets—now, it would seem, the exclusive study of Mr. Bright—were never long neglected. Burke quoted Horace, Lucan, Juvenal, Virgil very often, Shakespeare repeatedly, Milton in almost every speech, and sometimes more than once. Fox, though an excellent classic, and a man of great literary taste, quoted but seldom, and then mostly from Virgil; but some of Pitt's happiest effects were produced by apposite quotation. His allusions to the departure of fortune—Laudo manentem, &c.—his reply to Conway on the East-India Bill, in which he appropriated Scipio's answer, "Si nullâ aliâ re, modestiâ certè et temperando linguam adolescens senem vicero"—his application of the early morning light breaking in through the windows of the house while he was prophesying a better day to come for Africa—

> Nos ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
> Illic sera rubens accendit lumina vesper—

these were some of the things that made his fame. Gradually the taste for the classics seems to have died away. Canning hardly ever quoted, Brougham but seldom—chiefly from Milton and Virgil; but once from Ovid. Now, with the exception of Mr. Bright, who has been making the acquaintance of the English classics, Mr. Gladstone, who introduces a new piece of Virgil into each fresh budget-speech, and Lord Palmerston, who astonished the world not long ago by an extract from Seneca, the habit has almost passed away. With it may be considered to have departed in great measure the conception of a speech in Parliament as a rhetorical display. What has diminished in our eloquence is not so much the power of speaking well, as the wish to speak persuasively, and the immediate advantage of speaking at all.

DOCTORS.

There is among mankind so general and resistless a sentiment that doctors may be fairly made game of, that it is impossible to help believing that there must be some ground for the conviction. For the most part, a comic atmosphere settles round things by the merest chance, and the finer shades of humour exclude all philosophical treatment. It is obviously so with the more comic among the brute creation. That monkeys should be laughed at is intelligible enough, and a pelican actually invites the jokes of the unfeeling public by the arrangement which it spontaneously makes for its offspring. But most other animals are comic by force of circumstances only, and through the associations of the Zoological Gardens. When the giraffe first began to pack up his bedclothes for himself, and the Polar bear adopted the habit of climbing in search of buns, they at once laid themselves open to public remark and the broader forms of pleasantry. The hyæna is humorous because he laughs, and the crocodile because he weeps: the supposed animosities of the Cassowary towards the inoffensive missionaries of Timbuctoo will ever render that unfortunate bird, which, in reality, is by no means carnivorous, a by-word and a mockery among men. What, then, is it which leads us to make fun of doctors? We consider bishops moderately well adapted for playful satire because they wear lawn sleeves, and because, in his well-known encounter with Dick Turpin, the bishop of lyric story behaved with a quaintness unsuitable to his character. Aldermen, again, may be laughed at, because they seem to exist for no other very important purpose. But doctors are very useful men: they dress as the rest of the world dresses, and their drugs have been found of service to sick people in many well-authenticated instances. Why is a doctor to be refused the serious mention which we accord to the soldier or the stockbroker?

We have no hesitation in replying that doctors are ludicrous, because they are the depositaries of a tradition which does not deserve respect, and the professors of a science which has as yet no claim to the title. These may seem hard words, but on examination they will perhaps be found to be not so hard as they look. That the traditions of the faculty are by no means precious heirlooms, few modern physicians would deny. The medical profession in the time of our great-grandfathers was as far behind its generation in energy and in disposition to learn, as if it had by some accident omitted a century of existence, and had given up all hope of recovering its ground. The practice of medicine was as much guesswork as it was in the days of Hippocrates; the theory was dogged conservatism; and so low was the estimation in which the professors of the art were publicly held, that there were times at which pure quackery absolutely carried away the whole nation for months together, till the imposture could be sustained no longer. There is no instance on record of resistance to improvement so absolutely persevered in, as that which the history of the medical profession supplies. It is but fair to say that the spirit has changed; and public opinion is changing with it. A visitor to Paris a few months ago might have seen a play of Molière acted at one theatre, in which doctors are represented as sycophants and impostors; while at another one of the best of modern French pieces was performed, in which a doctor is the good angel of the drama, and the embodiment of practical good sense. But can any one at this moment seriously declare that there is such a thing as a science of medicine? What there is, is this. There are a few facts—a very few—distinctly known, and beyond the reach of controversy; and the number of them increases but slowly, if it increases sensibly at all. There is a pharmacopœa of drugs, about the use of which no three men agree completely, and about which, whatever agreement there is, is derived from simple empiricism. There is a vast amount of chemical research, which appears to bring more physiological difficulties to light than it serves to explain, and passes by a number of organic laws to which it is powerless to afford the slightest clue. It may be urged, that all true science is founded on empiricism. So it is; but does any true science end with it? Can the doctors point to any one new law of their profession which they have laid down from the consideration of general principles, whether those general principles have been derived from practice or not? No one has a right to complain, if they do their best to collect facts on which the physic of the future may build some stable theories; and, as a matter of fact, nobody does complain. When medicine was conservative and stupid, it was despised by a practical world; now that it is willing to learn, its priests are respected for their labours, even if they are gently twitted with their ill success. It is the same with all other pursuits; progress, and a tendency to progress, is an unfailing guarantee of enlightenment. It may be safely asserted that the profession which has made the most progress during the last twenty years is that of farming; and the word farmer, which used to be nearly synonymous with simpleton, is now mentioned as if there was something intelligent and decidedly sensible in the sound. The practice of surgery has made great steps in a still shorter period, and has discovered in chloroform a source of blessing to the human race which will compare with any since the invention of steam. The legitimate gratitude of mankind is attested by the fact that there is not a single novel or drama of modern times in which a practising surgeon plays the part of a fool.

The relation of physic to facts, and of the general public to physic, is well illustrated by a book which has lately been published, under the title of "The Common Sense of the Water Cure." No one would think of publishing to the world his untutored reflections on the law of settlements, or apply his native genius without extraneous help to the discussion of a plan of fortification. It is felt that therapeutics are, as it were, common property, and may be settled, like politics and theology, over the dessert. A gentleman finds that a certain mode of treatment agrees with him, and does not see why it should not agree with everybody; and he feels that he is doing the world a service by mentioning the facts of the case. The substance of the work is exactly what might have been expected, always presuming the amateur physician to be a man of ordinary ability, and capable of observing and stating what passes before his eyes and mind. He depicts vividly the miseries of ill-health, the pleasure of being cured without the aid of medicines, and the delight of restoration to soundness and strength. With perfect good temper, and a fair amount of literary ability, he implores the world to follow his example and embrace the theory and practice of his peculiar heresy. But at this point his power ceases. Immediately that he attempts to give a reason for the faith that is in him, his philosophy falls hopelessly to the ground, and he wanders confusedly in a region where "inflammation" is the only sign-post, and the "blood-vessels" are the sole substitutes for guide-books. The author, however valuable his testimony as to the excellence of cold water, is purely and simply a quack. It does not make his position more exalted to confess to him with the utmost candour that all doctors are more or less quacks also.

As a matter of fact, however, hydropathy is just the subject on which the faculty has a right to pronounce an opinion, and upon which the verdict of a doctor is rather more likely to be true than that of an ordinary person. Less is known about the reasons and causes of those operations which take place in the human body than upon any subject upon which labour has been largely spent. But to determine the effect of any given treatment, and especially

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so simple a treatment as that of Malvern and Ilkley, no recondite physiological knowledge is requisite. When doctors tell us that hydropathy is invaluable in a large number of chronic complaints, but that in acute diseases it is generally about as useful as a dose of prussic acid, we have every right to think that they are as right as men can be whose only business in life it is to record such simple experiences. That a light feverish attack may be cured by a wet pack, while a severe one will probably be rendered fatal by the same application, is a phenomenon, the rationale of which we are as thoroughly unable to explain, as we are competent to enunciate the fact itself with certainty. Take the action of calomel, again. Its effect is perfectly well known to doctors: calomel and quinine are the sheet-anchors of modern medical practice; the latter is a specific for ague and similar complaints; the action of the former in some cases of acute inflammation is almost magical. The author of the little book, which we mentioned above, enters into a long argument to prove that calomel is wholly noxious. Here is an instance in which the very weakness of the faculty is their strength. "We know," they may reply to the amateur, "about the philosophy of the action of calomel just as much and just as little as you do. We, and you, and the best chemist at the College, may spend a week in analysing its properties, and examining its affinities, and leave off at the end as wise in a therapeutic point of view as when we began. The only difference between us is, that we find that a number of grains of a certain white powder will save a person's life when no other known substance in the universe will." Impartial judges will not hesitate to declare that the doctors have the best of the argument.

It would neither be true to say that there has been no change in the practice of medicine in the last twenty years, nor that this change is independent of the influence of the various dissenting schools. The progress has been entirely in one direction—that of abandoning physic, and placing more confidence in nature; and the Homœopaths and the rest have had a great deal to say to it. Professional men have at last begun to be less afraid of their patients. Strange as it may appear, the main cause which once rendered the healing art so conservative, was the irremediable conservatism of the sick men. It is well known that the sufferers at the hospitals believe that the doctors are tampering with their case, if their drugs are not sufficiently nauseous. The blacker and nastier the draught is, the greater will be the relish with which the poor man will drink it. The same has been in a great degree the case with their richer neighbours; and more hypocrisy has probably been practised by physicians in making up useless and harmless medicines, than by an equal number of any other profession. We could give the name of an elderly gentleman, lately deceased, who for the last forty years of his life took a pill every day before dinner. The pill was sent him by a clever and respected physician; and it consisted of pure unadulterated bread. He would insist on having medicine, and he firmly believed that the medicine the wise doctor sent him did him good. From such thraldom as this, physic is being gradually delivered. At present it hopes great things, though it has as yet accomplished none. In one particular department, which is specially open to chemical inquiry, it does seem at last as if something might be done. The present race of workers are patient and laborious; more so, perhaps, than the writers of hydropathic treatises are willing to allow. Still, that art must have a great deal before it, which can even now use the manuals of a century or two centuries ago with profit to itself, can treat a difficult problem by the light of an experience of the reigns of the Stuarts, can refer back for instruction or morbid diagnosis to an age when dissection was an infant art, and morbid anatomy a study hardly dreamt of.

PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATIONS.

A CASE of great interest has just been decided in the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland, and the question of privileged communication is to some extent involved in the decision. A person of the name of Ferguson entrusted a letter, in which two half-sovereigns were enclosed, to an Irishman called Terence M'Ghee, to be taken to the post-office. M'Ghee posted the letter, but abstracted the money before doing so, and on proceedings being adopted for the detection of the theft, he went to the Rev. Patrick M'Laughlin, a Roman Catholic priest, told him of the theft, and gave him the money. Mr. M'Laughlin wrote an anonymous letter to Ferguson, in which he enclosed the money, and gave this letter to M'Ghee to post. Mr. M'Laughlin's handwriting was recognized, M'Ghee was brought before a justice of the peace and accused of the theft, and Mr. M'Laughlin was cited as a witness. At the outset of the proceedings Mr. M'Laughlin intimated his refusal to take the usual oath, not on conscientious grounds, but because he might be called on to reveal certain circumstances which would involve a violation of his duties as a priest, who had received confidential communications from a penitent, although those communications were not given in the confessional. The magistrate, after some hesitation, permitted him to take a qualified oath, to the effect that he should "tell the truth, and nothing but the truth." In his examination he admitted having written the anonymous letter; but on the question being asked, "To whom did you deliver it?" he refused to give any reply. The question was reiterated in various forms, but the witness steadily refused to answer it, as his answer would, either directly or indirectly, involve a violation of his duties as a spiritual adviser, and lead to the conviction, on his evidence, of the prisoner. On persisting in his refusal, he was committed for contempt of court, and sent to prison for thirty days. These proceedings took place in an inferior court. After suffering imprisonment for thirteen days, what is called in the Scotch courts "a bill of suspension and liberation" was brought, praying for a suspension of the sentence pronounced upon him. The case was argued at some length, and the Court, after a week's consultation, has sustained the judgment of the inferior court, but mitigated the punishment, on the grounds, first, that the presiding judge had departed from the ordinary and regular course of procedure in the administration of the oath, and so, perhaps, misled the witness; next, that the character of the witness was unimpeachable; thirdly, that he had caused restitution to be made to the injured party; and in the fourth place, that, in his refusal to answer the question put to him, he was not actuated by any desire to screen guilt or obstruct the due course of justice. This decision,—though, so far as the mitigation of the punishment goes, it may not be thoroughly logical,—is in many respects the most satisfactory that could have been given; but it was reached by means which only partially involve the question of privileged communication. The full bench of the seven Scotch justiciary judges rested their judgment upon the nature of the question which the witness refused to answer. It was a question relating to a matter of fact, and not to a matter of confidence; and the fact to which the question referred was altogether *ultra* of the penitential confession and of spiritual advice and consolation, which cannot go beyond what the penitent *said* to the priest or what the priest *said* to the penitent. "Assuming, though not asserting," said, somewhat verbosely, the Lord President M'Neil, "that the law may regard as confidential, and therefore not to be divulged, a confession made by a criminal to his spiritual pastor, to ease his conscience and obtain consolation and advice, and even that it protects from disclosure the whole of what I may call the spiritual intercommuning between them, no one has ever said that it goes further, and extends—not to anything said by the penitent to the priest or by the priest to the penitent in the course of their spiritual intercommuning—but to every act afterwards done by either of them, if it can be regarded as a consequence of the confession made. In such acts the priest is not engaged in the exercise of his spiritual functions, and the penitent is not engaged in confessing to his spiritual adviser."

This judgment is sound, and it is perhaps the only just one that could have been given under the circumstances; but it is to be regretted that the nature of the case did not require it to go further. It is very important for society that a question of such general interest should be authoritatively decided. Legal writers both in England and Scotland have nibbled at the question, but they have not established any absolute principle as to what extent communications confidentially made are to be respected, and how far they may be extracted from a witness in the course of judicial examination. There are some few cases in which the point is raised, but in none are these decisions sufficiently definite to form a guiding principle. The general bearing of the law seems to be that communications made to legal advisers are privileged, whereas those made to non-professional men or clergymen, except perhaps to jail chaplains (and to them, if at all, on account of their *quasi*-official position), are not privileged. This, we say, is the general bearing of the law, but even this is not so distinctly laid down as it ought to be. With regard to communications made to law agents, it seems doubtful whether the privilege rests in the client or in the agent, and whether refusal to give evidence is founded on a legal, a moral, or a professional duty. The practice is thus not clearly defined, but the reason of it is clear enough. Communications between client and agent ought to be held sacred, and no power on earth ought to suffer them to be divulged. In criminal prosecutions his legal adviser is, in reality, but the mouthpiece of the accused; and just as the accused is not made to give evidence against himself, so his counsel should not be called on to give

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evidence against him. In civil cases this principle is not, at first sight, so apparent; but it is undoubtedly more expedient for the interests of society, that all communications of any nature given to legal advisers, in their professional capacity of course, should be given under the seal of secrecy.

The whole matter resolves itself into a question of expediency; but those considerations of expediency which apply to the communications made to law agents on professional matters do not apply to the communications made to clergymen on spiritual matters. Expediency cannot look beyond the present world, or beyond our temporal relations one with another and with the community of which we are members. Whether, therefore, religious communications be made in the confessional or in private life, whether the absolution of the Roman Catholic Church be sought, or the spiritual advice and consolation of the established religion of the country, if, as a general principle, it be more expedient that all available means for the detection of crime should be put in force, than that a certain proportion of the community—*i.e.*, the criminal population—should have the opportunity of confessing their crimes under secresy, it must follow that neither the confessional nor the established clergy should be privileged. And there is no intolerance in this. Let us take the confessional as an instance. Roman Catholicism is tolerated in this country, but it is tolerated so far as it does not infringe upon the laws of the land. The moment it steps beyond the boundary it can no longer be tolerated. Toleration consists in allowing every one to think and to act exactly as he pleases, so long as he hurts no member of the community. There is a law of the land according to which all the lieges must give evidence in a court of justice when called upon to do so. An infringement of this law is hurtful to the community, and the man who refuses to act in accordance with its terms, infringes on it, and so hurts the community; and, therefore, is no fit object for toleration.

We do not deny that much may be said on the other side of this question. It may be for the spiritual well-being of an individual to confess his sins. A man who has unburdened his conscience may feel himself a happier man, and more readily accept the instructions of his spiritual advisers. He individually is a gainer by that act of his, but the civil community is no gainer. If a criminal, therefore, is to enjoy what may be called the luxuries of religion, let them be presented to him *after*, and not *before* his committal. Let the communications made to the gaol chaplain by criminals undergoing sentence for their crimes be privileged, by all means. The divulgence of them will not tend to the detection of crime, nor will it be expedient for the interests of society that they should be divulged. But if clergymen and others are to be looked on as favoured individuals, who may receive all sorts of penitential communications from all sorts of criminals, in all the stages of their guilt, and withhold them when called upon to give evidence—we do not say betray them without being called upon—they become privileged to connive at crime, and to prefer a merely sentimental consideration to that stern, effective, and inflexible justice, the adequate maintenance of which is almost the first essential of civilized society.

THE PAST WEEK.

The five days' battle, mentioned in our last number as having been fought between the Federals and Confederates, at Murfreesborough, in Tennessee, is explained in a special article. Not less obstinate has been the struggle at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, of which we also spoke. This town is held by the Confederates, under General Johnston, and besieged by the Federals, under General Sherman, who was sent up there from New Orleans by General Banks. The Confederate entrenchments and fortifications extend back from Vicksburg six miles. General Sherman's troops advanced to within two miles of Vicksburg, when he was attacked by a superior Confederate force. The fighting was very severe. Batteries were taken and retaken; and the 4th Iowa regiment lost 600 men in killed, wounded, and missing. The Federal General Storey, with 1,500 men, was sent out to execute a special order, and has not since been heard of. Confederate steamers were conveying reinforcements from the Louisiana shore to Vicksburg. The Confederates had concentrated all their forces from Jackson to Grenada, and along the line of the roads, amounting to 65,000 men, at Vicksburg. This force attacked General Sherman, and caused him to fall back on his first line of defence. Next day the Federals again attempted to storm the Confederate lines, but were repulsed. The Southern reports affirm that the Federals have since re-embarked in their river squadron, and have retired. There is little other military news. The defeat of the Confederate guerilla chief Morgan, in Kentucky, is confirmed; and in Arkansas, the town of Van Buren has fallen into Federal hands. The latest accounts from New Orleans say that preparations for a movement up the river were making with the greatest energy, and it was expected that the advance would commence about January 5th. Baton Rouge, the new base of operations, was swarming with troops, and was fully protected from any possible attack from the Confederates. At Lexington, in Tennessee, the Confederates, under General Forrest, have been defeated, with a loss of 1,400 men, by General Sullivan. In Virginia, the Federal army has not moved; but a large portion of the Confederate army has left Fredericksburg. Another fleet of iron-clad gunboats and transports, for an unknown destination, has sailed from Fortress Monroe. The famous *Monitor* has followed her rival the *Merrimac* to the bottom of the sea. She sank in very deep water, off Cape Hatteras, while going in tow of a steamer towards Wilmington, on the Carolina coast; a gale of wind having proved too much for her, with all the weight of her cumbrous armour, forbidding her to float.

The political news from America is yet more important. Governor Horatio Seymour, the newly elected Democratic ruler of the "Empire State" of New York, has declared his purpose to check the illegal usurpations of President Lincoln's government, in that part, at least, of the Union. He denies the assertion of the Republican party, the authors of this war, that it was caused by an unavoidable contest about slavery. He says, that slavery has been the subject, not the cause, of this conflict. "We are to look," he says, "for the causes of the war in the pervading disregard of obligations of laws and constitutions, in the disrespect for constituted authority; above all, in the local prejudices which have grown up in the two portions of the Atlantic States, at the two extremes of our country. There is no honest statement of our difficulties which does not teach that our people must reform themselves as well as the conduct of the Government and the policy of our rulers." In the same tone, Governor Seymour condemns the exercise of arbitrary power under martial law as destructive of the rights of States and of the judicial and legislative powers of the general government. He declares the President's emancipation proclamation impolitic, unjust, and unconstitutional; calculated to raise many barriers to the restoration of the Union; likely to be misconstrued by the world as an abandonment of the hope of restoring it—a result to which New York is nobly opposed, and which will be effectually resisted. The Union will be restored by the Central and Western States, both free and slave, which are exempt from the violent passions which exist at the extremes. Those central slave States which rejected the ordinance of secession—which sought to remain in the Union, and which were driven away by a contemptuous and uncompromising policy—must be brought back. The restoration of the whole Union will then be only a work of time, with such exertion of power as can be put forth, without needlessly sacrificing the life and treasure of the North in a bloody contest. The national Constitution must be held inviolate, and the rights of States must be respected as not less sacred. A consolidated government would destroy the home rights and liberties of the people. The suppression of journals and the imprisonment of persons have been glaringly partisan. By the party now in office, conscious of these gross abuses, an attempt has been made to shield the violations of law, and to suppress inquiry into their motives and conduct. This attempt will fail. Unconstitutional acts cannot be shielded by unconstitutional laws. "I shall not inquire," says Governor Seymour, "what rights the States in rebellion have forfeited, but I deny that this rebellion can suspend a single right of the people in the loyal States. I denounce the doctrine that the civil war in the South takes away from the loyal North the benefits of one principle of civil liberty. It is a high crime to abduct a citizen of this State. It is made my duty by the Constitution to see that the laws are enforced. I shall investigate every alleged violation of the laws, and bring the offenders to justice." He has therefore begun by placing the New York police administrators on their trial for illegally arresting and imprisoning, under orders from the Federal Government, many citizens of the State of New York. In this conflict of authorities, he seems to have the ordinary law of the land upon his side.

The French conquest of Mexico seems at length to be making some way. Reports had reached Texas that a French force of 5,000 men met and engaged a Mexican division of 25,000, commanded by General Ortega, and after a sharp fight the Mexicans gave way and fled in all directions. The victors took possession of Puebla, where they would await reinforcements, and then advance on the city of Mexico, a distance of 90 miles. A semi-official Paris journal announces that private information which it has received confirms the news of the capture of Puebla by the French. According to this information, General Forey, after turning the position of Guadaloupe, attacked and captured Puebla.

The French Senate and Corps Legislatif are preparing in committee their addresses of assent, in reply to the Emperor's speech. The ministerial reports and despatches published at the opening of the session add little that is fresh to our acquaintance with the Emperor's abortive negotiations, both on the American and the Roman questions. *La France* sullenly remarks that Italy will have to bear the blame of refusing a compromise with the Papal Court. The French Foreign Minister, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, has instructed M. de Sartiges to inform the Italian Government that Italy keeps up a much larger army than the Emperor considers necessary for so small a country. He recommends a considerable diminution of the Italian forces, suggests that the Italian Government should put its finances in order, and offers the loan of some French functionaries well versed in finance to assist them in their operations. But the Italian statesmen have a mind to manage their own affairs. In the meantime, a new treaty of commerce, navigation, and postal arrangements, has been ratified between France and Italy.

There is a change of ministry in Spain, but Marshal O'Donnell

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is still at the head of the Government, professing to unite "all the fractions of the Liberal and Constitutional party," and promising to maintain friendship with all the foreign powers. There is likewise a change of ministry in Turkey, where Fuad Pasha, the most enlightened and reforming of Turkish statesmen, has been ousted from the Grand Viziership, which, after going a-begging among three or four persons, is now accepted by Kiamil Pasha, who was for a long time President of the Grand Council. He is a man of amiable disposition and moderate views, and an adherent to Fuad's policy, but without experience, and unable to cope with the present difficulties. It is said that one chief point in the programme of the new ministry is the development in considerable proportions of the Turkish army and fleet. *La France* even asserts that "in view of the decided attitude of the Sultan, Russia is about to increase the army of the Caucasus, where important military events are expected to take place."

The most serious incident, however, of political affairs in the Levant is the unexpected death of Mohammed Said Pasha, the Viceroy or hereditary vassal Prince of Egypt, whose praises we quoted but last week from Sir H. Bulwer's speech at Alexandria; and a biography of whom, with some account of his useful reign, appeared last summer in the *London Review*, on the occasion of his visit to London. His nephew, Ismail Pasha, a clever and energetic man of business, has succeeded to the viceregal throne. What effect this will have on the progress of the Suez canal scheme, or the covert objects of French policy in Egypt, a very short time may show. Meanwhile, the French papers have published a strange statement, that the late Viceroy of Egypt had agreed to supply the French Government with a regiment of 1,000 negroes to serve with the French army in Mexico; their complexion being, like that of our Indian sepoys, fitter than that of any European troops to endure a tropical climate.

The official Dresden journal states, on the authority of a private correspondent, that the Duke of Coburg has not yet refused the throne of Greece; and that, should he accept it, Prince Alfred would not immediately succeed him on the throne of Coburg, but a Council of Regency would provisionally administer the government in his name.

The Prussian Prime Minister has renounced all prospect of an understanding between Prussia and Austria on the question of the Customs' Union; and he declares that Prussia will rather quit the Zollverein, in order to get rid of its share in that vague engagement with regard to Austria, into which the Zollverein entered some ten years ago.

The Danish Government has replied to Lord Russell's advice on the Schleswig-Holstein question. It refuses to make any further concessions as to Schleswig, but consents to do for Holstein what the German Confederation requires, taking care, however, not to subject the Danish Monarchy to the control of the German Confederation. The King of Denmark has got a New Year's gift from the President of the United States in the shape of a pair of Colt's revolvers, which were presented to him by Mr. Wood, the American Minister at Copenhagen, with a speech vehemently urging the claims of the North to the sympathy of Europe. The King replied discreetly, hoping that the civil war in America may soon come to an end.

The Indian mail brings news that the unsettled aspect of things in Rajpootana has induced our Government to place a field force at the disposal of the political agent there. Dost Mahomed has made up his mind to invest Herat throughout the winter, and Sultan Jan has been deserted by some of his troops. The Ameer has rejected the overtures of peace made to him by Sultan Jan. Herat is provisioned for a year. In the opposite or eastern quarter of Southern Asia, our relations with the neighbouring States appear to be good. A commercial treaty has been concluded with the King of Ava, by the Government of India, for the passage through his territory, duty free, of all merchandise to and from British Burmah and China.

At home, as usual in this season, the week has been marked by no events of any political importance. Party leaders are mustering their numerical strength for the parliamentary session. The President of the Board of Trade has made a speech to his constituents at Ashton-under-Lyne, in which he contended that, as the secession of the Southern States of America was for the purpose of perpetuating and extending slavery, we ought not to desire their successful establishment; but he was bound to suppress any feeling of sympathy he might have for the one side or the other, since it was for the interest of England that our Government should preserve a strict neutrality. Mr. Milner Gibson further observed that the North had actually gained some territory by the war, as compared with the extent of its dominions twelve months ago; and he was glad to say that, in spite of the Morrill tariff, our exports to the United States in 1862 were larger than in 1861. The Duke of Argyle, at a meeting of the Bible Society at Edinburgh, complained of the mischief and scandal to Christianity, resulting from such conduct as that of the bishops in the Southern States, who have just declared that the principle of abolishing slavery is an infidel opinion.

The Totnes election has ended in the return of Mr. Alfred Seymour, brother to Mr. Danby Seymour, whose family lineage is collateral with the ducal house of Somerset. He is a Palmerstonian Liberal, and he polled 165 votes, against 157 polled by Mr. John Dent, the China merchant, who, having purchased an estate at Totnes, combatted the Seymour territorial influence, by coming forward on the Tory side.

Several cases worth notice have occurred in the Law Courts this week. A judgment of the Court of Common Pleas has set aside, on grounds explained in our article thereupon, the verdict for £20,000 which Mr. C. R. Kennedy obtained some months back against his former client, Mrs. Swinfen, now Mrs. Broun. In the Court of Vice-Chancellor Wood, a suit is being tried to decide on the validity of the will made by the late Earl of Egmont, twenty years ago, by which nearly all the Egmont property in Ireland was left to Mr. Tierney, his lordship's agent and solicitor. These estates, worth about £150,000, have since passed from Mr., afterwards Sir Edward, Tierney, to his heir, the Rev. Sir William Darrell, who is the defendant in the suit now brought by the present Earl of Egmont, to recover the property. It is alleged by the plaintiff, that the late Earl, who was a man of reckless and intemperate habits, lived for many years in obscurity, under the assumed name of Lovell, without holding any communication with his family. His secret was known to Mr. Tierney, who exercised great influence over him. Mr. Tierney, it is said, had given Earl Henry to understand that the estates were encumbered very nearly to their actual value, so as to leave him little, if any available income, and to render him dependent for his maintenance upon advances made to him by Mr. Tierney out of his own pocket. While these representations were being made, a very large expenditure was annually devoted to improving the estate. The plaintiff now contends that Earl Henry was at the time of his death (which was caused by consumption and *delirium tremens*) in the belief that there would be but a very trifling surplus from the property, and that he made the will in Mr. Tierney's favour, in ignorance of its real value. On the defendant's side, these allegations are denied. In another Vice-Chancellor's Court, a curious question was tried, as to the validity of a transfer of shares in the British Provident Assurance Society, which failed, and was wound up a year or two since. A Mr. D. Orpen, a grocer's assistant at Thame, in Oxfordshire, had been tempted by a puffing advertisement, with the promise of £500 a year in salary and commissions, to undertake the local agency, as a condition of which he was required to invest £200 in shares. The company was then in difficulties, and Mr. Orpen soon became anxious to get rid of his agency and his shares. He sold them in 1857, for £50, to Mr. John Sheridan, the manager, who is a brother of Mr. R. B. Sheridan, M.P. In the deed of transfer then executed, an interlineation has since been made, to appear as if the shares were purchased on behalf of the company. Such a purchase would, however, have been legally void; and the matter now in dispute was, whether Mr. Orpen had really got rid of his liability as a shareholder for the debts of the company. The verdict of the jury is, that the transfer deed was altered after he signed it; and the result of the verdict is to fix Mr. John Sheridan himself with the liability, as the real purchaser of the shares. The Court of Queen's Bench has been moved to amend a conviction by two magistrates in Buckinghamshire, who sentenced a man to aggregate penalties of 40s., for swearing a profane oath twenty times repeated, the statutable fine being 2s. for each oath. The question, whether a volley of oaths should count as one, stands over for grave consideration.

The Central Executive Committee of the Lancashire Relief Fund has had a full meeting at Manchester, where Lord Derby was present. It was reported, that since the 6th of December there had been a gradual weekly decrease of dependence on parochial aid in the distressed districts. Mr. Farnall states that in the last reported week, ending January 10, there is a decrease of 8,000 in the number of persons relieved out of the poor-rates, and of £2,000 in the expenditure for out-door relief. There are, however, 236,000 persons who are relieved solely by the charitable fund committees.

The balance-sheet of the Executive Relief Committee at Manchester shows a total of subscriptions exceeding £600,000, of which about £500,000 had been actually paid in at the end of the year; besides which, the Mansion House Fund amounts to £400,000, and the Local Committee have raised about £200,000 by themselves. Half of all this money remains as yet unexpended. The minutes of the Executive Committee set forth, in a valuable memorandum from Lord Derby's pen, the conditions upon which relief should be granted, and the dangers to be guarded against in its distribution; but to analyze these recommendations would take up too much of our space.

The British Consul at Savannah calculates that the quantity of cotton now remaining in the Southern States of America is 3,500,000 bales, which could be exported if the ports were opened to trade.

Prices rose in the Liverpool cotton market, when Mr. Lincoln's final decree of emancipation was known, as it seemed to remove all prospect of a speedy end to the American civil war. From China, as well as from India, we hear that large quantities of cotton are on the way to us.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce has had a visit from Mr. R. G. Herbert, secretary to the Colonial Government of Queensland, and Sir Charles Nicholson, of New South Wales, who gave rather a promising account of the capabilities of that part of Australia for growing, with the aid of Coolie labour from China, the best sea-island cotton at a tolerable price.

The announcement of new baronets has been followed by a rumour of the creation of some new peers, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Ellice the elder, and Sir Charles Wood, being named as the likely selections for that honour. But the *Globe*, with semi-ministerial authority, contradicts the rumour altogether.

An influential meeting at Dublin, presided over by the Lord Mayor, has been held to urge the restoration of the Post-office subsidy of £78,000 for the carriage of the American mails by the

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Galway route. Lord Clanricarde, Lord Clancarty, and Lord Gough, took part in this demonstration. "Justice to Ireland" was insisted upon in this as in other matters. Mr. Whiteside, by the way, in a lecture on the history of the Irish Parliament, Sir Robert Peel being one of his audience, is reported to have charmed the Repealers and "Nationalists," by enunciating the maxim, "Ireland first, and everything else afterwards." The Roman Catholic Bishop of Galway has threatened to excommunicate parents whose children go to the unsectarian schools established by the National Board. The murderers of Braddell, the land-agent in Tipperary, have not yet been caught; but Colonel Hare, the landlord, has the courage to go about there, well armed, and collect his rents for himself.

Mr. Beresford Hope has again been lecturing on America; Mr. Leatham, at Wakefield, on the Reduction of Expenditure; and Mr. Forster, at Bradford, on Commercial Treaties.

Among the deaths this week we may notice Horace Vernet, the French historical painter, and Mr. Richard Green, one of the greatest shipowners and shipbuilders in the port of London.

A police constable, in charge of an empty house at Acton, was treacherously murdered on Monday evening, by some one who knocked at the door and shot him dead when he came out. A few hours before, he had caught two men stealing planks from the premises, when he attempted to take them in custody, but they escaped. It is believed that, as he knew these men, they feared he would capture them again, and so they resolved to kill him. They are now both in custody on the charge of murder. They are brothers, twenty-two and twenty-three years of age. A gun, which had lately been fired, was found concealed in their bed.

The gale on Monday and Tuesday, though predicted in good time by Admiral Fitzroy's storm signals, caused much damage all round our coasts. Many vessels were driven ashore.

A frightful disaster has taken place at the town of Locarno, in the Italian part of Switzerland, at the head of the Lake Maggiore. The dome of a church gave way, beneath the weight of snow which had fallen upon it, and fell upon the congregation, who were then kneeling in prayer. As usual in the churches of Italy, most of the worshippers were women; fifty-three of whom, and one old man, were taken lifeless out of the ruins.

The new Viceroy of Egypt has begun well. In his reply to an address from the foreign consuls, he promises to devote all his energies to improving the prosperity of the country. He knows that good financial economy is the basis of public order, and he will therefore fix a civil list, which is never to be exceeded, for the expenses of his person and court. The revenues of Egypt are to be applied to the improvement of agriculture, abolishing the fatal system of forced labour in public works. Free trade, popular instruction, and the fair administration of justice, will at once promote the comfort of his people, and secure the beneficial intercourse of Egypt with the European world. The consuls, while bearing testimony to the private and public merits of Ismail Pasha, as proved already by his skilful management of his vast estates, no less than by his firm and dignified government in the Regency, expressed their hope that Egypt, under his rule, will become a rich and important State. But the French consul put in a word, sideways, for the Suez Canal, remarking that the French Government never wished the system of forced labour to be employed for that scheme. His Highness replied with discretion, that he did not mean to say anything about the Suez Canal just now. The *Times* greets his accession to the throne with a liberal meed of encouragement.

The Turkish troops in Montenegro are recalled, and, for this winter, the military works on that frontier are stopped. English, French, and Austrian ships of war are cruising to catch the pirates who infest the Ægean sea, while the Provisional Government of Greece takes measures to put down the brigands on land.

The Italian Government has detected an authentic Muratist conspiracy at Naples. The peasants of Russian Poland are gathering in the forests, and threaten an insurrection. A Warsaw correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* describes that city as a prey to military terrorism of the sternest kind.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies, in their address to the King, protest most solemnly against the late violation of Parliamentary rights, declaring that the country is justly alarmed by these abuses of royal power, and that peace can only be restored by a return to constitutional government. Meanwhile, the delegate of Prussia in the German Federal Diet has been advocating the creation of a popular elective Chamber, to sit with the council of German princes, as the legitimate organ of the whole nation; but this proposal was resisted by Austria, and is now rejected by the Diet.

The King of Sweden and Norway has proposed a reform of the existing Swedish constitution, which is still framed on the ancient feudal plan of a legislature consisting of the four estates of the realm,—nobility, clergy, burghers, and peasants, meeting but once in five years. He offers, instead of this cumbrous representative body, to create an Upper and a Lower Elective Chamber, with an annual parliamentary session.

The arguments of counsel in the case of the Earl of Egmont's will, briefly described above, are concluded, after nine days' discussion, in the Court of Sir William Page Wood. The Vice-Chancellor intends, as at present advised, to have the facts tried by a jury in his own Court.

The Directors of the Brighton Railway Company report an increase of traffic in the past half-year, and pay a dividend of 3½ per cent., making 6 per cent. for the whole year.

Reviews of Books.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.*

The Crimean war forms a strange episode in modern European history. There is a certain grandeur and unity of action about it which would have fitted it to be the subject of an epic poem, in days when epics were reckoned amongst things endurable. The whole interest is centred upon one point; the three most warlike nations of the world struggled there for the prize with superhuman energy; and the prize was one which, for the moment, seemed worth the struggle. And yet it is impossible to look back upon the war which interrupted a thirty-eight years' peace without a sense of bewilderment. When the little Crimean boy picks up something white and round on the slopes above the Alma, the questions what they fought each other for, and what good came of it at last, are likely to puzzle not only his venerable Tartar grandfather, but intelligent European statesmen. Why did England, France, and Russia, and their allies, throw away a full million of lives, and hundreds of millions of pounds, about a remote fortress in the Crimea? How did it come to pass that the respectable English people, whom the Emperor Nicholas imagined to be all faithful disciples of the great prophet John Bright, suddenly flared up into unappeasable fury, rushed into the arms of a gentleman across the Channel whom they had just been abusing with all the energy of the English tongue, and set to work mauling their ancient and faithful Russian allies, as if their lives depended upon it?

A full reply to these questions will be found in Mr. Kinglake's long expected history of the Crimean invasion, an instalment of which, down to the battle of the Alma, has just appeared. Mr. Kinglake has an admirable and well-defined subject to write about; he writes with the clear and nervous style which might be expected from the author of "Eothen;" and more than this, he speaks with an amount of authority of itself enough to entitle him to respect. In the first place, all Lord Raglan's papers were entrusted to him by Lady Raglan; these papers were methodically and carefully arranged; they include all the military reports addressed to the commander of the English army; Lord Raglan's official and private correspondence with sovereigns, ambassadors, ministers, generals, admirals, French, Turks, Sardinians, and every kind of public functionary, scheming adventurers, and private friends. In addition to this Mr. Kinglake received, as soon as his task was known, the fullest information from private sources—so much that, he says, he never could find any limit to his power of getting at what was known in this country—and from our statesmen, admirals, and generals. Mr. Kinglake emphatically says that he does not remember that any one of these public men has ever suggested to him that there was anything which should be concealed for the honour of the nation. From French sources Mr. Kinglake also received much assistance; an accomplished and experienced officer was sent over expressly to explain to him some of the operations of the French army; the authorities, however, of the French war department "did not avail themselves of his offer" to inspect papers in their war-office. His knowledge of the battle of the Alma is drawn to a considerable extent from the narratives of the three Russian generals of division under Prince Mentschikoff. Last, but not least, Mr. Kinglake can rely for many facts on his own personal observation.

From this it will be seen that Mr. Kinglake has had rare advantages. We may add that he has used them with an ability equally rare; he has, with great skill, reconciled two offices, generally kept distinct; he has been in direct contact with the masses of undigested information upon which memoirs and biographies are generally founded in the first place; and, without inflicting upon us these raw materials of history, has at once given us history itself. Accounts of exciting periods generally have to appear first in the form of rough lumps of journals, letters, and memoranda imbedded in a thin layer of narrative, in which afterwards the historian has painfully to dig. The Crimean War has escaped this dismal fate, and the result of a great mass of inquiry and observation directed upon it is melted down and run into a permanent shape in Mr. Kinglake's clear and vigorous story. In one special case the advantage is conspicuous. Mr. Kinglake is particularly happy in describing the characters of the chief actors in the war; and he frequently combines the results of personal knowledge of his heroes or villains with the freedom which might be used if they had been dead for a hundred years. This habit of being personal, while it gives great liveliness and a sense of reality to all the author writes, is not without its dangers, and degenerates very easily into mere rudeness, or idle gossip: Mr. Kinglake's portrait of the French Emperor, for instance, is simply a caricature, which hardly deserves a place in a grave historical memoir.

Mr. Kinglake's first volume describes the causes which led to the Crimean war. In his second, he carries the history of its progress down to the battle of the Alma. The causes of the war are to be sought for to a great extent by following out the action of three remarkable men, who, more than any others, contributed to shape the course of events. At a later period, the voice of no one man, however exalted in position or attainments, could effectually rule the storm or command the excited passions of the nations. But during the greatest part of 1853 the quarrel aroused comparatively little interest, and was being only gradually developed under a few skilful hands. The chief actor was the Emperor Nicholas.

* The Invasion of the Crimea. By Alexander William Kinglake. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh & London. 1863.

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His picture is carefully drawn by Mr. Kinglake. He was a man of imposing exterior, of great and restless activity, and of a strong or rather violent will. Moreover, he had a high character as a gentleman and a lover of truth. "His ideal of human character was the Duke of Wellington." On the other hand, this external brilliancy concealed real poverty of intellect. Moreover, he was headstrong and ambitious: he had a decided capacity, as was shown in the course of the war, for "saying one thing and doing another;" in other words, he occasionally lied. Finally, he was in the unfortunate position of being able to order war, as a man may order dinner, by ringing a bell without getting out of his arm-chair. We must add, that if he had a special weakness, it was an intense hatred of Sir Stratford Canning. The struggle first commenced on the important question of whether the Latin monks were to have one of the keys of each of the two doors of the sacred manger at Bethlehem, and whether they might put in the sanctuary of the nativity a silver star adorned with the arms of France. These and two or three similar questions naturally placed the ruler of fifty million simple and pious subjects, who believed in sacred shrines with all their hearts, in direct opposition to the equally strong religious prejudices of Louis Napoleon. After diplomatic contests, in which the unlucky Turks came in for blows from both parties, Prince Mentschikoff was, in the beginning of April, 1853, engaged at Constantinople in trying to force upon the Porte a settlement of these difficulties, and under cover of this grievance, to extort from it for Russia the protectorate of the Greek churches. At this point of the contest appears the second of the actors in the quarrel, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Lord Stratford's resolute will, and fierce and imperious temper, had made him at once supreme amongst the Turks and the personal enemy of the Emperor Nicholas. The Emperor had in fact once refused to receive him as ambassador at St. Petersburg, and had thus himself marked him out as his personal opponent. The Emperor had the advantage that his words might at any moment be backed up by armies; but even that advantage was no more than a fair equivalent for Lord Stratford's personal ascendancy. The Turks bent and fell down before him as though yielding to fate itself. "If what he directed was inconsistent with the nature of things, then possibly the nature of things would be changed by the decree of heaven, for there was no hope that the great Elchi would change his will."

At the moment when he arrived at Constantinople, backed by no material force, the Turks were trembling before the demands of Prince Mentschikoff, who was supported by a fleet and an army of 140,000 men. Although, like schoolboys, the Turks were at first afraid to tell Lord Stratford what a terrible mess they had been getting into during his absence, his arrival at once restored calmness to them. The diplomatic duel which ensued was short and decisive. By Lord Stratford's mingled skill and determination the Russians were placed in a completely false position. He managed so that the important questions of the silver star and the door-key should be taken by themselves and finally settled. But the Emperor continued to insist, though deprived of all ground for complaint, upon the protectorate of the Greek churches, with a violence increased by his hatred of his opponent. To him, personally, he attributed everything. He spoke even in formal despatches as though there were no government in Constantinople but the absolute will of Lord Stratford. Under the influence of this passion he gave orders to occupy the Principalities. By so doing he was placed clearly in the wrong. Moreover, not only England and France, but Austria and Prussia were dead against him. It was a case in which it seemed impossible that even the arbitrary will of the Russian Emperor should not yield to the public opinion of Europe. The Turks had satisfied all his just complaints; they had promised to redress every grievance of the Greek churches. The Emperor had clearly not a shadow of a right to extort a new treaty from them in time of peace; it might be reasonably hoped that, however irritated he might be by his diplomatic defeat at the hands of Lord Stratford, he would be compelled to see the error of his ways. How was it, then, that these expectations were frustrated, and that the most unreasonable and unintelligible of modern wars was allowed to break out?

To answer this question Mr. Kinglake makes a digression. How far the chapter we refer to is actually a digression may indeed be questioned. Its object is to show the motive of a third actor for now appearing upon the scene. That actor is Louis Napoleon; and the motive attributed to him is, that he had so covered himself with infamy a short time before, that it was a matter of life and death to him to get the French people to attend to something else than his own proceedings. We speak strongly, it will be seen, of a gentleman whom it is now rather the fashion, after several changes of popular opinion, to compliment as the saviour of society and the restorer of French prosperity. Passing over for a moment the question of whether the description of the *coup d'état* ought or ought not to form part of a history of the Crimean war, we think it a good thing that the deeds which Mr. Kinglake here recalls to our memory should not be suffered to be forgotten. It might save us the loss of some dignity if we sometimes remembered the crimes with which Louis Napoleon is charged, and of which he has never been cleared. We recommend the study of Mr. Kinglake's fourteenth chapter to the Emperor's panegyrists. He describes with extreme minuteness the proceedings of the little knot of disreputable conspirators, who on the night of the 1st of December seized the government of France, arrested generals and statesmen, stopped all the newspapers in Paris, and forcibly turned the Assembly out of doors. He describes the ghastly scenes of wholesale massacre on the Boulevards, which seem to have been the results of the cruelty, sometimes produced by cowardly panic in masses of armed Frenchmen, the yet more atrocious murders in cold blood which took place afterwards under the cover of night, and the deliberate transportation of twenty-six thousand five hundred men. It is a story which no Englishman can read without indignation, and no Frenchman, we should think, without shame; for it is a shame that the absolute command of a country like France should be capable of being snatched like a purse by a pickpocket. The moral, however, as far as Mr. Kinglake's immediate purpose is concerned, is this; that Louis Napoleon, being utterly cut off from the sympathy of his countrymen by his complicity in these infernal crimes, tried to draw off their attention by plunging Europe into war. We stated that the "four Powers" were, as a result of Lord Stratford's brilliant feat of diplomacy, arranged on a common ground of opposition to Russia. There was every hope that Russia would, under these circumstances, be compelled to yield without an appeal to arms. But this would not have suited Louis Napoleon. Accordingly he contrived, in the first place, to strike up a close alliance with England, which of itself threw a halo of respectability round him; and, in the next place, to detach England from France and Prussia, and to push her on into war. By a judicious series of eggings on at the right moment, the Czar was always infuriated by a fresh movement of our fleets, just when he was beginning a little to cool down from his last fit of passion. At last, before any one knew it, we felt ourselves committed to action, and, in fact, had unintentionally "drifted into war." The objection to this theory arises from Louis Napoleon's characteristic trick of blowing hot and cold at the same time. Whether his occasional suggestions on the peace side of the question, such as his autograph letter to Nicholas, in January, 1854, were intended merely as blinds, or whether he would have been willing to make peace if by that means he could have got the credit of commanding European diplomacy, may be doubtful. At any rate, according to Mr. Kinglake, the naval power, which might have been used so as to guarantee peace, was, in fact, so manœuvred under his instigation as to provoke war. What is the truth, we do not venture to decide. No one, however, but a partizan could fail to observe that the whole of Mr. Kinglake's theory depends on his assumption that the Emperor provoked the war, and it is just at this point that his proof is least conclusive.

At any rate, it cannot be doubted that if Napoleon really wished for war, he had plenty of assistance on this side of the Channel. The English people had talked so much of nonsense about the Exhibition of 1851, that foreigners actually supposed we were going to give up war for the future, and to turn our whole attention to our shops. They were, it seems, utterly taken back when it turned out that this was nothing but talk; that we were as fond of fighting as ever, and actually looking forward to a war with the same satisfaction as an undergraduate to a town and gown row. We were, to speak the truth, fairly delighted with the prospect of a war; we talked about it with a kind of boyish gaiety of heart, and should have been very little obliged to any one who had appeared as a peacemaker to spoil our sport. It is true that this was not very consistent with spoutings on the blessings of peace; but it seems that Englishmen have such vigorous lungs, that when even a small party sets up a shout, foreigners imagine it must be a spontaneous cry from the whole nation. We must confess, in passing, that Mr. Bright seems to get rather hard measure from those who now say the Crimean war was unnecessary. If you had not made such a noise, they say, the Russians would never have believed in our peacefulness, and would not have forced us to go to war. But, after all, that only leaves the fault with those who first let Mr. Bright talk without an answer, and who afterwards would go to war against his advice.

Finally, the Emperor had one strong ally in our Cabinet. Whilst Lord Aberdeen was drifting, and Mr. Gladstone—"that good man in the worst sense of the term," as Mr. Kinglake calls him—was refining, there was one man who knew his own mind and went straight on his own way. There was one man who had determined that France should for once adopt the traditional English policy in the East, though we might have to pay a price for it; and he was the man who, as we now know, has beyond all others the power of putting himself in thorough accordance with English sentiment. If all the members of Lord Aberdeen's government could have the chance of retracing their steps, every one of them, with a single exception, would look back to see where he could have altered his course. "Lord Palmerston would do nothing of the kind. What he had done before, he would do again."

(To be continued.)

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.*

So singular a story belongs to this book, that the task of judging it is unusually difficult. Arthur Hallam had, in his father's prefatory words, "the happiness to possess the friendship of one, then as young as himself, whose name has risen to the highest place among our living poets. What the distinguished person felt for one so early torn from him has been displayed in those beautiful poems entitled 'In Memoriam.'" The most remarkable monument which Genius ever raised to Friendship has for many years rendered all who love English poetry familiar with the lofty expectations raised amongst those who knew him best by a young

* Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam. London: Murray, Albemarle-street.

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Cambridge man who died at two-and-twenty. In a hundred stanzas his friend has expressed the conviction that our loss in Arthur Hallam was one which a country, rich as England in great and fertile minds, might reasonably reckon a national misfortune. This is, indeed, to rate a man highly; and when we turn from the testimony of love given by Tennyson, supported though it be by much other concurrent assurance, to the slender "Remains" of the youthful student, it is impossible to free the mind from a perplexity of opposing feelings. Might not this be an instance of the well-known idealization of genius and affection? Did the promise, if found to exist, honestly carry with it the pledge of so great a fulfilment? May we, indeed, ever safely commit ourselves to such prophecy? We think that a careful reader of the book will find no difficulty in deciding that the verdict of Hallam's friends is strictly proven.

We will presently endeavour to confirm this by examples, premising that in framing our estimate our aim has been to judge the writer solely by the contents of the volume now published. It is by this that the world is now affected, and by this only will the world be able to test the validity of "In Memoriam." Yet it must not be concealed that several pieces in verse and prose have been omitted, which would have added further force to the conviction of the writer's sure destiny to greatness. These pieces were kept back in former years by a natural reserve. All reasons for this having now passed, it must be regretted that the collection should not have been now made complete: we shall hope that a new edition will afford opportunity for supplying omissions, and for the rectification of some careless misprints which the issue of 1863 presents when compared with that of 1834.

Arthur Hallam is one of the very rare examples of the direct hereditary transmission of high mental power. It is impossible not to judge him more or less by reference to that honoured father who, by a fate happier, perhaps, for us than for himself, was spared for more than thirty years after Arthur's death to enrich our literature by that admirable "History of Intellect," which might alone have occupied the lifetime of an industrious student. To the elder Hallam's vast range and clear command of reading the son added a depth of poetical insight, a certain kindred sensitiveness for the high things of art, which, in the author of the "Constitutional and Literary Histories," were compensated by that calm yet fervent justice of judgment—that "one weight and one measure" which, as Macaulay observed, we can hardly look for elsewhere with success. Years might—in all probability would—have brought this quality of the philosophic mind to Arthur Hallam. As we perceive him in the writings of his marvellous boyhood—amorous of the beautiful, passionate for the ideally high and truthful—we are rather reminded of the opinion expressed by one of his most intimate friends, that what we lost "in Vienna's fatal walls" might have been a second—perhaps a greater—Edmund Burke.

That this partial judgment of friendship bore no remote relation to the promise of the man, these pages seem amply to testify. The poetry alone would have placed him securely among the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," from its varied felicity in subject and treatment, from its powerful yet subtle strain of reflection, above all, from the sweetness and intense truth with which it expresses the natural affections. Yet it does not seem to do such full justice to the author's capacity as the Essays: it does not perhaps carry with it the conviction that the final triumph of his career would have been in verse. The intensely receptive character of the boy's mind is shown in the reflected lights which, without imitation or plagiarism, colour his stanzas: Wordsworth, Dante, the Elizabethan poets, latterly his college friend Tennyson,—we trace these favourites successively in many pleasing lines. The following stanzas, written on the banks of the Tay (probably before the end of Hallam's twentieth year), are a characteristic specimen:—

"I saw a child upon a Highland moor,
Playing with heath-flowers in her gamesome mood,
And singing snatches wild of Gaelic lore,
That thrilled like witch-notes my susceptive blood.
I spake a Southern word, but not the more
Did she regard or move from where she stood.
It seemed the business of her life to play
With euphrasies and blue-bells day by day."

The poet's first wish is "to grow with her and like her," to be her comrade and her brother, "dreaming how to play a child once more with her:"—

"Then a stern knowledge woke along my soul,
And sudden I was sadly made aware,
That childish joy is now a folded scroll,
And new ordainments have their several fair;
When evening lights press the ripe greening knoll,
True heart will never wish the morning there;
Where arched boughs enlace the golden light,
Did ever poet pray for franchised sight?

"When we were children, we did sigh to reach
The eminence of a man; yet in our thought,
And in the prattled fancies of our speech,
It was a baby man we fashioned out;
And now that childhood seems the only leech
For all the heartaches of a rough world caught;
Sooth is, we wish to be a twofold thing,
And keep our present self to watch within."

With the exquisitely delicate fancy of the last stanza compare the lines in which, after describing a summer's day in Italy with some fair companion, and how he talked of Wordsworth, and she chilled him by the show of less than his own enthusiasm, he felt the truth—

"That different halts, in Life's sad pilgrimage,
With different minstrels charm the journeying soul;"

that only after trial of the world, when the heart grows dry, and the brain—

"Fevers with cogitations void of love,
It is a blessed God-given aid to list
Some master's voice, speaking from out those depths
Of reason that do border on the source
Of pure emotion and of generous act.
It may be that this motive swayed in me;
And thinking so that day I prayed that she
Whose face, like an unruffled mountain tarn,
Smiled on me till its innocent joy grew mine,
Might ne'er experience any change of mood
So dearly bought by griefs habitual."

We think that the great Singer of Rydal would have welcomed in the author of these lines, so evenly balanced between pensiveness and tenderness, a nature already largely endowed with his own most valued attributes.

It is, however, rather in the extraordinary scope at once of thought and of reading—in the equable justice and modesty of judgment—in the lucid expression and pregnant originality of phrase which the Essays present, that we may more adequately trace the great gifts of the lost friend, "the sound of the voice that is still." These little papers were written at an age which, to most of us, rarely yields anything that we can look at—if we can look at it at all—in after life without a smile of astonishment. Yet in fulness and sweetness, in their penetration and their poetry of feeling, we may fairly set them in excellence beside those by which Shelley has almost doubled the impression of his genius. The essay on sympathy displays the strong impulse, noticed by Hallam's friends, to subtle searching-out of the hidden springs of the human heart. It is in itself clearly due to that peculiar direction in psychology, of which Mackintosh was in 1830 the most distinguished English representative. One cannot but feel that a larger induction from facts—that a closer reference to the physiological side of the subject is wanting to this delicate metaphysic of morality; yet the fine inquisition into the recesses of our nature here presented has a value which in our hazy sensationalist age we are far too disposed to overlook. In the "Oration on the Influence of Italian Works of Imagination," the eloquent style adopted obscures, at a first glance, by its inevitable generality, the marvellous grasp of accurate detail which underlies and verifies the large lines and bold masses of the sketch. A somewhat similar subject is dealt with more minutely in the masterly review of Professor Rossetti's now forgotten Carbonari paradoxes on Dante. It is not too much to say that this paper is one of the very best reviews in the language; so luminous in its criticism, so refined in its humour, so penetrating in its poetical insight. Everywhere also in this, and in the similarly able essay on Cicero, we see the copiousness of the young writer's information, and the energy of his intellect diverging into the wider questions suggested by his immediate theme, and marking out the avenues of thought, as it were, which he was destined never to investigate. The following specimens taken from his writings will, perhaps, best illustrate his vein of thought. Speaking of the influence of the Italian romantic love poetry, he says:—

"I cannot help considering the sonnets of Shakspeare as a sort of homage to the genius of Christian Europe, necessarily exacted, although voluntarily paid, before he was allowed to take in hand the sceptre of his endless dominion.

* * * * *

"The number of pure artists is small: few souls are so finely tempered as to preserve the delicacy of meditative feeling untainted by the allurements of accidental suggestion. The voice of the critical conscience is still and small, like that of the moral: it cannot entirely be stifled where it has been heard, but it may be disobeyed. Temptations are never wanting; some immediate and temporary effect can be produced at less expense of inward exertion than the high and more ideal effect which art demands; it is much easier to pander to the ordinary and often recurring wish for excitement than to promote the rare and difficult intuition of beauty.

* * * * *

"The world is full of coincidences that mean nothing. To find design in everything is as great madness as to find it not at all. . . .

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"It would be a prize of inestimable value to a philosopher if we possessed any monument of the religion of the ancients. Their mythology we know. Their philosophy we know. But of their *religion* we are entirely ignorant. The class of believers at Rome or Athens was not the class of authors. The reverential Theism of Plato and Cicero was a sentiment much fainter than that which must have agitated a true believer in the golden-haired Apollo, or the trident-shaking ruler of stormy seas. The recluses of Isis and Cybele must have felt many of the same passions which ruffle the indifferent calm of a modern convent. What a pity that we cannot compare the forms assumed by the feelings of those idolatrous Polytheists, with those presented in the present day by Roman Catholic populations! We might find, perhaps, the same prayer breathed before a crucifix which had been uttered ages before beside the solitary fire of Vesta; the same doubts started, the same struggles made, the same noble extravagance of human self-devotion, the same sad declension of human frailty! . . . .

Passages such as these seem to rival in power the youthful precocity of Keats or Shelley: they tell us that the loss which his friend has immortalized was a grave one indeed. It has been

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poetical justice in the strict sense that one so gifted should be mourned so deeply. "In Memoriam" is justified before the tribunal of Pure Reason, even by the slender "Remains of Arthur Hallam."

MR. RUSSELL'S DIARY.*

We should be sorry to think that there was no other side to the picture which Mr. Russell here draws of the Americans; but, as he says himself, it was his fate to see the nation under its most unfavourable aspect. From March, 1861, to the spring of 1862,—when, through the discourtesy of Mr. Stanton, he was refused the means of accompanying General M'Clellan to his head-quarters at Manassas,—Mr. Russell has pourtrayed, with his characteristic liveliness and plain-speaking, his experiences of North and South in the earlier stages of the civil war. Until his candour had drawn upon him, first the indignation of the populace, and finally the opposition of the Government, he appears to have enjoyed every opportunity of ascertaining the real state of things among the Confederates as well as the Federals. Received and fêted by both Presidents, admitted to the confidences of Cabinet Ministers and Commanders-in-chief, he has freely communicated the mysteries of the office and the camp; while his habit of picking up information from chance companions, to which the modes of travel and accommodation in America gave fuller scope than in India or the Crimea, has enabled him to represent the sentiments and passions of the general body of the people. We may safely leave the somewhat needless accounts of American hotels, scenery, railways, and the rest, and confine ourselves to the more interesting notices of the war, and the persons and things connected with it.

Nothing is illustrated in the "Diary" more forcibly than the remarkable change of attitude toward the Secession, which the North underwent after the fall of Fort Sumter in the spring of 1861. When Mr. Russell left New York for the South, before hostilities had commenced at Charleston, every one in New York who did not regard the Southern rebellion, with the eyes of Mr. Seward, as a short madness which would pass away, was inclined to view its possible success with indifference, if not with positive sympathy. Mr. Bancroft considered "that the Government had no power to coerce the people of the South." Mr. Chase expressed himself "not averse to let the South try and have their own way, for that they would soon find out their mistake." "The majority of the people of New York, and all the respectable people, in the opinion of another gentleman, were disgusted at the election of such a fellow as Lincoln to be President, and would back the Southern States if it came to a split." With the fall of Fort Sumter all this calmer feeling disappeared; and when Mr. Russell returned to New York, he found in every mouth the cry of "Death to the traitors," "War to the knife." The mob had gone in for war, and a weak President, guided by a fanatical Cabinet, had followed the popular rush.

Everything that Mr. Russell saw of the condition and resources of North and South enabled him to predict confidently what experience has since confirmed. Nothing could exceed, according to his account, the detestation and contempt entertained everywhere and by everybody in the South towards the "cursed Yankees," and especially the people of the New England States; the hatred of Poles towards Russians, of Italians to the "brutti Tedeschi," seems mild compared with this. Before General Butler had excited the fury of the Southern ladies, "one of the most charming young persons possible" expressed to Mr. Russell "her delight that the Yankees in Fortress Monroe had got typhus fever, and hoped it would kill them all." There were no doctors to heal, for they had all gone off to fight. High and low, white and black, free and slave, all were ready to die rather than yield to the North. We should have been glad if Mr. Russell could have thrown some more light on the *causes* of this state of feeling. Those ordinarily given—the different origin, interests, habits, and employments of North and South, do not seem to us adequately to account for it. But the *fact* of its existence, whatever be its explanation, is proved in almost every page of the "Diary." Added to this feeling and the resolution awakened by it, the confidence reposed throughout the South in President Davis,—the military *habits* rather than *resources* of the people—almost the only race in which the art of war is studied by those who never intend to make it their profession—their superiority in the arm of cavalry, their knowledge of the country they fight in, and above all the ability of the generals,—appeared to Mr. Russell to make the failure of the North inevitable. With so small a proportion of their forces consisting of Americans—in one New York regiment amounting only to two-twelfths—with no cavalry; with deficient artillery, "equipped worse than the Turkish field-guns;" with no maps or means of making *reconnaissances*, which would seem to explain the helpless ignorance of the enemy's whereabouts so common in the Northern commanders—with disadvantages like these, it does not require, in addition, that of an ignorant and mob-ridden government, to ensure the defeat of such enterprises as the Federal generals are compelled to hazard.

We wish that we had room for extracts from Mr. Russell's descriptions of the great personages who figure in the war. The pictures of Presidents Lincoln and Davis, of Seward, M'Clellan, and many others are sufficiently detailed to serve for the "Hue and Cry;" but we must content ourselves with a mere reference to his portraits of the two Presidents and their wives. We learn that Jefferson Davis "looked a gentleman," and that Lincoln did not; while the same superiority is accorded to Mrs. Davis, or "Queen Varina," as she is called—a great favourite in the social circles both of North and South—as contrasted with the ordinary appearance, plain features, and homely manners of Mrs. Lincoln. It certainly is to be hoped that the Northern President does not make the same impression in general as he appears to have left on Mr. Russell's friend:—

"My friend asked me when I got into the street why I stood up when that tall fellow came into the room? 'Because it was the President.' 'The President of what?' 'Of the United States.' 'Oh! come now, you're humbugging me! let me have another look at him.' He came back more incredulous than ever; but when I assured him I was quite serious, he exclaimed, 'I give up the United States after this.'"

Of course Mr. Russell speaks of slavery, but he does not add anything new to that perplexing subject. He saw a great many slaves on the estates of several proprietors in the South whom he visited, and his testimony is uniform as to the excellence of their physical condition and treatment. Indeed, he seems to think it almost a pity that they are so well fed and cared for, as they are thus led to forget that humanity has any claim on them higher than an animal contentment with a full stomach. We were surprised to find, among other things, that none of the owners of slaves with whom Mr. Russell conversed appear to have calculated the bad *economy* involved in slave labour. It is certain, however, many of the more intelligent Southern gentlemen are fully alive to this feature of the "peculiar institution," and are accustomed to speak of slavery simply as a very expensive necessity.

If doubt could survive in any Englishman's mind as to the wisdom of our national policy towards America in the present war, these volumes of Mr. Russell's must certainly dispel it. Both our behaviour in the matter of the *Trent*, and our sustained refusal to recognize the independence of the South, have drawn upon us a torrent of abuse from either quarter; but the forbearance and firmness shown by us can hardly fail to efface the idea prevalent throughout America that English policy is moved merely by the strings of self-interest and fear. Not only was it the universal belief in the South that the need of cotton would compel England to break the blockade and recognize their independence; but every part of the States seemed, according to Mr. Russell, to consider itself and its produce necessary to the very existence of this country. They tell us "that the English people are fed by the beneficence of the United States, and that all the trade and commerce of England are simply directed to the one end of obtaining gold enough to pay the Western States for the bread-stuffs exported for our population." "The people of the East, again, think they are striking a great blow at their enemy by the Morrill tariff, and I was told by a patriot in South Carolina 'Why, creation! if you let the Yankees shut up our ports, the whole of your darned ships will go to rot. Where will you get your naval stores from?'" Now, our recent policy towards the United States will have done much towards scattering illusions like these; and when they find that, in spite of the blockade, we have got our turpentine and naval stores,—that there is every chance of our getting an average supply of cotton from other quarters,—and that, in spite of the difficulty of reaping the harvest in the Western States, bread was never so cheap in England as now, the lesson will be forced on their minds that New York, Chicago, and New Orleans are not so necessary as they imagine to the existence and the well-being of Europe in general and of England in particular.

In the same way our firmness in the matter of the *Trent* must have helped them to unlearn the notion, which Mr. Russell says pervades all Americans, "that Great Britain is in a state of corruption and decay." We do not pretend to reconcile this with the statement which he makes elsewhere, that the policy and good opinion of our country is thought much more of by our cousins across the Atlantic than that of any other nation; but if the notion of our decrepitude be so prevalent, a considerable shock must have been given to it by Lord Russell's despatch, in December, 1861, demanding the surrender of the Southern Commissioners. In connection with this subject, the "Diary" contains some interesting notices of the different views entertained by the Cabinet at Washington on the first receipt of the despatch. Mr. Seward, in case of Great Britain forcing a war on the United States, contemplated "wrapping the whole world in flame." Happily, lest such an intention should overpower our author's nerves, one of the guests assured Mr. Russell that "when Seward talks that way he means to break down." The President insisted with equal vehemence on "no surrender." "I would sooner die than give them up," was his vigorous resolution. We do not know how far it was modified by the sagacious reply of an old Treasury official: "Mr. President, your death would be a great loss, but the destruction of the United States would be a still more deplorable event." Mr. Sumner, who is Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, though he considered there were precedents for Captain Wilkes's act, yet appears almost the only one who behaved in the affair with statesmanlike dignity and calmness. "I hope you will keep the peace; help us to do so," were his words to Mr. Russell. Finally, it appears that the situation was controlled by Mr. Seward, who had relinquished his intention of firing the universe, in deference to the Minister of a nation which he for one, we imagine, did not hold to be "in a state of corruption and decay."

We are so much accustomed to strains of self-glorification, and

* My Diary North and South. By William Howard Russell. In 2 vols. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1863.

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dazzling pictures of future greatness, from the lips of Americans, that we cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Russell's words respecting the views entertained by some of the older and wiser heads on the present crisis of their history. "In the minds of all the very old men in the States there is a feeling of great sadness and despondency respecting the present troubles; and though they cling to the idea of a restoration of the glorious Union of their youth, it is hoping against hope. 'Our game is played out. It was the most wonderful and magnificent career of success the world ever saw; but rogues and gamblers took up the cards at last, they quarrelled, and are found out.'" With so much to recommend his volumes, we trust that Mr. Russell will pardon us for giving him one caution as to style. There is no one who can write more clear, vigorous, idiomatic English than himself; why should he then mar so good a style by interlarding his sentences with words of monstrous birth and classical allusions of a very feeble type? What are we to say to such formations as "crinology" (which its author would wish to mean the "science of *hair*," but which, if it meant anything at all, should be the "science of *lilies*")? The same applies to "*anthropo-proprietor*," "*thesicles*," "*novo-classic*," and such-like. What would most readers make of "*Edonian* youths" (ladies, we imagine, would consider it a misprint for *Etonian*), or of a dinner devoid of "Persic apparatus"? None but scholars can even understand them, and every scholar would be offended at them. It were a pity if Mr. Russell's partiality for Latin should corrupt the purity of his English.

ST. WINIFRED'S.*

We have seen a great deal in late years of religious and moral novels, and upon their merits and demerits the world has by this time pretty well made up its mind. Such books are useful to many of their readers, and it would be strange if they did not lead into the paths of virtue some docile and plastic dispositions. On the other hand, their value as literary works is seriously affected by the colouring. Like the early confessors of the Faith, they do good and suffer for it. The book now before us is different from its predecessors in the same walk of art in that it carries the principle to the furthest possible length. Other stories of the kind may be said to be pervaded by a moral purpose: this would be more appropriately described as a moral purpose largely pervaded by a story. It seems to bristle with moral; to overflow with moral; to heave, labour, swell with moral. Virtue, integrity, and gentlemanly bearing claim it for their own. Whatever things are just, righteous, and of good report, on these things it thinks so much that it has hardly space to think upon anything else. Moreover, in enforcing the maxim that we ought always to do what is right, it does so without misrepresentation, narrowness, or dulness. This is clearly a good specimen of books of its class. How far must we consider that it succeeds?

It is by no means a failure. The fact is, that it is necessary to set up some standard of criticism for works of fiction, and that upon which judgments are commonly formed is not necessarily infallible. We call a novel good, if it is amusing, suggestive, well written, clever in plot, and acute in delineation of character. So we decide: but to those who urge that the lessons to be learnt from the story, and the upshot, as it were, of the whole, ought to be taken into account, we hardly know what reply to make. It can only be said that the greatest works of art are not those which are consciously didactic, and that since fictitious writings ought to make it their great object to represent and "imitate" real events, any secondary purpose must in a great measure interfere with the primary aim. The problem is the same which occurs in so many other relations of life: it seems as if the lawyer would do more good to society on some one individual occasion by leaving his guilty client to his fate, and as if the clergyman would serve the cause of truth by refusing to read that special collect which he dislikes. But the public advantage is secured by collective and unselfish effort, and art as a whole has certainly for its mission to represent what it finds and fancies. The author of "St. Winifred's" has more imagination than dramatic power; and this distinction fairly expresses, and may be almost said to account for, the peculiar character of his story. When he is given his scene, he can describe it well; when a bold idea seizes him, he gives it force and life. There is a rhetorical tinge even over his commonest details, and he has fluency and even grace of language to help him to carry it through. But in that wonderful gift by which some writers can portray events to the life, not only by themselves, but in their relation to one another; can force their readers to look upon a story as something which must have happened exactly as they tell it; can group their scenes in relief, and present them as the whole of an intimately connected plan, he is to a considerable extent deficient. It is no wonder that he falls back upon that which gives the work a unity of its own, a prominent and definite moral. The plan succeeds, though it does not succeed in the best way.

But it is time to examine a little more closely the subject of the work itself. "St. Winifred's" is a story for boys, and treats of the things that are supposed to please them. Perhaps, indeed, this is too much to say, since it has yet to be shown that any class of readers would prefer to listen to school adventures to those of the great real world. At all events it is intended to represent a boy's ordinary school life to himself, with as much truth as the moral colouring will allow. Now if this is to be done with success, the indispensable condition must be that the balance of interests shall be preserved; that those things shall have most prominence which are really most cared for by the class from whom the picture is taken; and that the same degree of importance shall be attached to the several pursuits and scenes of which school life is composed, as they attach. One very remarkable book has appeared on the same subject in the course of the last few years, and taken all the hearts of the rising generation by storm. But who is there who can fail to notice that even in "Tom Brown" the picture is but partially drawn? Many boys, strange to say, do not care to be athletes, and still more are unable to be so; and the element of school work, for which a great number do really care, and which nearly all would rank as next in importance to games, hardly enters into the popular story at all. Let us conceive an average boy at a large school, neither very good nor very bad, not at the top of it and not very near the bottom; and let us endeavour to draw up a list of the questions which chiefly interest him, in the order in which they present themselves most frequently and urgently to his mind. They will perhaps be as follows:—Firstly, who will be the last choice for the "eleven?" Secondly, what are the chances for the great match of the year? Thirdly, shall I get my prize, or my promotion, this half? Fourthly, will Brown thrash Jones? Fifthly, how many days are there to the holidays? Sixthly, is it very wrong to smoke a cigar? Such may fairly represent the relatively engrossing character of the cares of school. How does the author of "St. Winifred's" put them? There can be no objection to his introducing a few scenic effects, such as a perilous adventure on a mountain, because all his readers will readily understand that they are brought in as exceptional, and that they are possible enough. But when, after reading his book, we find that the impression it leaves on the mind is that questions of moral conduct are first in order of prominence in school life, and questions of social relations next, the only thing to be said is that the picture is not an accurate one. A more detailed criticism might find something to blame in the romantic nature of some of the social scenes, the alarming number of quarrels in the history, and the taste which the boys at St. Winifred's seem to show for public speaking; but the chief objection to the tale, regarded simply in the light of a representation of school life, is the inverted order of the interests which are supposed to occupy the heroes.

In many respects "St. Winifred's" has a strong resemblance to another tale entitled "Eric," which appeared about the same time as "Tom Brown," and passed through several editions. But in many respects it is superior to it. It is more cheerful in tone, its characters are more boyish, and it is not spoilt by an ending which bordered on the melo-dramatic. There is a vein of humour in "St. Winifred's" which is sometimes very happily touched, and truthfully. In a certain kind of humour, that which is grotesque, intelligible, and, if possible, personal, boys are almost equal to men. The genius of nicknames seems to depart from the human race when it has turned its eighteenth year. Even in the moral attitude which it is the object of such books as these to represent and encourage, there is sure to be something quaint, if not incongruous. Puzzle-headed youth can admire, for it is impulsive, and it can imitate, for it is easily persuaded; but set it to work out an ethical problem, or to frame a philosophy of life, and it accepts the task with an activity which gives a different solution every morning, or declines it with a delightful incapacity to see its use. There is nothing in later life so domineering, nothing so amazingly intolerant, as the intellect of a boy. No subsequent union of interests or sworn alliance can ever establish among men that grand freemasonry which has no outward symbols, but of which we must go back some years of our life to understand in any degree the spirit. It regards the world of men simply and wholly as aliens. Grown-up people may be pleasant enough in their way, but at bottom they are natural enemies. There are many who are tolerated, some few who are thoroughly liked, but they are deserters from their flag, and for that reason are, however admirable, still more or less unintelligible. We make fun of boys sometimes, and those who care to examine the habits of the animal, find plenty to amuse and instruct them; but it is, after all, nothing to the fun they make of us. Henderson is often sportively inclined, in "St. Winifred's;" but he always seems to get on best when he is laughing at his elders and betters. The instinct is too natural to allow any misgivings. "Childhood and youth," says Solomon, "are vanity;" but they form the only species of vanity which never suspects that it is so.

There is one class of writers on such subjects as these who err on the opposite side quite as much as the author of "St. Winifred's" errs on that to which we have called attention. If boys do not think all day long of moral questions, at least they think of them sometimes. If moral development is not of more importance in youth than in manhood, at least it is of as much. When Mr. Thackeray tells his readers that their sons in the dormitory say the thing that is not, but that, as wise parents, we shall not think of making a fuss about such peccadilloes, he implies that the sons themselves think them of as little consequence as he does. The fact is that, allowing for the difference of standard, boys have the passions of their kind, and their moral sensibility too. The same things are not equally right and wrong for boys as for men; but things are right and wrong nevertheless. In a boy, it would be a much greater moral offence to divulge to the authorities some ordinary crime of his comrades than it would be to break bounds or smuggle forbidden food, though not as great as it would be to steal a sovereign from a purse. In this, as in so many points, Mr. Thackeray seems ignorant of the nature of boys; and the error which denies them feelings of duty is even more un-

* St. Winifred's; or, the World of School. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1862.

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like the reality than that which pushes them to exaggeration. The chief vices of boys are cruelty and meanness, and their chief virtues justice, public spirit, and versatility. A book like "St. Winifred's," which sacrifices its literary claims to a determination to emphasize the virtue and the vice of schools, has, at all events, its merits as a corrective of the other theory, which imagines them as without virtue or vice at all.

KATHARINE PARR.*

A FEELING seems to exist at the present day on historical questions akin to that indiscriminate humanity which lets the ticket-of-leave men loose on the streets, and winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier. Characters hitherto branded by the universal execrations of mankind now find apologists, and we are almost driven to doubt whether any historical facts can safely be taken as proved. Richard III. has numerous partisans, and Mr. Merivale regards Domitian as a very ill-used person. Even Judas Iscariot is considered by an eminent German divine as a sincere though misguided patriot. Among the rest, Henry VIII. has found two distinguished advocates in such eloquent writers as Froude and Kingsley. We confess that the old-fashioned judgment was most commonly, in our opinion, well-founded. The general current of opinion among well-informed contemporaries conveys, for the most part, a pretty fair estimate of a public man placed, during many years, in an exalted station. We find it difficult to believe that the prince, who, as was said in his own time, never spared man in his anger or woman in his desire,—and whom Sir Walter Raleigh, expressing the voice of a subsequent generation, pronounced the most perfect type and pattern of tyranny ever known,—can have really been the magnanimous and enlightened sovereign which modern criticism would fain represent him.

The book before us throws scant light on this question. Henry VIII. may or may not have been a cruel, unscrupulous tyrant, but the feeble, vacillating, and most ridiculous personage depicted in these volumes by Herr Muhlbach he assuredly was not. The romance commences with the marriage of the heroine to Henry VIII. By way of a suitable recreation for his bride, the King, who, as we are told *en passant*, was the earliest patron of the legitimate drama in England, causes the "Curculio" of Plautus to be acted in the royal presence by the gentlemen of the court; and "whenever Katharine blushed at the obscene and scurrilous jests of the Roman poet the King felt highly amused, and accompanied the most indecent allusions and the most licentious passages with boisterous laughter and loud applause." In the next chapter the King appears "in a large armchair mounted upon wheels, which, instead of horses, was drawn by men, and to which, from a kind of delicate flattery, was given the form and shape of a triumphal chariot, so that he wholly forgot that it was not his achievements, but his corpulency, which had raised him to the victor's car." This sketch reminds us of Marlow's hero, Tamburlaine, with his captive monarchs, those

> "Pampered jades of Asia,
> Who could not draw but thirty miles a day."

The King next regales his spouse with the pleasing spectacle of an *auto da fé*, after which he addresses her in the following tender strain:—"Yes, Kate, I love my own virgin bride truly and tenderly, and as a test thereof, you may ask me for any favour you wish. Do you wish for jewels, or a mansion by the sea-side? Would you like fine horses, or has any one perchance offended you, whose head you would have?" Kate, however, declines the part of Herodias's daughter, and the story proceeds. The reader will remember, by the by, that when the King addressed his bride in this impassioned manner, she had been already twice a widow. A conspiracy is speedily formed against the Queen by Lord Douglas and his daughter, Lady Jane, two fictitious characters, acting in concert with Bishop Gardiner and Wriothesley, the chancellor. Lord Douglas and his daughter, we must observe, are Jesuit spies, emissaries of Loyola; although the Order of Jesus had not then been more than about six years in existence. They discourse much Popish treason against the king, and favour us with a long history of his crimes. Their plots, however, are constantly frustrated by John Heywood, the king's jester or court fool, who is endowed with the useful faculty of overhearing the most private consultations. During these intrigues, Thomas Seymour, afterwards Lord High Admiral and fourth husband of Katharine Parr, is busily engaged in making love alternately to the Princess Elizabeth and the Queen—a situation in which he strongly resembles Captain Macheath between Polly and Lucy. The King, meanwhile, remains in his normal state of ferocious cruelty. After being first likened to a tiger, then to a hyena, and subsequently to a vulture, he is finally spoken of as a hungry alligator. He tells us himself that he is king by the wrath of God, and high-priest of the vengeance of the Most High. His courtiers endeavour to soothe him by the most outrageous and clumsy flattery. "Old!" exclaims Lord Douglas, "with these fire-flashing eyes, this unfurrowed brow, this noble and serene countenance! No, your majesty, kings, in common with the gods, enjoy the privilege of never growing old." Henry, however, derives more substantial consolation from a banquet of "the most *recherché* edibles, birds' nests from the Indies, capons from Calcutta [chickens must have been marvellous scarce in England under the Tudors], and the hard Rhenish wines, with which the North German princes hoped to intoxicate the King, whom they wished to place at the head of their league."

When we arrive at the second volume, we find the King, "a huge, unshapen mass," seated, as before, like Tamburlaine, in his "triumphal chair," and bewailing himself, like Rolf the Gauger, that he is too heavy for any horse to carry. He still, however, indulges in "sensual witticisms and equivocal puns." The thread of the story is now further complicated by an absurd intrigue between the Earl of Surrey and Lady Jane Douglas. The unfortunate earl is deceived into supposing her to be the Queen, and celebrates her as the fair Geraldine of his deathless lay; an invention in which our author sins equally against history and good taste. We have then a scene between Lord Douglas and his daughter, in which the father, with "his solemn metallic voice," comforts his child, "whose heart is lacerated by the wild boar of despair." The King's health is now fast declining. The royal tiger constantly utters fearful bellowings of pain and rage. Blood, however, is still "his only balsam," and he feels that a "due sense of the kingly power must be burnt into the bodies of his refractory subjects." "Nemesis and the Eumonides (*sic*) are to be his torch-bearers." Gardiner assures him that he is "a sublime idea, a mighty world-embracing thought"—language more intelligible, surely, to a modern German metaphysician than to Henry VIII. The romance ends with the death of the King, and the fourth marriage, soon followed by her death, of Katherine Parr.

Our author's historical errors are, upon the whole, less numerous than might be expected. We will notice a few of the more conspicuous. He tells us that Miles Coverdale, the venerable translator of the Bible, was burnt by the Papists, confusing him, apparently, with Tyndale. Miles Coverdale died quietly in his bed, at a good old age, in 1568. He terms Thomas Seymour Lord Sudley, when, in truth, Seymour was not invested with that title until the subsequent reign. He says that Katharine married Seymour only thirty days after the king's death. In reality, full three months had elapsed. He says that Katharine died six months after her last marriage. In reality, she lived over fifteen months afterwards. He says that Seymour was beheaded within three months after her death. In reality, he survived her more than six months. He turns Anne Askew, the martyr, into Maria Askew; and confounds a titular lord with a peer of the realm. But these are minor blemishes; his faults of style are much more trying to the reader. The work is overlaid with modern French phrases, and such strangely inappropriate terms as *boudoir*, *piquant*, *recherché*, and *delassement*, continually offend our eyes. The classical allusions, too, are more numerous than correct. Thus we read of the dragon's teeth of Theseus, not of Cadmus. Upon the whole, we should advise Herr Muhlbach to choose some less ambitious subject for his next attempt at historical portraiture. He is not, critical veracity obliges us to inform him, the literary Holbein, destined to delineate in lasting colours the illustrious personages of the court of Henry VIII.

* Katharine Parr; or, the Court of Henry VIII. An historical romance. Translated from the German of L. Muhlbach, by John Ringwood Atkins. London: T. C. Newby. 1862.

THE FIJIAN ISLANDS.*

ON a meridian precisely opposite to that of England and St. Helena, and in the parallel of the latter, are situated the islands of the Viti group. They are an insignificant portion of Polynesia, which overspreads an area of the Pacific equal and nearly antipodal to the entire continent of Africa; but they have especial claim to our interest on many distinct grounds. In the first place, they chance to be the nearest land which vessels bound from Australia to Panama are likely to fall in with, and as they lie at a distance of 2,000 miles from Sydney, may form an important station of re-fit in future trans-oceanic routes. They are peculiarly interesting to the ethnologist, as the locality where the black Papuan race that inhabits Australia, New Guinea, New Caledonia, and the neighbouring islands, is divided from the copper-coloured Polynesians of the rest of the Pacific. The two races are brought face to face in Viti and in Tonga, and it is hard to say which proves the superior. In sterling qualities the Viti people seem to excel; but in intrigue, the Tonguese are the more dexterous of the two. The Viti are pre-eminently the Cannibal Islands, for every inhabitant of fifty years and upwards has unquestionably assisted, in his youth, in numerous cannibal feasts. Now they are a scene of triumph to the Wesleyan missionaries, who have converted 70,000 natives, and brought all the accessible territory under the spell of their moral rule; nay, they have at length subdued a man, Thakombau by name, who was the hero of all Vitian books of travel in times not long gone by, as the foremost warrior and the greatest man-eater in the place. They have actually succeeded in converting even him into a douce, church-going respectability, who contents himself with a single wife in crinoline, and who responds to the name of Ebenezer.

The Viti are in the uncomfortable state of incipient civilization, in the common British interpretation of the word. That is to say, white renegades, 'cute traders, and devout missionaries have pounced upon the natives; the almighty dollar is becoming recognized as the rightful superior to personal qualification or hereditary influence. Old customs are becoming ridiculous; the Sabbath is

* Viti; an Account of a Government Mission to the Vitian or Fijian Islands, in the years 1860—61. By Berthold Seemann, Ph.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S. Macmillan & Co.

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rigidly enforced. Rum shops are established, and the natives are learning to wear clothes supplied as per advertisement by the slop-shops, and suffer more in health from their use than from any of the recognized vices of European importation. Of course the poetry of savage life is disappearing, and the unhappy islanders domineered over, intrigued with, and tempted into quarrels by immigrating strangers, who have never been asked to come, but are too strong to be ousted, have appealed to Britain; whom they flatteringly consider the least objectionable of all the foreign powers, to take them under her *ægis*, and allow them to live with as few distractions as possible. Hence followed a political mission from England to Viti, to learn if the offer was genuine, and also to act contrary to the proverb, and narrowly scrutinize the mouth of the gift horse. Colonel Smythe was the principal person of the mission, and our author was his coadjutor and his botanical associate. The volume before us contains the information that these gentlemen collected.

There were solid advantages to be gained by accepting the proffered cession, but a strong objection to the extension of British settlements has led, for the present, at least, to its refusal. So long as the Viti do not fall into the hands of a powerful enemy, we may gain the same advantage from them whether they be British or not. Existing facts show them to be pre-eminently suited for the growth of cotton. Dr. Seeman, who is an accomplished naturalist, speaks with the utmost emphasis on this point. On the other hand, we do not yet know the extent of area suited to its cultivation. The size of all the islands put together equals that of Wales, but their surface is hilly, and is heavily timbered on the sides exposed to the trade winds. The produce of cotton can never be great when compared to the enormous wants of Lancashire, but its quality is sure to be of the very best; and a territory is not to be despised that has the capacity of keeping British mills going for a single week in the year, or even for the half of that time. The harbours of the Viti are undoubtedly well situated as ports of call on more than one great oceanic route. Ships returning from Australia round Cape Horn are usually in want of a cargo; they could easily touch there and carry cotton homewards. Here, too, is the first place to the eastward of Sydney, where spars can be met with of a sufficient size to repair accidents. Lastly, the French occupation of New Caledonia and Tahiti would call for some counterpoise in the event of war with that power.

The Viti were first seen by Tasman, and were first communicated with in 1808. The first Christian mission was established there in 1822, when cannibalism was an everyday custom, the ovens in which human bodies were baked being rarely allowed to get cold. This state of things was much the same at the time of Commodore Wilkes' visit in 1840, and continued in a modified degree when Captain Erskine saw them in 1852. At present cannibalism hardly exists, and the people in the parts of the island visited by foreigners are ashamed to talk of it. A story is told, we think by Erskine, to show how cannibalism was a regular, everyday fact, of a native preacher who illustrated Paley's doctrine of a designer from the evidence of design. He took the mechanism of the hand for his subject, and, in describing its subtle anatomy, began, "When you *eat* a hand," &c., &c.

Judging from the numerous descriptions we have read of Viti, we should think there was good reason to class its inhabitants as the very highest specimens of a purely black race. They appear to hold a still more prominent rank among the black Papuans, than is occupied by the Mandingoes among the races of Western Africa. They are eminently handsome in feature and form; decorous in their habits; energetic and social. It is remarkable how genuine is the aristocracy of their chiefs; they are physically a superior class, being taller and stronger, and far more accomplished than their subjects. Of course the chiefs are the better warriors, orators, and statesmen; but what peculiarly pleases us is to learn that they justly pride themselves on their superiority in every kind of industry and handicraft. They are the best canoe builders, the best agriculturists, and they excel in every art where competition is possible. Dr. Seeman compares the political discussions of these people with those of New Zealand, and declares that they excel them in logical acuteness, as far as the reasoning of men exceeds that of boys. The high qualities of the Viti chiefs are remarkably attested by the fact that when Erskine visited the islands, he found a white man who contentedly served a black chief in almost a menial capacity. It is almost incredible to us that such an inversion of the usual condition of the two races should occur anywhere in the African negro-land.

There are many points of social relationship in the people of Viti that are exceedingly interesting to those who eagerly seek for evidence of a possible form of civilization really suitable to negroes. We wish we could learn more about the inner life of these people. Many of them work hard of their own free will, and they thoroughly enjoy life. They are energetic agriculturists, have clean comfortable homes, and are eminently gregarious. One of their social institutions calls for a few words of description, for it goes far beyond our own club system. There are large buildings in every village called *bures*, where all the male population collect to spend the evening and to sleep at night. The boys have bures to themselves, separate from those of the adults. It is wholly contrary to Viti etiquette that any man, married or unmarried, should pass the night in their own homes. The bures must be very picturesque. The clean floors are sanded and well matted. Round their sides are ranged sleeping compartments, and between each compartment is a fire-place; above-head is stored a sufficiency of firewood. As evening approaches the people flock in from all sides; the hall is lighted up, a great brew is made of their national beverage "*kava*," a delicacy manufactured by the process of mastication, and presenting the faintest possible attractions to an European appetite. The people group themselves round the *kava* bowl, and there are jokes, and gossiping, and story-telling. Thus the people of Viti sit by the hour together, till the *kava* makes them sleepy—it does not intoxicate—and the men steal away one by one to their respective berths. At length everything is hushed, and all the world is asleep. It would be very amusing to learn the bye-laws, both tacit or expressed, of such an institution as this; how harmony was insured, who regulated the programme of each evening, how bores and snorers were kept in order. British forms of civilization encourage separate houses and isolation of families, especially among the poor; this is far more suitable to the stolid Anglo-Saxons than to the gregarious and vivacious natives of the South. The pleasures of life are to be reckoned by the aggregate balances of the small pleasures and pains of each minute that composes it. The exceptional pains and terrors of war and massacre have little counteracting weight against huge accumulations of trivial items. We are not clear that the inhabitant of Viti, as a savage liable to be clubbed and eaten, is necessarily a less happy man than when he has been manipulated by Europeans, who protect him from violence but mulct him of his freedom and his national pride. The finch may be a happier bird in the bush than in the cage, though the latter shields him from the sparrow-hawk. It is, however, quite possible that the strong natural character of the Viti people may so bend the civilization that is forced upon them, as to direct it into a congenial growth. Indeed, Viti seems one of the most hopeful localities in the entire world, for a purely black race to develope a dignified and intelligent civilization of their own.

SHORT NOTICES.*

THE two first publications that we shall take for a passing notice this week are pretty volumes of standard lyrical poetry, newly illustrated by the wood-engraver's art. Those snatches of song which are scattered through the plays of Shakespeare, though seldom consisting of "his native wood notes wild," but oftener borrowed from the repertory of popular ditties in his time, are yet most congenial, in their humour and pathos, to the dramatic life of his scenes; but we are nevertheless glad to have them in a separate collection, along with a few of the choicest of his sonnets, accompanied by Mr. Gilbert's very graceful designs. Another pleasing gift-book of the present season is Wordsworth's "Poems for the Young," in which the meditative hermit of Rydal Mount, with the characteristic purity and tenderness of his muse, speaks to the hearts of children. The artists have done their part with a true feeling of the poet's intention; and that pensive little maid, who, counting her brothers and sisters, between the churchyard and her cottage home, persists in declaring that "We are seven," looks, in the wisdom of her simplicity, quite secure of a hope which the human heart will on no account deny.

New novels crowd upon us so fast, that we must dispose of a batch of them with a mere glance at the ground-plot of each story, and the merits or faults of its style; for we have not leisure to criticise in detail the manner in which incidents and characters are worked out. The first we notice shall be "Sephas," which is the story of a youth much troubled and torn asunder by torturing conflicts of religious opinion, till, after running the gauntlet of controversy between the Methodists, the Freethinkers, and the Romanists, he dies serenely, with a gleam of Christian consolation through the "cloudy skies" of his life. There is a boldness of handling and a certain rough vigour about this work of fiction which are not always found in novels written for a religious purpose; we cannot, however, relish the forced jocularity of its lighter scenes.

"The Family at the Lea" is, on the contrary, a quiet and wholesome book, evidently the production of a lady, who has a correct and unaffected style. The story is told by Miss Alice Neville, the only child of a country gentleman in Yorkshire. Her aunt Margaret, a rather imperious though kindly and right-minded matron, comes, herself a widow, to take care of the widower's household, bringing a cousin Laura, whose fragile loveliness bespeaks our compassion for her premature fate. Gentlemen visitors, among them a baronet and a clergyman, whom no young ladies' novel can do without, bring to the Family at the Lea a fair occasion for the due accomplishment of female destinies by sober courtship and matrimony, though broken by serious troubles. The tone of feminine propriety and gentleness which pervades this novel deserves to be commended.

We cannot give the same praise to Miss Julia Tilt's "Countess Dowager;" a series of unconnected tales, characterized by a boisterous by artificial vivacity, and a reckless spirit of banter, which are not

* Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets. Illustrated by John Gilbert. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.
Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. With Fifty Illustrations by J. Macwhirter and J. Pettie, and a Vignette by J. E. Millais, engraved by Dalziel Brothers. A. Strahan & Co.
Sephas; or, Cloudy Skies. A Story. By Michael Ford. Two vols. Saunders, Otley, & Co.
The Family at the Lea. A Tale of Home. Two vols. Saunders, Otley, & Co.
The Countess Dowager. By Julia Tilt. L. Booth.
Katie; or, The Simple Heart. By D. Richmond. Bell & Daldy.
Clarissa; or, The Mervyn Inheritance. A Book for Young Ladies. By Anne Bowman. Routledge, Warne, & Routledge.
Pattie Durant; a Tale of 1662. By Cycla. Virtue, Brothers, & Co.
Parvula; or, a Few Little Rhymes. By Minimus. Trübner & Co.
A King Play and Earl Gerald (Tales from English History). By Mrs. T. E. Freeman. W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

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exactly to our taste in a book designed by its authoress for the entertainment of "her young people." The style is too much defaced by colloquial slang, while the incidents here and there approach too abruptly near to the illicit courses of disreputable folk. It is questionable if any moral benefit can be got out of Miss Tilt's narrative of such an adventure as that of the young guardsman, who, having been entrapped into marrying the pretended daughter of a foreign baron, afterwards finds her to be an impostor, the profligate wife of a French waiter. The tone of hard, knowing worldliness in which the follies and vices of society are here dealt with, is the more displeasing, as it is not redeemed by an absence of the most besetting faults of feminine authorship.

Very different in spirit is "Katie, or the Simple Heart," a story of child-like duty and affection, with a decided religious tone. Katie is made a very loveable, good girl, and we are sorry when she is sorely tried with a false imputation of naughtiness, from which she is ultimately cleared. She has also a narrow escape of drowning, and suffers long from a spinal injury, the result of a fall, which endears her all the more to the family circle, as it calls forth, more than ever, the sweetness and truthfulness of her disposition.

"Clarissa," too, is professedly a book for young ladies, and by no means unfit for their perusal. The heroine, who relates her own story, ascribes a thousand misfortunes of her life to one fatal error—the firm belief that her own judgment must be right. We fancy that it would be just as easy to illustrate the reverse maxim, by describing the inconstant and unhappy course of a person haunted by the suspicion that his or her own judgment would probably be wrong. But as we cannot here pause to discuss the moral of this fictitious autobiography, it is only to be said that the interest of it mainly depends on the doubtfulness of Clarissa's parentage, and on the vicissitudes of her social position, from the union workhouse in which she received her early training, through her various experiences in a boarding-school and in her employment as a governess, till, by an intricate series of events, she becomes the heiress of Mervyn Hall, and bride of the virtuous man of her choice. It is rather an old-fashioned sort of novel, such as our grandmothers liked.

"Pattie Durant" is one of that class of domestic romances based upon a precise imitation of the old English style, and upon a minute study of the habits and manners of our ancestors, which were first attempted with marked success by the authoress of "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell" nearly twenty years ago. This little book is a tale of personal hardships and of patient well-doing in the case of the family of one of the ejected Nonconformist ministers of 1662. The conception is not unskilfully worked out, and in good keeping with the modes of thought and sentiments prevailing in that age. Pattie is the niece of the worthy ejected minister; her letters and her diary tell most of the story.

A "King Play" was the title vulgarly bestowed, in the middle ages, upon those mystery-dramas enacted in the churches at Christmas, which often represented the homage of the "Kings," or Wise Men of the East, at the cradle of Bethlehem. But the story which Mrs. Freeman here relates is that of Lambert Simnel, the Oxford baker's boy; who, being used as a tool of conspiracy by the enemies of Henry VII.'s reign, did, for a brief space, play at being a king, and having then been saved from the axe and the gallows, thanks to the royal clemency, became his Majesty's falconer. The story of Gerald Fitzgerald, a little son of the Earl of Kildare, one of the victims of Henry VIII., is equally authentic; the orphan child's escape, after the death of his father, from his destined bondage at the English court, and his residence in France and Italy till the attainder of his family was reversed, are incidents very suitable for an historical romance, but are feebly and scantily treated here.

Last, and by his own account of himself, the least of all, comes "Minimus," with a little volume of "Parvula," in the shape of verse, mostly about the little flowers, the little birds, and the innocent little girls. The author has learned all the Wordsworthian tones and tricks, as a bullfinch may be taught to sing like a thrush, until we hear nothing of its natural note. In his concluding stanzas, he wonders what he shall do when he goes to Heaven:—

> "I wonder whether I shall still
> Love rhyming as I love it now,
> Or if her wise Creator will
> With other tastes my soul endow."

We seriously advise him to wait and see; let him desist from rhyming until then!

MUSIC.

THAT leviathan of musical institutions, the Sacred Harmonic Society, with its "band and chorus of nearly seven hundred performers," resumed its concerts on Friday, the 16th inst., with Mendelssohn's "Athalie" and Mozart's "Requiem." Mendelssohn's "Athalie" is one of that glorious series of musical works, including also his illustrations to "Œdipus," "Antigone," and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which the late King of Prussia commissioned the composer to produce for performance at Berlin. In these works, so different in style and treatment, Mendelsohn has given abundant proof of that dramatic and versatile power which, had he lived a few years longer, would doubtless have culminated in a grand stage work. The fragments which he has left of his projected opera "Lorely," warrant the opinion that its completion would have given Mendelssohn as high a place in the romantic musical drama as he has achieved in every other walk of the art. His minor and earlier stage works, charming as they are, can scarcely be taken into any account in estimating his mature genius; but of his strong dramatic faculty there are many proofs in his works, and none more striking than the contrast between the graceful elegance and sportive fancy by which he has given an additional charm to Shakespeare's imaginative poetry, and the broad, bold vigour, classical simplicity, and deep gravity with which he has clothed the serious dramas of the Greek and French tragic poets. "Athalie" had previously been performed here, but was first heard in its full sublimity and grandeur at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose massive chorus and excellent orchestra are heard to the highest advantage in the mixed effects which this work presents of grand vocal simplicity and elaborate instrumental colouring. The performance in this instance was marked by the same general excellence as those of former seasons.

The overture, with its simple commencing phrase of churchlike melody—gradually developing into dramatic warmth and passion, but still chastened by the serious earnestness of the work to which it is the prelude—was given with a superb effect, the merit of which must be equally shared by the energetic conductor, Mr. Costa, and the band of artists over whom he presides. The chorus, also, was admirable throughout; among many passages that might be cited, that for the male voices in unison, beginning "O Sinai," was remarkable for steadiness of intonation and earnest expression. Here we may point out two instances of the difference between a great and an ordinary mind, as evidenced in this very work; the occasional use of the chorus in unison, and the employment of harps among the instruments of the orchestra. These features, which are so often suggestive of weakness and puerility, are, in "Athalie," productive of the most powerful effects. The "March of Levites," with the sublime episode which occupies the place of the trio ordinarily appended to a march, was given with grand effect. The solo singers were Miss Parepa, Mrs. Netherclift (late Miss Fanny Rowland), and Madame Sainton Dolby. The duet, "Ever Blessed Child," and the trio, "Hearts Feel that Love Thee," were charmingly sung by the soloists, who were well supported and not overpowered by the accompanying chorus.

Mr. Bartholomew's text, by which the musical pieces are linked together, was admirably declaimed by Mr. Phelps, whose clear and deliberate enunciation was perfectly intelligible even in that most trying place for elocutionists, Exeter Hall. Mozart's "Requiem," which followed "Athalie," is likewise no novelty at these concerts, where both those great works seem destined long to hold their attractive power. The "Requiem," into which Mozart infused the serious pathos of his dying thoughts, is full of the composer's earnest aspirations after another and a higher life, mixed with the pathetic grief inseparable from a parting with this world. It is impossible to deny that, together with much that is in the highest style of religious sublimity, there is also a strong infusion of merely human sentiment in this great work. For the former qualities we would point, among other instances, to the choruses, "Requiem æternam," "Kyrie," "Rex tremendæ," and the "Domine Jesu," than which there is nothing more sublime in the whole range of the art; while in the "Lacrymosa," and even in the delicious "Benedictus," it is impossible to deny that the beautiful and the human predominate over the awful and the reverent. If, however, mundane beauty and sentiment be recognised as compatible with religious awe and grandeur, then Mozart's "Requiem" stands alone in the art. There is very little doubt that had Mozart's life been prolonged, he would have made a wider distinction between the sacred and secular styles, owing to the influence which he derived, only in his later years, from the choral works of Bach and Handel. Mozart's "Requiem" is, however, an unexampled combination of the severe grandeur of Michael Angelo with the exquisite loveliness of Raffaelle; and doubtless it is to this latter feature that the "Requiem" owes much of its power to please so vast an audience as that of Exeter Hall. The work was given with great completeness and effect; the solo singers being Miss Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Weiss, Mr. Perren having replaced Mr. Montem Smith at very short notice. The hall was crowded even to inconvenience by an assemblage whose enthusiastic reception of music of such high order afforded another proof, if any were wanting, of the growth of sound musical taste among us. "Elijah" is announced for February 6th.

At the last Monday Popular Concert, a quintet for stringed instruments, by Franz Schubert (a posthumous work), was played for the first time, and, judging by its reception, certainly not for the last time. The work belongs to that abstract order in which form and proportion are comparatively disregarded, and a dreamy idealism pursues its wayward course unfettered by any laws of symmetrical construction. Such works, therefore, cannot be judged by any comparison with the school of Haydn and Mozart, with whom perfection of design and balance of detail were all-important requisites. Beethoven, that great innovator on the previous forms and canons of the

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art, was undoubtedly the model whom Schubert had in view in his instrumental works, which, long and diffuse as they mostly are, must be looked on as musical reveries and dream-like fancies; and the hearer who would enjoy them must surrender himself entirely to the capricious guidance of imaginative but uncontrolled genius. Listened to in this spirit, the quintet in C can scarcely fail to exercise a charm, and hence the delight which it inspired in the audience of St. James's Hall on Monday night. It was admirably played by Messrs. Sainton, Ries, Webb, Paque, and Piatti, by whom its very great difficulties and varied shades of expression were rendered with a perfection that evidenced high individual skill and much general rehearsal. The other instrumental pieces were Schumann's quintet for pianoforte and stringed instruments, Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin in C minor, Haydn's solo sonata in E flat, and a quaint romance of Viotti's for violoncello; Herr Pauer being the pianist, and Signor Piatti the violoncellist, which is as much as to say that these pieces were played to perfection.

Herr Pauer deserves high praise for his occasional introduction of Schumann's music, in spite of the adverse opinion of most of the London critics. With many points fairly open to criticism, Schumann yet offers much that is worthy of more genial recognition than has hitherto been shown here, as we may on some future occasion still further enforce. The vocal music included a song by the Russian composer, Glinka, which presented little to distinguish it from the average ballad of home manufacture, though expressively sung by Miss Banks, who likewise gave "Where the bee sucks," from Mr. Arthur Sullivan's music to the "Tempest," being encored in the latter. This song, requiring orchestral accompaniments, should scarcely have found a place in a selection of chamber music; and the same remark applies to the song from "Elijah" ("If with all your hearts"), although Mr. Reeves' expressive and powerful singing was sufficient to overbalance any such small objection. No similar exception, however, could be taken to Beethoven's "Adelaide," in his choice and execution of which Mr. Sims Reeves evinced both his taste as a musician and his accomplishments as a vocal artist. Spohr's "Nonetto" will be the novelty at the next concert.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE central sun of our own planetary system being the only self-luminous body, at least to any extent, in it, it was natural to suppose that a like arrangement would be the case with those other solar systems the existence of which is revealed to us by those bodies belonging to them which are self-luminous, and which to us are their only visible parts. It was equally natural to infer that in such of those systems there was, as in our own, a relatively quiescent body in the centre, giving light and heat to a greater or smaller number of opaque planets revolving round it at different distances and with different velocities.

That this, however, was not the universal rule, was first shown by the discovery of binary stars, which are examples of one luminous body revolving round another; but not until recently has it been found that there are cases even of the absolute reversal of this arrangement.

Two such instances are now tolerably clearly established; one of which, remarkably enough, is the brightest of all the fixed stars — Sirius. It had been previously known that the proper motion of the great "Dog-star" was variable, when Dr. Peters, of Altona, in 1851, showed that the variations in right ascension admitted of explanation by the hypothesis that it was revolving round some invisible body,—the period of its revolution being about fifty years. If this hypothesis were true, it was evident that it must be capable of explaining the variations of the proper motion in declination as well as in right ascension; and this test has been successfully applied by Mr. Safford, of Harvard College, U.S., an account of which has been given in the last number of the Astronomical Society's "Monthly Notices" by the Astronomer Royal; and in the preceding number is a notice, by Mr. Lynn, of the Greenwich Observatory, of a paper by Herr Auwers, discussing similar variations in the proper motion of Procyon, the principal star of Canis Minor; the conclusion arrived at being that that star also revolves round an invisible or opaque companion in a period of about forty years. Auwers has even computed approximately the mass of the dark body around which he supposes Procyon to move, and finds that it must be at least nearly half that of our sun. This calculation depends upon a value of the annual parallax of Procyon, which the astronomer has found, by means of the Königsberg heliometer, to amount to 0″·12. He has also determined in the same manner the annual parallax of 61 Cygni, the first that was measured by Bessel. His value, 0″·57, is considerably greater than Bessel's, which was only 0″·37, and this difference throws some doubt upon both; but as the former agrees pretty closely with another observation obtained by Struve with the great Pulkowa refractor, and is determined in a manner somewhat more direct than Bessel's, it is probably not far from the truth. If so, the distance of the star 61 Cygni is about thirty-four billions of miles, while Auwers' value of the parallax of Procyon gives to it a distance of 170 billions.

That old geological enigma—the "Parallel Roads to Glen Roy"—has again elicited a spirited discussion at the Geological Society. Not content with the unsatisfactory state of the various explanatory theories, which have been generated to account for those singular, narrow, perfectly level ridges around the hill-slopes of that famous glen, Mr. Jamieson in the summers of the last and the preceding years visited that region, and whilst examining all its physical and geological details, tested in every way he could conceive each of the theories of former observers.

The first of these theories, that the glen had been barred up by rocky materials, so that a lake of great depth had been retained behind the barrier, he considered to be untenable, because no relics of such an earth-barrier could now be found. The diluvial theory of Mackenzie, the inundation-wave theory of Professor Rogers, who presumed the successive rolls of gigantic waves, produced by some enormous disturbances in the Atlantic, were also tested by facts and rejected; it being evident that water had occupied the glen for a long time, and in so quiescent a state that not the slightest deviation from horizontality in any of these "parallel roads" had been detected by practised engineers who had made an instrumental survey of them. Darwin's old theory of an emergence of the land from the sea was next examined and found unsupported. And finally the suggestion of Agassiz, that their origin was to be attributed to ice-action, was taken up. The author accepted this theory as a basis, and in his paper developed at length the evidences of its correctness; the conclusions to which he arrived being, that lake-waters of great depth—the lowest of these parallel roads being 870 feet high—had been pent upby an enormous glacier, filling certain of the contiguous glens, and that, as this barrier successively shrank, the water-level of the lake stood at different heights, the "parallel-roads" being its beach-lines marking the successive horizons at which it became periodically stationary. With respect to the age of these roads, the author compared them with the well-known "old coast-beach" of the Scottish land, now some 40 feet above sea-level, and considered them to be of posterior date to it. As the "40-feet beach," according to the evidence of the mollusca preserved in it, which are mainly of the Boreal fauna, is newer than the Clyde beds, the fossils of which belong to the Arctic fauna, the "parallel roads" must be, geologically speaking, of comparatively recent origin.

The new commercial treaty just signed at Calcutta gives an interest to one of the subjects brought under the notice of the Ethnological Society, "On the Nations and Tribes of British Burmah," by Lieut.-Colonel Phayre, her Majesty's Commissioner for that province.

Burmah consists of what was once Arracan, Pegu and Tennaserim, extending from the tenth to the twentieth degree of north latitude, and having an inter-tropical area of three times the extent of Ireland. It is the alluvial tracts of this province, and not Bengal, that furnishes Europe with the yearly amount of 12,500 tons of rice. The native inhabitants throughout the province are of the same race, and which extends from the eastern boundary of Bengal to the west of China. In stature they are stout, squab, and heavy; with complexions more or less brown; the features flat; hair copious, lank, coarse and black—but beard and whiskers almost nominal. This race differs essentially from every other; and in civilization, and probably in intellectual power, is much below the Hindu and greatly below the Chinese. European writers have lately denominated it the Hindo-Chinese; but it is only in a geographical sense that it has any claim to this designation, for unquestionably it does not consist of any admixture of those two races. The native population of British Burmah exists in two very different social conditions; and many distinct languages are spoken. The nations of the plains—always determined by the course and character of the great rivers—beyond the British territory are the Siamese, Cambojans, and the Annamese, or people of Coclin-China.

The principal nations have for centuries adopted the Buddhist religion, with the exception of the Annamese, who have only partially done so. The rude tribes are in a very different condition. They have very small knowledge of the useful arts, although not ignorant of them. Their agriculture consists in the cultivation of roots, and in snatching from the virgin forest a corn crop off land not reclaimed, but used for the moment, and abandoned for a similar crop from fresh lands—a practice prevalent among many rude peoples of the tropical East. They are not, however, Buddhists; they have no priesthood, no temples, no systematic religion, but abundance of superstitions; of letters they are wholly ignorant. A few of the tribes are predatory, but the majority inoffensive. They dwell in the mountains and narrow valleys, but never in the plains; their social condition being, seemingly, entirely determined by physical geography. A census is taken every year. In 1861 the native civilized inhabitants amounted to 1,400,000, and the rude people to about 350,000. The Sans, or, as they are better known to us, the Laos, all recent emigrants, to 46,000; the mixed race, descended from Arabs, Persians, and the Mahommedans of Hindustanee, above 20,000; natives of Hindustan, who had resorted to the country, chiefly since its British occupation, for good trade and high wages, 73,000; Chinese, nearly all recent immigrants, 10,000. To these Asiatic people is to be added a miscellaneous group of Malays, Javanese, &c., numbering 25,000.

Finally come the rulers and masters of the land, so widely differing in race and civilization; and these—men, women, and children—were but 2,562! The total of the census was 1,897,897, exclusive of the military. In 1859 the numbers were 948,731. Thus in two years the population had been doubled. This could only have resulted from a great immigration; which has taken place chiefly from the neighbouring Burmese territory. This immigration has now been in progress for five years, and is still going on, so that, no doubt, at this moment the actual numbers exceed two millions. If the whole of this number were packed into the ten thousand square miles of the alluvial tracts of the Irawadi, the density would be only two hundred per square mile, or not one-half that of an ordinary populous province of the Gangetic plain. The work of education and conversion to Christianity was commenced about forty years ago by the late Dr. Judson, an American missionary, but it made little progress until the sovereignty of the country was assumed by ourselves. It is believed that not fewer than fifty thousand of the inhabitants of British Burmah have now been converted. The majority of those amenable to conversion have belonged to the rude tribes; the more advanced, with a teaching and religion of their own, having resisted both conversion and European education. In reply to Mr. Oliphant, who took part in the discussion, the President, Mr. Crawfurd, said as to an extensive trade between Burmah and China, that he did not think it possible, the intermediate country being mountainous, and the valleys often inhabited by

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predatory tribes; and when the traders got into China, it was into the wildest and most thinly populated district of the whole empire; and there was still another unpropitious region, although not so bad, to be passed over before the populous heart of China was gained.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

ARCHITECTS—Conduit-street, Hanover-square, at 8 P.M.

GEOGRAPHICAL—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. 1. "Proposed Route to Siam across the Isthmus of Kran." By Capts. Fraser and Forling. 2. "Visit to the Island of Tsusima." By Laurence Oliphant, Esq.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "Sculpture." By Professor Westmacott, R.A.

MEDICAL—32A, Great George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ P.M. "Spontaneous Closure of the Axillary Artery after Division by Gun-shot Wound." By Mr. C. W. Coolthrop.

ACTUARIES—12, St. James's-square, at 7 P.M. "On the Calculation of Survivorship Annuities by the Columnar Method." By Mr. Jas. Meikle.

ENTOMOLOGICAL—12, Bedford-row, at 7 P.M. (Anniversary.)

TUESDAY.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street, at 8½ P.M.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 P.M. Continued Discussion on "Railway Telegraphs."

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. Professor Marshall "On Animal Mechanics."

ZOOLOGICAL—11, Hanover-square, at 9 P.M. "On a New Australian Mammal." By Mr. G. Krafft.

WEDNESDAY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—32, Sackville-street, at 8½ P.M. 1. "On Ancient Literary Frauds and Forgeries." By Mr. Madden. 2. "On Sepulchral Discoveries at Stapleford Tawney Church, Essex." By Mr. Turner. 3. "On the Discovery of Roman Remains at Combe Wood, Bath, and Exhibition of the Antiquities found by Mr. Cruickshank." By Mr. Syer Cuming.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "Commercial Law." By G. W. Hastings, LL.B.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, a 8 P.M.

THURSDAY.

ROYAL SOCIETY—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. "On the Absorption of Gases by Charcoal." By Dr. Angus Smith, F.R.S.

ANTIQUARIES—Somerset House, at 8½ P.M.

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS—Willis's Rooms, St. James's, at 8 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. Professor Frankland "On Chemical Affinity."

FRIDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 8 P.M. "On the Points of Contact between Science and Art." By Cardinal Wiseman.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. "Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor Field.

SATURDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. Mr. W. S. Savory "On Life and Death."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Ace's (Rev. D.) Treatise on Auricular Confession. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.

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THE EMPEROR'S OLIVE-BRANCH.

THE French Emperor has let loose a second dove upon the troubled waters of America. This time, possibly, news may come back to him that the Deluge is subsiding. With the commencement of another year the American question has, beyond all doubt, entered on a fresh phase. Among the immediate combatants the blaze of passion seems as fierce as ever; for the barbarous name of reprisals, together with the hateful rumour of military executions, begins to be heard. But there are symptoms that large classes of both communities are becoming weary of the fratricidal contest which threatens to exhaust, if not to desolate, half a continent. Is the North capable of and prepared for still more gigantic efforts than any it has yet made, on the vague chance of conquering the conquerors of Fredericksburg? If not, the contest had better end without further loss of life. Are the South, on their side, anxious to protract their terrible attitude of defence, which, even if successful in the end, must also be ruinous and bloody? These thoughts have, it appears, at last presented themselves on both sides of the Potomac. The *New York Tribune* raises its voice, and indirectly asks for peace. Deep answers unto deep. A similar cry is heard from the press of Richmond, though with it comes a protest that the separation of North and South must be eternal. Journalists are by nature warlike, and a national press seldom advocates the cessation of hostilities, until the horrors of war have begun to be universally and profoundly felt. The intelligence, accordingly, which the last steam-packets have brought, is hopeful. The war is not over,—revengeful passion still runs high,—military murders have begun in Arkansas,—and gold at New York is at a premium of 48 per cent. Yet, if we mistake not, the white clouds of peace are beginning to show themselves on the horizon.

At such a crisis the Emperor's intercessory despatch will be read perhaps by many a patriot, both in the United and Confederate States, with sensations of relief and gratitude. Courageous men, whose hardihood has been thoroughly attested, can afford to welcome the prospect of an amicable interruption. From Virginia to the mouth of the Mississippi the windy phantoms of war will pause and rest upon their swords at the appearance of the great European wizard upon the stage. A wave of his wand may not dispel them all, but it opens at least an honourable door for their retreat. The arrival of the French note is a great event indeed. Worded with a *savoir faire* and a delicacy, which the Foreign Office may admire and envy, the document commends itself to the natural vanity of all Americans. North or South may take or leave the olive-branch held out to them; but, at least, it is impossible for them to be offended. The initiative of acceptance or rejection rests with the North. President Lincoln's Government will be bold men if they wave away the proffered courtesy, in the face of their growing unpopularity with their own party and the evident hostility of the Democrats. Pride may prevent a loud expression, on either side, of a wish to bring the present state of affairs to a close; and there can be no doubt that the mutual hatred of the Yankee and the Southerner is inexhaustible. But the political and military situation of Lincoln's Cabinet is now almost untenable, and a refusal to discuss terms of accommodation will be counted by their watchful enemies as the last signal link in the chain of evidence of their incapacity. There may not henceforward be Peace; but henceforward there will certainly be a strong Peace Party within the limits of the Union. The thoughtful of the Republican party, who view with regret the blow to abolition principles, and to the prospects of a military propaganda, which European intervention implies, may well reflect that the course which they have forced on the Washington executive must sooner or later have led to this. They and their champions have been guilty of the political crime of caring less for the Union than for revenge upon the South. Even the Emancipation of the slaves has been used by them merely as a dagger by which the South might be stabbed to the very heart. With the exception of an honest section of philanthropists, who are well represented by the literary coteries of Boston and elsewhere, the Republicans have upheld the cause of abolition, not because they loved the negro, but because they hated the negro's master. President Lincoln's proclamation was a signal gun proclaiming that the Union had been wrecked. From that moment the war became a war, not of principle but of passion. It was an acknowledgment that, in the eyes of the Lincoln Government, a great empire was gone, that the advisers of the President now at last despaired of the republic, and that henceforth their only object was to fire the cotton fields of the South.

A war purposeless henceforward—except so far as Providence, out of the ruin of the cotton-owner and the wild fury of the North, might bring about the deliverance from bondage of the negro—could not long last without an effort being made to end it. The golden and gracious opportunity has fallen to the Emperor of the French, who alone was in a position to seize it. People in England will, perhaps, ask themselves how it is that these windfalls happen chiefly to the Emperor of the French? In the first place, he was committed, in consequence of his recent ineffectual overtures, to a policy of the kind. Instead of retracing his steps, he has gone on and done gracefully what he was compelled to do. With respect, however, to the American war, there never was any doubt but that circumstances had made

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France a natural and easy mediator. America's distrust of England—caused, perhaps, by something of mutual bitterness of spirit and mutual misunderstanding on both sides of the Atlantic—made it impossible for us to move in the matter. A feeling had seemed to be growing upon us that, perhaps, it would be better if the Union, which English statesmen had found so insolent in policy and democracy, never again were re-established. For once, English generosity appeared to be dead, and the cold neutrality which the English Government have honestly pursued seemed to cover, without concealing, a hidden prejudice. America believed that we were watching with an evil eye the death-throes of our great Transatlantic rival. The French Emperor is removed from the influence of these depressing suspicions and jealousies. He can with decency arrive upon the stage, simulating a warm glow of friendship for both parties. France comes upon the battle-field breathing the purest philanthropy, and her face radiant with affection for anything American. She appreciates the difficulties of their position. She admires their national pride and susceptibility. Under the same circumstances, the French cock would feel very much what the American eagles both feel. Interference and advice would be an impertinence. Cannot the contending parties talk over their differences quietly among themselves; if possible, uniting to restore the Union; if not, at all events agreeing to separate in peace?

The sentimental halo which the Emperor's letter sheds around, would not be of much service in thawing the frost of Federal and Confederate antipathy; but it may gild with decent colour any arrangement between the belligerents to which they are impelled by the exhaustion of the war. It is not merely now a question whether the move should be made. The Emperor has made his move, and has despatched his proposition. This country will rejoice if it should lead to anything; and our sympathies must be on the side of every effort of the kind. It is not a case in which French diplomacy will be strengthened by having English diplomacy to back it. Mr. Seward will no doubt be told that the French suggestion, though it does not emanate from us, has our approval and our warmest wishes. English counsels are not likely to be acceptable at Washington, and Lord Russell will confine himself wisely to following with the rest of Europe in the train of France. An olive-branch from the hand of France will come with a better grace than any olive-branch we can bring. It is said that the French Emperor has already suggested informally a scheme of reconciliation. He will find it hard to blow up the dying embers of Union recollections again into a flame. He will find it difficult to reconcile conflicting interests, to decide what is to be done about tariffs, and to settle into whose hands the Mississippi is ultimately to fall. But the task is an honourable and a grateful one; and America will forget her suspicions about Mexico, and the Emperor's crotchets about the Latin race, at the receipt of a kindness so opportune and so sincere.

MR. BRIGHT ON INDIAN COTTON.

WE are content to receive the present cotton famine as a dispensation of Providence for which we must be very sorry, but as to which there is no call for being very angry. It is a great calamity, no doubt; but it by no means follows that it is anybody's fault, except that of the Americans themselves. The attempts that have been made to attribute it to this party or to that,—the mutual recriminations which have been bandied about,—the charges brought by Mr. Bright against Sir Charles Wood and his colleagues,—and those brought by Mr. Kingsley against Mr. Bright and his fellow manufacturers,—appear to us to spring rather from irritation than from reflection, and to be for the most part flagrantly unjust. There may have been want of forecast on the one side, and there may have been want of energy on the other; but most assuredly no amount of the prophetic faculty on the part of manufacturers could have foreseen the American civil war or the American blockade, or could have provided against it if it had been foreseen. Nor is it at all proved, to say the least, that any amount of wisdom or vigour on the part of the Indian Government could have rendered Indian cotton as cheap or as abundant as we now need it to be—without, at all events, overstepping all the sound and salutary limits of governmental action and governmental impartiality to a degree against which Free-traders and Political Economists, like Mr. Bright, ought to have been the first to cry out.

The dissolution of the Union, and the war which has ensued, were events which few could have anticipated, and which, as a fact, scarcely any statesman or any merchant did anticipate. The interruption of the ordinary course of trade and production in America at some indefinitely distant date, as a result of negro emancipation or negro revolt, was, indeed, regarded vaguely as one of the possible contingencies which the future might have in store for us. But up to three years ago, the cessation of the cotton supply, as a consequence of a desperate and obstinate war between the North and South, was, to all appearance, as little probable, was certainly as little expected, and was a casualty on which it would have been as rash to calculate, as the interruption of the indigo crop in India on account of the mutiny, or the abandonment of the cultivation of tea in China on account of the Taeping rebellion. And it is just as absurd to blame the British merchant or the British Government for not having, in the view of an invisible calamity, taken measures for forcing the growth of cotton in India, as for not having taken measures for forcing the growth of indigo in Australia or of tea in Assam. Experiments, indeed, might have been made, and were made, with a view of ascertaining whether and how such growth could be fostered and improved; but no elaborate or official steps could with safety or propriety have been taken to stimulate or artificially encourage such growth in these secondary countries, till the crops in the primary countries had actually failed or been abandoned, or till such failure or abandonment was proximately probable and imminent; for the very simple reason that it would *not have paid* to do so, and that the introduction of new and extraneous crops must have so much increased the quantity and deteriorated the value of the article thus fostered, as to have rendered the speculation a ruinous one to all parties concerned. So long as the United States were able to pour into England, and did pour in, ample quantities of excellent cotton at moderate prices, it would clearly have been a work of supererogation on the part of the British importer or manufacturer to be at the trouble of forcing the growth of cotton in India or elsewhere (where it cost more and was worth less), merely because it was *possible* that some day or other the American crop might fail or be withheld. Nor would it have been in his power to do so had he been foolish or Quixotic enough to desire it, since the fortune of no millionnaire could have been equal to the strain of introducing poor Surat at sixpence a pound to compete with good Orleans at fourpence.

So much for the charge of neglect and imprudence as against manufacturers. Much of the same defence is applicable to the same accusation when brought against the Indian Government; and thus far Sir Charles Wood might obtain an easy victory over Mr. Bright. It is perfectly true, moreover, that—though, perhaps, they might have worked harder and faster in opening rivers, digging canals, promoting railways, and the like, and thus have facilitated the access to new markets for *all* the products of the Indian soil—the Indian authorities could not, without a dereliction of duty have applied the revenue at their command to favour the growth of one commodity rather than another; and that Mr. Bright's suggestion of offering a bounty on the production of cotton by exempting cotton lands from tax or rent, is one which is simply disgraceful in a man who spent his best years and achieved his chief repute in denouncing a similar bounty in the case of British wheat. Sir Charles Wood is quite right, moreover, in declaring that the whole affair is a mere question of price; that the reason why cotton, fit for the English market, has not been more regularly and more constantly produced in India, is that a remunerating price has never been regularly offered for it; that it has been in demand only or chiefly to *supplement* the American supply, and has only yielded a profit to the ryot or the native merchant in those years when the American crop was defective, and when, in consequence, prices had advanced considerably. Cotton has not been largely grown for export in India, because, owing to the cause just referred to, other articles paid better. The pro-

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duction of other articles, and the total value of Indian exports have increased; and that is the defence of the Indian authorities to the indictment. The first of the following tables shows the aggregate value of our imports from India for the last eight years; and the second, the quantity of the principal staples for ten years; and the general result is not unsatisfactory.

TABLE I.—*Total Real Value of Imports from British East Indies, 1854 to 1861.*

1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.	1959.	1860.	1861.
£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
10,672,862	12,668,732	17,262,851	18,650,223	14,989,030	15,244,869	15,100,597	21,968,752

TABLE II.—*Imports from British India from 1851 to 1861.—Quantities.*

	1851.	1852.	1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.	1859.	1860.	1861.
Cotton, Raw ...	Cwts. 1,071,522	Cwts. 757,657	Cwts. 1,602,213	Cwts. 1,042,358	Cwts. 1,281,131	Cwts. 1,592,666	Cwts. 2,216,976	Cwts. 1,155,346	Cwts. 1,701,075	Cwts. 1,803,938	Cwts. 3,257,921
Hemp, Jute,&c.	Cwts. 589,460	Cwts. 463,846	Cwts. 318,251	Cwts. 570,250	Cwts. 594,168	Cwts. 759,538	Cwts. 584,141	Cwts. 808,956	Cwts. 1,107,716	Cwts. 825,339	Cwts. 920,388
Linseed& Flaxseed	Qrs. 93,814	Qrs. 184,618	Qrs. 151,113	Qrs. 196,570	Qrs. 362,882	Qrs. 341,763	Qrs. 209,263	Qrs. 416,757	Qrs. 526,566	Qrs. 565,710	Qrs. 544,256
Silk, Raw	Lbs. 1,154,190	Lbs. 1,330,523	Lbs. 506,262	Lbs. 688,300	Lbs. 877,364	Lbs. 600,430	Lbs. 191,796	Lbs. 577,528	Lbs. 313,185	Lbs. 60,510	Lbs. 162,121
Sugar ...	Cwts. 1,605,880	Cwts. 1,304,721	Cwts. 1,240,737	Cwts. 779,189	Cwts. 742,020	Cwts. 1,216,018	Cwts. 1,138,850	Cwts. 775,899	Cwts. 895,801	Cwts. 731,747	Cwts. 674,591
Tea	Lbs. 262,839	Lbs. 310,198	Lbs. 270,776	Lbs. 386,221	Lbs. 408,858	Lbs. 690,390	Lbs. 1,240,254	Lbs. 909,513	Lbs. 1,304,932	Lbs. 2,621,615	Lbs. 1,958,051
Wool ...	Lbs. 4,549,520	Lbs. 7,879,801	Lbs. 12,998,668	Lbs. 14,934,702	Lbs. 14,283,535	Lbs. 15,385,171	Lbs. 19,341,021	Lbs. 17,298,597	Lbs. 14,363,403	Lbs. 20,214,173	Lbs. 19,112,308

But when Sir Charles Wood goes on to say that, if the British manufacturer will only give, as an average, a shilling a pound for Surat cotton, India will send him every year as much as he requires, and as much as America ever furnished, he shows a strange unacquaintance with the conditions of the problem. England never can give any such price; and for two plain reasons. The first is, that other countries will supply her wants at a much cheaper rate; that Africa certainly, and Australia probably, and the West Indies, we believe, could produce largely at a considerably lower cost; and, more especially, that we can scarcely anticipate any such prolongation of the American war, nor any such derangement of American industry as will disable the Gulf States from supplying cotton very largely at sixpence per pound, or to speak cautiously, assuredly at eightpence. The second reason is, that if the price of raw cotton is to range as high as a shilling a pound (and Sir Charles Wood does not seem disposed to contract at much less), then the consumption of cotton fabrics throughout the world will be so materially and inevitably curtailed, that whether India can supply us or not will become a matter of very much smaller importance than it is at present. Surat cotton permanently at one shilling would, probably, imply the permanent closing of half the factories in Great Britain.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN TURKEY.

WHEN, at some period in the remote future, the historian of this country pronounces a calm and a philosophical opinion upon the Crimean War, he will tread with an unembarrassed step amid entanglements, confusions, conflicting interests, and unexpected results, which we are too near at present to contemplate without bewilderment. He will follow with interest and amazement those diplomatic conflicts which had for their origin the possession of a key and a star, and for their termination a European war; and, as the dispassionate narrator of the events of a byegone age, he will deduce from them, more readily than we can now, the great moral which they convey. He will be better able to analyze the motives by which each of the Powers was actuated; to separate the religious enthusiasm from the political ambition of Russia, and to give each its proper weight; to contrast that cold and calculating policy of expediency which governed the action of the French Emperor, with those blundering but amiable impulses which led the British nation to join him: and he will probably conclude that the Power which lost least of its dignity, and made the best show of firmness and consistency, was the one which had advanced least in the arts of peace and civilization, and which, while it exercised more religious toleration than either its enemy or its allies, professed a creed in deadly hostility to that which caused the struggle. He will perceive that if the Western Powers, who undertook the defence of Turkey, had from the first understood the real character of the Osmanli, and the genius of their institutions, the war might possibly have been altogether avoided; and he will be forced to admit that the English nation cannot be held altogether irresponsible for the expenditure of blood and treasure which the war involved. Popular sentiment, easily aroused, and always inadequately informed, too often encourages our rulers in a policy that is either vacillating or precipitate; and political misunderstandings, capable in the first instance of easy adjustment, soon reach the point at which they admit of no honourable arbitrament but that of the sword. Had we fully understood and firmly resisted the pretensions of the Czar at first, we might, there is every reason to believe, have been spared the rest. A few months of hesitation cost us an European war.

The same policy which involved us in war with Russia is being again pursued by her with unabated vigour. However proverbially fickle may be the mind of the public, we can scarcely give it credit for such inconsistency as would be implied by indifference to a cause now for which we fought and bled some seven years ago. If it was worth spending millions to achieve an object then, it is worth expending a little diplomatic energy to preserve what we have gained. We ought to feel a greater interest in Turkey than in any other power in Europe, considering what we have done for her; and yet events are happening in that empire, of which people will remain profoundly ignorant until they are called upon to decide the line of policy which the Government is to adopt. It is not likely that the Sultan would dismiss the whole of his cabinet unless the point at issue was serious. It is the fashion to look upon this sweeping measure as the rash act of an eccentric despot. Those who know Abdul Aziz attach to it a higher significance, when taken in conjunction with events which are passing in some of the provinces of his empire. It is, in fact, the inauguration of a new policy, whether sound or not, those only who are familiar with all the conditions involved, can tell. We may gather that Fuad Pasha takes a strong view of the matter by his conduct on the occasion; but on the other hand, his resumption of his financial duties leads us to hope that some means have been found to reconcile his views of national economy with the foreign policy of the Sultan. That policy is simple and straightforward. He knows that, by the ninth article of the Treaty of Paris, he has, spontaneously and as an independent sovereign, granted certain concessions to his Christian subjects; but that a clause in that article prohibits the interference, in his mode of dealing with these subjects, of any Christian power. He is unfortunately in possession of the clearest evidence that this clause has not been respected, either in the case of Montenegro or of Servia; and, to make matters worse, he finds that the leading agitators are not confined

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to emissaries of his old enemy, the Czar, but are generally the agents of his late friend, the Emperor of France. He has succeeded, in spite of the machinations of his two great antagonists, in suppressing the rebellion in the Herzegovine and Montenegro; but he has to contend with diplomatic protests on the part of these Powers, in carrying out the terms of peace, for which no grounds of justification can be found. By one of the terms of the convention entered into with Montenegro, the Sultan is entitled to construct a line of block-houses, without which he can have no guarantee for the maintenance of the peace he has imposed. In consideration for this, he has relieved the Montenegrins from the taxes which were formerly levied upon provisions and the necessaries of life imported through Turkey into the country. The Montenegrins now protest against the construction of block-houses, and they are supported in this protest by Russia and France. In connection with this dispute, another cause of complaint has arisen against Russia out of the supply of arms, which that Power has furnished to Servia. In the first instance, these arms were destined for Bulgaria; but the Turkish Government, having been informed of their transport through Wallachia, remonstrated on the subject with Prince Couza, who communicated with the Government of St. Petersburg, and received instructions to say that they were for Prince Michael, of Servia. Prince Michael, however, has come under an obligation to the Porte to reduce his army, and can have no excuse for claiming about 200,000 stand of arms, which are now in Belgrade, and which he possesses facilities for disseminating through Turkey at any moment. Already the authority of the Sultan is weakened in Bulgaria by the humiliation forced upon him by the Powers, in the ejection of the Mahometan population from the suburb of Belgrade, and by the abandonment of his fortresses in Servia; and he foresees, that in the event of a Christian rising, the British public, with their ready and ever-varying sympathies, may transfer their affections from the Turk to the Christian. Now he knows that in European Turkey there are four millions of Turks to seven millions of Christians; that the proprietors of the soil are all Turks; that their familiarity with arms, their warlike nature, their common creed, their common tongue, and the prestige which invests a dominant race, would enable them to crush and utterly exterminate, if exasperated, the Christian peasantry, who consist of different races, speak different languages, who profess two forms of the Greek religion, many of whom are Latins, and who, so far from having any cohesion among themselves, are constantly engaged in the fiercest disputes. To prevent a massacre which would shock Europe, to deprive the Western Powers of an excuse for that armed occupation which two of them delight in, and to warn them from pushing their present agitation to too great a length, the Sultan has determined to maintain an army and a fleet which may cause his enemies to respect him, and relieve his friends from the duties of protection. With a fleet at Constantinople, the Black Sea, denuded of any Russian squadron, is at his mercy; and we have already seen how a Turkish army, well led, could drive the whole Russian army out of the Principalities. All that the Sultan asks is to be left alone, and he is entitled to point as a proof of the vitality of his empire to those intrigues and that perpetual agitation on the part of foreign powers which distract, but which fail to destroy it. Is there another Power in Europe, except England, which could undergo as much, and live?

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

LIBERAL Europe is once again summoned to that most melancholy of spectacles—a Polish outbreak. Once again we are told that order reigns in Warsaw, and the experience of former catastrophes has rendered us only too well able to interpret this ominous announcement. As of old, it means the ineffectual effort of a brave people to recover the independence of which they were robbed. It means an outbreak of despair, resistance more or less prolonged, military executions, Siberian exile, and the desolation of many a home. This time, it seems, the brimming cup of a nation's woe and indignation has been made to overflow by a levy of conscript recruits. "On the 15th instant," said the official journal at Warsaw, "in the early hours from one to eight in the morning, the levy of military took place in the most complete peace and order. No single instance of opposition had to be contended against; and for the last thirty years there has not been such an example of willingness and pleasure on the part of the conscripts. In the council-hall and in the citadel, where they were placed in the meantime, and where they were tended with every care, they showed the best and, indeed, a joyful feeling. . . . Many of the conscripts expressed the joy they felt at entering the school of order, which military service would be to them." Now we can sit and read these precious lines by the clear, pitiless light of subsequent events; and yet of themselves, and without the commentary of facts, they excite, rather than allay, suspicion and disquietude. Accustomed as we are to recruiting a truly national army by voluntary enlistment, this joy of conscripts at entering an alien and hostile army as "a school of order," is, even to us, past all understanding; and we find it difficult to associate the regular and peaceful operations of the law with one o'clock on a winter's morning. We have, to be sure, another and a very different account of the levy, which was so satisfactory to the official journal. At midnight on the 15th, so runs the non-official story, the gates of Warsaw were closed and guarded, the public squares were filled with troops, and cavalry patrolled the streets. Peace and order, as they are understood at Warsaw, being thus secured, the police forced their way into private houses, and took from their beds 2,000 youths, who, piously conscious of their own frailties, were awaiting with impatience the salutary discipline of the Russian army. But, alas, for poor human nature! the next thing we hear of these 2,000 conscripts is their desertion *en masse*. Whether they were acting under the orders of a revolutionary committee or not, they betook themselves to the neighbouring woods, killed whatever soldiers they could lay hands on in scattered billets, and, in short, became the authors of an insurrectionary movement. The large landed proprietors and the peasants, say the telegrams (which, however, come from Russian sources), refused to join the insurgent conscripts; but the smaller proprietors, members of the lower middle class, and working men, threw themselves into the struggle. Then came the monotonous and inevitable sequel—telegraphs destroyed, railroads torn up, burning villages, and frequent carnage.

Sitting here at ease and enjoying a plenitude of liberty, it becomes not us harshly to condemn the acts of patriots—youths torn from their homes to swell the ranks of an army, under the iron heel of which their country lies crushed and bleeding; but there cannot be two opinions with respect to the hopelessness of this insurrection in Poland. Fertile, no doubt, is the soil watered with the blood of martyrs; and "we will die that we may live," is a sublime saying when it comes from a nation's heart and lips. Freedom's long and often seeming desperate battle is bequeathed from sire to son; generation succeeds generation, passing through a vale of anguish and affliction, and reaping no reward but the hope that their children's children may live to see the dawning of a happier time. Such a hope may be theirs so long as they keep their cause pure and undefiled; and more than ever is this necessary in the present time. Day by day the moral sense of the civilized world grows more sensitive, and the eternal justice of a cause is sometimes hidden from men's eyes by the wild deeds which are the last resource of erring patriots. Aimless, useless slaughter, men do not readily forgive. The recent rising in Poland seems not to have been justified by any concerted plan of action within, or by any hope of assistance from without,—while the national cause will have been stained by the murder of Russian soldiers strangled in their beds. Most impolitic has it been to inflame the animosity of the Russian army, in which there was, no doubt, a growing sympathy for the Poles. The Emperor avowed as much in his speech at St. Petersburgh. "The revolutionary party," he said, "reckons upon finding traitors in our ranks." Wherever the germs of sympathy showed themselves among the Russians, it was the plain interest of the Poles to cherish these by every means in their power: but now between them and the Russian soldiery runs the blood of murdered comrades.

According to the latest accounts an appeal was made by the revolutionary committee to the students of Warsaw, calling upon them to unite, heart and hand, with the insurgents; but the students had the wisdom and the self-restraint to resist an appeal, for which the secret voices of nature must have pleaded with passionate energy. The calm view of reason, schooled in adversity, saw no light of hope at the end of the tempting path that lay before it. It saw the gloom deepening in the distance. It was the duty,

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said the students, of every man who should be selected as a conscript to bear his sad lot with resignation, so as not to expose his country to enormous and hopeless calamities. Coming from the flower of Polish youth, to whom it will belong for many a year to make or mar the name and fame of their nation,—such language is of happy augury. In it will be seen a determination to abstain from every desperate enterprise of arms, until, perhaps, what M. Lamartine called "the supreme hour of nationalities" has struck, and foreign aid may come from some quarter of a troubled Continent. And it will be taken to mean that the educated classes in Poland, with one accord, prefer peaceful and legal opposition to assassination and abortive insurrection, in the long struggle to recover their lost rights; that they have taken the path indicated to them by the best and wisest of their patriot leaders, Count André Zamoyski. Never in its chequered course has the cause of Poland stood fairer and stronger before the world than in the early months of 1861; when under grievous provocation they hurled not a stone,—when men, women, and children knelt down, in the face of an enraged soldiery, to chant "Restore us, Lord, our country; restore us Liberty,"—their piteous helplessness was then a tower of strength to them. And never was the Russian Government weaker with respect to Poland than in that, the hour of its seeming power and might. There is a time to wait as well as a time to dare; and if the Poles will look around Europe now, they must see that it is not the time to dare.

We can well believe that the Emperor Alexander betrayed emotion when he addressed his troops on parade at St. Petersburgh. To a well-meaning and humane-tempered man like him, a state of siege, and martial law, and their attendant horrors, are probably most alien and repulsive. But it is his fate to reap a crop which his hand did not sow. He came to the throne, cursed with the heritage of his father's policy. "I intend," said the present Emperor to the Polish nobles soon after his accession, "to maintain the order established by my father. So, gentlemen, above all, no dreams, no dreams! The happiness of Poland depends upon its entire fusion with the peoples of my empire. What my father did was well done. I will maintain it. My reign will be the continuation of his." Events, however, have proved, that what the Emperor Nicholas did was very ill done. He was a gigantic bubble, which burst after all, but not till much mischief had been caused by its outward splendour. He passed his life, amid great pomp and noise, in weaving ropes of sand. To him belongs the bad pre-eminence of having been the first to raise an enormous standing army after the peace of 1815; and that army he dressed, pipe-clayed, and drilled, till he finally launched it forth, and broke the spell of the long peace. And then from his deathbed he saw the collapse of the colossal machine which had been the darling of his life. Equally vain was the war which he pertinaciously waged against the march of ideas. With a frenzied horror of everything savouring of Democracy, he watched, suspicious and uneasy, each indication of mental activity. The discoveries of science found no favour with him. He discouraged association, hampered the action of universities by elaborate restrictions, and strove to crush out all freedom of thought under the most searching censorship of the press; and in all this he was no wiser than the courtiers of Canute by the sea-side. What has been the success of his system in Poland, Europe now sees. One day he quietly signed an order for the "transplantation" of 45,000 Polish families to the Caucasus, and the residue furnished materials for the conscription, shooting, and expatriation to Siberia. He made a land the silent house of bondage and affliction, and this he called "order." He proscribed the Polish language, dress, and customs; and now, after thirty years, the fire of Polish nationality burns with a purer and steadier light than before. It is difficult, therefore, to believe that the Emperor Alexander adheres to his programme of following close in his father's footsteps. It may not be too late, even at this eleventh hour, to enter on a new path of conciliation; but, if once entered, it must be pursued steadily, and without looking back. A vacillating policy, giving with one hand and taking away with the other, granting concessions on one day and withdrawing them on the morrow, can only increase distrust and hate, and aggravate the long disease. The preservation of the Polish nationality was expressly stipulated for by the Treaties of Vienna, to which Russia was a party. Will the Czar, then, persevere in setting at nought the faith of treaties, no less than the dictates of humane and enlightened policy, out of deference to his misguided father's memory? We hope for better things.

INDIAN LEGISLATORS.

THE Imperial Legislative Council at Calcutta have done the bidding of Sir Charles Wood and withdrawn the Bill relating to fraudulent breaches of contract. But they have done so with much grumbling and discontent, and with a strong protest against what they consider the vexatious interference of the present Secretary of State with legislation in India. Such is in fact a summary of the news brought by the last Indian mail. It will probably be to many a matter of surprise that any very strong feeling should gather round a mere project for amending the law of contracts, and that the rejection of the scheme by Sir Charles Wood should cause very considerable excitement at Calcutta, and still more at Manchester. The wonder will cease when it is observed that the interests of a large and influential class are involved in the question. The object of the Bill was a very good one. It sought to enforce the performance of contracts with greater stringency. But the manner in which the Bill proposed to attain it was open to very grave objections. It was well described by Mr. Maine as "prescribing a proceeding of a civil nature in point of form, but of a criminal nature in respect of the penal consequences incurred by an unsuccessful defendant." It was in fact a criminal investigation added on to a civil suit. In this and every other civilized country, the only question in a suit for a breach of contract is, whether the contract has been performed. If not, the proper consequences must follow, whatever may have been the excuses for its non-performance. Contracts are enforced, either by giving damages for their breach, or in some few cases by decreeing their specific performance. But in no country has there ever been any attempt to enforce contracts generally by punishing the breaches of them as criminal offences. Yet this is what the Bill before us proposed to do. In any suit for the breach of a contract, for the performance of which the defendant had received a consideration, the Court was to inquire if he had committed the breach in bad faith, or without reasonable excuse. If the Court found in the affirmative, the defendant, on failure to pay the damages, was to be punished as a criminal, with imprisonment and hard labour, and, like criminals, maintained in gaol at the public expense. By this scheme of general criminal legislation with respect to contracts, the advocates of the measure concealed their true design. It will be observed that the proposed Bill applied to contracts, for the performance of which the defendant had received some consideration. The most important class of such contracts in India is that which embraces the advances made to ryots for the cultivation of indigo. It was to meet these cases that the scheme was devised. It is a question between the capitalist, or the planter, and the ryot. This Bill was an instance of special legislation in favour of one of the parties to a contract. It would have armed one class, which already possesses the power and influence that belongs to wealth and intelligence, with extraordinary remedies capable of being readily turned into instruments of oppression against a far more numerous and important class, which stands in peculiar need of protection.

This scheme of punishing breaches of contract criminally has been for the last two years a favourite idea with some of the Bengal civilians and with the indigo planters. And it is not surprising that they should be indignant with Sir Charles Wood for rejecting the measure. Besides, there is something in the manner of its rejection which adds to the bitterness with which they regard his interference. With the constitutional power, reserved to the Crown, of disallowing an Act after it has passed the Indian Legislature, the members of the Council do not appear to quarrel. Their complaint is that this Bill was stopped at an earlier stage. As soon as the draft of the Bill was received in this country, Sir Charles Wood found such serious objections to the principle on which it was based, that he intimated to the Indian Government that it would be impossible for him to give it his approval, and requested that it might be at once withdrawn. It would, of course, have been idle to have proceeded with a Bill which was certain to be annulled a few months after it became law. The Council at Calcutta have accordingly complied with the request, but in doing

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so they take care to let it be known that their opinions have not been altered by the despatch of the Secretary of State. They proclaim somewhat loudly that they have yielded to Sir Charles Wood's authority and not to his arguments. Such, at least, are the sentiments expressed by the majority of the Council. But there is a small minority, including Mr. Maine, the new legislative member, who are opposed to the Bill on its merits, and agree with the Indian Secretary. The papers brought by the last mail contain full reports of the important debate which took place on the withdrawal of the measure. This is the first serious discussion in which Mr. Maine has taken part since he went to India; and though his speech is perhaps something wanting in that popular power which can only be acquired by the habit of addressing a deliberative assembly, it is all that might have been expected from his high reputation as an able and philosophic lawyer. He points out, with far greater clearness and accuracy than Sir Charles Wood in his despatch, not only the defects of the particular Bill before them, but also the dangers attending any general legislation on the principle of that measure. We have little doubt, judging from the report of the debate, that any assembly of unbiassed Englishmen, who formed their opinion from the speeches made in the Council, would have concurred in the withdrawal of the Bill.

The advocates of the measure maintain that it is essential for the protection of European capital in India, and, therefore, for the encouragement of European settlers in the interior of the country. India, they say, cannot be developed without the aid of English capital, and capital cannot be safely expended without a good contract law. A good contract law, as interpreted by capitalists, is a measure which gives them extraordinary and, it may be, oppressive powers which are not granted in any civilized country for enforcing ordinary commercial transactions. Such a measure is, in reality, a bill of indictment against the whole people of India. It is based on the supposition that the natives are generally dishonest, and require to be coerced by extraordinary laws. This has not been established. The indigo planters in the North-West Provinces make advances to their ryots, and yet the most peaceful relations exist between them. "In the South of India," according to Mr. Ellis, the member for Madras, "in the face of rapidly rising cotton prices, contracts for the supply of cotton during the past year had been honestly fulfilled in the midst of great temptation." Both Mr. Ellis and Mr. Harrington, who have served respectively in the South and in the North-West, are distinct in asserting that there had been no call for special legislation in either of those divisions of India in consequence of any general bad faith of the native producers. The cry for this stringent legislation comes mainly from Lower Bengal, and arises from the disputes of the indigo planters of that quarter with their ryots. It is true that the ryots there did refuse to perform their contracts, but it is no less true that the contracts which extend over long periods had become extremely inequitable. It was natural enough that the ryots should become restive when they became fully aware of the inequitable nature of the contract between themselves and the planters, which barely enabled them to support life. Under similar circumstances the Government ryots employed in the opium cultivation became discontented when they found that, under their contracts, opium had become the most unprofitable crop they could cultivate. The cultivation became of course unpopular, because it was unprofitable. Under these circumstances, the Government took the just and reasonable course of advancing the price paid to the ryots to such an extent as to make the employment a profitable one. It is absurd to suppose that a whole people can be coerced by penal enactments into continuing a certain course of cultivation after they have discovered that it is the most unprofitable they can follow. And if the planters of Lower Bengal had acted with as much equity as the Government, the present cry for special legislation would never have been heard.

THE FEW AND THE MANY.

Of the many singular phenomena presented by the existing state of feeling and thought upon philosophical, and especially upon religious subjects, none is more strange than the tortuous devices by which able men contrive to hint almost any amount of heterodoxy without expressly committing themselves to any theological opinions at all. The *Saturday Review*, amongst its other remarkable gifts—some of which really are very remarkable—possesses this curious talent to a marvellous degree. You read two columns headed "modesty," or "humility," or "the uncertainty of human affairs," or "the vanity of human wishes," written in oxydised English—the style which conceals polish and labour under an appearance of roughness—you are told that "that this is not a theological journal," and are lectured on topics ostensibly as commonplace and trivial as those which are exhibited in copy slips; but somehow or other, by artful touches, carefully chosen illustrations, and judicious moral remarks which affect to be as commonplace as those of a schoolboy's theme, and to be based on the most childlike acquiescence in all established opinions, you are insensibly led to think that if "we" were a theological journal we should be a very queer one, and should propagate opinions greatly at variance with those professed by the bulk of mankind. It is not fair to treat this way of writing, as it often is treated, as a crime and an act of hypocrisy. It is neither one nor the other. It is the natural, and, indeed, unavoidable result of setting men of fastidious taste and of great ability, as some of the writers in the *Saturday Review* unquestionably are, to provide intellectual dainties for a large circle of readers once a week. Take a man with a full and powerful mind, great originality, and a large stock of delicate humour, half pathetic, half ironical, and set him to play the fiddle for the public amusement every week, and he inevitably plays tunes of this sort. It is like a man performing feats of strength on a small scale. He does not lift anything very heavy; but it would be hard to find any other man who could throw about a weight of five pounds so nimbly with the middle finger of his left hand.

An excellent illustration of this style of composition is afforded by an article lately published in the *Saturday Review* on an essay by Mr. Matthew Arnold in the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, called "The Bishop and the Philosopher." Mr. Arnold maintained that all books whatever ought to undergo literary criticism, for the purpose of seeing how they affect the general culture of mankind; that theological books affect the culture of mankind either by instructing the few or edifying the many; and that literary criticism ought to praise books which effect either of these objects, and to denounce those which effect neither, as books which ought never to have been written. He then proceeded to show that Bishop Colenso's book could not instruct the few, who had learnt from Spinosa all that was to be learnt on the defects of the Bible, two hundred years ago; and that it could not edify the many because it consisted of a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Pentateuch by the help of three or four sums in the rule of three. The inference was that Bishop Colenso ought for ever to have held his peace; for as to the notion of instructing the many, the great majority,—Mr. Arnold dismisses it with that lofty contempt which becomes a believer in "the grand manner." He says, in so many words, that the notion of instructing the many is simply absurd:—

"It is a doctrine, which no criticism that has not a direct interest in promulgating it, can ever seriously entertain. The highly instructed few, and not the scantily instructed many" (Why, indeed, should the poor wretches be even scantily instructed? No bread, in this case, would be better than half a loaf.), "will ever be the organ to the human race of knowledge and truth. *Knowledge and truth, in the full sense of the words, are not attainable by the great mass of the human race at all.*" What a beautiful subject for a theme to be written by the pupil-teachers, whom Mr. Arnold will have to inspect in his next tour through the dissenting schools. Her Majesty's Inspector having delivered this anathema on popular instruction, goes on to compare Spinosa with Bishop Colenso. Spinosa wrote in Latin; he wished to avoid notoriety; his books were addressed to the instructed few, and they were written in "the grand manner." This "grand manner" is a private order of merit, of which Mr. Arnold is the exclusive proprietor, and to which he admits a few elect persons, who are supposed by the scantily instructed many to be qualified for it, by impressing Mr. Arnold's imagination in some ineffable manner, too sublime to be divulged.

The view taken by the *Saturday Review* of this singular performance was amusing in the extreme. The distinguished artist already alluded to appears to have felt, upon reading it, that he was a sort of literary Frankenstein, altogether overcrowed by his own monster. For several years he and his journal had been the unquestioned representatives of the contemptuous classes, and had been supposed to carry the distinction between the instructed few and the scantily-instructed many to as high a point as the weakness inseparable from human nature could permit. Suddenly he

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must have found himself trumped. Even the *Saturday Review* never went Mr. Arnold's lengths. It must have been a bitter moment indeed when its writers discovered that a power existed capable of stigmatizing, as that which ought not to exist, every article in the *Saturday Review* and *Macmillan's Magazine* which, glancing at theology, did not either edify the many or instruct the few. It is just possible that the very highest class of minds in Europe may not have derived the whole of their thoughts from either of these journals, or even from both of them put together; for, strange as it may appear, men, still young, can remember the time when neither existed. It is also possible that the many may not have been much edified by a considerable proportion of the articles which have appeared in them. Mr. Arnold's principles, rigidly carried out, would produce a strange change, both in the newspaper and the magazine. The *Saturday Review* would publish three or four articles and one or two reviews, written in crabbed Latin, promulgating frightful heresies for the instructed few. In the rest of its columns Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Cumming would edify the uninstructed many. In *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. Arnold would expound the grand manner in Greek Iambics worthy of the theme, and Mr. Kingsley's fairy tales about Water Babies would supply the edification.

The experienced Saturday Reviewer appears to have reflected on such a consummation with not altogether complacent feelings towards the pupil who made such a vigorous use of his own lessons. If a steady-going old nobleman, who had always considered his own class the very cream of creation, and had by dint of the grand manner given a certain meaning to his claim, were to find his son engaged on a pamphlet recommending that every one who was not of Norman blood should be sold as a slave, he might experience the same sort of feelings. This peremptory division of mankind into intellectual sheep and goats naturally inspired the *Saturday Review* with a legitimate anxiety as to the fate of the alpacas. Writing with the oddest sense of the fact that Mr. Arnold had caricatured his own views, the artist of the *Saturday Review* contrived, with really admirable skill, to combine the expression of his own contempt for the mass of mankind with a gentle admonition to Mr. Arnold as to the effect of his extravaganza. There was a great deal of truth in Mr. Arnold's view. No doubt the educated few (especially that pure and reformed part of them which is established in those columns) were infinitely superior to the rest of the world—it was quite natural that they should "wish the babes to stick to their milk,"—but where would Mr. Arnold draw the line? What would he say of the clever women who read the "Essays and Reviews" either with praise or blame?—what of "the usual college don"? What would become of the gentlemen who beat solid plate into gold-leaf or filagree work, in *Macmillan* and the *Saturday Review*? "Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen whom he called together and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." Pity the sorrows of a gentleman who has every week to inform the educated few in the grand manner, or to submit to edifying the many in the manner of a popular preacher!

As between Mr. Arnold and his critic, there can be little doubt on which side the victory lay, but the grotesqueness of the contrast between them ought not to be allowed to conceal the serious side of the controversy. Mr. Arnold says, in so many words, what a great many people in these days really think. He openly avows his opinion that in the matter of religious belief the great mass of mankind ought to be guided entirely by their feelings, and by the authority of the few who happen to be highly instructed, and that they have nothing to do with any direct evidence of the truth or falsehood of their opinions. If this is so, the world has made some great mistakes. Christianity was a great mistake. The Reformation was a piece of impertinence. Mr. Arnold attempts to parry this obvious criticism by saying that, "Christ said to a few disciples, 'unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven, but to them'" (the multitude) "'it is not given.'" Were the fishermen to whom this was addressed a highly instructed few? or were they forbidden to preach the mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven to the uninstructed multitude? Was it not also said, "In secret have I taught nothing"?

As to the Reformation, Mr. Arnold says, "It was not by the intellectual truth of its propositions concerning purgatory, or prayer for the dead, or the human nature of the Virgin Mary, that the Reformation touched and advanced the multitude; it was by the moral truth of its protest against the sale of indulgences and the scandalous lives of many of the clergy." A more audacious assertion has seldom been made. It is notorious that the scandals and immoralities which certainly contributed powerfully to bringing about the Reformation had existed in various forms for ages without producing that effect. The intellectual and argumentative tide of the Reformation was at least equally powerful, and its area hardly, if at all, less wide. The standing complaint of the Roman Catholic clergy was, that every mechanic or tradesman who got a Bible in his hands in the vulgar tongue set to work to dispute out of it. The scantily-instructed taste intellectual pleasures with an even keener zest than the well-instructed. Boys at school and lads at college will chop logic and metaphysics all night long, when their superiors—the instructed few—would be talking over personal politics, or literary anecdotes. There are probably no people in the world who relish theological argument so much as the peasantry of Wales and Scotland, and every sect that can be named is founded, in point of fact, on arguments which convince those to whom they are addressed.

M. Arnold may say that "knowledge and truth *in the full sense of the words* are not attainable by the great mass of the human race;" but this is not the fact. Surely the multiplication table is knowledge and truth in the full sense of the words. So are the news in the *Times*, and the dates of the Kings of England. What Mr. Arnold really means is, that knowledge and truth *in their full extent*, are not attainable by the great mass of the human race. He might have said they are not attainable at all. The wisest must be content to know in part, and the least wise has knowledge of precisely the same kind which he believes on precisely similar grounds. There is in all knowledge an element of conjecture, and in all conjecture an element of knowledge. The uninstructed many may not be fit judges of Spinoza's doctrine about the nature and attributes of the Deity; but whether or not they have grounds to believe particular statements in the Bible to be literally true, is a question on which they can judge as well as any one else, and on which they ought to judge. To try to believe without reasoning is like trying to breathe without air. If a man determines to believe whatever his clergyman tells him, he reasons as much as Spinosa himself. He says, I think it best to believe my clergyman. He says so and so. Therefore I believe it. As the *Saturday Review* truly said, you cannot draw the line. There is no resting-place between a labourer's child at a charity school and a highly instructed Inspector of Schools. From top to bottom, the only limit to the food consumed is the power of digestion; the food itself is unlimited and universally accessible. This being so, can it be said that Dr. Colenso's book, right or wrong, is of no importance? It is, on the contrary, of the greatest importance. If the substance of it is false, its publication is a great calamity. If it is true, it is a great public benefit; but whether true or false, no one ought to deny that it is a relevant argument addressed to a competent tribunal, unless he is prepared to contend that it is to be regretted that English mechanics and labourers look upon winking Virgins and miraculous cures, as childish lies and nonsense. No vigorous minded man will really think thus. We are all alike *terræ filii*. If the rank and file ceased to argue, the officers would pass their time in idle trifling. The thoughtfulness and intellectual courage of the many is the only true guarantee for the greatness of the few.

IS THE FRENCH EMPEROR A COWARD?

THERE are certain points connected with Mr. Kinglake's entertaining "History of the Crimean War," on which we are anxious not to be misunderstood. It would be very painful to us to have it supposed that we approve of the rancorous attacks on the French Emperor and his adherents which Mr. Kinglake has thought fit unnecessarily to interweave with his history, or of the foul and un-English weapons which he has condescended to use in the contest. All that he says concerning the events of December, 1851, may be true. A good deal of what he says probably is true. He himself, no doubt, believes every word of what he has written. But in making these admissions, we must add, that it is impossible not to perceive that Mr. Kinglake is easily misled by his very strong prejudices in favour of those whom he likes and against those whom he dislikes, and that he is, moreover, abundantly endowed with a faculty most dangerous to a historian, of believing on very slight evidence whatever he wishes to be true.

We will adduce but two instances of the defects to which we have here alluded, which will, we think, suffice to guard the public against being led away by the *verve* with which the book is written, and from allowing their judgments to be biassed by the imposing materials which, we are told, have been placed at Mr. Kinglake's command. The first relates but to a small matter, worthier, in our opinion, to be handled by a Lord Llanover in hot persecution of a Mr. Buggy of Bedford, than by the brilliant historian of the Crimean war. Mr. Kinglake has discovered, or fancies that

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he has discovered, that Marshal St. Arnaud, at some early period of his life, went by the name of Le Roy; that M. de Persigny, whose father's name was Fialin, bears his mother's name; and that M. de Maupas has no right to prefix to his name the aristocratic particle by which it is preceded. Not content with stating these utterly irrelevant facts—if facts they be—in the most offensive manner, Mr. Kinglake has pursued his enemies with them through his whole narrative. Again, and again, and again—twice, thrice, in the same page—do we see those unhappy "brethren of the Elysée" pelted with the fact that they have assumed other names than those to which they were born. It is right to add, however, that Mr. Kinglake does not pretend that they have thus changed their names from any disgraceful motives; indeed, on one occasion, he admits that they probably did so for the sake of mere euphony; exactly as very respectable British peers have been known to transmute Smith into Vernon and Carington. Mr. Kinglake ought to have reflected that if the French were minded to pay us back in the base coin which he has used in his dealings with them, they might easily do so, and that it would not need a very microscopic investigation to show that in the English army also there are a few distinguished men who, from no disreputable reasons, have preferred their mother's to their father's names,—that there are illegitimate children, bearing fancy names, who are nevertheless men of conduct, courage, and sensitive feelings, who would all be sorely pained at having these facts, unimportant to everybody but themselves, maliciously paraded by a French Mr. Kinglake in the face of the world.

The other matter to which we have to allude is more important. We lament to say that Mr. Kinglake appears to take a strange delight in affixing on those whom he seeks to disparage, the withering imputation of cowardice. This he does more often inferentially—but in one very signal instance, by direct assertion. If a French aide-de-camp brings Lord Raglan a message, he describes the lad as confused and breathless, observing, significantly, that his agitation may or may not have been caused by the rapidity of his movements and the steepness of the hill which he had just surmounted on foot; if a French general is not exactly where Mr. Kinglake thinks he ought to have been, it is insinuated that, his heart not being in the right place, it is not surprising that his corps should have been in the wrong one. But in speaking of Louis Napoleon Mr. Kinglake uses no circumlocution. He distinctly says that, in circumstances of personal danger, the French Emperor invariably becomes a helpless coward. At Strasburg, he sneers at him for not having used the sword he had by his side when he, a single man, found himself surrounded by a regiment of hostile French soldiers, whom he had been deluded into supposing eager to espouse his cause; at Boulogne, he sneers at him because he did unhappily use the pistol he carried in his hand with fatal effect. On these occasions Mr. Kinglake compares the Emperor's outward appearance to that of "a weaver." Now we have no doubt that, both at Strasburg and at Boulogne, Louis Napoleon cut as pitiful a figure as baffled conspirators generally do cut in presence of their victorious opponents, but we deny that Mr. Kinglake has produced the slightest proof of his want of personal courage beyond his own unsupported assertion. And we protest most earnestly against the feminine malignity of his remarks on the Emperor's personal appearance. What would Mr. Kinglake himself think; what would any gentleman of sense think of a French writer, who, even in reply to the work of which we are now speaking, should condescend to remind its author of the ludicrous circumstances under which "the Staff Officer" represents the future historian of the war as having introduced himself to the notice of Lord Raglan on the field of the Alma; who should comment disrespectfully on Mr. Kinglake's insecure seat on horseback, and who should argue that "a tailor," unable to control a bumptious pony, might possibly not be altogether competent to sit in solemn judgment on the complexion and courage of the statesmen and warriors of France?

On the 2nd of December Mr. Kinglake presents us with a fancy picture of Louis Napoleon cowering for hours before the fire of an inner room at the Elysée, "still decked in red trowsers, but with his back to the fire-place, resting his elbows on his knees," accessible only to Persigny and Fleury, from one of whom Mr. Kinglake must necessarily have derived his authority for the story—if indeed he has any authority for it. When Louis Napoleon sends out what ready money he could command at the time to procure refreshments for the wearied troops, Mr. Kinglake constructs the following defective syllogism, for which we opine he would have been soundly flogged at school:—

"When a peaceful citizen is very much terrified by soldiers he praises them, and gives them all the money he has got in his pocket.

"In December, 1851, Louis Napoleon praised the French soldiers, and gave them all the money he had in his pocket.

"*Ergo*, in December, 1851, Louis Napoleon was very much terrified."

At Magenta the condition of the Emperor was, as Mr. Kinglake says, publicly seen, and he does not therefore encumber his pages with what he conceives to be an acknowledged historical fact. But on the day of the great battle, which was afterwards fought on the Mincio, he affirms that Louis Napoleon avoided the criticism of numerous witnesses, and that "great pains were taken to make France and Europe believe that the Emperor, at Solferino, was not only in a state to be able to give useful orders, but was actually in a part of the field where there was real danger."

Mr. Kinglake proves this to be false, by adducing the fact that on the Mincio the Emperor was followed by a brilliant staff and by a numerous escort, and that neither he nor any of his followers were killed, and but one wounded. *Ergo*, argues Mr. Kinglake again, on the day of Solferino it is impossible that he should have been exposed to any danger at all; and having established this fact to his satisfaction, he repeats a generous admission which he had already made, that he does not believe Louis Napoleon to be more destitute of courage than "the common run of peaceful citizens;" he merely means to say that under fire he becomes a helpless craven and "turns green."

We are sorry to have seen that several of our contemporaries, and amongst them the *Saturday Review*, have accepted this latter proof of Louis Napoleon's indisposition to face danger on the battle-field as conclusive. The *Saturday Review* compliments the historian of the war on "the cruel accuracy of criticism with which he has demolished the statements of the *Moniteur* as to the Emperor's self-exposure at Solferino." Very good. We will now introduce a brief quotation from Mr. Kinglake's account of Lord Raglan's and his own self-exposure at the Alma, explaining previously that no general exposing himself or his staff for purposes of observation or example, would think it either necessary or prudent to expose his escort also, if he could avoid doing so. A picture of the battle of Solferino, at Versailles, represents the Emperor, surrounded by about twenty officers, reconnoitring from an open height, his Cent Gardes being safely drawn up at some distance in his rear, completely sheltered from the enemy's notice and fire by the rising ground; and such, probably, would have been their position.

The sketch which Mr. Kinglake draws is so horribly graphic that we almost shudder as we read it. We wonder what manner of man Lord Raglan could be, what manner of men his staff were composed of, of what materials Mr. Kinglake himself, a mere *litterateur*, could be made, that they should have endured such a *feu d'enfer*, and that any one of them should have survived to tell the tale:—

"The level posture of our infantry threw into strong prominence the figure of every mounted man who rode along their lines, but the group of horsemen composing or following the head-quarter staff was so marked by the white flowing plumes of the officers, that at the distance of a mile and a half it was a conspicuous object to the naked eye, and a Russian artilleryman at the Causeway batteries could make out with a common field-glass that, of the two or three officers generally riding abreast, there was one in a dark-blue frock whose right arm hung ending in an empty sleeve. In truth, Lord Raglan at this time was so often standing still, or else was riding along the line at so leisurely a pace, that he and the group about him could not fail to become a mark for the Russian artillery. . . . They opened fire upon the group from a great number of guns. . . . . Failing with round shot, the enemy tried shells—shells with the fuses so cut as to burst them in the air a little above the white plumes. This method was tried so industriously and with so much skill, that a few feet over the heads of Lord Raglan and those around him, there was kept up for a long time an almost constant bursting of shells. Sometimes the missiles came singly, and sometimes in so thick a flight that several would be exploding nearly at the same moment, or briskly, one after the other, right and left, and all around. The fragments of the shells when they burst tore their shrill way down from above, harshly sawing the air; and when the novice heard the rush of the shattered missile along his right ear and then along his left, and imagined that he felt the wind of another fragment of shell come rushing along the cloth on his shoulders, almost at the same moment, it seemed to him hardly possible that the iron shower would leave one man of the group untouched" (p. 264, vol. ii.).

After writing the above passage—far surpassing in horror anything penned by the historian of the Peninsular war, in his well-known description of the assaults of Badajoz and St. Sebastian,—it must have been very embarrassing for Mr. Kinglake to have had to record that not one man of Lord Raglan's staff was damaged on the occasion in question; indeed, we fear that if the above-quoted passage were submitted to the critical ordeal to which the *Saturday Review* insists on submitting the *Moniteur's* account of the dangers to which the Emperor was exposed at Solferino, the result of the process might not be very creditable to Mr. Kinglake's character for either accuracy or cool observation; unless, indeed, like the

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writer in the *Moniteur*, he were to call in the aid of "divine protection," a step which we fear might be distasteful to him, after all the fun he has poked at the pious French journalists on that account.

We cannot forbear, in conclusion, directing the notice of the public to an anecdote related by Mr. Kinglake of St. Arnaud's felicitous device for arresting the mad flight of the French at the assault of Constantine, by imitating, with marvellous skill, a British hurrah, "a sound very strange in the ears of Frenchmen, which he had formerly heard in northern climes." Certain bold, reckless outcasts serving in the *Legion Etrangère* caught up and repeated their native war-cry; "with it came the thronging of men who must and would go forward;" and thus, by Kentish fire, was Constantine, in reality, won. So, at least, says Mr. Kinglake. He does not, of course, give his authority for this nursery tale, so flattering to our national vanity, so justly irritating to the French, so ludicrously improbable, and so irrelevantly interpolated into a History of the Crimean War. We are not without serious misgivings that it may turn out to be but an old friend in a new garb. Somewhere about the year 1760, in a book of travels by a French lady, an incident is related which very much resembles Mr. Kinglake's "British hurrah" story: it is there cited to illustrate the extraordinary energy and effect of our national imprecations.

Whilst crossing from Calais to Dover in a sloop, a squall carried away the topmast, and the confusion resulting from the accident grievously terrified the lady and her husband. In writing an account of the danger she fancied she had run, the following sentence occurs:—

"Dans ce moment solennel nous entendîmes, pour la première fois, le fameux 'Goddam,' mot tout national et energique, qui rétablit de suite l'ordre, et parut par son influence presque apaiser la fureur des flots."

THE GERMAN NATIONAL MOVEMENT.

In two long and extremely interesting articles in recent numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Klackzko, whose name, no less than his sentiments, betrays a Slavonic origin, has given a clear and correct narrative of the German national movement, and of its relations to the Liberal struggle in Prussia. At the outset of his remarks he is led, very naturally, to lay more stress than we should be inclined to do upon the connection between the ideas of liberty and nationality. What is more legitimate, he asks, than that those who *resemble* each other should wish to *assemble?* We should be content to recognize the nationality cry as a sign of the times, to which the statesman would do well to bow, but against which the philosopher may have much to advance.

The influence of the first French Revolution was introduced into Germany in such a questionable shape, that the people may well be excused if even what was good in it produced but little effect. The German middle classes, indeed, had not yet arrived at such a point of political development as to be fitted for any great change. Accordingly till the enemy was actually within their borders, they went on in the old way, leading for the most part still and uneventful lives, leaving politics to their superiors in birth, and literature to a learned caste, which was relatively of but small extent. So little were they accustomed to think for themselves that, after the great disaster of Jena, the chief magistrate of Berlin could find nothing better to announce to his fellow-citizens than the unnecessarily sedative observation:—"The first duty of the subject is to remain tranquil." During the next seven years the iron had entered sufficiently deep into their souls to make them comprehend that there might be even higher duties than letting well alone; and the war of Liberation, of which they boast as much as if it had been a successful war in defence of their independence—instead of a rising against intolerable oppression too long endured,—enabled them to march to Paris in the suite of England and Russia as they had marched to Moscow in the suite of France. No doubt the war of 1813, if the princes had been moderately honest, might have been the beginning of a real national life, but the princes were anything but honest; and Germany was reconstituted in a very different way from what the nation had a right to expect. Far too many petty sovereignties were retained; the central government was constituted absolutely without popular elements, and was made a very master-piece of complication. Each individual ruler was encouraged to oppress his own subjects as much as seemed to him good; while the slightest advance in a liberal direction brought on him the ill-will and suspicion of his fellow Sovereigns.

Congress after congress was held, and, as the diplomatists wrote and talked, matters grew ever worse. Soon the best minds in the country turned once more from politics, while the lower classes emigrated by tens of thousands. Then rose the star of Hegel. The great philosopher preached a doctrine which could readily be turned to the purposes of power; and no doubt the Conservative side of his teaching was skilfully taken advantage of by men like Altenstein, who saw that it was impossible to do anything effectual in the direction of real political progress in the face of the still unbroken strength of the Holy Alliance. All this non-political period may, with great propriety, be called the period of Hegel. In other countries, says M. Klackzko, they talk of the age of Louis Quatorze, or the age of Elizabeth. In Germany it has always, till now, been the age of some great poet or philosopher, who lived far away from the political arena.

The vapouring of France in 1840 may be considered as the first cause of the national movement which now agitates Germany, as the accession of Frederick William in the same year began the closely-related constitutional struggle which still rages in Prussia. Every one knows the spirited little song by Becker:—

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien Deutschen Rhein."

It was soon followed by the establishment of the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Heidelberg, which set itself to din into the ears of the nation the same idea which animates the great work of Gervinus, "What is active life in Germany? Nothing! What should it be? Everything." It was this journal which first raised the standard under which most German Liberals are now fighting, and took for its programme the establishment of a thoroughly constitutional system in Prussia, the exclusion of Austria from the Germanic Confederation, and the grouping of the smaller States round Prussia. The conductors of the *Deutsche Zeitung* were clear-sighted enough to see, when the French Revolution of 1848 broke out, that that movement would result in anarchy, would lead to a military despotism, and bring on very probably a general war. They saw this, and they not only saw but proclaimed it. The meeting of the fifty-one publicists and deputies at Heidelberg immediately followed, and the German Revolution began. The isolated outbreaks in the different States of the Federation lent it new strength, and the various governments, yielding to the pressure of the times, gave their countenance to the elections for the great Assembly which was called together in Frankfort for the month of May. The "*question brûllante*" of the extent of the future Fatherland soon divided the legislators who gathered in the Church of St. Paul, into the partisans of a Germany *with*, and a Germany *without*, Austria; into the *Gross* and *Klein-Deutsch* factions. At length, however, the scale of the House of Hapsburg was weighed up by the fortune of the Hohenzollern, and the crown was offered to the King of Prussia. Puzzled, and hesitating as usual, Frederick William refused the great position to which he was called, and attempted a series of half measures which all failed hopelessly. By the end of 1850, the daring of Schwartzenberg, and the re-establishment of the Austrian supremacy in Hungary and Italy, enabled Vienna to dictate terms of peace to Berlin, and all but enabled her to enter the Germanic body with all her multi-lingual States.

From the catastrophe of the Prussian diplomacy at Olmutz down to the present hour, all the real interest of German politics centres in Prussia and in the States which, like Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, follow closely in her wake. The internal history of Prussia during the last twelve years is ably sketched in M. Klackzko's second article. Arrived at the end of his survey, the writer pauses and asks, What, then, was effected for Germany, by the great convulsion of 1848? Did the revolutions of that year utterly fail of effect, or did they turn the course of national life in a new direction? And first as to Austria. In the case of that empire we must unfortunately reply that it is still upon the wrong path. True, the system of stupid and time-serving Conservatism, which was the delight of Metternich, and which consisted in playing off one nationality against another, gave way under the influence of the reaction to the far more consequent and intelligible system of Schwartzenberg, which consisted in crushing the provinces together by the weight of the army, and substituting the motto, "Viribus unitis" for the old "Divide et impera." That system, which was afterwards carried out by Bach with all the appliances of bureaucratic tradition, broke down hopelessly after the Italian war, and was succeeded by the parliamentarism of Schmerling. At Vienna, however, even the Liberal party clings to the delusion that the mission of Austria is to be a great German Power, and the "middle empire" of Europe. As long as they go on playing at constitutional institutions, in the absence of the most important provinces—as long as they fail to comprehend that the influence of Austria should be extended, not by intrigues at Frankfort and the minor courts, but by steadily pushing civilization along the Lower

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Danube—till, in short, the wise men who surround the Emperor comprehend that "Oesterreich" should be "Ostreich" (the Empire of the East), we must continue to look with the utmost distrust upon all their measures, and be as the deaf adder to Mr. Roebuck and to the enthusiastic writer in a recent number of the *North British Review*.

Turning to North Germany and not allowing ourselves to be too much distressed by the absurdity of the spectacle which Prussia presents, and for which her people are really not responsible, we observe with satisfaction the disappearance of the crazy Radicalism which preceded 1848, and which was caused, to a great extent, by the severity of the censorship, inasmuch as it crushed native German thought, and left the masses to French teachers. Go from Hamburg to the Bohemian frontier, and where will you meet with any one who could have sat for the portrait of the Gallomanic Detlev in Radowitz's "Gespräche aus der Gegenwart?" Arnold Ruge is peaceably writing novels at Brighton or some such pleasant retreat. Herwegh is, we rather think, at Naples; and Fröbel has come back wiser, if not sadder, from the other side of the Atlantic. Go to Berlin and talk with the leaders of the party of progress, and you will find a group of independent liberals, very thorough-going and very determined, but with no wish whatever to meddle with the monarchy, and utterly destitute of the fire and fury which we associate with the idea of extreme politicians in the year of revolution. Another highly satisfactory change is the discredit into which mere philosophizing has fallen in its most favoured home. Neither in Jena, Halle, or Leipsic does any one at present evolve camels from the depths of his inner consciousness. The destructive process in theology, which was carried on by Strauss, by Feuerbach, and afterwards still more rapidly and fiercely in the *Hallischen Jahrbücher* has come to an end, and has been superseded by the historical school, and by the constructive efforts of F. C. Baur and his disciples. It is this constructive movement, taken in connection with the fanaticism which was favoured so much by the late King of Prussia, that encourages half-informed or dishonest controversialists in this country to maintain that the German schools have devoured each other, as Saturn devoured his children.

Another change to which M. Klackzko does not allude, but which is not without its significance, is that which has come over the German students, who have almost entirely ceased to be the turbulent "Burschen" of former days, always the first to take part in every disturbance. A still more important sign of the times is the growth of a large, sound, and constantly increasing economical and political literature. Dr. Gneist's work upon the English constitutional and administrative system, which supplies to a certain extent a great blank in the labours of our own political writers, may be taken as a fair sample of the kind of book to which we allude.

On the other side of the account must be set down the steady growth of the foolish and aggressive Pan-Germanic spirit which broke out for the first time in the Frankfort parliament. It is a strange circumstance that so clever a man as Varnhagen von Ense should have recorded in his diary his hopes that the flag of the Schwartz-roth-gold, that, namely, of German unity, might at some future day wave over the cities of Alsace and Lorraine; but even the sober Gervinus predicted that the future of Europe was in the hands of the Germanic races, and Metternich, so late as 1859, was dreaming of a partition of France, England taking the north, two small Bourbon kingdoms occupying the south, and the whole of the east falling to the Teutonic fatherland.

POACHERS AND MAGISTRATES.

After the "battue" of a parliamentary session, there is generally a few days' sport left for the Bar, and a Bill which has passed through a line of good shots in the House is often brought down in the courts of law. Better luck has attended the Poaching Act of last session, which will long be recollected for the vigorous opposition which it met with from Sir George Grey and others in the House of Commons, against the united support of the country gentlemen. It was generally thought that successive amendments had taken from it all its sting, and magistrates have everywhere been chary of convicting under it. The decision, however, of Chief Justice Erle, last week, has quite rehabilitated the Act, and has made it all that the most ardent of sportsmen can desire. The short facts of the case were these. On a Sunday morning in October last, at 6 a.m., a police constable met four men in company on the high road leading from Coggeshall to Braintree, close to the town of Braintree, where they resided; noticing that Brown's pockets contained something bulky, they searched him, and found on him five dead rabbits recently killed. The other three men walked away during this search; Melbourne was later in the day found in his bed, his clothes and shoes wet and dirty. On Chapman, who was also arrested, was found a net, and in one of his pockets rabbits' fur, and the cuff of his coat was smeared with fresh blood. Peters, the fourth man, was proved to have sold a dead rabbit at a beer-house for sixpence. There was no evidence that any of the four men had been seen off the highway during the previous night; and no evidence was given to show how the rabbits had been obtained, whether lawfully or unlawfully; nor was there evidence that any rabbits had been taken from any land, or that persons had been trespassing upon any land during the night. The magistrates of Essex upon this evidence convicted the four men, and fined them a shilling each, with costs, or to be imprisoned for fourteen days with hard labour; and a case was stated upon these facts for the opinion of the Court of Common Pleas.

The Act provides that where a constable on any highway has good cause to suspect any person of coming from any land where he shall have been unlawfully in search or pursuit of game, and having in his possession any game unlawfully obtained, or any gun, part of gun, or nets or engines used for the killing or taking game, he may search him, and afterwards may apply for a summons against him; "and if such person shall have obtained such game by unlawfully going on any land in search or pursuit of game, or shall have used any such article or thing as aforesaid for unlawfully killing or taking game, or shall have been accessary thereto, such person shall forfeit and pay any sum not exceeding £5." It will be seen, therefore, that to warrant a committal under this clause two things must be proved—that the person has either game or the implements for taking it on his person, and that he has obtained such game by unlawfully going on any land in pursuit of it, or have used the implements for unlawfully taking game. In the present case there was undoubtedly evidence of the first; and the only question was, whether there was evidence of the men having unlawfully gone on any land in pursuit of game, or having used the implements for unlawfully killing game. The evidence certainly connects the use of the nets with the killing of game, but the lawfulness of the act must depend upon the place where the game had been killed. Now, what evidence is there of this? Whose land had been trespassed on? Whose game killed? Surely the word "suspect," in the first part of the clause, is only for the protection of the police constable in his search, and is not to justify the magistrate in convicting on mere suspicion!

In the opinion of the Court, however, "the justices were right in applying the ordinary rules of evidence to the circumstances proved, and were right in inferring from those circumstances that the men, with the exception of Melbourne, had become unlawfully possessed of the rabbits, and had been unlawfully in pursuit of game, and that it was not necessary to prove whose land they had been on; with respect to Melbourne, the Court was of opinion that there was no evidence to support the conviction."

The effect of the decision will be that, in cases where persons are arrested on the highway in possession of game or nets, the *onus* of proof as to where the game had been procured, or on what land the implements had been used, will be thrown upon the accused; for this we can see no warranty in the Act, nor precedent in other cases, where the law has always been held that innocence is to be presumed till guilt is proved. Indeed, the law rests upon this only safe ground; for, suppose that, in a case like the present, a poor man is found with rabbits which he bought from a poacher or from a gamekeeper, who is perhaps committing a breach of trust in selling game; or suppose that he has been asked by a poacher to help him in carrying the game along the road, what possibility is there of his calling evidence to prove his innocence? In the present case,—one undoubtedly of great suspicion,—it may well be that one of the men was not guilty, and that the man who was let off by the Court because he had neither rabbits nor nets on his person, was the guilty one,—yet what possibility was there of the innocent man getting the others to prove his innocence?—it would be a confession of their own guilt. Suppose a dozen men going along the road with a cartful of pheasants and nets and guns, according to this case, is the man in charge of the cart alone to be convicted and the others let off?

Again, under this decision persons may be convicted where they have taken rabbits from the land of owners who have no wish to enforce the game laws, or who allow rabbits to be snared or netted. The mere suspicion, without proof of some offence, is very dangerous ground to rest on. Suppose a noted pickpocket to be found on a racecourse, having on his person a gold watch which has evidently been just broken off from a chain; there would, of course, be the strongest suspicion that he has become unlawfully

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possessed of the watch; but unless an owner can be found for the watch, nothing can be done to the pickpocket; and it would be the same with pheasants or rabbits, if by law they were property. The Act was intended by its originators to be a step towards investing game with the qualities of property: but it goes much further, and makes the mere possession of game, under suspicious circumstances, evidence on which county magistrates will be justified in convicting: a power which we are very loath to see placed in the hands of most magistrates in game-preserving counties. It is a misfortune that there is no possibility of the present case being carried to a higher tribunal; and as all similar appeals must come before the Court of Common Pleas, we must look upon the law as settled till Parliament shall, as we hope, amend the Act.

We fully admit that some provision of Parliament was necessary to check a system of poaching by gangs of men who would clear a whole estate of its game, and were then able to cart away the proceeds of their raid without fear of interference from the police. An amusing case of this kind lately occurred, in which, a party having been invited to a battue, in vain were the covers beat—not a pheasant was to be seen. At the end of the day, the host, who was excessively annoyed, apologised to his guests for the want of sport, saying he was much surprised at it, for he had himself turned out 200 live pheasants in the woods only two days before. It afterwards appeared that a gang of poachers, in the interest very likely of the poulterers who supplied the pheasants, had cleared the woods only the night after the pheasants had been turned out. Now, with every sympathy for the gentlemen who were robbed of their sport, we have not overmuch for the host or for sportsmen of that sort, of whom it is from time to time recorded in the sporting papers that so many hundred or even thousand head of game have fallen in a week's sport in their covers; and we have no wish for the patrons of "sport" of this nature to strain the Game Laws to a point which may fill our gaols with suspected poachers, and bring the law into hatred and contempt among the labouring classes.

PERORATIONS.

It is related of the Japanese envoys who lately visited our shores, that after a sojourn at a friendly court, they used at parting to pay a visit of ceremony to the palace, and express their regret at the prospect of departure in a set speech. The First Ambassador would commence a graceful acknowledgment of all the attentions shown to himself and his suite; but, after some two or three sentences, he would become so overwhelmed by his feelings, that his voice shrank up to a piping treble, and the rest of the speech was delivered in a stifled whisper. Without pronouncing an opinion on the propriety of this special form of leave-taking, civilized nations must, nevertheless, confess that the Japanese have paid a great deal of attention to style. In one respect our views on speeches are the same as theirs. We openly profess to consider the end of the oration to be its most telling part, and the most worthy of special elaboration. All orators wish to be thought to care for the honour of the country, the welfare of society, and the eternal destinies of man; but they invariably reserve these euphonious topics till the last. The immediate prospect of leaving off has an effect upon the mind so extremely exhilarating, that the speaker is carried away by a flood of mighty thoughts, and rises beyond himself. Swans sing before they die, and members of Parliament prophesy before they sit down. Listeners applaud, in some cases because they admire what is said, and in others because they are jubilant at the near prospect of release.

Perorations are worth some study, not only from the insight which they afford into the welfare and destinies of man, as looked at from various points of view, but also as conveying the speaker's ideas of the best possible style. Even the dullest of mortals can throw whatever is in him into the facile topics of a peroration. However small may be his intellectual resources, he has in such general remarks an open field to display them. It follows, that if there is, in any respect, a large agreement among perorations, it will afford the nearest approach that can be made to a common-verdict of orators. Such an agreement certainly does not exist as regards the natural subject-matter. There is a clear understanding that it shall be something grand and comprehensive; but so many things are both grand and comprehensive, that the choice is, after all, a wide one. For the very last words of all, nothing can be so well recommended as "public safety." There is a dignified, and yet modest emphasis, about the term which is found to be highly calculated to elicit cheers. "The happiness of mankind" has been found good for the provinces, and Mr. Gladstone is much attached to it; but for parliamentary eloquence, a young orator will do well to confine himself either to "public safety" or to "the affections of the people." Mr. Bright has once or twice adopted "the renown of Parliament," and seems continually to hover round it towards the end of his speeches; but in mere humble people it might be thought a shade too presumptuous. Mr. Disraeli has of late cultivated variety in the perorations of his great speeches. In 1861 he delivered two which claimed a high place in the annals of eloquence: one of them closed with "the people of England," the other with "the conduct of their representatives." In 1862 his four chief speeches had for their conclusions "the fortunes of the realm," "the taxpayers of the country," "public money," and "the public service." In the same period his rival managed to steal a march upon him by appropriating "the happiness of the people" twice in a single session: once he found "the spirit of the constitution" answer admirably, and once he sat down with an allusion to "the nations of the world." Wonderful indeed must be the gift of eloquence, which can enable great speakers so often to produce the same kind of sentiment in so many different ways; and marvellous the art, by which so many different subjects can be made to issue in the same kind of sentiment!

In the subject-matter of perorations there is to be seen, amid a general agreement, a considerable variety of detail; but in respect of cadence, the measured beat of the sentences, there appears to be, in all seriousness, a very distinct uniformity. For the sake of distinctness in terms, it may be as well to premise that cadence implies nothing more than the allotment of the words on which stress falls in each clause of a sentence. Writers have sometimes spoken of a harmonious style; Lord Macaulay and Lord Brougham have done so, among others, though it is known that the former expressed contrition before his death for the venial offence, and the latter would probably, upon reflection, do the same. The term is simply inaccurate: rhythm or cadence is simply the beat of the heavier syllables, broken up as they are by lighter ones, and by the intervening stops. We think we shall be able to show that the English language requires, for rhetorical perfection, a certain particular cadence; and since, above all things, it is necessary not to be monotonous, this cadence is reserved for the more emphatic passages, to which class a studied peroration will, of course, belong. That to which we refer is the trimeter, or triple beat; and laying this down as the first law of cadence, the second would seem to lie in the still more certain fact that a double beat at the end of a sentence must be invariably preceded by another. For example, let us begin with the following sentence, which closes Lord Macaulay's first speech on the Reform Bill, one of the most highly wrought of all his speeches:—

"The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this Bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing remorse, amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order."

Why did the orator insert here the word "social?" It is not necessary to the sense. The reason clearly is, that he instinctively felt that the triple cadence was the fitting close for the appeal. And the effect will generally be increased if another similar clause precedes. Fox closed his speech on the state of Ireland thus:—

"I shall now relinquish this subject, perhaps for ever, by repeating a sentiment that I have before thrown out during the discussion. I will not barter English commerce for Irish slavery. That is not the price I would pay, nor is this the thing I would purchase."

The two triple measures are increased in this passage by a clause of an entirely different character which precedes them both; and the rhythm is none the worse if this is left slightly monotonous. The peroration of Lord Brougham's celebrated defence of Queen Caroline is the perfection of cadence, though the speaker was more remarkable for fluency and vigour than for the nice adjustment of his words. No one, again, can have read the denunciation of Jeremiah against the feeble king of Judah, without wondering at the majestic march of the sentence,—an effect chiefly due to the trimeter beat of the English version:—

"O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord. Write ye this man childless, a man that shall not prosper in his days: for no man of his seed shall prosper, sitting upon the throne of David, and ruling any more in Judah."

Those who have but rarely studied the speeches of ancient and modern times, would be surprised if they could see how general this rule is. Of late times it has become even more general than formerly. The chief use of a dimeter ending—a double cadence—is in plaintive or despondent utterances; and in this case it is virtually quadruple. We hardly remember, in all the speeches of the best English orators, a single instance of a trimeter followed by a dimeter at the end of an effective speech. The speeches of Pitt

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and Fox are both very frequently marred at the conclusion by the formality of pronouncing the words of a resolution, or reading a petition or amendment; but the best that we have are generally in the form we have mentioned. Of all the speakers of that time, Burke is the most dissyllabically inclined, as was Canning in later times; the latter, however, never greatly elaborated his perorations, and of all that he made, the most famous is the peroration of his speech on affording aid to Portugal, which ends in a series of triple cadences.

One great speaker alone, and one unmatched in rhythmical beauty, was in the habit of concluding his speeches by a single forcible beat following a pause; and it must be confessed that in his hands it was extraordinarily powerful. It is hard to help quoting, though it is so well known, that magnificent ending of the "Declaration of Irish Right," than which nothing finer was ever spoken even by Grattan himself; but the whole passage would ill bear mutilation. It may not be out of place, however, to caution some readers that in more than one selection of rhetorical pieces the passage in question is mutilated, and not improved. "The breath of liberty,"—such were its closing words,—"like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him." The solemn measure of this ending was, as we said, a favourite with Grattan; but sometimes he is as grand in his trimeter or even hexameter conclusions. "The labour of years she now gathers, in a harvest which she shares with her princes." Still better is the speech on the Revenue Commissioners in 1790,—"Let us bring forth the institution of Parliament itself to expostulate with the Irish Minister! or, if there is yet her spirit resident in this dome, let that spirit rebuke him! I cannot hear its voice, but I think I feel its dictates." A similar ending in respect of cadence, is that of Curran's defence of Rowan, as also in Lord Brougham's attack on the Durham clergy, and both his inaugural discourses, that at Glasgow University, and that of last year at the Social Science Congress.

Let us now turn to more modern times. Sheil, one of the most vivid of modern orators, ended his speech on the Repeal of the Union with a dimeter; but his splendid peroration to his defence of O'Connell, and that of his speech on the Irish Corporation Act, which hardly fell short of it, were both concluded with a trimeter. In Macaulay's own edition of his speeches we have the best means of seeing what that perfect master of cadence conceived to be good. It is easy to examine them. Setting aside those which may be considered doubtful, and those of which the conclusion does not fall into a regular measured pulsation, we find a triple beat in ten, a double in five, and a single beat, of the Grattan type, in one. Mr. Gladstone almost invariably concludes in the way which we have ventured to describe as the best. He is ending, for example, a great speech on finance: free trade is "one of the greatest boons which have ever in the history of man been conferred by a wise and prudent legislature upon a great and intelligent people." Or he is concluding a panegyric on Lord Palmerston: he is a Minister "of whom it will be recorded that not now alone, but for many years past, through evil report and good report, he sustained and supported the cause of Italy." It will be evident to any one who reads this sentence aloud, remembering its place in the speech, that a slight pause is naturally to be made after the word "sustained," so that the last bar, so to speak, is threefold, not fourfold; and the same is the case with the last words of Sheridan's great speech, which might seem at first sight to be dimetric. Mr. Disraeli's best and most highly-wrought efforts have the same musical ring. The end of his set speech on the state of the finances is a finished example. But no illustration can be better than the rival addresses delivered on the last night of the Budget debate in December, 1852—the debate which cost Lord Derby's Government their office. The first passage quoted is the conclusion of Mr. Disraeli's peroration; the second, that of Mr. Gladstone:—

"This I know, that England does not love coalitions. I appeal from the coalition to the public opinion, which governs the country—to that public opinion whose wise and irresistible influence can control even the decrees of Parliament, and without whose support the most august and ancient institutions are but the baseless fabric of a vision."

"You may refuse my appeal now—you may accompany the Chancellor of the Exchequer into the lobby—but the time will surely come when you will look back upon this vote, as its consequences shall sooner or later unfold themselves, with bitter, but with late and ineffectual repentance."

We have not space to extend the examination to the more rhetorical portions of great literary works. But we may merely mention, by way of illustration, the concluding passages of "Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and of the "Mill on the Floss," along with Mrs. Oliphant's description of Irving's death, as worthy of study for their extreme rhythmical beauty. Each of them will be found, as will most of the rhetorical passages which are most popular in the Bible, to bear out what we have said above. We have no right to pretend that the view that we have urged is of necessity the true one; at the same time, there must be some laws of cadence, and the striking uniformity which the instinct of great speakers, as exemplified in their perorations, seems to display, does appear to point in a very marked manner to the conclusion which we have ventured to draw from it.

SERVANT-GAL-ISM AND THE "CODE GAMP."

The spirit of the immortal Mrs. Gamp—if it ever walks the earth, or, rather, if it ever brings itself to cross the British Channel in one of those "packidges," of which, perhaps, it may be said that their awful and disturbing motion is not suited to the Gampian "constitugion,"—will be gratified to find that thoroughly Gampian notions of female dignity prevail in France as well as in England. How they may have come there it is difficult to say, unless, at a period anterior to human memory, a member of the illustrious Gamp family was blown across by accident from England, in an open boat, in the way in which all scholars of eminence believe that America was originally peopled by the Pelasgi. At a period when servant-gal-ism was as yet unknown except on British soil, it may be that some missionary Gamp, overcoming her dislike to the sea, possibly went over, like St. Augustine, to disseminate her principles among the benighted natives on the Normandy coast. From the Normandy coast the Gampian propaganda would naturally extend inland, and, by slow degrees, arrive at Paris, where distinct traces of it have recently been found. With their usual love of abstract principles, the French, however, have erected into a creed and an idea what in England was merely a habit and a custom. In England the female Gamp had her tastes and her pursuits, but was a law only to herself. Across the Channel a *Code Gamp* has been discovered, just as there is a Code Napoléon. The British Gamp had clear notions of what was due to her own dignity (which she had imbibed from the lessons of one who shall be nameless), and, knowing what she liked for supper, she usually had it; but she did not go so far as to lay down laws and to force others in domestic life to follow her example. Servant-gal-ism, accordingly, in England is not based so much on philosophical theories which have been promulgated by authority, as on individual fancy or caprice. It is a wild flower, not a garden-flower, and would scorn to cultivate itself by any given rules. In Paris, it seems to be different. An ancient philosopher complains that in his days the very dogs in the street had become imbued with revolutionary principles, and ran about with the most democratical air in the world. The French "servant-gal," in like manner, is not so much a woman as a system. She is not merely a domestic—she is a citizen, who knows how to apply the principles of the "fundamental pact" of 1789 to domestic life. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are not much good, unless they are brought to bear on the social relations of the parlour with the kitchen. It is the boast of the French Empire that it revives those principles of 1789 everywhere when it comes across "suffering civilization." The French Empire seems to have found civilization suffering downstairs, and to have entered on its mission with alacrity. A fair but frail socialist, of the name of Marie Gagneur, appears to have been the authoress of the *Code Gamp*. She probably began by asking herself some such question as that which agitated the Abbé Sièyes; and she certainly came to a similar conclusion. "Qu'est qu'est la servant-gal?—Rien. Qu'est qu'elle doit être?—Tout."

The world knows little of its greatest men; and Paris for a long time knew but little of its greatest woman. The thought never dawned upon anybody—not, perhaps, even on the Imperial Government—that they had got amongst them a revolutionary prophetess, who, in her humble sphere, had set about reforming the world. An English servant-gal would have gone off selfishly by herself, and enjoyed her own disregard of rules, quite careless as to whether her fellow-servants were emancipated from the tyranny of their masters and mistresses. The French servant-gal could not act so mean a part. She could take no pleasure in independence, unless she saw something like a nobler spirit spreading in the kitchen than a mere regard for material interests. The highest form of policy of which an English girl would have been capable would be, perhaps, some miserable combination below stairs, leading to a strike for wages. The Parisian servant-gal is a daughter of the Empire, and goes to war for an idea. She saw before her the possible regeneration of the "slavey" race; just as Napoleon III. wishes to regenerate the Latin race. Fixing her eye on this, she laboured on for years, sometimes successfully, sometimes fruitlessly, but always usefully. The only pain she felt, beyond the gnawing and agonizing pain of bondage, was,

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perhaps, seeing her fellow-servants occasionally so lost to a sense of duty. Some of them received well enough her lessons or advice. Of some she could not but feel, as she lay down to sleep after her thoughtful day, that they were not what she could have wished to see them. It is so pleasant to be a backslider in the cause of servantgalism, and so hard to remember to persevere. The servant-gal who hesitates is lost, and in the hour of temptation, when a mistress is kind and indulgent, it is easy to take a step for which the servant-gal may bitterly reproach herself afterwards. Then, again, many of her companions would go a certain way, without carrying out their principles to a logical conclusion. Marie Gagneur found, no doubt, that there were temporizers downstairs as well as everywhere else; but still, upon the whole, she was successful; and when the time came for her to be taken up by the police—for a matter about the propriety of which the Code Gamp and the Code Napoléon happen accidentally to differ, and in which the police insisted on being guided by the Code Napoléon—she had it in her power to look back on a well-spent service. The lady whose money she had taken being an inveterate enemy of the Code Gamp, acting in a servile spirit, prosecuted her with animosity, and the magistrates sent her to prison. But they could not take from her the consciousness that she had provided a code which will be the benefit of her order for many generations, even after she has passed away.

The way in which the Code Gamp was brought to light is curious enough. The lady who had the honour of the society of its authoress as a "help" was somewhat astonished to find that four servants whom she had taken from the country, with excellent characters, in six months had to be dismissed again. Then it all came out. After some inquiry, she discovered that their characters had been undermined in consequence of an intimacy with the Gampian theory of life, as propounded to them by its admirable inventor. Living in the house, and always walking by her own standard, this exemplary young woman had taken upon herself to instruct all novices in service, and had actually drawn up a set of rules for their guidance, a copy of which was afterwards found in her possession. The rules began, in the spirit of the French Imperial code, with laying down the fundamental principle that servants are quite as good as their employers. The general proposition came next, that every servant is entitled to be absent from the house two hours a-day, between breakfast and dinner, and to have one day to herself every fortnight. A table of regulations followed, to be carefully observed by "every servant who has any self-respect."

1. To insist on going to market unaccompanied by her mistress.
2. To refuse to debase herself by washing or dry scrubbing.
3. To allow of no meddling with her private affairs or dress.
4. To receive whomsoever she pleases in the kitchen.
5. Not to allow her letters to be read.
6. To wear crinoline, a long shawl, and bonnet.
7. To demand an increase of wages every three months.
8. To take a fortnight's holiday twice a year to visit her relations.
9. To leave any family, if she does not receive a present after two months' service.

From the evidence given before the tribunal of correctional police, it appeared that the prisoner, Marie Gagneur, had followed this programme to the letter. Hers will be the proud and simple epitaph—She never debased herself by washing or dry scrubbing. It is more than most English servant-gals can say, when they reflect upon their past lives. With all this pride, she does not seem to have been wanting in those little touches of domestic affection, without which no Frenchwoman or Frenchman would be French. Article the eighth is dedicated—if we may so say—to a provision for the cultivation of family affections. Twice a year she required a fortnight to visit her relations. This proves she was not unmindful how high a place the "culte de famille" must occupy in every social system. It is a picture of honourable simplicity united with pardonable pride. The proud servant-gal, who would allow none to dictate to her, becomes twice a year a child again, and visits her relatives as affably and humbly as if she had never been brought up to wear "crinoline, a long shawl, and a bonnet." The Gampian Code is remarkable in another way, as showing a little sense of what may be done with masters and mistresses by an earnest, self-respecting servant-girl. Marie Gagneur does not seem to have thought it possible to live in a house for two months without receiving a present from the family. If she lived up to her views, as we are assured she did, the family must have been a strange one, which felt inclined to make her extraordinary and supernumerary presents. The high spirit, however, of Marie Gagneur could not brook neglect. She brought to the service of her "employers" a soul that had never debased itself by dry scrubbing. But she expected, on their part, confidence and esteem. In this respect her theory was the converse of the Imperial theory, which requires that the power should come from the Sovereign, and the confidence from below. Marie Gagneur maintained that the power should come from below, and the confidence from above. "L'état c'est moi," said the French monarch. "La famille c'est moi," said Marie Gagneur. She has gone to prison for a time, in consequence of the mingled meanness and obstinacy of her mistress. It is to be hoped that when her term of confinement is over, she will reappear to carry out her mission, and to place for ever on a firm and constitutional basis the rights of the female servant. Ultimately, no doubt, each house will be conducted on the principles of universal suffrage. Meantime, Marie Gagneur is suffering the penalty of those great minds who allow themselves to be in advance of their age.

THE PAST WEEK.

The insurrection in Poland, alarming symptoms of which were mentioned by us last week, has actually broken out. Its immediate provocation was the harshness with which the recruiting for the Russian army has lately been carried on. The city of Warsaw was occupied by 50,000 troops, many of them billetted in private houses. At midnight, the soldiery were ranged, in order of battle, through the streets, while sergeants entered every dwelling where a member of the family had been drawn for the conscription; so that the victims of forced military service were literally taken out of their beds and carried off, with their hands bound, to the citadel, about 2,000 in number, without exempting those who had aged parents or wives and children to support. The governors of all the provinces of Russian Poland had orders to proceed in the same manner. While the bereaved families of Warsaw were mourning, a central committee of Polish patriots raised the standard of resistance; proclaiming the whole country to be, not in a revolutionary, but an "exceptional" state, they denounced the Marquis Wielopolski and other principal agents of the Russian despotism; and they advised the youth of Warsaw to go forth and shelter themselves in the neighbouring forests. A supply of arms was expected from France, but stopped by the French Government. The effect of this invitation was, that some hundreds of workmen and young people, with a few of the peasantry, collected in different places, especially towards Modlin and Plock, which are situated lower down the Vistula, the one town being distant about twenty miles, and the other about seventy miles, to the north-west of Warsaw. Other bands of insurgents appeared at Minsk, at Sierock, and Pultusk, in an opposite direction. The railways and telegraph lines were at once broken up. A great number of persons enrolled for the army service fled southwards, and took refuge beyond the Austrian frontier. The Russian Government has shown, however, its determination promptly to put down this revolt. Large forces were instantly sent from Warsaw, from Bialystok, and from Grodno, to disperse the insurgents. We already hear of their being driven from the neighbourhood of Modlin, which is an important garrison town; and they were defeated in a skirmish at Plock, where 150 of them were taken prisoners. In another instance, it was the Czar's troops who were forced to retreat. In most places, as the official reports take care to inform us, the peasantry have held back; and they have even aided, here and there, in capturing the insurgents. At Lublin, they took twenty prisoners, one of them a Roman Catholic priest; these are all to be tried by court-martial. The districts of Kovno, Grodno, and Volhynia, in Russia itself, but on the Polish border, have been placed, as well as Poland, in a state of siege. The railway communication between St. Petersburg and Warsaw is stopped by the destruction of a bridge over the river Bug. There are later accounts of bloody collisions between the troops and the insurgents. A thousand rebels were posted at Ostroyka, and others at Brzesclitewski, and Bialapodolska. A troop of insurgents attacked Tomaszow, driving out 500 Cossacks, and disarmed several frontier Cossack posts. Warsaw students accompanied the rebels. On the whole, there seems to be no chance of the success of the insurrection, the landlords and middle-class townspeople holding aloof. Martial law has been proclaimed throughout the kingdom of Poland. In the city of Warsaw itself, several of the soldiers are said to have been killed in the houses where they separately lodged; and this was magnified, by rumour, into a desperate conflict, but the facts are not yet exactly known. The Czar Alexander, in a speech to his officers on parade, at St. Petersburg last Sunday, referred with some emotion to these sad events in Poland. His Imperial Majesty said:—"Even in presence of these atrocities I will not accuse the whole Polish nation. I see in these events only the work of the revolutionary party, desirous of overturning legal order everywhere. I know that this party reckons upon finding traitors in our ranks. It will, however, not shake my belief in the faith and devotedness of the army, which will now more than ever fulfil its duties. Should circumstances require, you will prove that I can depend upon you."

The Emperor Napoleon has received an address from the French Senate, which echoes, of course, with docile approval, his own account of his policy, lately expounded in his speech. The Senate feels assured that "the period of conflicts is receding, and that of arrangements is drawing near;" that the attitude of Italy at Turin, and that of the Papacy at Rome, "are such as to allay any

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apprehensions of a conflict;" and that the Emperor contrives very wisely to decline any compact with "the revolution," taking care "not to separate the legitimate aspirations of the peoples from the law of treaties." As for the Mexican expedition, "nothing remains but for our heroic army to advance." We learn, accordingly, by the despatches from General Forey and Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, that the army was, about the middle of December, advancing close to La Puebla, where the French suffered a severe check under General Lorençez last summer, on their road to the city of Mexico. General Forey reports that his troops are now in a good sanitary condition, though he requires one baggage mule for every three men, and has set up an hospital for the convalescent at Jalapa. It is thought not impossible that the French may be in the Mexican capital by this time.

The distribution of prizes to the French Exhibitors in the Great International Exhibition at South Kensington last year has already taken place at the Louvre, by the Emperor in person, with a speech, in which he complimented them upon their success, their energy, and their perseverance in upholding the honour of France. His Majesty said that "the redoubtable invasion of British soil," which used to be so much talked of, "has now been realised;" and he continued, "I am happy to have to bestow the reward of the brave. In fact, we have crossed the Channel and invaded English soil, not with arms which carry ruin, but those which confer prosperity and comfort." The Emperor then spoke of the benefit of treaties of commerce, which draw nations nearer to one another and improve their manufactures. He said,—"If foreigners have to envy us many useful things, France must have seen that she can borrow many moral conquests from England. We have, in fact, borrowed from England that spirit of liberty which, being extended to all opinions, insures the development of all interests." His Majesty further said that liberty, as understood in England, does not destroy, but reforms. He particularly remarked that, in England, "private industry acts for itself; the Government leaves to every one the responsibility of his acts; this system has not been followed without contributing to the industrial and maritime prosperity of our neighbours." The Emperor stated his conviction that France would attain the same object, when she had "completed the bases indispensable to the establishment of public liberties." He concluded by appealing to all good Frenchmen to unite and rally round the Empire, in order to arrive at this result.

The *Moniteur* says that Lord Cowley has been instructed by Earl Russell to express to M. Drouyn de Lhuys the satisfaction felt by the British Government on account of the late speech of the Emperor to the French exhibitors, and its strong desire to see the sentiments of mutual esteem daily strengthen the ties of friendship which unite the two nations as well as their governments.

The failure of the Emperor's proposal to mediate between North and South in America is referred to, with some expression of regret, in the address of the Senate. A fresh attempt has now been made, by a note which M. Drouyn de Lhuys has addressed to M. Mercier, the French Minister at Washington, dated 9th January, in reference to proposals for peace to be submitted to the Federal Cabinet. M. Drouyn de Lhuys says:—"In adopting this course, France is, above all, guided by her friendship for the Government of Washington. The Government of the Emperor has, therefore, thoroughly examined the objections which might be raised against friendly intervention. Among these objections were the reluctance of the Republic to admit any foreign influence, and the hope entertained by the Americans of a solution being arrived at by the force of arms. The assistance of the good offices of foreign Powers has nothing incompatible with the pride of a great people. Besides, in offering our services to facilitate negotiations between the belligerents, we have abstained from prejudicing their bases. France in no way disputes the right of America to decline the assistance of the great maritime Powers; but this assistance is the only means of hastening the end of the war. Should the American Government, nevertheless, reject foreign mediation, might it not at least enter into direct negotiations with the authorities of the South? The opening of negotiations between the belligerents would not necessarily involve the cessation of hostilities. Nothing would hinder the Federal Government from retaining the advantages which the continuation of the war might offer, and it might nevertheless enter into negotiations with the South. If the South consented, representatives of the two parties might meet in a city which could be declared neutral. The grievances which have led to the separation might be examined. The representatives might also consider whether secession is the unavoidable extremity, and whether the recollection of former times and common interests is not more powerful than the causes which have brought the two peoples under arms. Negotiations of this character would not be open to the objections which have been raised to European intervention; and, without giving rise even to any hope of immediate reconciliation, the armistice would nevertheless exercise an ameliorating influence upon present events."

The *New York Times*, which is supposed to have semi-official communications from Mr. Seward, narrates, with suspicious minuteness, a conversation alleged to have passed between the Emperor Napoleon and Mr. Slidell, the unrecognized envoy or agent of the South. The Emperor is reported to have asked Mr. Slidell whether a reconciliation and reunion of the North and South might not still be possible, if the North would consent to let the South reserve all its rights, to indemnify the South for all its losses, and to pay for the emancipation of all its slaves. He intimated that there would be difficulties in the way of a recognition of the South by the European Powers, if the South was obstinately resolved on making slavery the basis of its social and political fabric; and he remarked that it was the duty of France, which lent a hand to the foundation of the American Republic, to assist in an amicable settlement of this conflict, and if possible, to save the Union. Mr. Slidell replied that North and South could scarcely agree ever to live together again; but as for slavery, he believed that its gradual abolition, by the spontaneous action of the State Governments, was a mere question of time, when once the political independence of the South should have been secured.

The latest news from America, to the 16th, shows on both sides a disposition to pause. The *Richmond Enquirer* urges an armistice, but says that the separation of the South from the North is eternal. The *New York Tribune* says, that if foreign mediation were first offered to and accepted by the South, the North would give it a favourable consideration. In the State Legislature of New Jersey, a resolution has been proposed, recommending an armistice and the discussion of some terms of compromise. Meanwhile the Southern President, Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his message to the Confederate Congress, declares the anxiety of the South for peace, but says that its determination not to submit is unalterable. He denounces the conduct of the Federal armies as atrocious and cruel. Of Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, he says he may well leave it to the instincts of the common humanity of men of all countries to pass judgment upon a measure by which millions of human beings of inferior race, peaceful and contented labourers in their sphere, are doomed to extermination, while they are encouraged to assassinate their masters. Commissioned Federal officers attempting to execute the proclamation will, if captured, be delivered to the State authorities, to be dealt with according to the State laws for the punishment of criminals. Mr. Davis further complains, that the European Powers declared their neutrality without acknowledging the sovereignty of the seceded States, thus injuring the South and prolonging the war by admitting the doctrine that the Federal Government had a right to coerce the seceded States. If these States were independent, the refusal to entertain the same international intercourse with them as with the North was unjust. There is not much actual war news. The Federals have given up their attack on Vicksburg, and retired, but on the Arkansas river, a Confederate post, with seven thousand men, stores, and ammunition, has been taken. At Springfield, too, the Southerners are forced to retreat, pursued by a Federal army. They have put to death ten Federal officers in Arkansas, by way of retaliation for the act of General M'Neil at Palmyra. The State Capitol of Bâton Rouge, which place is in the hands of the Federals, has been burnt down by incendiaries. The *Alabama* has captured two more vessels, and a Federal squadron is sent into the Gulf of Mexico, to recapture, if possible, the transports which lately fell a prey to the Confederate cruisers there. Galveston, on the coast of Texas, is taken by the Confederates. The financial situation of the Federal Government has been explained by Mr. Spaulding to the Congress. He stated that the Government must borrow, in some form or other, nearly two million dollars a day, and must continue doing so, till next July, when the amount of the public debt will be two thousand million dollars. There being an immediate need of a hundred million dollars, the House of Representatives has passed an act for the issue of legal tender notes to that amount. Bills for granting money to assist Maryland and Western Virginia in emancipating their slaves, as well as a bill for the enlistment of 150,000 negro troops, have been laid before Congress.

At home, the week has been quiet,—all parties awaiting the opening of Parliament on Thursday next. The vacant seat for the borough of Cambridge, left by the retirement of Mr. Steuart, on the ground that, as a good Protestant Church Conservative, he will not support Mr. Disraeli's championship of the Pope, is likely to occasion a contest. Mr. Francis Powell, of Wigan, in Lancashire, is the Conservative candidate. On the Liberal side, Mr. Shafto Adair, who formerly represented the borough, declines this time to come forward; but another candidate has been found in Mr. Henry Fawcett, a Fellow of Trinity Hall, and the author of some well-approved essays on political economy and social science, who once stood for Southwark, a few years ago. He will support the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston's Government, but advocates a stricter economy in the national expenditure. He is thought to have a fair chance of uniting all sections of the Liberal party in his favour. Several members of Parliament, but not of the greatest note, have been making speeches to their constituents this week; at Greenwich, Mr. Angerstein said, that he had observed with much pain Mr. Cobden's inclination to act with the Conservative party against the present Administration; at Leicester, Mr. Peter Alfred Taylor remarked that both the great parties are just now wonderfully unanimous in their desire to have no reform at all. Non-intervention in America, but with a sentiment in favour of the North or the South, as the bias of individual opinion may be, is the chief topic of every discourse on the political prospects of the day.

A deputation of some importance has waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London, to urge the necessity for a combined organization of clergymen and laymen to extend the spiritual working of the Church of England. Most of the laymen in the deputation stated that they belonged to societies for the defence of the Church of England from external enemies, but they felt that it was useless to guard it from without unless its action was improved within. Their present object was to increase the number of clergymen in the Church till their numbers were adequate to take the pastoral oversight of the whole

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population; and this they thought would best be accomplished by beginning with some manageable district—say a rural deanery—where all the local resources would be applied to the purpose and supplemented by the liberality of the district. The three prelates agreed in heartily approving the scheme. The co-operation of clergy and laity, organized through the rural deaneries, to bring the spiritual agencies of the Church within reach of the great mass of the people, was, in their view, the true course of Church defence; and the Bishop of London added some remarks on the duties of churchwardens, and on the importance of their making full and true presentments, to supply the local information which is required.

An address, signed by many of the clergy and laity, is being prepared, to desire the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Convocation, to take some steps to purge the Church of that blot upon her orthodoxy which, in their view, has been caused by the late publication of the Bishop of Natal. The Bishop of Ripon, also, in presiding at a meeting of the Scripture Readers' Society, has noticed the "painful spectacle" of a man in Dr. Colenso's high office, "miserably perverting his talents" to disparage the historical accuracy of the Pentateuch. The Bishop of Durham has withdrawn his countenance from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, because its conductors refuse to censure the Bishop of Borneo for his share in the fight with the pirates, which he narrated with so much gusto in the *Times* a few months ago.

On the special topics of social reform, which most occupy public attention just now, several speeches of interest have been delivered within the last few days. The Bishop of London, at Islington, has pleaded on behalf of ragged-schools; Mr. Adderley, in Warwickshire, has summed up the results of late experience in juvenile reformatories; the Earl of Carnarvon has presided at a meeting of the Hartley Institution, at Southampton, where he praised the establishment of reading-rooms and educational classes for workingmen.

A meeting has been held in Dublin by the Marquis of Waterford and other gentlemen interested in the tidal salmon fisheries of Ireland, to oppose the bill which is about to be introduced into parliament for prohibiting the use of fixed engines in the taking of salmon, and for regulating, in other ways, the conduct of the fisheries.

The Bank rate of discount has again been raised to 5 per cent., but the funds remain steady at 92¼ to ½, and foreign bonds as well. The money market is calm; on some of the railway and other joint-stock companies the measure has had rather a depressing effect.

The gale which blew for several days last week, besides causing the wreck of sundry vessels, but without much loss of life, destroyed the foundation of Lytham lighthouse, built upon piles, near the mouth of the Ribble, on the Lancashire coast; and, in spite of all the efforts made to repair the damage, the edifice has fallen.

There has been a meeting in Exeter Hall, convened by the new Negro Emancipation Society, to express sympathy with President Lincoln and the Northern States of America, and to denounce the "treason and tyranny" of the slave-holding States. The chief speakers were the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, Mr. Thomas Hughes, and Mr. J. M. Ludlow, the Rev. Newman Hall, and Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P. There was some opposition, an amendment being moved in favour of recognizing the Southern Confederacy, but the original resolutions were easily carried.

The Court of Queen's Bench has had to refuse several applications for leave to prosecute or sue the high officers of State, for alleged neglect of duty, to the injury of private persons. Last week, the Court decided against Mr. O'Malley Irwin, an Irish barrister, who, after having failed in an action against the Home Secretary, for not appearing in the witness-box when Mr. Irwin was tried for the misdemeanour of obtaining a revising barristership by false representations, again sought redress, because Sir George Grey had since advised Her Majesty to disregard his "Petition of Right." In the next case, Miss Rosina Fray, the plaintiff non-suited in an action against the Earl of Zetland, in whose family she had been governess, wanted to make Mr. Justice Blackburn personally responsible for his judicial opinion against her claim. The last instance is that of Mr. Maillard, an Irish landowner, who asked for a mandamus to compel either Sir Robert Peel or Sir George Grey to grant him a special police escort, for the protection of his life and property, threatened by assassins and mobs. The Court referred him, of course, to the ordinary police magistrates of his district.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has adopted, by a majority of 255 to 68, the constitutional address to the Crown, protesting against its recent violations of Parliamentary government.

Sir Robert Peel, while lecturing at a provincial mechanics' institute, on the various specimens of wood shown in the Great Exhibition, made a digression on the subject of the American civil war; he denounced, as odious and foolish, the vindictive conduct of the North, and hoped the South would gain its independence, believing that this would best further the abolition of slavery.

The British Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai has memorialized our Foreign Office to enforce the Treaty of Tien-tsin, with regard to the privileges of trading up the Yang-tze-kiang river, and of residing in the interior of China.

The Lord Mayor and the Bishop of London have spoken at a meeting on behalf of the Whitechapel Ragged Schools.

Local disturbances, with an extensive conspiracy, have broken out in Greece.

Reviews of Books.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.*

Mr. Kinglake, as we have seen, ascribes to Louis Napoleon's atrocities, and his struggles to avoid their consequences, a prominent part amongst the causes of the Crimean war. We have already ventured to doubt whether, in his eager anxiety to do signal justice upon a great criminal, he has not come to exaggerate the importance of his crimes in this particular direction. The case becomes more doubtful as we proceed. The executioner feels rather too much pleasure in his task. He takes a cool and deliberate aim, and then brings down his scourge with a hearty indignation right on the tenderest places. Every sentence leaves its mark, and we seem to hear a subdued but virtuous chuckle from the spectators, as each stinging blow gets well home on a criminal inaccessible to ordinary punishment. But we feel, as we have elsewhere intimated, that the desire for justice is quickened by personal hatred; and the historian accepts a lower standard of evidence when it bears against the man he detests. For example, the picturesque physiological statement that Louis Napoleon's skin, in moments of alarm, is liable to be suffused with a greenish hue, has rather the flavour of spiteful drawing-room gossip than of history. When a man can be proved an accomplice in, if not a perpetrator of, wholesale massacres, we do not want an extra statement to be thrown in, on insufficient evidence, that he is apt to turn green. He is quite bad enough without it. In more important matters than this we should be all the readier to accept Mr. Kinglake's statements if we could feel certain that the previous bad character of the accused had not been allowed to weigh too much in the judge's mind. We cannot resist a suspicion that Louis Napoleon is charged with being the author of the war, much more because Mr. Kinglake thinks that such a thorough-paced scoundrel naturally would provoke a war, than because he has proved any overt acts against him. As this is the very cardinal point of the whole theory expounded in the book, it is worth while to point out the slightness of the evidence in favour of it.

Louis Napoleon, says Mr. Kinglake, provoked the Crimean war principally by prompting certain movements of the allied fleets. Four times the fleets were moved gradually forwards, till they had passed Constantinople and reached the Black Sea, and four times the Emperor Nicholas was thrown into paroxysms of fury which upset all previous negotiations. The last and most decisive of these movements, by the way, was one which proceeded at least as much from Lord Palmerston as from the French Emperor, and was one, which the English people would have infallibly demanded. But, says Mr. Kinglake again, two most important overtures for peace were also favoured if not originated by Louis Napoleon. One of these, the Vienna note, was within an ace of being successful. The five great Powers had every one agreed to it, and it was not till it came into the hands of Lord Stratford and the Turks, that it was exploded, and war finally declared. How, if Mr. Kinglake attacks Louis Napoleon for his manipulations of the allied fleet, can he escape giving him credit for these attempts at peace—attempts, moreover, which were nearly successful? He suggests two theories; either, as "some men will believe," the negotiations were mere masks to the real intent, or as is "perhaps more likely to be true, the French Emperor was all this time hesitating and keeping his judgment in suspense." It seems to us that the last conclusion is the only one which the facts support. Mr. Kinglake's mind is bent to consider the other as tenable only by his thorough-going hatred of the French Emperor. If so, the whole sting is taken out of the accusation. Perhaps it is true that Louis Napoleon was anxious to put himself forward in the eyes of Europe; it is in all probability true that he was anxious to turn away the eyes of Frenchmen and the world from the atrocious crimes he had committed, and we estimate their atrocity not one whit lower than Mr. Kinglake. But a very different responsibility is attached to the man who deliberately gets up a war, and the man who is merely seeking for notoriety, and who is as willing to gain it by making peace as by making war. The honour or the disgrace must remain, not so much with the restless intruder who had seized the position of second to one of the antagonists, but with the duellists who would not be pacified without drawing blood.

This view of the case, which is suggested by the earlier negotiations, becomes much stronger in the later part of the history. Not only does Louis Napoleon cease to take the most prominent part in inciting to war: it becomes wholly and solely the work of English people, newspapers, and ministers, and we mention them in the order of their relative importance. The story, as Mr. Kinglake tells it, is as follows, and is one of singular interest. When the Russians had abandoned the Principalities, and the allied armies were still at Varna, it seemed that all the objects of the war had been obtained. There was every probability that Nicholas, with his forces driven back into the interior,—with the allied fleets in possession of the Black Sea and the Baltic,—with all the expectations which had led him into war disappointed,—would be ready to make peace on honourable terms. How was it that this expectation was again falsified? It was not this time owing to the diabolical machinations of the French Emperor. He, as Mr. Kinglake good-naturedly suggests, was quite safe in leaving it to us.

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* The Invasion of the Crimea. By Alexander William Kinglake. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh & London. 1863.

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But the fact was that the English people were, as our cousins express it, "spiling for a fight." We had, after forty years' peace, collected an army, and sent it all the way to Turkey; and we felt the disappointment at the prospect of peace, which the appearance of the policeman causes in the mind of the prizefighter stripped in the ring. Moreover, there was something tempting about Sebastopol. It was held out to us like an enticing bait at the end of a peninsula, with the warlike stores and fleets that had been collected in twenty-five years. It seemed incredibly hard to give it all up, and come back without so much as one dash at the prize. We signified our intention to her Majesty's servants by the national organ—the *Times*. Mr. Kinglake, we may remark, in passing, treats the *Times* to a sample of his acid criticism, dissolving that mysterious abstraction into its component atoms with great point and vigour. The *Times*, however, delivered its oracle on the 15th of June, 1854, to the effect that Sebastopol was to be destroyed. In obedience to this mighty intimation of the popular will, the Duke of Newcastle set about composing a despatch to Lord Raglan, and by that despatch there hangs a tale. "The despatch," says Mr. Kinglake, "bristled with sentences tending to provoke objection." The despatch, moreover, was read to the acute and critical ministers who composed Lord Aberdeen's cabinet. Not one of the cabinet raised an objection, and why? because the cabinet went fast asleep. Three times the attempt was made to attract their attention. Twice they fell asleep; a third time "a blissful rest (not actual sleep)," reduced them to "a quiet and unassuming frame of mind." And thus the despatch went forth, unaltered by a single word. The absence of any modification was the cause of our going to Sebastopol. The despatch reached the allied commanders at Varna. They were in almost complete ignorance of everything they would most wish to know about the country they were to invade; they knew next to nothing of its geography, or of its inhabitants, or whether the forces opposed to them were 40,000 or 100,000. Naturally enough, both French and English generals thought the attempt too rash to be undertaken. Now, as a collateral consequence of Louis Napoleon's misdeeds, the French commander, St. Arnaud, had received his command, not because he was fit for it, but because he had fought in the streets of Paris in the days of December. That service, by an infamous decree of Napoleon's, was counted equally with service against an enemy. St. Arnaud had in his time been a man of vigour and resource. He had in particular smoked to death 500 Arabs in a cave, without letting anyone know of it but his brother and Marshal Bugeaud. But his health had now broken down. He was only fitfully able to take any share in the real command of the army; and Lord Raglan generally went quietly on his own way, leaving the French to follow him. This was especially true of the expedition to Sebastopol, and it is, therefore, interesting to see what were the motives of Lord Raglan's decision. We cannot think that, accepting Mr. Kinglake's account, they were really creditable to his judgment. He consulted Sir George Brown, and the two veterans began by laying down a canon, with which it would be cruel to find fault. They were to do what the great Duke would have done. Now, said Sir George Brown, the great Duke would certainly not have gone to Sebastopol; still I advise you to go, because from the tenor of the Duke of Newcastle's despatch, if you don't go they will get some one else to go for you. This suggestion, we are told, did not at all govern Lord Raglan's decision. His view of the case was founded upon the assumed maxim of the Duke of Wellington, that a commander of an army owed the same duty to the Secretary of State as a subaltern to his military chief. He neglected the fact, that, when the great Duke chose he would disregard the Secretary of State and his own maxims when they came in his way, as resolutely as if maxims and secretaries of state had been French armies. Lord Raglan thought, therefore, that the Duke of Newcastle's letter left him no choice, and before long 60,000 men were on their way to the Crimea; and thus we plunged headlong into the serious part of the war, owing to a chain of causes, in which, on Mr. Kinglake's own showing, Louis Napoleon had no part whatever, or none but a strictly passive part. The will of the English people, the power of the *Times*, the Duke of Newcastle's letter, the sleep of the cabinet, St. Arnaud's incapacity, and Lord Raglan's reverence for the great Duke, may all come in for a share of the blame. But, for aught that we can see, Louis Napoleon might have been willing to make peace if we had not resolved upon war. Surely that 14th chapter was rather a digression after all. Louis Napoleon richly deserves to be denounced for his December massacres and transportations; but the edge of the attack is rather blunted than sharpened, when we try to fasten upon him a war which was much more owing to our own passions than to his misdeeds.

We have discussed at some length Mr. Kinglake's account of the causes which led to the war. We have not stopped to do justice to the clearness and beauty of the narrative in which they are described. It becomes still more vigorous in describing the scenes of the invasion and the fight at the Alma, in which, as Mr. Kinglake indirectly informs us, he had the advantages of personal observation. If we were to raise any objection to the account of the Alma, it would be that the story is rather too minute and detailed, and that we are called upon to follow the fortunes of each of the commanders as if they were heroes in a Homeric battle; the general effect, however, remains distinct and brilliant. It will probably be little more gratifying on the other side of the Channel than the former part of the book. The characteristic of Mr. Kinglake's account is, indeed, his very low estimate of the amount of work actually done by the French. The Russians had neglected to occupy the western part of the ridge in sufficient force, trusting, apparently, that the natural difficulties would be a sufficient protection. The appearance of the French troops on the top of the plateau threw Prince Mentschikoff into a state of hopeless bewilderment, and he contented himself with moving seven battalions from his right flank to his left, and then moving them back again,—a manœuvre which naturally produced few results. Meanwhile, however, the French hung back. Their infantry had reached the top of the cliffs, but without artillery; and it is an unalterable French maxim never to engage without the help of artillery. Consequently, the troops remained simply standing their ground or fell back (in one part of the field, according to the Russian account, were driven back) till they found a shelter under the crest of the hill. Whilst the French army was thus hanging upon the slopes, without advancing, and exposed to a direct fire upon the centre of the battalions, they gradually became uneasy, and called upon Lord Raglan to advance. It was not till a much later hour that the French artillery began playing upon the massive columns of Russian troops and compelling them to fall back. Finally, it was not till the ultimate success of the English attack that the Russians retired from this wing and left the French to occupy the key of the position—the Telegraph height. But what becomes of M. de Bazancourt's account of the desperate struggle round the telegraph,—"one of those desperate bloody struggles in which man fights body to body with his enemy, in which looks devour each other, in which the hands grapple each other, in which arms dashed against arms are made to yield sparks of fire?" M. de Bazancourt's account must be reckoned with the desperate fight of the *Vengeur*, the destruction of English squares at the battle of Waterloo, and other bits of French historical romance; in other words, there was not any fighting at all, and the Russians simply retreated under a heavy fire of artillery.

The chief interest of the battle consists in the desperate fight between English and Russians, in line and column. It does not appear that there was much science expended in this part of the field. It was that kind of downright, pig-headed pounding which Englishmen admire. For an hour and a half the men had been lying down under a heavy fire of artillery, not liking it so much as a bayonet charge, but decidedly preferring it, says Mr. Kinglake, to a church parade. As they got the word to advance, the whole line sprang up, with a front of two miles and a depth of only two men, and went straight at the enemy. The light and second divisions had, unfortunately, overlapped and got into partial confusion. In passing through vineyards and inclosures, the light division had gradually been reduced into a crowd, with just a trace of its original file-formation. Before they had waded and swum the river, even this trace was gone, and by the time they had climbed the opposite bank, they were nothing but a disorderly crowd of Englishmen in red coats, with rifles in their hands and a gray Russian column in front. They blazed away at this column, however, till it fell back, and then instinctively rushed forwards with a common impulse converging upon the great redoubt. The Russians gave them a final volley, and then through the smoke our men saw the guns rapidly withdrawn. There was a general race for the redoubt. Young Anstruther, "fresh from the games of English school life," won it, raised the colours of the 23rd on the parapet, and fell shot through the heart the next instant. William Evans, of the Royal Welsh, was a good second, and directly afterwards General Codrington leapt his horse into the breastwork. By this time of course the English lines had been reduced to a shapeless mass; no supports were near them; a Russian column moved down upon them; for a time the men still waited steadily; at last a bugle sounded "the retire" (no one knows by whose orders), and the men fell back, still slowly and still firing at the enemy, except in one place, where a mass still more confused than usual retreated in a panic, and broke a gap through the advancing line of Guards. The Guards had been following slowly, and at too great an interval. At one time, indeed, when they came under fire, some officer "of obscure rank" had said, "The brigade of Guards will be destroyed; ought it not to fall back?" "It is better, sir," replied Sir Colin Campbell, who was near, "that every man of her Majesty's Guards should lie dead on the field, than that they should now turn their backs on the enemy." So the Guards moved on. The Scots Fusilier Guards were broken down by the confused masses of the light division in retreat. General Codrington, having rallied about 300 men of different regiments, proposed to fill up this gap partially; but with a rather uncalled-for delicacy, asked the Guards whether they would like his assistance? The Guards, with a kind of magnificent insolence, answered No? The Russians meanwhile, according to a certain Chodasiewicz, were "astonished at the extraordinary firmness with which the red jackets opened a fire in line. This was the most extraordinary thing to us, as we had never before seen troops fight in lines of two deep, nor did we think it possible for men to be found with sufficient firmness of *morale* to be able to attack in this apparently weak formation our massive columns." Whilst the Guards were busily at work file-firing into the flank of the close Russian columns, till they began to bend and waver, the Highland brigade was advancing on their left. The great front presented by the thin English line persuaded the Russians that they were being attacked by overwhelming numbers—the reverse of the truth. The strange garb of the tall plumed Highlanders, masked by a curtain of smoke, as they advanced firing, and the ominous silence of their ranks, produced a vague terror as of unearthly beings; some of the Russians fancied they were being

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charged by horsemen, strange, monstrous, bestriding giant chargers. The Russian cavalry remained unaccountably quiescent. Their artillery had been withdrawn; and in a few minutes the masses of Russian troops, unable to bear the galling fire opposed to them, "concluded to skedaddle." The English had fairly won the very heart of the position.

One thing remains to be explained. Why had the Russian redoubts been disarmed, and why did not their reserves come into play? The reason was this. After ordering the English advance, Lord Raglan had ridden forwards almost alone. He rode through the gap between the English and French lines, passed both French and Russian skirmishers, and went straight on till he gained a knoll in the very centre of the Russian position, commanding the rear of their redoubts and batteries, which they had fortunately left unoccupied. He immediately ordered up two guns; they were brought up just after the defeat of the light division. A few well-directed shots from them caused the withdrawal of the batteries which, till then, had held Sir de Lacy Evans in check; a few more caused the heavy columns of Russian reserves to fall back, and stopped the advance of another column upon the shattered remains of our light division. More than this, the very sight of the group of horsemen upon the knoll, misinterpreted by the Russian commanders, caused the great redoubt to be disarmed. Thus Lord Raglan's audacious solitary raid half-disarmed the Russians at the critical moment of the attack by Guards and Highlanders; and if it did not change the result of the battle, at any rate it decided it.

We have noticed only a few of the incidents which Mr. Kinglake describes with wonderful graphic power and with the vivacity of an eye-witness. It is a narrative which Englishmen should not willingly let die. Frenchmen perhaps would not grieve at its loss. They may think that honour and glory is very grudgingly doled out to them. Certainly, although we had the lion's share of the fighting, their movement, it seems to us, had by itself decided the battle. The delay in getting their artillery up the hill made the English advance a necessity, but when once they were fairly established there, the Russian position was in fact untenable. The accuracy of the facts, as reported by Mr. Kinglake, seems, however, to us unimpeachable. And this applies to the whole of the work up to its present stage. He has a clear and distinct bias, which makes many of his conclusions doubtful, but the carefulness and accuracy of his statements of fact (except when they refer to his special object of spite, the French Emperor) are as undeniable as the vigour of his narrative and the beauty of his style. Whilst regretting that the history should be pervaded by a vein of unfairness, we can sincerely congratulate Mr. Kinglake on having so far completed a genuine history, and one of a very high order.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD.*

THE question, *Comœdia necne poëma?* is as old at least as the time of Horace, and few in the present day would share his hesitation in giving an affirmative answer. But the critic of Hood is met, at the outset, by the further inquiry whether real excellence of both kinds, serious and comic, is likely to be found in the same writer. That such a combination is possible is settled conclusively by the example of Shakespeare; but one swallow does not make the spring. The fact we take to be this, that the highest poetical genius is inseparable from some sense of humour, just as the deepest moral earnestness is never disjoined from irony; witness, to go no further, Plato's Dialogues and St. Paul's Epistles. Milton's genius was essentially tragic, but he condescended to a punning elegy on the "University Carrier." Burns is as felicitous when he is funny as when he is pathetic; the power of the author of "In Memoriam" is not least conspicuous in the grim humour of the "Vision of Sin." On the other hand, comic genius of the highest order could hardly exist without almost equal powers of an opposite kind, though many accidents of temperament or circumstance might prevent their being equally displayed; but the converse does not hold true to the same extent. It is impossible to doubt that Aristophanes could have written tragedies, had he been so minded; but we cannot conceive Æschylus composing the "Frogs." These remarks seem the natural preface to a notice of Hood, who is about equally admired as a comic and a serious author, and has in both capacities attained considerable eminence. His prose works, though the most bulky, are the least important portion of his remains. The contributions to the "Comic Annual" are the most characteristic and the best, and, as ephemeral productions, deserving of high praise; but even these occasionally give us the impression of a writer who had to say something rather than of one who had something to say. His "National Tales," a series of short love stories, are readable, but commonplace; in fact, nature clearly did not intend him for a novelist; his only elaborate attempt of the kind, "Tylney Hall," cannot be considered a success. There are several amusing people among the minor characters, and some very amusing scenes, as especially Mr. Twigg's "feat shampeter;" but the principal characters of the tale, or those who ought to be such, are inadequately drawn, and the plot is unnatural and melodramatic to the last degree, with a superabundant allowance of villanies and murders. It is, in fact, merely an average sensation novel, with humorous incidents interspersed, and if it repays perusal it is for the sake of the fun, not of the story. Hood's humour is genial rather than caustic, and reminds us more of Dickens than of Thackeray; but he does not share the peculiar facility of the former in delineating the grotesque aspects of life below stairs, or rival the power of either in sustained elaboration of character. Justice Rivers, Mr. Twigg, Uriah Bundy, and Unlucky Joe are admirable sketches in their way; but there are no Pecksniffs or Becky Sharps. A charitably-disposed lady once said, when asked her opinion of a very dull sermon, that "it was entirely on the side of religion and virtue." This praise may safely be accorded to all that Hood has written; the moral is excellent, but it is not always impressive. In a "Voyage up the Rhine," consisting of imaginary letters from different members of the travelling party to their friends at home, he is far more successful. There is little pretence of a regular story, and plenty of room for play of wit. The hypochondriac uncle, who "went off at once quite insensible," and was at the point of death every time he fell into an after-dinner nap; the conventional English tourist railing at foreign customs and raving incoherently in foreign churches; and the estimable Mrs. Twisleton, "who never closed her eyes for a week after Catholic emancipation, for fear of being converted in her sleep," are but specimens of the general style of these highly entertaining epistles, which might be indefinitely multiplied. Indeed, the essentially comic nature of "Our Family," the author's last novel, left unfinished at the time of his death, shows that he had then learnt where his true strength as a prose writer lay. We rise from the perusal of this portion of his works with the impression strong on our minds which was lately expressed by a successor and admirer of Hood's, in one of the "Roundabout Papers," that he would have been a very charming person to know and be able to talk to. Nor will that impression be at all diminished when we turn, as we must now do, from his prose to his poetry.

The shorter poems, like the shorter stories, are better than the long ones, and chiefly for the same reason. It is in brief brilliant flashes, whether of wit or of sentiment, that Hood's peculiar genius is most conspicuous. The "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" is decidedly wearisome; "Hero and Leander," though generally musical, and in parts very touching, disappoints us as a whole; and if, to take a very different example, "Miss Kilmansegg and her precious Leg" be quoted against us, we must reply that there, too, particular passages, witty or pathetic, form the main attraction. It is rather in pathos than in power that the speciality of Hood's serious powers must be sought. Of the latter, the most striking instance is to be found in the terrible "Dream of Eugene Aram;" of the former kind is the famous "Song of the Shirt." The "Lady's Dream" is less known but almost equally touching:—

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;—
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp of pride
We haste to an early tomb!

"'For the pomp and pleasure of Pride
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;'—
And then they pointed—*I never saw*
A ground so full of graves!"

In the simplicity of the closing lines lies the secret of their exquisite pathos. Hood is eminently the reverse of Shelley; he does not idealize abstractions, or dwell, a hermit spirit, in a land of hopes and joys and dim surmises impervious to vulgar ken. His instinct is for the actual circumstances and sorrows of human life, and it is mainly by particular recollections or the sufferings of particular classes, (as in the poems just referred to), that his imaginative sympathies are evoked. He throws himself outward on the world as it is, not inward on his own conception of what it ought to be; burning with indignation, indeed, against tyranny and wrong, but not turning in disgust from a universe he would fain remodel, almost in defiance from its Maker. Hood would scarcely have comprehended "Alastor" or the "Revolt of Islam;" still less would he have shared the strange idiosyncracy which found expression in the "Cenci." Shelley, sensitive enough to be "tender over drowning flies," would have thoroughly entered into the sentiment which dictated the "Song of the Shirt," but he would never have written it. Not, indeed, that the genius of Hood can for a moment be put into competition with Shelley's; we have contrasted them for the sake not of marking the difference of power but the difference of idea. Both are in temper eminently unselfish, both earnest lovers of their kind, but the same feeling expresses itself in widely different forms. And while to the few who can appreciate him Shelley, with all his faults, cannot fail to be priceless, Hood will be popular for precisely the reasons which must prevent Shelley from ever becoming so. He utters feelings which all who have hearts can realize, and in language which all can understand. The poem to which these remarks least apply, and alone, of all which we have noticed, does somewhat remind us of Shelley, is his fragment on the "Sea of Death:"—

"Sad were my thoughts that anchor'd silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,
Unstirr'd by any touch of living breath;
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,
Like a gorged seabird, slept with folded wings
On crowded carcases—sad passive things
That wore the thin grey surface like a veil
Over the calmness of their features pale.

* The Works of Thomas Hood, Comic and Serious, in Prose and Verse. Edited, with Notes, by his Son. Seven vols. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover-street. 1862.

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And there were spring-faced cherubs that did sleep
Like water-lilies on that motionless deep,
How beautiful! with bright unruffled hair
On sleek unfretted brows, and eyes that were
Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse!
And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips,
Meekly apart, as if the soul intense
Spake out in dreams of its own innocence."

Far more in harmony with the author's normal tone of mind is the song, "I remember, I remember," familiar to every child; the closing stanza of which re-echoes, in simpler language, the sentiment of Wordsworth's glorious Ode to Immortality:—

"I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy."

The same purity and naturalness of feeling is observable in many of the sonnets; for instance, that addressed "To an Enthusiast," and to "A Sleeping Child."

Hood, like all true poets, is fond of children. His comic poems are perhaps as compositions, more original, though it would not be fair to say that they are more characteristic of the man. That he could feel truly and deeply would be evidenced, if only by his touching lines, "To a false Friend," never published during the author's lifetime, with their bitter thrice-repeated refrain,—

"Our hands have met but not our hearts,
Our hands will never meet again!"

Indeed, his poems bear witness in every line to a genial nature and warm heart. Such feelings, however, are scarcely distinctive characteristics. But Hood's wit and play upon words is peculiarly his own. So far he was probably right in thinking his speciality lay in punning. This forms the charm of several of his prose writings, but it comes out even more conspicuously in many of his shorter poems. The well-known conclusion of "Faithless Sally Brown" may be taken as a typical specimen of his felicitous punning:—

"His death which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell."

With which may be compared a verse of another similar ditty on Hero and Leander:—

"Why, lady, why,
So in love with dipping?
Must a lad of *Greece*
Come all over *dripping?*"

The same sort of ready wit in ringing the changes on words is sustained throughout "Faithless Nelly Gray," "A Soldier's Apology for Bow Legs," and several kindred lucubrations. In the "Elegy on David Laing," of Gretna Green celebrity, we touch on a richer vein of humour, though the poem is also plentifully garnished with puns:—

"From Prospect House there comes a sound of woe,
A shrill and persevering loud lament,
Echoed by Mrs. J.'s establishment
'For six young ladies,
In a retired and healthy part of Kent.'
All weeping Mr. L—— gone down to Hades!
Thoughtful of grates, and convents, and the veil!
Surrey takes up the tale,
And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones,
With the two parlour boarders and th' apprentice—
So universal this mistimed event is—
Are joining sobs and groans!
The shock confounds all hymeneal planners,
And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviours;
The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
And utter sighs like prisoners."

A great authority has lately expressed regret that Hood, from a false estimate of his own nobler capabilities, should have devoted so much time to merely making jokes, instead of taking his station as "a true genius and poet." We have no wish certainly to depreciate his power of drawing our tears as well as exciting our laughter; and are free to confess that we attach a much higher value to the former than to the latter gift. We regret, too, that the constant pressure of literary engagements—for Hood did not write for his own pleasure merely—and a career cut short by premature death, did not leave him time and opportunity to cultivate more fully his graver vein of thought. Some things he has written so exquisite in their mournful melody, that we cannot help wishing we had more. Still we can hardly agree with Mr. Thackeray in thinking he mistook his vocation, when he devoted so much time to comic writing. A man who instinctively jokes on his death-bed, though he need not be so inveterate a wit as Sydney Smith—and Hood is very unlike him in many ways—must have the jocular element very thoroughly imbedded in his nature. And it was no doubt this light-heartedness of disposition which helped him to battle so cheerfully against the trials of an obscure and by no means affluent lot. That even in his gayest sallies, he was not forgetful of graver interests, and sought, as the late Sir Robert Peel expressed it, "to inspire fun and merriment into writings correcting folly and exposing absurdity," proves alike the soundness of his judgment and the goodness of his heart. But it would be an error to suppose that his jokes were simply "written to order," or that he was less himself as an amusing punster than as a lyrical poet. The same characteristics came to his aid for either purpose. He felt deeply, had a keen eye for discerning the weak or the strong point of his case, and a readiness for hitting it off in a few telling lines. In the happy use of words rather than in originality of thought, in quickness rather than in depth, his true strength lay. And he was so familiar with his instrument that he could use it for the most various ends. That these ends were never base ones is not a little to his credit as an author and as a man. Few poets have so thoroughly won for themselves our personal sympathy and respect; few have taught us so simply and yet so persuasively to laugh with them that laugh, and weep with them that weep. There are few, we fear it must be added, whose private history so entirely justifies the regard for them suggested by their works.

Thomas Hood will not take rank among poets of the highest order of genius. He is not the representative of any special idea. He is not, like Wordsworth, the calm votary of nature; or, like Byron, the terribly truthful photographer of every varying phase of selfish passion; or, like Shelley, the ideal prophet of unsatisfied desire; still less does he possess that rare combination of qualities which have made Tennyson the recognized exponent of all the deeper thinkings of his age. Rather he would seem, especially in his more serious moods, to have sat alternately at the feet of all. His meditative sonnets remind us strongly of Wordsworth; many passages, serious as well as comic, seem modelled upon Byron; the "Song of the Shirt" reads almost like an echo of Mrs. Browning's "Lament of the Children;" and the "Dream of Eugene Aram" recalls, in its very form, the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner." But if Hood is not, in the highest sense, an original poet, his sentiment is always noble, his language often strikingly felicitous; seldom, if ever, common-place. It is, indeed, as we have already hinted, in their nobility of sentiment, rather than in their intellectual conception, that the unity of his poems is to be sought. We do not mean that he always writes with a directly moral aim, but he is never oblivious of moral principle or religious reverence. His serious pieces are not mere lackadaisical rhapsodies; his funny ones are often something more than fun. The humour may be broad, occasionally flippant, never purposely ill-natured or profane. A genuine love of humanity, with a stern hatred of oppression and an instinctive sympathy for the weaker side, is the constant burden of his song. The religious aspect of this feeling, in its withering contempt of intolerance, cant and the self-complacent unreality of pious optimism, is strongly, some perhaps would say bitterly, expressed in the admirable "Ode to Rae Wilson." The whole poem is an indignant protest against—

"Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,
Who write down judgments with a pen hard nibbed;
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,
Commending sinners, not to ice thick-ribbed,
But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax,—
Yet sure of Heaven themselves, as if they'd cribb'd
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!

* * * *

"That frown upon St. Giles' sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—
My soul revolts at such bare hypocrisy,
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
The Lord of Hosts with an exclusive Lord
Of this world's aristocracy."

The theology which reserves heaven as a kind of *peculium* for a select coterie of comfortable dowagers and reformed rakes, while it quietly hands over the mass of sinful suffering humanity, with a pious chuckle or a well-bred sigh, to the "uncovenanted mercies" of the lake of fire, did not commend itself to him. That a man who rose from the ranks should be the champion of the poor, may seem natural, though it does not always follow. But Hood is no vulgar declaimer against "bloated aristocrats." It is not from want of sympathy with refinement that he pleads for the ignorant and the degraded. The "Song of the Shirt," by which he is probably most widely known even to those who know nothing else about him, is the lament, not less musical than intense, of a class whose sorrows have little to attract the attention of the mob orator; while, in the "Bridge of Sighs,"—equally touching and truthful,—he has dared to plead the cause of a yet lower class of outcasts, for whose unpardonable sin society has no absolution, and whom it was not so much the fashion to compassionate and care for, when Hood wrote, as it has happily since become. A genuine principle underlies alike his graver and his gayer utterances, and exalts him to a higher eminence than that of the mere sayer of witty things, or the mere copyist of melodious verse. We have done, we hope, no injury to his intellectual gifts, which were considerable, when we claim for him a place in the second class of poets, not the first; we certainly do no more than justice to his use of them, when we say that they were consistently devoted to the cause of righteousness and mercy.

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POSSIBILITIES OF CREATION.*

In these days it is a novelty to find the fancy enlisted in the service of science or theology. The graver muses have settled down into steady matrimonial relations with their worshippers. There are no more serenadings and moonlight meetings, where such a handmaid was a useful auxiliary. Not so long ago it was otherwise. The bent of the Teutonic mind, shaping the scanty materials of knowledge, had given the fabulous and the grotesque an almost recognized place in the train of philosophy. And though in a still more ancient literature the imagination of the Greeks scarcely troubled the channels of scientific investigation; yet, among the countrymen of the giants and fairies, when chemistry was undistinguishable from alchemy, and astronomy was in less high repute than astrology,—when miracle plays were valued agencies of the Church, and witchcraft and demoniacal possession were received with undoubting faith,—the fancy as naturally came to the aid of the philosophical writer, as it was sure to colour the ideas of his audience. Now Science no longer steps in a twilight region between the known and the unknown. The haze of morning has cleared away; and philosophy and the fancy have parted. The genius of a master may narrowly save a poem like "Endymion" from shipwreck on its basis of mythology. But our scientific age has become intolerant of the slightest deviation from fact or natural law in a serious composition. The "Republic" of Plato, or Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," could hardly be written to-day, if it were only because their roots strike a little way into a substructure of the fabulous. The change is neither an arbitrary caprice of fashion nor a phase of literary taste. It is the inevitable consequence of increased knowledge. If verisimilitude is violated beyond a certain point, sense and humour are alike sacrificed. And now that the conquests of science extend over so large a portion of the physical world, a hypothesis or illustration, which a century ago would have appeared possible, or not too impossible, may seem to us a *bizarre* and pointless absurdity. This is the atmosphere of the age, and it is breathed as much by writers as by readers. Fiction has a wide domain in the eccentricities of the moral, and the possible combinations of the physical world; but a *bouleversement* of the laws of nature no longer suggests itself to any one as an adequate vehicle at least of philosophical thought.

The "Possibilities of Creation" is a popular work on a philosophical subject, but it is an exception to the general rule, and the author's best defence is that the exception is evidently genuine. The view which he asks his readers to take has presented itself vividly to his own mind. The preface promises a treatise of the Bridgewater class, and the title-page promises a book of fancies. Accordingly, it is in the treatment, and not in the subject-matter, that the novel and characteristic part of the volume is to be looked for. The premisses and conclusions of the argument are old enough. The author's design is to show that we live in the best of all possible worlds which Divine wisdom could contrive; and this thesis is supported by exhibiting what vastly inferior results would have emerged, had creation and providence been entrusted to a malignant or even a finite intelligence. To work out the theory, his Satanic majesty is seated on the top of the Himalayas, "kicking the mountain flanks," according to the elegant fancy of the apologist, "with his heels, in ecstasy at the sport which he has devised." From this elevation he conducts a series of transformations upon the earth; and we cannot help feeling that what is detailed as the probable conduct of "the puir deil" under the circumstances, is unworthy of his intellect and experience, if not of his moral character. It ought not to be said of any one behind his back. With diabolical ingenuity he hits first upon the device of making the food of all animals disagreeable to the palate. He then proceeds to tamper with the atmosphere. He increases its density, he decreases its density; he makes it chlorine, he makes it oxygen, he makes it sulphuretted hydrogen, he makes it carburetted hydrogen. He displays, in short, an acquaintance with Joyce's "Dialogues" calculated to stir the emulation of the most diligent youthful reader. The consequences, it is needless to say, are appalling. At each successive change the world is metamorphosed into a vast laboratory where a bottle has burst; and a most edifying picture is drawn of the agonies of the inhabitants. The experiment on the appetites of animals elicits a series of remonstrances on the part of the various sufferers, which perhaps tends to excite a more conservative feeling as to the world's constitution than all the argument in the book. If the lower animals would make such a use of reason and speech as is here represented, we cannot be too thankful that these faculties have been denied to them. From the lion to the *pediculus* (for we must warn the reader of this book that he will make acquaintance with strange bedfellows), they indulge in long philosophical soliloquies in a strain of dreary humour. Water, light, and heat are next operated upon with precisely similar results. Then we are called upon to admire how easily anarchy could be introduced into the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Finally, an attempt is made in the last two chapters to array under the banner of the same argument the existing state of society and religion.

And now to look for the result of all these frightful hypotheses. The air the reader breathes, the bread he eats, the water he drinks, have all been carefully poisoned for his imagination. His body has been hypothetically paralysed, and his mind, for the sake of argument, unhinged. After wading through this sea of horrors he naturally asks, *Cui bono?* and we are not at all sure that the question can be satisfactorily answered. This method, by *reductio ad absurdum*, does seem a very roundabout way of seeking for the stamp of divinity either in nature or in man. But still, if its logic were conclusive, it might happen to carry to some minds the strongest kind of conviction. Its conclusiveness, however, will appear to many more than doubtful. It needs no elaborate illustration to convince that there is an equilibrium among the forces, and a just proportion among the elements of nature; or that, according to superficial conceptions, the nicety of the balance might be easily disturbed. It is easy to say, with this writer, "If the sea were turned into mercury, commerce would be impeded." It is easy to indulge in fancies like the following:—"The humerus might have been immovably attached to the scapula, and the ulna and radius (the bones of the fore-arm) rivetted firmly to the elbow." But it is difficult not to suspect that such arguments appeal to us as much through our ignorance as through our knowledge. No one would found anything on the hypothesis that two and two make five. The mind refuses to build on such a foundation; nor does it seem so entirely certain that the chains of causation in the physical world may be broken with impunity at any point; that the harmonies of nature are mere arbitrary contrivances of ingenuity, the successful solution of a Chinese puzzle, where, if one piece is misplaced, the whole is spoilt, and it is as likely as not that a piece should be misplaced? It is true that the animals on the earth's surface find a congenial element in the air they now breathe, and it is easy to imagine an alteration in the composition of the atmosphere which would destroy their health and enjoyment. But we venture to suggest to the author two supplementary hypotheses. What if the inhabitants of our globe under the new economy refused to live or to propagate their species? And again, what if it is as unphilosophical to assume that the air is made to suit man, as the author would himself apparently allow in the case of the lower animals? What if it is more true to speak of man as made to suit the air, inasmuch as his physical structure is conditioned by it? We conceive this difficulty must occur to many plain people who would hesitate to nail their colours to Mr. Darwin's mast. We believe the idea of one-sided changes in the constitution of relative parts of the universe will appear absolutely pointless to most who are acquainted with the subject. We have heard of the Red Indian who binds his captive to a tree, and tries how near he can throw his tomahawk without hitting him. Is this a true picture of the economy of the world? Is nature a conjuror? Does she conduct us through life over a Mussulman's bridge between two yawning abysses, to extort from us an acknowledgment of divinity? The argument from final causes is a time-honoured and a favourite weapon in the polemical armoury. It is urged, too, by the author, with considerable force and imagination. It has not lost its freshness for him if it has for the public, and that is something. But the "Possibilities of Creation" comes a century or so too late. Had Leibnitz lived now, the "Théodicée" would have been adequate to the advanced stage of science. The living power of a metaphysical notion or argument rarely lasts beyond a few generations. "The hoary hills and veteran sun," as our author pleads, are still unchanged, but the theories which have been spun respecting their origin and purpose do not possess the same faculty of endurance and self-renewal.

In the last two chapters on Social Provisions and Religion, the author exposes his views to the severest test. It is a bold inference to deduce optimism from the actual state of society, and to find a proof of preconceived harmony in the religious history of the world. Least of all do we expect such an argument from one whose opinions of history are expressed in the following passage:—

> "What is history, in a great measure, but a reservoir filled to overflowing with the sewerage of the soul? What is it but the tale of ambition, avarice, plunder, love of blood, and other unholy passions, related not as exceptional occurrences, but as the favourite employments of the race?"

We do not pause to say that this is a false and shallow view of history, but we ask how even the leaden canon of the argument from final causes can be made to fit these phenomena? There is still less consistency in the chapters on Religion. In an estimate of the religion of the human race, it is not enough that we are satisfied with that of our own age and country, and admitting that there is room for optimism or at least for congratulation here and at home, is there any in history or abroad? It is but little to say that matters might conceivably have been worse, and yet in this book that is the conclusion of the whole matter. Instead of identifying ourselves with the whole human race, we are actually invited to ridicule complacently the absurdities of the Jewish ritual:—

> "Or shall we suppose that the Jewish dispensation had been established in perpetuity upon the globe? What a gloomy contrast it would have exhibited to the light and graceful requirements of Christianity! How easily does the latter sit upon mankind, compared with the burdensome load of ceremonies under which the soul of the Hebrew bent and often rebelled. To an Englishman of the nineteenth century it would be specially irksome to present burnt-offerings, sin-offerings, peace-offerings, and other oblations continually. . . . . Similarly, what would a British matron think if she were pronounced unclean for two weeks after a confinement (in case the child were a female), and prohibited from entering the sanctuary, or touching any hallowed thing, until her sixty-six days of purification were accomplished? Would it always suit her, when churched, to bring a lamb of the first year for a burnt-offering, or a young pigeon or turtle-dove

* Possibilities of Creation; or, What the World might have been. A Book of Fancies. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1863.

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for a sin-offering? And could she lead a comfortable life if her husband might at any time, whenever she ceased to find favour in his eyes, give her a bill of divorcement, and turn her into the streets without the slightest power of appeal to a court for the adjudication of matrimonial causes?"

We may extol the superior lightness and grace of our own religion, as we compare a brougham with a hackney coach; but these remarks could not advance the author's views unless we lived in a different world from the Jews. So, in another place, it is quaintly remarked, that "fortunately all faith in the gods of Greece and Rome has long ago disappeared." But the Greek and Roman mythologies are not the less part of the history of our race. The work would have gained in completeness had something else been sacrificed to make room for the chapter on the mystery of evil which a postscript announces has been omitted, along with others, for want of space.

The style of these essays, as may already have appeared, is a very peculiar one. In the preface the reader is warned that the tone is for the most part light and playful, and the propriety of such a tone is maintained. In the sequel the question is at least fairly raised. Page after page of joke and slang is strung together in a strain which is far from being always up to the colloquial standard of well-bred people, dignity is thrown to the winds, and even delicacy is now and then disregarded. The style is honest, rapid, vivacious, and energetic. It indicates qualities which secure other than literary success. So far it prepossesses the reader favourably. There is no ground for suspecting that one of the possibilities in the author's mind was a bishopric or an archbishopric to be won by writing a treatise on the right side; but anything like literary taste is searched for in vain, alike when the tone is grave and when it is gay. It is grave sometimes. The "words for the most part" above quoted arouse a dark prognostication which is only too completely verified. The Spurgeonic fun which constitutes the main texture of the book, is relieved by ornamental patches of the finest English prose. The author seems resolved to show that he can write in an elevated style, and when he does, we have it with a witness. A sublime peroration to the chapter on Possible Atmospheres concludes as follows—with it we conclude our criticism of the work.

"It has throbbed with mothers' prayers—purest of earthly utterances; with maidens' sighs—softest of mortal breathings; with lovers' vows—frailest, oft, of spoken things. It has received with equal readiness the most jocund strains of festivity, and the tumultuous shoutings of the battle-field, or the piteous shriekings which go up to heaven from the ravaged city. If it trembled with delight when stirred by the voices of the morning stars, as they sang together for joy, or when celestial harps and cherubic tongues poured forth the famous midnight melody which announced peace on earth and goodwill to men, so has it also heaved under the solemn thunders which burst from the peak of Sinai, when God came down to legislate for his people, and spoke to them from his pavilion of thick darkness. And as from the atmosphere came the first breath which each man drew, so thither shall return the latest sounds his lips shall utter, whether these are shaped into the sceptic's wail of despair, or the Christian's cry of victory, cleft in twain, perhaps, by the stroke of death, and half of it syllabled in time, whilst the rest is drowned in the merry peal of the golden bells which ring out his welcome to the skies."

BURKE'S VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.*

No conscientious critic can peruse this book without experiencing a feeling of self-reproach. The favour with which Sir Bernard Burke's former volumes were received has induced him, he tells us, to produce this third volume; and it is impossible not to see in this result a direct consequence of the pernicious leniency which has been shown by the critics. Had they done their duty, it is probable that the book before us would never have been published; and we may at all events be certain that, if it had been, it would have been free from some of the errors which now disfigure it. It is now, we fear, too late to hope for much amendment on the part of the Ulster King, nor do we derive consolation from the announcement that this is the concluding series. We have too little faith in the farewells of actors and authors not to be apprehensive of more behind. The lines of Prior, which Sir Walter Scott once applied to himself, are peculiarly appropriate to Sir Bernard Burke:—

> "Still fitted the halter, still traversed the cart,
> And often took leave, but seem'd loth to depart;"

and, indeed, the culprit becomes more audacious at each re-appearance. He seems more and more careless and untrustworthy; his ignorance becomes confirmed, and the indiscriminating character of his mind more glaringly apparent. Each reviewer should say to himself, *mea culpa*, and lament that Ulster's first book was not judged with due fidelity.

The untrustworthiness of this volume is very remarkable. We do not now complain of the want of critical power in the author, of his inability to estimate the value of evidence, or of the false notions which he has of our early history: in all these particulars he is simply content to remain in the position of the heralds and antiquaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But he lacks the accuracy for which they were proverbial. The industrious Garters and Norroys of our forefathers had little thought of testing the probability of the statements with which they met, but we may always depend upon the fidelity with which they repeated them; when they make a quotation or cite an authority, we need rarely verify the reference. The present Ulster is deficient in this simple virtue, without which the most lively feeling of sympathy with the past is of little value, whilst the possession of it redeems the humblest annalist from contempt. Luckily Sir Bernard Burke's inaccuracy is apparent to everyone possessing an ordinary acquaintance with English history; we may mention a few errors apparent on the most cursory inspection of this volume, but we know not how many might be revealed on a careful verification of the more obscure details he has narrated. He seems, for example, to be ignorant of the elementary distinction between Arundel and Arundell, as he almost uniformly misapplies each name. Early in the book he writes as if the St. Johns were first ennobled by Queen Anne; the present dukedom of Northumberland is enumerated amongst the creations of George the Second; after a sketch of the circumstances of the succession of the present Earl of Shrewsbury to the premier earldom, we are told that the earldom of Derby "has been transmitted down in an unchequered course since the Stanleys acquired it," the fact being notorious that upon the decease of the tenth earl, in the middle of the last century, it was necessary to revert to the stock of the first earl to find his successor. A little further on we read of "Henry Edward, Earl of Devon and Marquis of Exeter, who died at Padua in 1566"—a most striking exhibition of the Ulster King's power, inasmuch as he has given the person spoken of an additional name, Henry, advanced him a step in the Peerage by creating him Marquis of Exeter, and added ten years to his unhappy life. This last, however, is a trifle compared with the case of Sir Richard Carew, who was born somewhere in the middle of the sixteenth century, and is stated by Sir Bernard Burke to have died in 1726. All these are patent errors, and the catalogue might be largely increased. It is difficult, for instance, to accept at the same time the two statements, that the Earldom of Kildare is the oldest "in the United Kingdom," (the author means the three kingdoms,) and that the Earldom of Mar is so old that its origin is lost in antiquity. But Sir Bernard Burke is not free from other faults. "Gibballines" is unusual, and the commonplace Latin quotations, found in the book, have a trick of appearing in odd forms; nor do we quite accept as English such phrases as "no one can ignore that the Douglas race is among the noblest in Europe"—"it is now scarce to be recognized from the pristine fashion"—"a man of an imposable nature,"—which ugly word Sir Bernard has created and endowed with a meaning which it could in no case rightly possess.

It would be, perhaps, too much to expect a King-at-arms to exhibit a spirit of historical criticism; were the sceptical spirit of Sir George Lewis introduced at the Heralds' College, how many pedigrees would stand their ground? Fancy the dismay of the De Moleyns and the De Montmorencys! The gentlemen of Ireland need not fear their Ulster King. Once, indeed, he hints a doubt, and it is in a case where it could not possibly be sustained,—the case of the Duchy of Cornwall; but, in general, he exhibits the most indiscriminate and unflinching faith; he evidently looks upon the earls created by the Conqueror and his successors as persons of the same status as the members of the present peerage, believes implicitly in the Roll of Battle Abbey, and would be little, if at all, staggered by the Welsh pedigree, which mentioned in a side-note the birth of Adam as an event happening in the life of the eighth in descent. Sir Bernard mentions, as a matter of fact, a grant of a certain farm by Alfred the Great to one Reginald Wapshot, repeats the story of the descent of the Percies from the Dukes (?) of Louvain, and tells at length a history of the Oglanders of Nunwell, which is alone sufficient to stamp his character as a historian. The Oglanders are a family of very high antiquity in the Isle of Wight, where they have been settled for some six hundred years; Mr. Shirley places them amongst the knightly families of the shire of Southampton, and, adds the cautious note, "the family is supposed to have been of Norman origin." This is insufficient for the Ulster King's noble enthusiasm; he identifies the English Oglander, formerly Okelander, with an existing family in Normandy, D'Orglandes, and, neglecting their more obvious separate derivations, derives both from Og, a Norwegian proper name, and "lander," which "infers the possession of a fief or domain." One Richard de Okelander is the connecting link between the two families: "he left his native Caen to act in England as a marshal of the Conqueror: intent on rendering essential services in promoting the conquest, he went, with William's leave, on an expedition against the Isle of Wight. Having effected the reduction of that island, he settled there at Nunwell. . . . This Richard had a son, Robert Oglander, who died in the thirtieth year of Henry III." We are almost ashamed to borrow a line of argument of a bishop of the Church; but we must confess to feeling a little difficulty with the arithmetical problem here involved. The conquest took place in 1066, and we may suppose that a marshal would not be less than thirty years old at that time. Henry III. succeeded his father in 1216; the interval, therefore, between the birth of Richard Oglander and the death of his son Robert would be 1216+30—(1066-30), or 210 years. Perhaps Sir Bernard Burke will tell us in his next edition whether Richard begot his son Robert when in an old age, or whether Robert was an earlier Old Parr. Sir Bernard might, at the same time, give us the authorities for the other facts of Sir Richard's life.

We cannot be surprised at finding Sir Bernard a faithful believer in Sir Henry Spelman's theory of the rapid decay and extinction of the families which were enriched with the lands of Holy Church; we remember, indeed, to have heard, not many years ago, an ex-

* Vicissitudes of Families. Third Series. By Sir Bernard Burke, LL.D., Ulster King of Arms. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

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position of the same theory in the charge of a still living archdeacon, but we had thought that no believer in it could be found outside the ranks of the clergy. "The rapid downfall and total extinction of the Earls Marischal of Scotland," writes Sir Bernard, "may be added to the long list of startling instances of the temporal punishment with which the sin of sacrilege has been visited." This is especially hard upon the Keiths, inasmuch as the Earl Marischal devoted a large part of the abbey lands he acquired to the endowment of Marischal College at Aberdeen; and they may well ask why they alone, amongst the scores of families, whose fall Sir Bernard Burke has commemorated, should have their ruin attributed to the sacrilege of their ancestor. A very slight inquiry is sufficient to show that the extinction of families enriched with church lands has not been more rapid than that of their fellows. The Ulster King's books are devoted to the decay of old stocks, and he selects one or two out of the number, and says these fell because they received the fatal gift of church lands. How then does he account for the continued prosperity of the Russells? But Sir Bernard's credulity knows no bounds; we have scarcely got over the exemplification of Sir Henry Spelman's argument, before we meet with a serious account of an awful prophecy uttered by a Warlock in the seventeenth century, which has been verified, piece by piece, in the nineteenth. The Warlock appears to have been what Sam Weller calls "a red-faced Nixon," a clairvoyant and a medium, "for he united in his person the characteristics of both these branches of mysterious gifts;" instead, however, of using chairs and tables as instruments for the discovery of truth, he used a circular white stone, with a hole in the middle, through which he looked, and saw the events of the world about him and of the future. As the stone still exists at the bottom of a small Scotch loch, we should recommend the Ulster King to take measures for its recovery, and so acquire the power of writing a book of deeper interest than any he has yet produced—"The Forthcoming Vicissitudes of Families."

Sir Bernard Burke's inaccuracy might be corrected, and his credulity might be pardoned. We could excuse, in a king at arms, the simplicity of the suggestion that lands should be inalienably annexed to titles (how the lands are to be obtained we are not informed), to prevent the fearful accident of a landless lord; but the most damning and hopeless characteristic of his work is its utter tastelessness. It is written throughout in what may be best described as a tawdry style. Whether he tells us of the family which boasted many blackguards but no blockhead, or of that other which had many blockheads but no blackguard; whether he is describing a grand stock going to decay through its constant loyalty to the losing side, or is narrating the career of some wretched vulgar spendthrift; whether he is tracing the upward course of steady faithful industry, or exposing the plans of an illiterate forger; whether he quotes a speech of Lord Carlisle, or an article of the *Daily Telegraph*; he works in a spirit of equal and grovelling admiration. "Marvel," "romance," "mystery," "replete," "chivalrous," are the Bristol diamonds which adorn his pages. The "Vicissitudes of Families," in the hands of a master, would form a great subject. There is always something pathetic in the endeavour of man to enlarge the limits of his existence by connecting his life with the past and the future; and in the dark fate which mocks at human hopes, the poets of the old and the new worlds have seen the elements of deepest tragedy. Gibbon has, in a well known digression in his immortal work, shown us how the history of a family can be told with truth and with sympathy by one possessing the treasures of learning and the power of genius. To turn from it to the book before us is, indeed, a declension. There are persons to whom such a volume may give pleasure, but they must be those whose education has disqualified them for knowing good from bad. The antiquary must condemn the work of the Ulster King for its inaccuracy; the statesman must smile at the ineptitude of its political suggestions; and the simple gentleman must recoil from its spurious sentiment and vulgar spirit.

SUCH THINGS ARE.*

"Be bold, be bold," must undoubtedly be the motto of every one who wishes to produce new effects in the well-worn subjects of modern fiction. The natural complications of love and ambition, heroism and crime, have been nearly exhausted, and the place of new materials has to be supplied by bolder variations of treatment. But the authoress of "Such Things Are" is a great deal too bold. She has piled crime on crime, introduced a multitude of characters good and bad, rung the changes of many forms of love-making, and at the close of the three volumes she declines for the present to finish her story. This is certainly courageous treatment, and produces a sensation in the mind of an interested and tantalized reader, but not one of a satisfactory kind. There is absolutely no *dénouement* at all. If "Ivanhoe" had been cut short in the middle of the tournament, or "Guy Mannering" at the moment when Dandie Dinmont and Captain Brown first discover that their prison is on fire, they would hardly have been more incomplete than "Such Things Are" is at its conclusion. As it stands at present, the lady, whose vices the novel is written to reprobate, takes leave of us at the moment when she is triumphantly married: her crimes are hidden by the orange-flowers which she had no right to wear, but which are nevertheless indirectly the result of the crimes. Not only is the moral spoiled, but the reader's faith in the honesty of novelists receives a rude shock. He reads a chapter or two, he becomes interested, he turns to the end, that he may assure himself of the final happiness of Gerald and Olive, and so be supported through the perusal of their trials by a serene fore-knowledge of their future good. But the oracle refuses to satisfy his curiosity; the Pythones s retires into a private and uninspired state, and baulks him with the announcement that "circumstances, as unforeseen as they are impossible to contend against, have interfered with the immediate conclusion of this story." Better to have been silent altogether, and to have let a delusive hope gild the reader's path to an inevitable disappointment. To end as this book ends is nothing less than an immorality. The author trades on our confidence, the result of long experience of the honesty of novel-writers, that there will always be a satisfactory conclusion to every plot. Still, if this were all, an isolated and partly accidental imperfection might be excused. It might be regarded as a lesson to unprincipled readers who will anticipate the good purposes of a literary providence, as a fit punishment for the curious wretch who might have sailed long and prosperously, "youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm," unconscious that the goal receded before him, and was never to be attained. Viewed in this light, the questionable [illegible] might have been excused for the sake of the worthy object. But it does not appear that in reality either "circumstances" or a moral aim are altogether and alone answerable for the abruptness of the termination. It is not so accidental as we are desired to believe. A certain incoherence is innate in the construction, and if to these three volumes three more were added, the story would still, we are convinced, remain unfinished as a work of art. The whole would be no better than the half; and like the Sibyl's books, though for a different reason, a few volumes more or less would make no difference in the value. Half of what is already done has no bearing on the plot; and, if the amount were doubled, it would still require a plot upon a plot, an entirely new plan, to combine into one unity the various threads. As it now stands, the first five chapters might be cut out without loss, and several of the characters, with all that appertains to them, are nearly, if not entirely superfluous. The Gerald and the Olive who interest us at first, and who alone fill the canvass for eighty pages, disappear for a long time, and when they come to the surface again, are almost nonentities, except in so far as Olive is connected with the remembrance of a certain dark and unexplained crime. A sea of faces drives before us, some distorted and some beautiful; but a great part both of the hideous and of the natural ones have absolutely no *raison d'être*, no bearing on the solution of the plot. There they are, well or ill done, but they have no artistic use. They compose a mere *Liber Studiorum*, often well executed, but hardly well enough to be their own apology and their own end; and the more so because the badness of those which are imperfect is much increased, and the goodness of the others lessened by some want of skill in the conversations.

With all its defects, "Such Things Are" is still extremely readable. The style is vigorous, picturesque, and unpretentious; and some good bits of more ambitious writing are interspersed, sparingly enough to make us grateful for them. There is considerable art in the way in which the description of a dreary scene is thus suddenly and agreeably lighted up at the end:—

"The room thus fixed upon was low-ceilinged and damp-smelling, containing but few books, and those, as it appeared to Gerald, principally on law matters. There was a shelf on one side of the chimney, along which were ranged sundry dust-enamelled bottles, filled with various coloured liquids, the said bottles being glass-stoppered, and secured also by chamois leather that had evidently seen service. The furniture of the room was mean and scanty, whilst on the hearth there smouldered a few half-ignited sods of turf. The one window of this dismal-looking chamber looked out upon the small bay and the mountains whereby it was almost surrounded. The latter were shrouded in the mist that was blown madly on before the gale, only their dim and dusky outlines being visible to the eye; but as Gerald (during the few moments employed by his host in shaking the ashes from his pipe) turned towards the window, the ricksty frame of which was making a rattling accompaniment to the storm, his eyes rested on the glorious spectacle of wind-driven waters thrown up from the swollen mountain torrent, and across which—glittering and gorgeous in a momentary sunbeam—the brilliant arch of a double rainbow threw its yellow and crimson light."

It is the more to be lamented that the authoress has not bestowed more pains on the mere mechanism of the construction, because she has shown, if only in a single instance, that she possesses that power of invention of character which seems to be daily becoming more rare. Susan is a creation of a very high rank, of a kind which cannot be made to order by mere personification of passions and a catalogue of small outward peculiarities, but is the result of a profound and psychologically true constructive analysis. There is great truth to nature in the way in which she combines sensitiveness with cheerfulness, unselfishness with a little natural jealousy upon occasion, simplicity and common sense with some share of moderate romance and illusion. Miss Llewellen and Alick Harley partake of the same excellence, the same healthy naturalness, in a much less degree. The many remaining characters, if they are inferior and comparatively lifeless, are seldom much overdrawn or distorted. Margaret is nothing but a beautiful face, but even that is something. Florence is exceptionally bad, but at least she is not wholly unnatural. The most prominent exception is Fletcher. If the Fletcher of the second and third volumes is the same man as the Redfern of the first, which many circumstances and the whole connection of the plot require him to be, he is a villain of a kind which can only be described as pure brimstone. In the space of less than forty pages he, to all appear-

* Such Things Are. By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy." Three vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.

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ance, attempts first to murder his daughter, or the girl who passes for his daughter (for the writer's love of mystery throws a doubt even on that point), and secondly, within a few hours after, to murder both her and Gerald Clayton, her preserver. In the second volume, he is seemingly connected with an actual but "undiscovered" murder, of the nature of which we are not informed. Once more we are left in doubt whether he was not the contriver of an infernal machine which obliterated the features of a friend who was with him at a shooting-box, and whom he had not, so far as is explained, the slightest object in injuring. Finally, this ubiquitous demi-devil is got rid of by strychnine, the agent and purpose of its administration being wrapped in the same impenetrable mystery. We have gone on the assumption that Fletcher and Redfern are the same; if they are not, then it is so much the worse; not only would Redfern have no connection with the story, but the crimes attached to either name are enough to make two villains, each exaggerated beyond all probability.

Something must be added about the moral of the book. The "things" which "are," and which ought to be—but, as the story stands, are not—represented by the fast young ladies. The novelist's idea of fast young ladies is something much more terrible than it is to be hoped can be justified in actual life. The "fast" heroine is, in fact, not so much fast as vicious and fallen. She is a bad specimen of the same type as Flora Bellasys, and is as little like her prototypes in society as Guy Livingstone is like any real personage. Beautiful, tasteful, versatile, and possessed of an inflexible will, she is at the same time a little weak and vulgar. The willing victim of a bankrupt nobleman, and then the companion of a literary ruffian in a ramble about the Tyrol, she is still capable of pure and passionate devotion, and marries, chiefly from proper love, a clerical widower. After all, we are not sure, at the end of the book, whether she is not a poisoner. Persons of this meteoric kind, if they exist, cannot be ranked under any common species, but must be held to constitute a fourth sex, clergymen (according to this novel) forming the third. No wonder that, generalizing from such a specimen, the authoress regards a fast young lady as the "baneful type of all that is unnatural and mischievous." The fast young lady of real life is a milder character. Her fastness is more impulsive and less calculating, very much the result merely of animal spirits and impatience of restraint. It relieves itself in such mild excesses as hunting, peculiar dress, a little slang, and perhaps a fraternal cigarette. If she allows herself to listen to conversation "which savours of *double entendre*," her share is passive, and, perhaps, confined to seeming to comprehend what she does not really care about or understand. Florence Harley goes a great deal farther still, into actual vice, and in so far as she does so she ceases to be a type of merely fast women, and spoils the application of the moral. "Such Things" as she is are not likely to exist in any quantity till society has taken many backward steps, till—shall it be said?—the authoress shall be able to bring all the threads of her story to a satisfactory conclusion.

SHORT NOTICES.

If there be any occasion on which the poetical mediocrity, forbidden alike by gods, men, and publishers, might claim to be tried by a more charitable standard, it is such a one as has called Miss Faithfull's little volume* into existence. Modern charity needs a gentle stimulus, and poetry, however unpretentious, is at least as unobjectionable an implement for loosening the purse-strings of mankind as the fancy bazaars, lotteries, dinners, and balls with which immemorial custom has rendered us familiar. The "Offering to Lancashire" is, in fact, a sort of philanthropic pic-nic. Messrs. Herring supplied the paper; Miss Faithfull the printing; and Mr. Monckton Milnes, Miss Rossetti, Miss Bessie Parkes, Mr. George Macdonald, Miss Isa Craig, and several other ladies and gentlemen—less known to fame, but not less benevolently disposed—laid their poetical abilities under contribution for some literary delicacy, and ended by furnishing a repast which, if not distinctly appetizing, may at least be partaken with a sober cheerfulness and content. Mr. George Macdonald's imaginary flight upon three successive steeds is really spirited and melodious, and implies considerable allegorical powers, though marred by occasional affectation and obscurity. Miss Rossetti's "Royal Princess" is a prettily told and appropriately sentimental little story; and Mr. Monckton Milnes, in a few grave and touching stanzas, has epitomized the bearings of the American catastrophe upon English morality, and ultimately, upon English distress.

> "First on the bold upholders of the wrong,
> And last on us, the heavy laden years
> Avenged the cruel triumphs of the strong—
> Trampled affections, and derided tears.
>
> "Labour degraded from her high behest
> Cries, 'Ye shall know I am the living breath,
> And not the curse of Man. Ye shall have Rest—
> The rest of famine and the rest of Death.'
>
> "Oh, happy distant hours! that shall restore
> Honour to work, and pleasure to repose,
> Hasten your steps, just heard above the roar
> Of wildering passions and the crash of foes."

Mr. Kenner Deene† has some notion of designing a plot; he has a good eye for the agreeable incidents of homely popular life; and he writes an easy, colloquial, but not slovenly style. With these merits, "Christmas at the Cross Keys" might, but for one or two serious faults, have passed muster as a spirited and rather pleasing story. The scene being chiefly laid in a decent rural public-house, we are first introduced to the landlord with his wife and children, and two or three of the ordinary guests, whose habits and conversation are very naturally portrayed. But the author is much less happy when attempting to describe the "inner life" of their aristocratic neighbours at Clyde Chase. His realistic studies of the familiar incidents of lower middle-class society in provincial England are tolerably successful; but his conception of the domestic manners of a higher class is coarsely untruthful. Nor do we much admire the stale melodramatic artifice of bringing in a long-lost brother, a returned Australian digger with £300,000, disguised beyond recognition when he meets his own kindred, and coming in to restore the fortunes of their ruined house. The figure, however, of Rose Toppleton, the landlord's good and sensible daughter, who, having been educated for a governess, comes home from her Clapham boarding-school, to lighten the cares of her parents, and to become the innocent object of a rivalry for her affections between two gentlemen staying at the inn, is agreeable enough. There is, moreover, a wholesome, cheerful kindliness about this story, which has its charm. Mr. Kenner Deene may do still better than this, if he will confine himself to the range of his own actual observation of English social life.

"Holiday House"* is an old favourite with all the boys and girls, and with all those who like to watch the ways of the world of young people. Miss Sinclair has much the same manner that Miss Edgeworth had, of teaching a moral lesson by delineating, with gentle satiric touch, contrasts of individual character among juvenile folk. Harry and Laura, the romping, frolicsome, high-spirited pair, whose pardonable heedlessness gives so much trouble to their elders, but whose pranks are so delightful when we have not the duty of correcting them ourselves, will be greeted in this edition as well-remembered acquaintance by many grown-up persons who were themselves children when first they read the book. It is pleasant that the same tales which pleased and instructed us when young should thus be reproduced for the benefit of our children after twenty or thirty years.

The same reflection is suggested by the "Life of Peter Parley,"† whose little books of descriptive geography, astronomy, and natural history, for the perusal of children, were mostly composed between 1827 and 1830. Mr. Samuel Goodrich, the real author of those once very popular works, died at New York in 1860, after a useful and sufficiently adventurous life, which he relates in this modest autobiography, written at the time of his retiring from the office of United States Consul at Paris. His boyhood and early training in a Connecticut village, his first experience in retail trade, and then in periodical literature, his coming to England in 1823, his working for the booksellers, and his acquaintance with many distinguished persons on both sides of the Atlantic, give considerable variety of interest to this unpretentious narrative.

"The Nest Hunters"‡ is a mixture of fact with fiction; the descriptions of scenery, and also, in great measure, the incidents of the narrative, being taken from books of Asiatic travel; while the persons, Martin Blake and Claude, to whom these adventures are attributed, are mere creations of Mr. Dalton's fancy. They are two brothers, who, going out to Batavia, at their uncle's invitation, to enter his house of business, find that he has just died; and that, by the wicked plotting of his widow, their situation is made so uncomfortable that they have nothing better to do than to run away into the forest wilderness of Java; where, dwelling with the natives, or roaming the pathless jungle by themselves, they get their livelihood by hunting, or by other primitive occupations, suited to men in a state of nature, in a tropical clime. There is one practice, which is almost peculiar to the coast of Java, and which gives its name to this little book. It is the perilous employment of getting the edible swallows' nests out of the holes in the perpendicular face of the vast cliffs which overhang the sea at Karong Bolang, in the province of Baglen. These are reached, in the same way as those of the Solan geese on the coasts of Scotland, by lowering men with a rope from the summit three or four hundred feet above. Many other bold exploits, and hairbreadth 'scapes from destruction, including some combats with savages and pirates, as well as with the tiger and the cobra poison-snake, are here displayed in a graphic and lively style. This book is a fit companion for Mr. Ballantyne's "Wild Man of the West," a tale of the American prairies, which we lately noticed amongst other books of that sort, intended at once for the amusement and information of boy-readers.

"Life in the Niger"§ is the journal of an African trader; very much in the rough. Mr. Cole's experience of a twelvemonth spent in contending with the villany of the negro tyrant of Aboh, is matter of enough interest to warrant the publication of his narrative; but it was due to literary decorum that some pains should be taken to shape and trim it for the public eye. We have seldom met with

* Poems: an Offering to Lancashire. Emily Faithfull.

† Christmas at the Cross Keys. By Kenner Deene. T. C. Newby.

* Holiday House; a Book for the Young. By Catherine Sinclair. New edition. Houlston & Wright.

† The Story of Peter Parley's Own Life. From the Personal Narrative of the late Samuel Goodrich. Edited by Frank Freeman. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

‡ The Nest Hunters; or, Adventures in the Indian Archipelago. By W. Dalton. A. Hall & Co.

§ Life in the Niger. By William Cole, of Liverpool. Saunders, Otley, & Co.

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any book more abundantly defaced with gross improprieties of expression, or showing a more offensive disregard of those rules of taste and good manners which an author should observe in addressing his readers. One sample of his style will suffice; when he has to tell us, for instance, that a native chieftain demanded too high a price for some article, Mr. Cole says, "he wanted the devil and all for it." He seems to revel in allusions to the nasty sights and smells which beset a negro habitation. He speaks of the negroes themselves in a tone of jocular contempt, as "brutes" and "devils;" and their king Ajie is usually referred to by the title of "his Satanic Majesty." Mr. Cole may, indeed, be allowed to feel a strong dislike of the comfortless scenes and the savage neighbours among whom he has suffered so much; but he cannot be excused for venting this displeasure in language so coarsely violent, that it would scarcely be endured in ordinary talk, and is much less tolerable in print. In spite, however, of these impertinences, and of the unintelligible slang which he sometimes uses, Mr. Cole's journal is entertaining; and as we have no doubt of his candour and veracity, this book may be accepted as fresh evidence of difficulties of dealing with a miserably depraved race, and the personal hardships that must be endured by those who, for the traffic of palm oil, nuts, and ivory, choose to reside in such a "beastly place" as the Delta of the Niger. If Mr. Cole had written more soberly and correctly, he might, without any display of literary talent, have produced, by a plain account of his own observations, an interesting and valuable work. As it is, he may be read for the sake of his anecdotes and information; but he must be censured as a wanton offender against the deliberate decencies of print.

MUSIC.

The Musical Society of London, now in its fifth season, has earned honourable distinction, not only by the general excellence and finish of its performances, but also by the varied interest of its programmes. Our concert selections have hitherto been much too conservative and exclusive in their adherence to known and recognized works. There is a large class of musical students and amateurs among the London public, who wish to be informed as to the modern development of the art, and who are glad of the occasional opportunity of hearing a new work, even though it prove unworthy to take a permanent place beside the classical productions of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. To this desire the Musical Society of London has considerately and discreetly administered; and while its programmes chiefly consist of works of acknowledged merit, it has occasionally introduced pieces by composers whose pretensions are the subject of controversy, and therefore of interest. Thus, if it has offended the conservatism of some of its subscribers, it has gratified the curiosity of others by performing symphonies by Schumann and Schubert, respecting whose instrumental music so much difference of opinion exists. The purpose of the Musical Society of London is not limited to concert giving; it includes occasional trials of new works—both chamber music and orchestral pieces—and the formation of a musical library, a very good nucleus for which is already collected. It is gratifying to know that a society so meritorious in purpose and fulfilment has progressed, year by year, in numbers and in means, until it has taken a fixed place in the highest class of our musical institutions. The orchestra, consisting of upwards of eighty of the very best performers, presents a combination of strength without coarseness, and refinement without weakness; while it responds so sympathetically to its excellent conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon, as to give to its performance that individuality of expression and occasional *abandon* of style which are so rarely attained by numbers. The concert with which the Musical Society of London commenced its fifth season on Wednesday afforded proof of judicious selection and irreproachable performance. The following was the programme:—

PART THE FIRST.

Overture (Der Alchymist) ..... Spohr.
Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Signor Giuglini (Don Giovanni) ..... Mozart.
Concerto in A flat, pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard ..... Hummel.
Scena, "At length I am alone!" Mdlle. Parepa (Bertha) ..... Henry Smart.
Overture (The Naiades) ..... Sterndale Bennett.

PART THE SECOND.

Symphony in F, No. 8, Op. 93 ..... Beethoven.
Duetto, "Beltà divina," Mdlle. Parepa and Signor Giuglini (Gli Ugonotti) ..... Meyerbeer.
Overture (The Merry Wives of Windsor) ... Nicolai.

Spohr's overture (the prelude to one of his more recent operas, founded on a tale of Washington Irving's) is in the best manner of the master, and although somewhat sombre, from the nature of the subject, is relieved by some charming melodious phrases; while the conclusion presents one of the grandest climaxes in the whole range of orchestral writing. It was admirably given. One of the most interesting features of the concert was the reappearance of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose performance of Hummel's concerto displayed all that executive perfection and refinement of style for which this lady has long been distinguished. After the inimitable pianoforte concertos of Mozart and Beethoven, there are none which take a higher rank than those of Hummel. Himself a great performer and worthy pupil of Mozart, Hummel's pianoforte music forms the connecting link between that sound classical style, which reached its perfection in the early part of this century, and the more florid and brilliant execution of the present day. Of the half-dozen concertos by Hummel, the best are, perhaps, those in A minor and A flat. In these admirable works the introductory "tutti" is laid out with all the breadth and clearness of design of an orchestral symphony of the school of Mozart. There is the same regular recurrence of episode and symmetrical disposition of detail which distinguish the instrumental music of Haydn and Mozart and the early works of Beethoven. The concerto in A flat, performed by Madame Goddard, may be taken as one of Hummel's representative works, as it contains all his best characteristics—clearness of design, breadth yet refinement of style, exquisite grace, and elegance never approaching feebleness or triviality. To the pianist desirous of forming a "style," we might well counsel the same devotion to Hummel that Johnson recommended the student of English to apply to Addison. Madame Goddard's performance, which was in all respects worthy of the occasion, was received with universal applause. Sterndale Bennett's fanciful overture, rendered with that delicacy of light and shade without which it loses much of its effect, was encored. Beethoven's symphony, in which is combined much of the clear melodiousness of his early style with the abstract grandeur of his later development, exhibited the orchestra in its noblest aspect, as an interpreter of the highest poetical thought. Nicolai's overture is an admirable proof that a German can be lively. Even Auber himself has scarcely produced anything more spirit-stirring than this charming prelude to an opera which it is a matter of surprise has never been produced here. The vocal music was, as the programme shows, of high character; and both singers were in their best voice. Mr. Henry Smart's scena is one of those romantic vocal pieces alternating between accompanied recitative and air, in which an exciting dramatic situation is expressed by musical declamation. Weber, Spohr, and Meyerbeer have furnished the most remarkable examples of this kind; and the two first-named composers are evidently Mr. Smart's chosen models. Not that he is by any means a plagiarist, although he has yet to form a distinct and individual style. His scena displays the mastery of a highly cultivated musician—it is admirably instrumented, and contains much highly-wrought dramatic passion; while its vocal difficulties almost exceed even those with which Weber tortured his singers. The execution by Mademoiselle Parepa was truly magnificent, and created a marked sensation. The concert was altogether, it will be seen, of the highest class; and we trust that instead of four such entertainments in the year, the society will in future seasons extend the number, even should they make a proportionate advance in the present moderate subscription—and there is little doubt that this was not the general feeling among the very large audience which crowded St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening.

At the last Monday Popular Concert, Spohr's "Nonetto" for stringed and wind instruments was the novelty of the evening. This fine composition, produced at a comparatively early period of Spohr's career, contains most of the best characteristics of his style before he made the mistake (as in his later works) of aiming at a tone of metaphysical profundity of which music is rarely capable, excepting at the invocation of a genius like Beethoven's. Most of Spohr's works that were written "with a purpose" will ever be subordinate in interest and value to those in which he gave free rein to his musical fancy, without any didactic object. His symphonies, "The Power of Sound," the "Historical Symphony," that in which he professes to paint, by music, the changes of the "Seasons;" and that very daring, would-be psychological work where the orchestra is the medium by which the conflict of "earthliness and godliness" is to be expressed—all these, in spite of much charming music which they contain, are so many mistakes in purpose. Putting aside, however, these and some other of his later productions, there remains a long catalogue of works in all forms of the art, more than sufficient to place Spohr in the list of modern classical composers. Originally forming his style on that of Mozart, Spohr soon acquired an individuality (ultimately approaching mannerism) by the excessive use of chromatic progressions, and that restless modulation which changes the harmony at every step of the melody. Hence his music sometimes produces an impression of cloying sweetness and minuteness of detail which are incompatible with the expression of grandeur or sublimity. In his oratorios, for instance, where he is always graceful, refined, tender, he seldom rises beyond these qualities; and his religious music, with all the rich glowing colour of Murillo, has little more elevation above earthly sentiment than most of the saints and madonnas of the great Spanish painter. In symmetry of form and proportion, in clearness of outline and consummate mastery over what (to borrow from the painter's art), may be called "drawing," Spohr scarcely yields to Mozart—while his intimate knowledge of orchestral effects, and his skill in combining and contrasting the different instruments, render him one of the greatest of musical colourists. This latter quality is especially apparent in his "Nonetto," where the most perfect balance of sound results from this special knowledge. It was admirably played

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by Mr. Sainton (violin), Mr. Webb (viola), Signor Piatti (violoncello), Mr. Severn (contrabass), Mr. Pratten (flute), Mr. Barret (oboe), Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), Mr. Hutchins (bassoon), and Mr. C. Harper (horn). The solo sonata of the evening was Mozart's in A, commencing with a theme with variations. The greater part of this work, charming though it be, has scarcely sufficient breadth of style to make much effect on an audience of the present day. The finale, "alla Turca," however, with its stongly contrasted effects, produced a marked sensation, and was encored. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and finish of Mr. Hallé's playing, which is heard to far greater advantage in music of this class than in works where grandeur and breadth of style are requisite. The remaining instrumental pieces were Viotti's "Nocturne" for violoncello, by Signor Piatti; Beethoven's "Sonata" in E flat (from op. 12), for piano and violin, by Messrs. Hallé and Sainton; and a violin quartett of Haydn's. The singers were Miss Banks and Madame Sainton-Dolby; the latter of whom was encored in a wild dirge-like song of Glinka's. Mr. Benedict, as usual, was the accompanyist. At the next concert, Madame Arabella Goddard is to play Mendelssohn's solo sonata in E major, the only work of that kind which its composer produced.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

A LETTER from Dr. Livingstone, read at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, has recalled the attention of the public to the prospects of the University Mission and to those of future settlements in Eastern Africa. It is impossible to deny the existence of a wide and well-founded dissatisfaction felt by the supporters of the expedition headed by the late Bishop Mackenzie and encouraged by Livingstone. Glowing assertions by that distinguished traveller of the existence of a mighty river-way into the heart of Africa, of the Makalolo and other tribes ripe for conversion, of healthy highlands inviting European settlers, and of products of industry awaiting the trader, won the heart of a large portion of the public. The religious world, which is so uncertain in its caprices, but so irresistible when moved, threw itself with fervour into the line of action, which these reports suggested. Critical geographers, who doubted the wisdom of a sudden settlement, yielded to the opinion of their especial hero, more especially as they were prominently supported by that excellent administrator, Sir George Grey, then Governor of the Cape. The ordinarily languid and isolated Universities were stung into vigorous and united action. Sermons were preached, committees were formed, volunteers offered themselves, a leader was found, and in a few months the expedition was complete. A body of clergy and artisans, some of them accompanied by their wives, were headed by a bishop, who had some £20,000 of subscription-money placed to his credit, and the mission departed to form a settlement in a savage tropical land, of which nothing was known beyond what had arrested Livingstone's attention in a single rapid journey through it. The most extraordinary part of the undertaking long failed to discourage its supporters; namely, that the missionaries intruded themselves into the territories of a friendly European Power, which would assuredly resist to the utmost the influence they desired to gain. They came to establish a territorial settlement without a tittle of right, to enforce the abolition of the slave-trade in a country that subsisted on the fruits of slavery, and to preach Protestantism where every Christian among those who ruled the land was an ultra-Catholic.

The progress of this expedition is too recent to call for description. It is fresh in our memories how disillusion and disaster followed each other; how the Zambesi and the Shiré prove worthless as navigable rivers, in the ordinary sense of the word; how the Portuguese obstructed the new comers; how the missionaries embroiled themselves with the natives, and how many of them died of fever. Where the missionaries are stationed at present, the Government of Tete can at any moment put a prohibitive tax on their European supplies, or order them out of the land. The impotence of their efforts is, we presume, the only condition of their being treated with tolerance. Nothing can be more hopeless than the mission in its present condition, and the question has at length been mooted, whether it is not advisable to withdraw it altogether?

On this subject we would make a few remarks. Granting, as we do, the absence of discretion shown in the formation of the expedition and the waste of large sums of English money already incurred, we are by no means convinced that a speedy turn of affairs may not be so far favourable as to make a present abandonment of the scheme no less unwise than its original establishment. Livingstone evidently feels keenly his mistake, and has exerted himself with extraordinary effort to learn more of the neighbouring portions of Eastern Africa, with a view of changing his base of operations. He is doing now what he ought to have done before he invited a single missionary. He has lately shown us two great things: first, the existence of a fresh-water lake running parallel to the eastern coast for some unknown distance, not less than 200 miles, which certainly has an important bearing on the possibility of future settlements; and he has also proved that the neighbourhood of this lake may be reached by a neutral river, the Rovuma, with no peculiar difficulty. At the driest season of an unusually dry year (we hear from other sources of remarkable drought all along Eastern Africa), he succeeded in pushing his boat for 156 miles up the river in fifteen days, or at the rate of ten miles a day, including every source of delay. We certainly think this Rovuma, and the remainder of Lake Niassa, call for immediate and thorough investigation. The members of the African mission are now acclimatized, at a great cost of life and money, and they have, we presume, acquired considerable knowledge of the widely-spread dialects and of the habits of the natives. It would therefore be a great waste of resources to break up their establishment until the further explorations of Livingstone, in which he is energetically engaged and which should be encouraged to the utmost, have distinctly proved the non-advisability of *any* station for a settlement. Without sharing the extravagant hopes felt at one time by many enthusiasts, we still think that a small, but a remunerative and growing trade, might be established with Eastern Africa; that a position well suited to influence the natives might very possibly be found; and that the University Mission, begun lavishly and unadvisedly, but continued bravely under discouragement, might rank in its future success as high as the average of missions maintained in other parts of the world.

THE paper on the Bopp School of Philology, by Mr. Key, which was commenced on the 2nd of this month, at the Philological Society, was continued on the 16th. The chief subject in this continuation was the "Vergleichende Grammatik" of Bopp, as it appears in the new edition of 1857-60. It was deemed no slight defect in the writings of Bopp himself and most of his followers, that the physiological side of the question, which alone can constitute the true basis of oral language, is almost wholly ignored. Thus a student in this school is not likely to hear any mention of the "chordæ vocales," without which articulate sound would be pretty well an impossibility; and even the instructive experiments of Professor Willis on vowel sounds made more than thirty years ago seem to be wholly unknown to this German school, although they furnish a physical explanation of all the more important problems connected with the "vocalismus" of language. But the subject on which the most stress was laid in this paper was an innovation by Bopp himself upon the principles maintained in the native school of Indian philologers, the introduction of what he calls "pronominal," and some of his followers "demonstrative" roots. Professor Max Müller, in his recent lectures, has put forth a sort of challenge to philologers, where he says: "If our primitive ancestors wanted to express 'here' and 'there,' they would have found it impossible to find any predicative root that could be applied to this purpose." This challenge Mr. Key accepts, or, rather, accepted by anticipation some fifteen years before it was given. When such words are used, the natural feeling is to utter the verb "see" or "look," as the finger points to the place; and in confirmation of his doctrine, he urges two facts, that pronouns of the third person are very generally, he believes all, ultimately referable to a form *ken*, and the evidence he produces or refers to covers an area extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Mediterranean to the Arctic. Again he exhibits a verb *ken*, "see," already familiar in our own tongue, as well as in Chinese; and further, as our *know*, is evidently a derivation from *ken*, precisely as *bellow* is from the obsolete verb *bell*, so he shows that *ken* is implicitly contained in all the analogues which are representatives of our *know*, as the Latin *gnosco*, Greek γιγνωσκω, Sanskrit *jnâ*. Nay, with Bopp's own aid he finds even the simple root in the two Sanskrit verbs, *chit* "know," and *ket* "see;" for Bopp himself identifies this root with the Zend equivalent *chin* "know," and pronounces the initial *k* to be older than the *ch*; nay, with aid from the same quarter, he traces the root even to the Philippine Islands, Madagascar, and New Zealand.

Not only are the so-called demonstrative roots a superfluous innovation, but the uses made of them are thought to have a most damaging influence on the whole work. Finding several, and actually inventing other Sanskrit pronouns for "this" or "that," Bopp interprets every case-ending of nouns in one way as signifying "this" or "that," and no more; so that, on his own showing, they have all one meaning, which seems to be simply nonsense. So again in his prepositions he actually deduces from such alleged roots prepositions of every power. For example, from the Sanskrit *a* "this" he contrives to deduce alike απο "from" and παρα "near." The same pronoun, translated *that* (instead of *this*) he makes out to be *a privative* of Greek, and the augment ε of the Greek aorist, on the ground that what is "there" is *not* "here," and what is "past" is *not* "present."

At the Architects' Society an elaborate paper, illustrated by numerous drawings, "On the Abbey Churches of Caen in Normandy," was read. St. Stephen's, or the "Abbaye aux Hommes;" the Holy Trinity, or "Abbaye aux Dames," founded by William the Conqueror; St. Nicholas, and St. Paix, were described; as also was the fine "Salle des Gardes." The vaulting in St. Stephen's, by comparison with that in the church of Cerisy, near Bayeux, was deemed by the author not original. He inclined to the opinion that the church was first spanned by stone arches carrying a wooden roof, as was almost always the case in England; the early architects being unable to vault so wide a space as the nave.

Two papers were read at the Geographical Society: one "On a proposed Route to Siam, China, &c., across the Isthmus of Kraw;" the other, "A Visit to the Island of Tsusima," by Mr. Oliphant. The object proposed in the first was, by constructing a railway across the neck of land in the Malay peninsula, known as the Isthmus of Kraw, to effect a saving of time, between Calcutta and Hong Kong, of ninety-three hours; and between Ceylon and Hong Kong, of fifty-six hours. Touching at four ports, Akyab, Rangoon, Moulmein, and Kraw, while coasting from Calcutta to Hong Kong, thirty-four hours, it was asserted, would be saved over the present route by Singapore.

The second paper described the Island of Tsusima as lying in the Straits of the Corea, and being 110 miles long, and containing some 30,000 inhabitants. It is almost bisected by a deep sound, from which numerous deep fiords diverge, in which the fleets of the world might lie concealed. Its position between Corea and Japan rendered it important, and it was stated in the discussion that the Russians had for some time made it a sort of naval port for carrying out most extensive repairs to their ships.

The reported death of Consul Petherick and his wife, on the White Nile, was alluded to by the president.

Numerous communications were made to the Zoological Society, the principal of which were descriptions of a new Australian mammal of the genus *Dromicia*, by Mr. G. Krafft; and of a new American marsupial, *Hyracodon fuliginosus*, collected by Mr. Fraser in Ecuador. Dr. Sclater exhibited a box of insects, collected by Mr. Caldwell in Madagascar.

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Mr. M. A. Baines has published in pamphlet form his paper contributed to the National Social Science Association,—"Excessive Infant Mortality: How can it be stayed?" In proof of the need of such inquiry, Mr. Baines quotes the Registrar-General's returns to show that in 1857 no less than two in five of the deaths were of children under five years of age, and that above half of these never saw one return of their birthdays. Contending justly that the fragility of infant life is not sufficient to account for the great proportion of premature mortality which takes place, Mr. Baines proceeds chiefly to examine into the important subject of infant-feeding; his opinion being, that however injurious the neglect of other sanitary observances may be to the infant constitution, if a more judicious system of feeding prevailed children would be in a condition to resist the unhealthy influences.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, 2nd February.

Entomological—12, Bedford-row.

Geologists' Association—5, Cavendish-square, at 7 p.m.

Medical—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ p.m. 1. "On the Conditions of the Aorta simulating Aortic Insufficiency." By Dr. Cockle. 2. "On Diseases of the Brain by Extension from the Ear." By Mr. Streeter. 3. "New Metronome." By Dr. Greenhalgh. 4. "Nitrate of Amyle." By Dr. Richardson.

Tuesday, 3rd February.

Ethnological—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8 p.m. "Some Observations on the Psychological Differences which exist among the typical races of Man." By Mr. Dunn.

Photographic—King's College, at 8 p.m. (Anniversary.)

Civil Engineers—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 p.m. "On the Sleeper Woods of the Madras Railway." By Mr. B. M. Master, C.E.

Pathological—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street, at 8 p.m.

Royal Institution—Albemarle-street, at 3 p.m. "On Animal Mechanics." By Professor Marshall.

Wednesday, 4th February.

Geological—Burlington House, at 8 p.m. 1. "On the Hyæna-den at Wookey Hole." By W. Boyd Dawkins, Esq. 2. "On the Discovery of Paradoxides in Britain." By J. W. Salter, Esq. 3. "On the Fossil Echinidæ of Malta." By Dr. T. Wright. With "Notes on the Miocene Beds." By Dr. A. Leith Adams (22nd Regiment).

London Institution—Finsbury-circus, at 7 p.m. "Warm-blooded Vertebrata." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.

Society of Arts—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 p.m. "On the Cooking Depôts for the Working Classes recently established in Glasgow." By Mr. Alex. Burrell.

Pharmaceutical—17, Bloomsbury-square, at 8 p.m.

Thursday, 5th February.

Royal Society—Burlington House, at 8½ p.m. "On the Embryogeny of Comatula Rosacea." By Professor Wyville Thomson.

Antiquaries—Somerset House, at 8½ p.m.

Linnæan—Burlington House, at 8 p.m. "On the Existence of Two Forms and their Reciprocal Sexual Relation in Several Species of the Genus Linum." By Chas. Darwin, Esq., F.R.S.

Chemical—Burlington House, at 8 p.m.

Royal Institution—Albemarle-street, at 3 p.m. "On Chemical Affinity." By Dr. E. Frankland.

Friday, 6th February.

Archæological Institute—26, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East, at 4 p.m.

Philological—Somerset House, at 8½ p.m. 1. "On the Origin of the Terminal *m* of *am*;" and 2. "On Some English Etymologies." By Hensleigh Wedgwood, Esq. 3. "Some Points in Sanskrit Grammar." By the Rev. G. Small.

Royal Institution—Albemarle-street, at 8 p.m. "On Aerial Scientific Research." By James Glashier, Esq., F.R.S.

London Institution—Finsbury-circus, at 7 p.m. "Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor Field.

Saturday, 7th February.

Royal Institution—Albemarle-street, at 3 p.m. "On Life and Death." By W. S. Savory, Esq.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

A Daughter of Eve. By Hain Friswell. Two vols. Post 8vo., cloth, 21s.
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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION to PUBLIC OPINION, post free (payable in advance), 13s.; half-yearly, 6s. 6d. Post-office Orders to be made payable to J. K. SHARPE, 11, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

PUBLIC OPINION is sold at all Railway Bookstalls, and by all Booksellers and Newsagents throughout the Kingdom. Price 2d., stamped, 3d.

PUBLIC OPINION every SATURDAY, 2d.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

LONDON: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Cox & Wyman, 74 & 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the County of Middlesex; and published, for the Proprietors, by JOHN KELLETT SHARPE, at No. 11, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 136.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863. [Price 4d. Unstamped.

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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE gloom cast for more than an entire year upon the country, by the loss of a pure-hearted and accomplished Prince, is broken this week by Her Majesty's formal announcement to Parliament of the coming marriage of the Heir to the Throne. England, which has mourned so sincerely for the loss of the Father, will rejoice again to sympathize with the happiness of the Son. English attachment to the Queen is composed of true affection rather than of conventional loyalty; and no movement can take place within her family circle that does not interest and concern the public at large. But the marriage of our future King is an event which his mother's subjects cannot watch with purely unselfish feelings. Happy is the country where there are none but happy Royal marriages! The private life and virtues of Her Majesty have been to England a public blessing; and it is a matter of thankfulness and pride to know that the blameless career of the parents will be reflected in the career of their royal children. Though the ceremony itself is to take place at Windsor, care will be taken that the metropolis loses little of the usual splendour of a royal matrimonial *fête*. The Queen's subjects will not grudge her in her widowhood the luxury of additional privacy secured to her a little longer by this arrangement; and the princely progress through London will be as magnificent as loyalty and enthusiasm can make it. When the time comes for her to resume her place in public, there is no fear that the wife of Prince Albert will be found wanting either in unselfishness or in self-control. But the English nation is not slow to comprehend that marriage festivities, with all their gladness, must needs touch a deep chord of inextinguishable grief in the Queen's heart. One figure will be wanting at the marriage board, whose place no stranger can fill; and without whom the first solemn act of the young Prince since he has entered into manhood seems incomplete. It is too much to ask, that the first occasion on which the bereaved sovereign meets her subjects, should be one which must recall to her so vividly the days that are for ever past.

The warfare in Parliament this session will regain some of its pristine vigour, in consequence of the increased sunshine in the Palace. Last year, by common consent, animosities were buried in a common sympathy for the Queen. Towards the close of the session a few passages of arms relieved the Conservative party from any imputation of unnatural magnanimity. The fact is, that even in moments of the profoundest political peace, Mr. Disraeli never goes anywhere without his tomahawk; and the temptation to strike a sudden blow was at last more than he could withstand. But the Tory tribe had buried their weapons early in the session, and could not be brought to dig them up again at a moment's notice, even at the well-known signal of their great medicine man. Mr. Walpole turned pale at the sight of his own war-paint, and his disinclination for the fight proved infectious. The season passed over without a general conflict, and the generous professions made by Lord Derby in the spring were, in the main, fulfilled. The new session, however, will, in all probability, not be so uneventful as the last. The years are slipping from Mr. Disraeli, and little has been done of late. The sun is going down upon him, yet his defiant rival still fronts him, seated, with an air of biting sanctity, upon the Treasury benches. It would be doing injustice to the other chiefs of the Conservative host to suppose that they have not also the passions of their kind. Sir Stafford Northcote doubtless longs to chalk his fingers over a Treasury slate of his own; and a fear of permanently obstructing his party may possibly induce Mr. Walpole, who was the saint of last session, to be the sinner of the next. This year, at all events, there can be no doubt that opportunities of assailing Lord Palmerston will not be flung aside. The clans are gathering and mustering. Already in the dreary and flat marshes of the *Quarterly* the bitter hum of a feminine Tory gadfly has made itself heard. It is the signal for concerted action among the country party, and the "milch cow" of the landed interest gallops in distraction hither and thither, obedient to the call.

Mr. Disraeli intimated pretty clearly on Thursday night that the conflict will not flag for want of energy on his part. Though there was no division on the Address, the debate that occurred upon it gave omens of a stormy session. It will not be necessary during the ensuing year to fall back upon the cry of the Church's danger, to rouse the Conservative blood. The list of Ministerial blunders with which the leader of the Opposition regaled the country was one from which acrid Conservative orators may pick and choose for months to come. By an ingenious artifice, even the national expenditure was made to seem a necessary consequence of a meddlesome foreign policy; and thus Mr. Gladstone's finance came in for a portion of the blows that were ostensibly directed against Lord Palmerston's leathern doublet. Schleswig Holstein, Italy, America, and the Ionian Islands, have all been dealt with by the Cabinet during the interval since last autumn; and it was natural that Mr. Disraeli should be dissatisfied with all that has been done. The Brazilian difficulty was a special windfall on which he can scarcely have reckoned when he laid down the keel of his speech; and before a week has passed, in all probability, it will be a difficulty no longer. In like manner Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Milner Gibson's indiscretion on the subject of the North and South

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had probably been forgotten by every one except the member for Buckinghamshire, and the American Minister; both of whom have, perhaps, the same sort of bitter memory for the shortcomings of the English Government. But it is obvious that on the subject of the Ionian Islands, it will be in Mr. Disraeli's power to get up a very pretty debate. The Church was at stake in the winter. The empire will be at stake during the spring. The shades of old Tory statesmen will be invoked, and no effort will be spared to bring odium on the Liberal ministry for a politic act of justice to Greece, for which they have already been rewarded by the *naive* surprise and astonishment of Europe.

Her Majesty has promised retrenchment, and the Tory leader had nothing for it but to fall back upon a tone of well-bred incredulity, and the suggestion that the aggressive temper of Lord Palmerston was a luxury for which the country must be prepared to pay. So far he will have Mr. Bright with him, and perhaps a considerable section of the advanced Radical members. But when it comes to be explained what Mr. Disraeli's own foreign policy would be, we think he will soon lose his hold upon his Manchester allies. For the present it may be assumed that the Opposition are for cutting down the Budget, and on this basis they may succeed in patching up an unholy alliance with Mr. Cobden. But we should like to know how Mr. Cobden would appreciate the American policy of the Tories, should he ever succeed in hoisting them into office. Mr. Disraeli is not likely to commit himself unnecessarily, but a tolerable number of his followers stand already committed to the cause of secession, and some of them even to the hateful cause of slavery; and all the fancied grievances which have been done by the present Ministry to the North would soon fade from memory, when contrasted with the more active antagonism of a Derby Cabinet. The extraordinary blunders which have led Mr. Disraeli all his life long to place himself on the unpopular and impossible side of every question, continue to affect him on the subject of Italy. Mr. Bright might any day take up the Pope's cause, because the Pope's cause is opposed to every healthy English feeling. But Mr. Disraeli takes up the Pope's cause, because he has a vague idea that it is statesmanlike to do so. His known disbelief in Italian unity, and his sympathy with the Italian policy of France, are sufficient to damn any Conservative Government that he might form. So long as on the two important foreign questions of the year he has nothing like a popular line of conduct to suggest, Lord Russell may well make him a present of Schleswig-Holstein. It is all very well to cavil at others; but we are sorry to say Mr. Disraeli has got nothing to offer us himself; and if England were so unfortunate as to be guided by his hand, she would soon find out whether Mr. Disraeli's or Lord Palmerston's foreign policy was most compatible with retrenchment.

NEW PHASE OF THE COTTON SCARCITY.

THE subject of manufacturing distress appears to be entering on a new phase. Hitherto we have been anxious lest the cotton operatives should starve or lose their health in the crisis through which they are compelled to pass. We are now beginning to be uneasy lest we should have them permanently on our hands. At first, the public was generously eager to secure an adequate scale of relief. At present, the public is growing somewhat nervous under the apprehension that the distributors of relief may have been too liberal, and may become encouragers of pauperism and victims of imposture. In August we were afraid that idleness would be too burdensome to the people. In February we are disposed to fancy that idleness is becoming too sweet.

There is some reason for these fears; though, as is always the case when a reactionary movement of any sort sets in, there is a manifest tendency to exaggerate them and to press them too far. The distributors of relief may have erred, but they have erred on the right side. They may have been a trifle over-liberal, but they have effectually attained the object on which the English nation had set its heart, *i. e.*, they have thus far carried the population intrusted to their charge through a long and severe and unprecedented crisis, without starvation, without hunger, without pestilence, and, so far as we can ascertain, without even any departure from the ordinary standard of health. That they could have done so much without, in some instances, doing *too* much, was more than could be expected. Among the hundred thousands whom they had to assist, moreover, it was certain that numbers would be found dishonest and selfish enough to take advantage of the public generosity, to advance claims which had no foundation, and to push well-founded claims to an extreme. The Committees and Boards of Guardians were on their guard against this danger, but it was impossible that they should always succeed in averting it; and many cases of imposture no doubt have occurred, and not a few have been detected. This evil has been increased and facilitated by an arrangement against which we raised a warning voice at the very outset—by the determination, we mean, of the Mansion House Committee to administer aid through other channels than that of the Central Manchester Relief Committee. In consequence of this error, it was made possible for some greedy applicants to receive relief from two or three quarters, each ignorant of the proceedings of the other. Besides this, some well-meaning, but injudicious persons, persisted in sending funds to special parties, to be by them distributed according to their own information and in their own neighbourhood. Some sent clothing, some sent fuel, some sent subscriptions specially to sewing-schools, and some sent money to be expended in redeeming pledged articles. Several families, therefore, naturally enough, were relieved twice over. This evil has, however, been carefully inquired into, and the result has been a decided reduction of the relief lists in several districts. Finally, it is to be feared that many idle and disreputable families have begun to be in love with charity, and actually to prefer a dependent to an industrious life. They are not so well fed as they were, it is true; but, on the other hand, they have enough to eat, they have nothing to do, and they may lie in bed as long as they like. These operatives, therefore, not only make no efforts to obtain employment, but superciliously refuse half-work or work at a moderate reduction from former wages when it is offered them. This is a serious difficulty, and may soon cause fresh embarrassment to the organized distributors of the relief funds; but they are fully alive to the fact, and are on their guard against the mischief we have indicated. There can be no doubt that it will soon be necessary to overhaul the relief lists most severely, both to curtail the standard rate of assistance given, and to withhold assistance resolutely from all who can be proved to have refused work on *any* terms compatible with a decent subsistence. Neither the ratepayers of Lancashire, nor the benevolent public of the kingdom generally, contribute in order to keep up the rate of wages, but only to save from starvation those who can get no wages at all.

But another, and still more important question, remains: How long is this to continue? Is the cotton trade permanently crippled, or only disabled for a time? Has production, as alleged, outrun the wants of the world, or has consumption only been checked for a while by high prices and disorganized circumstances, to revive again shortly and to be soon as brisk, or brisker, than ever? In a word, will the same number of cotton operatives as before be wanted as soon as the raw material can be got together to employ them, and can that raw material be expected soon? Or has the manufacture seen and passed its culminating point, and will, therefore, a considerable proportion of the manufacturing population be permanently redundant? If the former, we may continue to bear the burden of their maintenance for a short time longer; if the latter, ought we not to take measures for aiding and inducing them to *emigrate* at once? This last is the key-note which has been struck by one or two of the leading journals last week, and propounds the question which they seem inclined to answer in the affirmative.

We are satisfied that such affirmative answer would be certainly premature, and probably erroneous. We do not believe that any portion of the manufacturing population is really, in any correct sense of the word, *redundant*. We believe it will be again all wanted at home; that cotton will ere long be poured upon our shores; and that the cotton trade will in time resume its old vitality and its old dimensions. If so, though we should do wrong to discourage or impede any who spontaneously desire to emigrate, yet we should commit an equal mistake were we to urge emigration on the supposed superfluous hands, or assist their removal to other shores by funds subscribed for purposes of relief from a temporary calamity.

In the first place, the removal of our people to other lands is a step that cannot be revoked. Once gone, they do not come back again. It is a great mistake to regard people

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as redundant who in truth are only misplaced. Now, at best, the present superfluous or rather unemployed population in Lancashire and Cheshire is only a local congestion. We may, perhaps, have too many women in Great Britain, but we assuredly have not too many men. In the last war, it may be remembered that we found great difficulty in recruiting both army and navy. The sailors were all busy in the merchant service, and the peasants and labourers and weavers, who used to furnish so ample a supply to the recruiting sergeant, were all taken up either by factories or railways. It was found almost impossible to obtain good servants of either sex, except on the most extravagant terms. We all remember how very recently the complaint was general that no footmen would stay in their places, and that decent women cooks were not to be had for love or money. These recollections will at once suggest to us how a portion at least of the apparent redundancy in Lancashire and Cheshire may be drafted off. A few of the more active and turbulent men, and many of the more intelligent and enterprising young women will go into service—a change already in process, and for which the sewing schools and cooking schools are most usefully preparing these. But there is another and a still more natural and favourable opening. *All* trades are not depressed because the cotton trade is suffering. On the contrary, the linen and woollen trades are remarkably flourishing, and are flourishing precisely as a consequence. Yorkshire gains by Lancashire distress. The increase of production in those two manufactures during the last year was remarkable and significant. We do not know how much the home demand for these classes of goods has sprung up, but, as the *Economist* showed last week, the export of linens increased 30 per cent., and that of woollens from 50 to 100 per cent. They have already absorbed numbers who were thrown out of work by the stoppage of the cotton factories. Indeed, it is a fact that but for that stoppage, the flax and worsted mills would have been much embarrassed to carry on their works. When people cannot obtain cotton shirts, or cannot get them cheap enough, they buy linen ones, and when cotton quilts grow scarce and dear they are driven to substitute blankets and woollen rugs. We apprehend, therefore, it will soon be found that much of the supposed redundancy in Lancashire will be absorbed in other occupations, even if the cotton trade should not revive as early as we hope. Should it revive at once, or speedily—that is, should America proclaim peace and once more send us cotton,—such would be the demand for cotton fabrics in the now cleared markets of the world, that our operative population, in place of being excessive, would, we are satisfied, be found inadequate.

Secondly, emigration, though an effectual and final, is a very expensive means of disposing of a population supposed to be superfluous at home. The cost of a passage and outfit to Canada or the United States is seldom short of £5 a head; that to Australia or New Zealand is £20 at least. Now, as the average sum distributed in relief to our unemployed operatives and their families is 2s. a head, each individual might be maintained *for a year* for the same amount that it would require to send him to America; and for *four years* for the amount that would be required to send him to Australia.

Thirdly, we do not take so gloomy a view as many journals as to the prospects of the cotton trade—probably, because we have more accurate knowledge of its condition. The present prices of cotton will bring supplies from all quarters, and will greatly stimulate production in India, in Egypt, and in Brazil; and with increased supplies, prices will gradually droop, so as to make production again possible, if not at once remunerative. Every month that passes does something to clear the markets of all countries of their accumulated stocks, and to cause a revival of demand, and an improvement in the price paid for manufactured goods. Therefore, though we do not anticipate a sudden or a very speedy revival of the cotton trade, we confidently expect both that cotton has seen its highest point, and that depression of trade has seen its lowest point. We trust that by the slow and steady operation of natural causes, the number of the unemployed will decrease week by week; and that the relief-lists will be considerably reduced by the continuous exercise of vigilance, and by stern determination in refusing aid to all who decline offered work. Nor are we by any means without hope that another year will see American cotton again flowing into Liverpool as it was wont to do, and a general resumption of manufacturing industry, all the more energetic for its temporary and enforced interruption. If these anticipations should be realized, there would be great reason to regret the exile of any considerable numbers of our operatives; and even if they should be disappointed or postponed, we scarcely fear that the year 1864 will find us with a population which can in any fair or permanent sense be called redundant.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN AMERICA.

THE time is not inopportune for taking a general survey of the military situation on the other side of the Atlantic. The points of contact of the rival armies are sufficiently defined, and the designs of the rival commanders, together with the grounds upon which they rest, are tolerably obvious.

Before proceeding to explain the position of the troops, it is important to observe that at least 200,000 of the men who now compose the Northern armies, are entitled to their discharge in the month of May. It seems that they were only recruited for nine months. Even if they are replaced by others, it is obvious that in this respect the North is at a very serious disadvantage compared with the South; for in the South conscription prevails, and a soldier must serve as long as his services are required. But according to some trustworthy accounts there appears to be great doubt whether the Northern States, especially those in which the newly elected Governors are Democrats, will furnish a sufficient number of men, either by enrolment of new recruits or by re-enlistment for a prolonged period of the old soldiers. But it is obvious that if this difficulty cannot be got over, the war must come to an end. In the meantime, it is to be observed, that however vehement have been the denunciations of the newly elected Democrats against arbitrary arrests and the violation of the Constitution, no voice has yet been successfully raised to conclude peace with the South at all hazards.

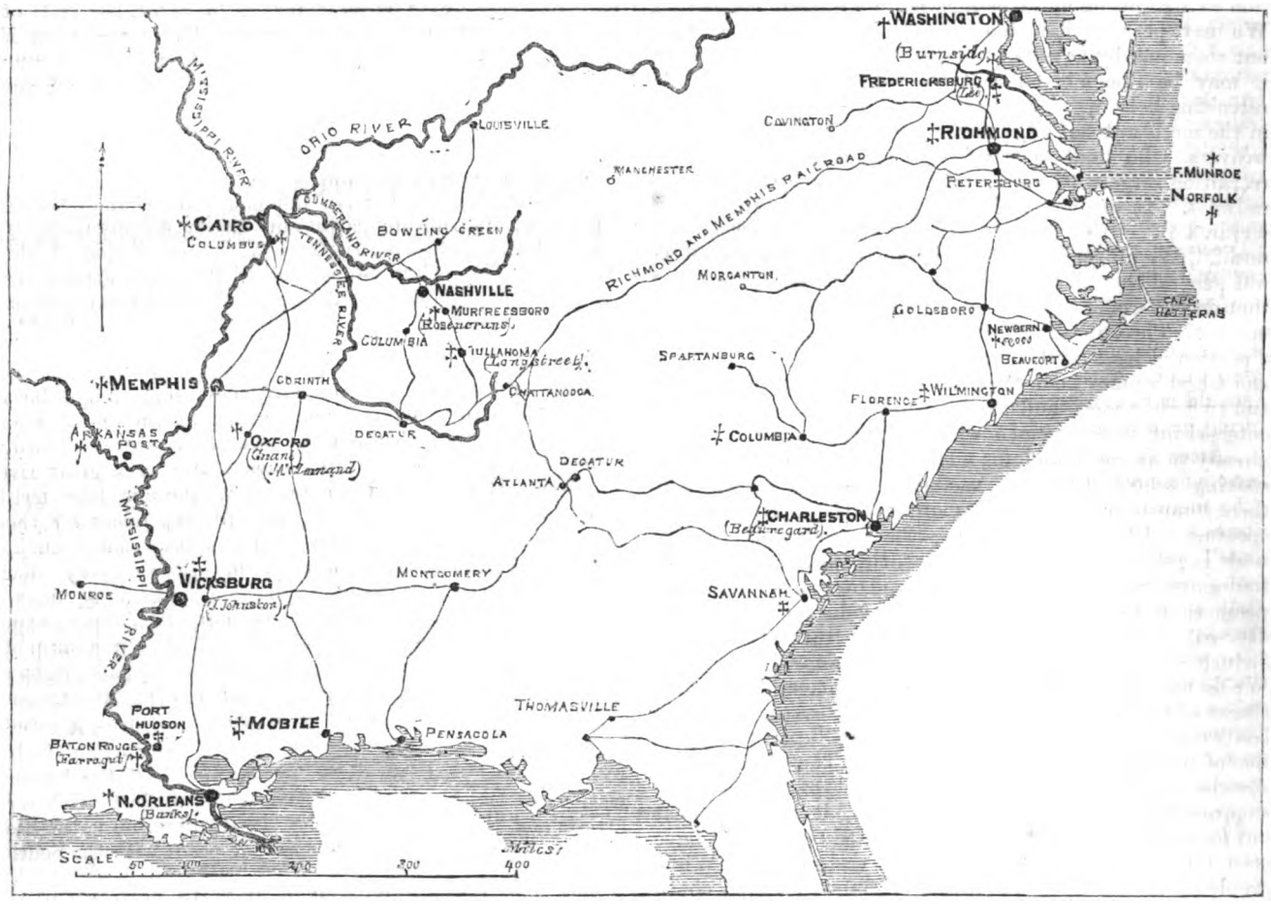
The circumstances which distinguish the present contest in America from other contests are, in the first place, the character of the armies; in the second place, the enormous extent of the field of operations, which renders the lines of communications by railway and by river of paramount importance; and, lastly, the fact, that whilst the Southerners have only a few gunboats and no fleet, the Northerners have a very powerful fleet and ample means of using the magnificent water communication in the interior of the country for warlike purposes and for transporting supplies. Without carefully attending to these circumstances, it is impossible to understand the strategy of either side; by allowing them due weight, the plans of both sides become at once intelligible.

By a cursory glance at the map on the following page, and which comprehends the country between Washington in the north-east, the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi in the north-west, New Orleans in the south-west, and Savannah in the south-east, the military situation is at once apparent. The grand object of the North on the eastern seaboard is to obtain possession of Richmond, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah. The possession of these points will give them the control of the whole seaboard, and will drive the Confederates into the interior, destroy their commerce, and, in fact, make their existence as an independent nation practically impossible. At present, however, all these places are in the hands of the Confederates, although access to them is practically barred by blockading ships. If any evidence of this were needed, it would be found in the fact that the despatches which were captured the other day off Charleston almost all bear date the end of last October, so that the ship which conveyed them must have been waiting some three months for an opportunity to escape, nor even then was she successful. On land, however, the Confederates are in great force, and their troops are admirably commanded. The Federals, under Burnside, are still at Falmouth, on the Rappahannock, where they retired after their unsuccessful assault of the heights above Fredericksburg. Burnside is watched by Lee, who still occupies these heights. The Federal army is said to amount to 100,000; and as to the Confederates, it is impossible to form any conjecture. A railway connects Lee with Richmond, some sixty miles to the south-west, whence he draws his supplies.

Of all the cities held by the South, Richmond is the most vital. It is to the South what Washington is to the North.

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MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, WITH THE POSITIONS OF THE FEDERAL AND SOUTHERN ARMIES.



It is the capital of the "old dominion," hallowed by a thousand recollections. To lose Richmond would be to lose the head and centre of the Confederacy. But, further, it is a strategical point of the utmost value. Towards it converge the lines of railway from every quarter—from the west, from the north, from the south, and from the east coast. Take Richmond, and the difficulty of connecting the west with the east becomes almost insuperable. A glance at the map makes this apparent; and the determined resolution with which General Lee has defended this city needs no justification. For the present, any attack upon General Lee's army seems to be postponed. The efforts of the Federals are confined to cutting off its communication with the South,—with Wilmington, and Charleston. The defence of Wilmington is entrusted to General Gustavus Smith; that of Charleston to the celebrated Beauregard. In order to cut off Wilmington from Richmond, or rather to compel the Confederates to adopt the circuitous route, the Federal General Foster has an army of between 40,000 and 60,000 at Newbern. With these troops he proposes to march towards Wilmington, where he will be aided by a fleet of gun-boats. If he succeeds in this enterprise, he will no doubt proceed to Charleston and Savannah. At present, however, the Federals have not begun their march. The result of this movement, if successful, will be that Richmond will be cut off from the South, and all the supplies which can be drawn from these quarters.

Let us now turn to the west. It will be observed that there are only two lines of railway which connect Richmond or even Charlestown with the west. The object of the Federals is to break up these lines of communication. The Federal Rosecranz is now some miles south of Murfreesboro with between 40,000 or 50,000 men, and has possession of the Memphis and Richmond Railway; and certainly, according to some accounts, parts of that railway have been broken up by the destruction of several of the bridges. But the railways which connect Vicksburg, Mobile, and Charlestown are still in the hands of the Confederates. It is said that the Confederate Longstreet has taken the place of Bragg, and that a battle between the former and Rosecranz is imminent. If the Confederates succeed in this attack they may drive Rosecranz back to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, and recover that State. If, on the other hand, they fail, Rosecranz may succeed in advancing and establishing himself on the Tennessee river. The importance of this is clear, for it seems to be admitted that there is a considerable Union party in Eastern Tennessee; and as the war is now a war for boundary, the farther the Federals can drive the Confederates to the south, the better will be the position of the Federals when they come to negociate terms of peace. Moreover, such an advance will tend to straiten Richmond toward the west.

The only remaining part of the theatre of operations is the Mississippi. The whole of that river is in the hands of the Federals, except what lies between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. The Federal fleet from the north which has just succeeded in capturing Arkansas Post cannot penetrate below Vicksburg. The Federal fleet from the south cannot ascend above Port Hudson. The Confederate officer who commands at Vicksburg, which is now defended by very formidable entrenchments, is General J. Johnstone. He has already repulsed an attack from the north led by Sherman. It is now said that General Grant has once more set out from Memphis to make a second attack. It seems doubtful whether this is a judicious step. The troops brought with General Banks to New Orleans ought to co-operate. Probably they cannot do so until Port Hudson falls, and as yet the attempts to take that place have failed. But the neglect to follow the sound rule of concentration will not improbably lead to the same unfortunate results which have hitherto marked the Federal arms. Indeed, after surveying the whole field of operation, it is tolerably obvious that the plans of the Federals are essentially vicious. They are attempting too much. They persist in repeating with a fatal consistency the military errors of which they have been guilty from the beginning.

BRITISH TRADE IN CHINA.

THE mercantile body in China have got a grievance. Our diplomatists in that empire, being under the especial charge and patronage of the members of the leading firms, are generally kept pretty well up to their work. When by accident they take a line of their own, they are reported. There are other honourable members in the House of Commons who represent British interests in China besides Mr. White; and when the great firms unite to

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press their views upon the Government, the Government is very apt to take the mercantile view of the matter; for indeed diplomacy in China is not like diplomacy elsewhere. It is not that ennobling pursuit which consists in acquiring a secret knowledge of a rival Minister's instructions from his Government before he knows them himself, or in reporting after-dinner conversations with crowned heads, pregnant with the fate of empires. The duties of her Majesty's representative at Pekin are of a more sordid and harassing nature. When our diplomatic agent used to live at Canton he was called the "Superintendent of Trade;" now that he is at Pekin he is styled "Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary;" but the traditions of the old office cling to him, and the interests of trade are paramount. His ideas should be concentrated upon tea, except when they are absorbed in silk; and representations from the great houses of Jardine & Matheson, or Dent & Co., should have more weight in his eyes than any communications from his colleagues of France or Russia.

After all—it is useless to deny it—the Chinese are right; our whole object is trade, and the Minister is the servant of the mercantile community, put there to forward their interests and to keep the peace. This country has expressed itself pretty freely on the matter at various times. Trade with peace if possible; failing this, then trade with war; but, at all hazards, trade. The Minister has a very clear perception of his course of action under these circumstances. His rule is, keep on good terms, if possible, both with the British merchant and the Chinese Government. If this is impossible, offend the British merchant rather than the Chinese Government, because the British public will prefer snubbing the merchants to fighting the Chinamen. So he has constantly to tread that very delicate line which divides the one class of interests from the other, and the slightest divergence from which will bring him into collision either with those to whom he is accredited, or with those whom he represents. Sometimes a point arises where a decided course is necessary; and then, if his Excellency is a prudent and experienced man, he will throw the responsibility of the decision upon her Majesty's Government. Such a case has just arisen, and the British merchants have sent in a memorial to the Secretary of State, which they wind up with a piece of claptrap, about the necessity of a "firm and decided tone," so very hackneyed, that it smacks of a pigeon-hole in one of her Majesty's consulates. This is what every consul has been in the habit of saying to every mandarin with whom he has "had a difficulty" from time immemorial, and he afterwards reports to his government that he assumed the above tone because he felt that "any surrender of a right is attributed by the Chinese to any cause rather than forbearance," &c. &c. If there is one idea which pervades every blue-book on China more than another, it is this; that concessions lead to wars, that departures from treaties are considered signs of weakness, and that we can trace all our wars to this cause. But, like every dogma which is a mere formula of abstract belief, it may degenerate into a superstition, and the believer, ceasing to exercise his reason, becomes a fanatic. There are exceptions to every rule, and the great test of ability is to know how to give the rule force, by taking occasional advantage of the exception. Any one who is put into a groove can slide down it till he meets an unforeseen obstacle, against which, if he has not readiness to avoid it, he will break his head.

The merchants invoke this stale dogma to support their demands; but without even the excuse of having logically applied it, they start by saying that the Chinese Government is departing from its treaty engagements with reference to the trade on the Yang-tse-kiang. Now the fact is, that the Chinese Government have done a great deal more in opening the Yang-tse than the treaty stipulates. In the treaty of Tientsin, as Mr. Lay has shown in a recent letter to the *Times*, the Chinese Government engage to open the Yang-tse to trade as soon as the banks of the river have been cleared of rebels; and it was not until two years after the treaty, that they made a provisional arrangement, not having the force of a treaty engagement, to permit trade up the Yang-tse, notwithstanding the rebels, and to establish the custom-house at Shanghai. The inconvenience of allowing traders of all nations, unfettered for the most part by nice scruples, to trade for 450 miles along a river, the banks of which are for half that distance in the hands of the rebels, was early recognized by the Chinese Government; and it was only as an experiment that the concession was made in 1861, with the right of modification expressly reserved, and without implying the abandonment of the treaty clause restricting the terms under which trade should be permitted. The Chinese Government do not even now propose to revert to the strict letter of the treaty, by which they could close the Yang-tse-kiang to foreign trade; they wish to confine mercantile operations to the treaty ports, and to establish custom-houses at them as well as at Shanghai.

The reasons which have influenced the Chinese Government in desiring to carry out this modification are not difficult to divine. In the first place, as Shanghai is not on the Yang-tse-kiang properly so called, it would be quite easy for ships to run into the river without going there, and as by the present system they may trade at every village along 450 miles of its shores, smuggling on a gigantic scale might be carried on. Secondly, these ships might be all freighted with arms and ammunition for the rebels, whom they could supply without the risk of discovery. Thirdly, the coasting trade in China pays duties; the great river between Hankow and the sea flows through four fertile provinces, each of which are partially dependent for their revenue on the transit duties; but it is clear that if English steamers are to carry the local traffic between every village on the Yang-tse, without paying any duties at all, the revenue will lose prodigiously. Besides which, the governor of each province, who is bound to contribute a certain quota of revenue to the Imperial chest, considers he has a right to the duties on every foreign cargo landed in his district, and complains that the province of Kiangsu should appropriate the duties of a cargo landed in his province. The Chinese revenue system may be very ridiculous according to our notions, but we are scarcely entitled to expect them to alter it to suit our convenience. We quite agree with the British merchants as to "the benefits of being able to trade at any place in 450 miles of a river running through the richest provinces in China," but we are not aware of any country where such a privilege is accorded to the foreigner under the same conditions. When the trade regulations of the Yang-tse were drawn up, the Chinese had no experience to guide them in the matter; and this is just a point where an unwise pressure might do harm, and where, in our endeavour to grasp too much, we might frighten the Chinaman into that attitude of dogged obstinacy from which he is only to be forced by violence. When, in consequence of the aid rendered by this country, the banks of the Yang-tse are cleared of rebels, we shall be fairly entitled to demand increased commercial facilities. So long as Prince Kung can take a stroll among the ruins of the Summer Palace, he is not likely to attribute any minor concession to weakness.

With reference to the second point, the merchants have a stronger case. The wording of the twelfth clause of the treaty is definite, permitting them to "purchase or rent land or buildings, whether at the ports or '*other places.*'" Whether the Chinese Government contemplated the creation of foreign settlements all over the Empire, with a population claiming the privileges of ex-territoriality, it is not for us to consider. Certainly no nation ever granted such a privilege before, and one way by which the difficulty might be met would be to let foreigners thus settling understand that the privileges of ex-territoriality should not extend beyond the consular ports, and that persons establishing themselves elsewhere would come under the jurisdiction of the nearest Chinese mandarin. Meantime, the mercantile community have taken a very decided and unanimous tone on both points, and we shall be curious to learn the decision of our Government upon them.

THE BRAZILIAN DIFFICULTY.

THE rupture of that friendly intercourse which, since 1846, has happily characterized our relations with the only respectable government on the South American continent, calls for something more than a cursory notice of the immediate events that have led to it. The immense amount of English capital at present employed, and about to be invested in the various provinces of that extensive empire, together with the political consequences that are likely to arise out of this complication, are worthy of our serious consideration. For it is by no means impossible that the crisis, through which the Brazilian Government has just passed, may become the point of departure for still more serious complications in the political history of the

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Brazilian empire. Such events might strike a serious blow at the national credit, which has hitherto stood so high, and must sooner or later endanger the liabilities which have hitherto been discharged with such creditable exactness.

With regard to the immediate causes which have led to reprisals on the part of her Majesty's Government, they are briefly these :—

1st. About the 8th of June, 1861, the English merchant ship, *Prince of Wales*, was wrecked on the desert and sparsely populated shores of the province of Rio Grande do Sul. Her cargo was plundered by the Gauchos, or rather wreckers, who in that lawless region reign supreme ; and strong presumptive evidence was obtained on the spot by our Consul, Mr. Vereker, that the portion of the crew who managed to save their lives were murdered for the remnant of property which they had managed to save ; whilst the local provincial officials, instead of affording assistance to our countrymen, not only connived at their spoliation and murder, but partook of the plunder, a portion of which was found in the house of Mr. Bento Soares, the magistrate of the district.

Either from inability or unwillingness, the Provincial Government did not bring the offenders to justice, in spite of remonstrances from the Imperial Government, whose tardy and lethargic endeavours but ill responded to the energetic remonstrances of her Majesty's Minister at Rio.

2nd. On the 7th of June, 1862, three officers of Her Majesty's ship *Forte*, when returning from Tijuka, a village in the neighbourhood of Rio, were seized when passing a guard-house, for no other reason than that they were running past it in order to catch an omnibus. One of the officers was struck by the sentry with the butt of his musket ; an altercation and struggle ensued, and they were locked up in the refectory of the guard-house for the night. On the following morning they were ignominiously conducted on foot a distance of seven miles to a criminal prison of the lowest class in the town of Rio, the officer who received them declaring at the time that he knew them to be British officers. Two hours later, at the remonstrance of the English consul, with whom the officers had found a means of communicating, they were removed from the company of the runaway slaves and pickpockets to less degrading quarters, and eventually to the military prison, where they were politely treated. The following day, at noon, they were liberated, but without any reason, either for their arrest or release, being assigned by the authorities.

The Brazilian Government, in both these instances, displayed an apathy and indifference bordering on insult, and a disposition to ignore the existence of her Majesty's Minister at Rio, by neglecting, in some instances, even to reply to his despatches. Her Majesty's Government ordered the following satisfaction to be demanded, viz. :—In the first instance, a compensation of £6,525. 19s. In the second,—1st. That the officers of the Guard be dismissed the service. 2nd. That the sentinel who provoked the conflict should be punished. 3rd. That an apology should be made by the Imperial Government for the insult offered to the officers. 4th. That the chief of the police and the officer who detained the three officers be publicly blamed.

At the same time her Majesty's Minister informed the Brazilian Government that, as regards the case of the *Prince of Wales*, if the Imperial Government would only acknowledge the principle of the claim, the amount of indemnity should be settled by arbitration ; and that in the case of the officers of the *Forte*, the matter might be wholly left to arbitration.

These demands being totally and peremptorily rejected, Admiral Warren was ordered to make reprisals ; and accordingly her Majesty's ships, *Stromboli* and *Curlew*, went out of Rio Harbour on the 31st, and seized five coasters, of an aggregate value of £10,000, taking them to Palmos Bay.

On the arrival of this intelligence at Rio, the popular indignation assumed alarming proportions ; the city was in complete possession of the populace ; and an attempt was made to tear down the consular arms and sack the British Consulate.

The Parliamentary opposition, which is principally composed of the Republican and Separatist members of the northern provinces, were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity of embarrassing the Conservative party at present holding the reins of power. Mass meetings were nightly convened, inflammatory speeches were delivered, and money freely distributed. This movement of the Revolutionary party was instigated and guided by Ortoni, the quondam chief of the revolution in the province of Minas, in 1842, when he was routed and taken prisoner by the Royalist army at the battle of Santa Lucia, and subsequently pardoned. On the 5th of January, the Imperial Government, becoming alarmed, not only for their own safety, but for that of the Monarchy itself, agreed to pay the stipulated sum under protest, and refer the case of the officers of the *Forte* to arbitration. Her Majesty's Minister, as previously remarked, had already offered to allow both cases to be settled under arbitration. The captured vessels were at once released ; and it now remains to be seen whether her Majesty's Government will accept the arbitration, or purely and simply enforce its demands.

Her Majesty's Minister at Rio and her Majesty's Government having throughout these vexed questions shown a forbearance which would have amounted to weakness with any power less feeble than that of Brazil, will not, it is to be hoped, recede in any degree from those demands, fraught with whatever consequences they may be to the Brazilian empire. For even if, as is quite possible, its disintegration ensue, it will be merely anticipating events which have long since cast their shadows before. Since the year 1834 the provinces of Para Mharanham, Pernambuco, Macaio, Bahia, St. Paul's, Minas, and Rio Grande do Sul, have all risen in arms against the Central Government at Rio. Rio Grande do Sul, especially, maintained its independence for ten years, and at the present moment is only restrained by the presence of a large body of troops and several men-of-war. Whereas, in every town of the north, from Bahia to Para, separation is the common topic of conversation, and is openly discussed and considered a mere question of opportunity. On its necessity and proximity, all are alike agreed. They have even cast about for a candidate to the new crown, and the Prince de Joinville is openly proclaimed to be the most promising candidate.

It is extremely easy to point out the immediate cause of this stormy antagonism on the part of the provincial populations to the centralizing system at Rio. Only twelve per cent. of the taxes collected in the provinces are permitted to be retained in them for provincial purposes, the remainder is sent on to Rio for the imperial treasury ; the only return being the ægis of the Imperial Government to preserve them from foreign aggression. This protection, as they well know, is really of no value ; and the provincials very naturally say, "We can dispense with this army and navy, which are useless for all purposes of external defence, and which can at any moment be turned against ourselves ; and, above all, we wish to spend the money we raise in our provinces in increasing our communications and facilitating our commerce, instead of supporting a semblance of Imperial power, and an army of corrupt officials, who merely treat the outlying provinces of the empire as the sources from which money may be extracted."

Such is a brief outline of the position of Brazil, and the demands made on it by the English Government. But having once opened up the question of British claims on that government, it will surely be as well to include all those long outstanding claims which the mixed Commission of 1859, so abruptly brought to a close by the Imperial Government in the following year, in vain endeavoured to adjust. The recent misunderstandings have been such as to admit easily of amicable and honourable arrangement, and the arbitrament to which the unsettled portion of the quarrel is to be submitted offers a guarantee of impartiality, uprightness, and moderation with which both parties in the quarrel may well be content.

NEW BANKING COMPANIES.

THERE is no readier way of getting a true idea of the lengths to which the rage for new banking companies has lately carried the speculative public, than to compare any ordinary share-list of the present date with a similar list of about a year ago. Let any one cast his eye down the column of the *Times* in which the shares of joint-stock banks are quoted, and he will observe the striking fact, that out of a list of three dozen or so of such companies which appear there daily, very nearly one-half have sprung into existence within little more than a year. This great increase in the number of banking companies does not by any means represent the total result of the speculative energies of the past year. In all periods when interest is

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low and speculation is rife, there is great variety in the projects that compete for a portion of the capital lying ready for investment. The whole field of commercial enterprise is surveyed, with the view of finding some corner which has not been already occupied. People are not all attracted by the same bubble, and at such periods of excitement there is hardly any scheme so rash or so wild as not to obtain some support. The present year has not been an exception to this rule. But in the midst of this variety it so happened, for one reason or another, that there was a great concentration of effort in one particular branch of enterprise. It seems to have been suddenly discovered that there was a sad deficiency of banking accommodation in many parts of the British empire, and that, not merely in its outlying provinces, but at its very centre. The result has been the formation of nearly a score of new banking companies in a single year.

These banks are in various states of progress. There are two great stages in the early history of every banking company. In the first it appeals to the public to take up its shares and subscribe the capital. In the second it appeals to the public to become its customers, either by trusting it with deposits, or by asking for loans or for the discounting of bills. Several of the new banks have now got a local habitation, and have provided themselves with a chairman—noble, or otherwise—and with a manager, and may be considered as fairly embarked on the second stage of their existence. Some are still struggling with the difficulties of the earlier state. It is very much to be regretted, for the sake of the commercial morality of this country, that the promoters of such companies should, at this stage, sometimes have recourse to somewhat unscrupulous measures for gaining a favourable reception. One very impudent artifice of this sort has lately been deservedly exposed. At the foot of the advertisement of the prospectus of a certain bank, which appeared a few days ago in the daily papers, there was appended a list of well-known mercantile firms who were represented as approving of the scheme. The slender show of names on the direction would, it was supposed, be compensated by the number and weight of the names which appeared below. It turned out that some of those persons whose names were thus unwarrantably used had never heard of the bank before, and that none of them had committed themselves to recommending it. What they had done was, perhaps incautiously, to sign a paper approving of certain general principles of banking, but not of any particular bank supposed to be founded on those principles. The confidence of the public depends more on the character of the directors of a company than on the abstract principles on which it is founded; and such an improper use of names cannot be too strongly condemned. The first company that was formed a few years ago on the principle of limited liability might, with just as good reason, have made a similar use of the names of Mr. Lowe and other persons who supported that principle in Parliament, and represented them as approving of that particular scheme.

Our concern at present, however, is chiefly with those companies that have already commenced operations. A few years will show whether the increase of trade justifies this great increase of banks in the metropolis. In the mean time it is apparent that the older companies have no great fear of the increased competition. The London and Westminster has given the new banks a favourable reception. The chairman at the last meeting went out of his way to give them some good advice. This is very different from the reception accorded to the London and Westminster itself when it came into existence thirty years ago. The private aristocratic banking firms declined to admit it to the clearing-house, and the Bank of England refused to give it the ordinary accommodation of keeping a balance there. The difference of treatment is probably due to the fact that the case of the new banks is not considered very hopeful.

The London and Westminster can afford to bestow a few patronizing words on rivals whose competition they disregard. None of the half-yearly reports of the new banks are yet before us, but we are not altogether without information as to their progress. The London and Middlesex has taken advantage of a special meeting for the appointment of an auditor, to lay its accounts before the public, though it has only been four months in operation. Its report was thus accidentally brought into close juxtaposition with that of the London and Westminster, which was read at their meeting a few days previously; and certainly there could not well be a greater contrast than that presented by the reports of these two banks whose names are so similar,—the one the oldest and the strongest, the other the youngest, and therefore one of the feeblest members of the metropolitan banks. The London and Westminster has deposits amounting to £14,000,000. The London and Middlesex, though it has taken a transfer of the business of the Unity Bank, still counts its deposits only by thousands. The older bank shows a profit on the year of very nearly a quarter of a million; and, after adding a considerable sum to its reserve fund, pays a dividend of 22 per cent. on its paid-up capital. The profits of the younger bank are hardly yet visible to the naked eye, and its directors will probably not feel themselves justified in declaring any dividend at present.

The very large dividends that have for some years been paid by the three leading joint-stock banks of the metropolis have, no doubt, been the main inducement for the present great increase in the number of such companies. These were early in the field, and occupied the ground as soon as the law was repealed which prohibited joint-stock banks within sixty-five miles of the metropolis. These are the fortunate instances which are always selected when promoters of new banking companies are persuading the public to subscribe. None of the later companies have attained more than a very moderate success, while many have failed altogether, carrying ruin and desolation to thousands of families in their fall. These latter instances are carefully kept in the background. There is no difficulty in explaining the great success of the early joint-stock banks. Many persons, observing that the interest which these banks pay on their deposits is only 1 per cent. lower than the Bank rate, are at a loss to account for their enormous profits. The business of a banker is to borrow money at a low rate, and to lend it at a higher one, the difference being his profit. But with so small a margin as 1 per cent., how can a bank pay a dividend of 22 per cent.? The whole explanation lies in the enormous proportion which the deposits bear to the paid-up capital. The paid-up capital of the London and Westminster is £1,000,000, while the deposits amount to £14,000,000. If, therefore, 1 per cent. be gained on the whole of the latter sum, the profits would amount to 14 per cent. of the paid-up capital. The actual dividend, after the payment of all the expenses of management, being 22 per cent., it is evident that the London and Westminster must have employed their deposits at a rate which, on the average, is considerably more than 1½ per cent. above the rate of interest which they paid to their depositors. It is, of course, necessary to keep a certain sum unemployed for the purpose of meeting their liabilities from day to day. This sum is not, however, much more than the amount of the paid-up capital and the reserve fund, so that the whole of the deposits may be considered at the disposal of the managers for loans and discounting of bills. It is evident that a bank in which the deposits were, say, eight times the paid-up capital, even if it could employ them as safely and profitably as the London and Westminster, could not pay a dividend of more than 12 per cent. But the chief difficulty of the new banks will lie in the safe employment of their deposits, supposing they are fortunate enough to get them. Customers do not readily change their bankers. The existing banks have quite money enough to discount all the first-class paper that comes to them. They have not nearly reached the limit of their powers in this respect. Persons in high credit will, no doubt, continue to go to their accustomed banks, and those only who are refused accommodation there will betake themselves to the new establishments. The latter, it is to be feared, will have little power of selection, and, being under the absolute necessity of employing their deposits, must accept any customers that come to them.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

The death of the Marquis of Lansdowne has removed from the political stage one who played a part on it not the less characteristic of his age and country because it had ceased to be an active one. It would be difficult to mention any one whose career afforded a better specimen of the good points of the class to which he belonged, or threw more light on the causes which have given that class so ample a share, and so long a term of political power. Descended, and that not very remotely, from a man who made a fortune by his unwearied versatility in speculation, Lord

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Lansdowne found himself at an early age the most conspicuous member of a noble family. After receiving an education elaborately liberal in every sense of the word, he devoted himself to politics as a profession, and passed the whole of a long life in promoting in every possible way the class of measures, of which in most other countries he would have been considered the inherent enemy. There is something very striking in the spectacle of a nobleman of the highest rank and of the most ample fortune, ushered into life under the auspices of Jeremy Bentham, sitting at the feet of Dugald Stewart, in the company of a clique of reforming Scotch advocates, and coming up to London to be a minister of state, and to pass a long life in the advocacy of reforms, within a very few years of the time when the whole French aristocracy had been exterminated, principally because they had not the wisdom and virtue to take the part in their country which Lord Lansdowne and many other members of his class took in our own.

The leading facts of Lord Lansdowne's life have been so fully commented on by the daily papers, that it is needless to dwell upon them here; but they suggest one or two observations of a more general kind, on which it may be worth while to dwell for a few moments. Lord Lansdowne's career affords as good an argument in favour of the existence of an aristocracy as experience can supply, and it is to be hoped that his example may persuade those who have it in their power—the number cannot from the nature of the case be great—to go and do likewise. The amount of good which he did to his country was perhaps as great as could be done by any man who was not endowed by nature with many rare gifts of genius. Throughout two generations he consistently and very efficiently supported all public improvements. He was one of the small body of politicians through whom the genius of Jeremy Bentham produced a practical effect on the national institutions. He helped to improve and humanize the cruel spirit of the old criminal law, though he left it to others to invest its rough outline with some approach to symmetry. He was one of the champions of Catholic Emancipation, a measure which was the first great step towards healing the chronic diseases of Ireland. He was also one of the leaders in the most Conservative political measure of modern times, the Reform Bill of 1832; and during the last third of his life he was at the head of the most Conservative branch of our social legislation,—the promotion of popular education by the Committee of Council. It is hardly possible that any man should hope to take a more effective part in a larger number of measures of great and enduring importance. This, however, was not all that Lord Lansdowne did. He was, as a very rich and conspicuous person ought to be, a sort of public institution—a corporation sole, like the clergyman of a parish. He was through life the warm friend of men capable of improving and instructing their fellow-creatures. Both in London and at Bowood he was the centre of a set of social relations, which exercised great influence over those to whom they extended, and through them to a much wider circle.

It may be said that this is all very true, but that Lord Lansdowne had immense advantages, that his understanding was not more capacious, his judgment sounder, or his moral and social feelings better developed, than those of hundreds of obscure persons in a lower rank of life. It may, perhaps, be asserted that there are in many country towns attorneys, surgeons, shopkeepers, and possibly, here and there, a clergyman, who would have made quite as good Lord Lansdownes as Henry Petty if they had been brought up to the business. This, in all probability, is perfectly true, and the fact that it is true is the very circumstance which justifies the existence of an aristocracy. It may be conceded, for no doubt it is the fact, that intrinsically Lord Lansdowne was not a very remarkable man. No doubt there are within this land ten thousand good as he, if the test of goodness is to be found not in what a man actually is, but in what, under favourable circumstances, he might have been; but then the circumstances are not favourable, the culture has not been supplied, and the experienced statesman, who in his youth was the pupil of Bentham and Dugald Stewart, and the associate of Brougham, Horner, and Jeffrey, and who, in later life, held in their turn all the most important offices of the State, came to be a very different man indeed from many an equally vigorous fellow-student at Edinburgh, who passed his life in providing for a wife and eight children by feeling pulses, and sending out medicines, in some provincial town in Scotland. As far as mere understanding went there might be little difference between the two men. Hundreds of thousands of sensible men in the middle and lower ranks of life read with perfect intelligence and the greatest interest the very same books as Lord Lansdowne, formed their political opinions upon the same grounds, and drew much the same conclusions from nearly the same premises. Yet they could have no more taken his place than he could have taken theirs. They would have been as useless in the House of Lords or at the head of the Privy Council as he would have been in the attorney's office or the surgeon's consulting-room. Few pieces of experience are more curious or more instructive than that which teaches the fact that there is such a thing as specific political tact and knowledge, similar in kind to the tact which is acquired in any other profession. A person, who passes his life in the society of public men and in the midst of public affairs, acquires a kind of knowledge and a way of thinking which is to him what his knowledge of the temper of the law courts and the bar is to a barrister, or his acquaintance with the general state of professional opinion and practice to the physician. To be a grandee, to know how to spend a large income, and to fill a conspicuous position with dignity and courtesy, is a profession like any other; and unless a man is either brought up to it or has a strong natural gift in that direction, he will never be able to excel in it. The position of such a man is on a large scale, and in a different spirit, the same sort of thing as the position of the clergyman of an important parish. A large proportion of the parishioners will be apt to think themselves, and perhaps not unreasonably, both wiser and abler men than the vicar; but if they were put in his place they would find themselves jarring in twenty ways with all the local institutions. The curates would fall out, the schoolmaster would take offence, the district visitors would squabble, the labourers would not touch their hats, and some dissenting Boanerges would establish himself in a barn and make Sunday afternoon hideous with vehement hymns, and prayers interrupted by ejaculations closely analogous to the loud and prolonged cheering of a public meeting.

The truth is, that society wants a certain number of queen-bees to do the honours of the nation, and to carry on particular branches of the public business. Supply a man of reasonable capacity and decently good principle with the proper quality of bee-bread, and he can generally be fattened into the required insect. It is on the whole creditable to human nature in general, and especially to the English section of it, that a very considerable proportion of the persons chosen out for this kind of training take to it kindly, and go through the duties required of them with much interest, and with a considerable degree of ability. The career of Lord Lansdowne was that of a man who made a decidedly good use of immense advantages, and who, being very highly paid for the discharge of very important and most agreeable, though not very arduous duties, discharged them well, and gave money's worth for his money.

Perhaps the most important observation, which such careers suggest, relates rather to the nation which renders them possible than to the individuals who pursue them. The object in view may be, and no doubt is, worth attaining, and the price paid for it may not be extravagant, but it requires great absence of envy on the part of the public to permit the existence of such a state of things. Viewing the matter philosophically, it is certainly impossible to assign any reason why I should be angry because another man is chosen to be made into a queen-bee, instead of myself, when I should have made as good a one. His good fortune certainly does not hurt me, for it forms part of that general state of things into which I have been thrown, as far as I can judge, at random, and certainly without the exercise of any discretion of my own. Such would appear, from the English tolerance of aristocratic institutions, and even from their fondness for them, to be the prevailing sentiment in English minds; but it is almost peculiar to England. In many other parts of the world, especially in France, the sentiment of a system of natural rights, according to which every man is defrauded, if he has not a rateable share of all the advantages which the world has to give, is universal and active in the highest degree. The maxim is, "Start fair, whatever you do. Life being a general scramble, let no man have any advantage over any other which he does not carry about in his own skin." Inasmuch as no human power can deprive people of those advantages, which lie between their hats and their boots, and, indeed, of some others, this notion, notwithstanding its claims to logic, is not in reality philosophical. One result of it is that men cannot be educated as statesmen; they have to begin by pushing their way through a crowd in order to attract attention; and when they have attracted it they have to learn their business, and are dependent on the will of some superior, on whom their advancement depends. They are thus cut off from popular sympathies far more than they would have been had they from their youth upwards looked on public life as their natural and proper sphere.

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In France, Lord Lansdowne's fortune would have been employed in paying the salaries of a variety of préfets, sous-préfets, and other official heads of French provincial society. Part of it, perhaps, might have been allotted to the support of museums and libraries; but would the préfets and sous-préfets, the museums and the libraries have been on the whole more beneficial to the country then the unpaid hospitalities, libraries, and picture-galleries of Bowood and Lansdowne House? Would it have been a good exchange for the county of Wilts to have lost Lord Lansdowne, and to have had some one who had distinguished himself as a pamphleteer, or political jobber, appointed by the Home Secretary to be the local grandee of Wiltshire, with a salary of £3,000 or £4,000 a year? The answer to these questions throws much light on the characteristics of English society, and gives much of its importance and significance to the life and death of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

COLENSO ON KINGLAKE.

It is impossible not to regret that the extraordinary animosity which Mr. Kinglake has displayed against the French Emperor and his adherents in the entertaining work which is just now in everybody's hands, necessarily deprives the book of much of its value as an historical authority. Perhaps the most salient instance of Mr. Kinglake's unfairness in this respect is to be discovered in his estimate of the English, French, and Russian losses at the battle of the Alma; it being his avowed object to prove that on that occasion the French shirked their work, and that they were in no instance really engaged in close combat with the Russians. The fight at the Telegraph Tower, so vividly described by Bazancourt, he declares to be an entire myth, and only alludes to it in a sarcastic note, declaring such a fable unworthy of admission into the text of his history.

Mr. Kinglake tells us, on the authority of Lord Raglan, that at the battle of the Alma the French lost but 60 killed, and 500 wounded. He puts the English loss at 362 killed, and 1,640 wounded; and that of the Russians at rather less than 6,000 killed and wounded. It will be seen, therefore, that for every Frenchman slain on that day, there were rather more than eight Frenchmen wounded, whilst for every Englishman slain, there were rather less than five Englishmen wounded. This would show a mean of about five wounded to one killed throughout the allied army. Mr. Kinglake has also stated "that the whole Russian force which sooner or later confronted the French was a force of 13,000 men and 36 guns, and that the force which confronted the English was a force of 26,000 men and 86 guns."

In a work published in 1855, by Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Hamley, R.A., entitled "The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol," we find some valuable evidence as to the share which our French allies really did take in the opening action of the war. Colonel Hamley, in his preface, explains that his official position as adjutant to the 3rd division of the Field Batteries under Lieutenant-Colonel Dacres afforded him peculiarly favourable opportunities for observation and knowledge. Applying to Colonel Hamley Mr. Kinglake's own words, when dilating on the peculiar claims to credibility which ought to be awarded to Captain Jesse respecting the events of December 4th, 1851, we venture to urge that, "because of the position in which Colonel Hamley stood at the battle of the Alma, the professional knowledge which guided his observations, the composure with which he was able to see and describe, and the more than common responsibility which attaches upon a military narrator, it is probable that his testimony will be always appealed to by historians who shall seek to give a truthful account" of the conduct of the French at the battle of the Alma. Colonel Hamley writes that, on the day of the battle, "the progress of the French against the heights in their own front was marked by the puffs of musketry as they swarmed up. Their advance was steady and incessant. On the plain at the top a small building, probably intended as a signal station, had been left unfinished, and there was scaffolding still round it, and this was the point most hotly contested by the French" (p. 26).

On the following day, Colonel Hamley repaired to the spot where he supposed—erroneously, according to Mr. Kinglake—the French and Russians had been engaged in fight. This is what he *saw*:—

"It was not till reaching the plain on which stood the unfinished signal-tower, already mentioned as the contested point in the French attack, that there appeared signs of a sanguinary conflict. Many Russians lay dead there, and they lay thicker near the signal-tower, the hillock on which it was built being strewn with them. Three or four had been bayoneted whilst defending the entrance; and in the narrow space within, which was divided into compartments, were three or four small groups slain in the defence. Another spot contained three or four hundred corpses" (p. 26).

Now, if we may venture to treat the brilliant historian of the Crimean war with the arithmetical severity with which Bishop Colenso has treated Moses—a process of which Mr. Kinglake himself has made a rather unscrupulous use, in estimating the victims of the homicidal French colonels on the Parisian Boulevards—we fear that a similar result will be arrived at, as to the decidedly "un-historical" character of his work; and we proceed to do this without remorse, because a note at p. 439, vol. ii., of the "History of the Crimean War," proves that Mr. Kinglake admits Colonel Hamley to be a witness worthy of all credit, and that he had actually read the very passages of the gallant colonel's work which we have here quoted!

Assuming—as we conceive we may fairly do—that Colonel Hamley's description of the signal-tower and its precincts implies that 500 Russians lay dead on the battle-field where Mr. Kinglake maintains, on the negative evidence of the Pole, Chodasiewicz, no battle was fought; and adding to the 500 dead five times their number of wounded, it follows that out of the 13,000 Russians opposed to the French, our allies accounted for 3,000. And as Mr. Kinglake has estimated the total loss of the Russians in killed and wounded to have been rather less than 6,000, it also follows that, if the French disposed of half of that number, only half of it remained to be disposed of by the English. If, therefore, Mr. Kinglake's figures are correct, our allies must have performed rather more than their full share of the bloody work which the allied armies had to do on that occasion; and if Colonel Hamley's senses did not deceive him, there must have been a severe struggle at the Telegraph Tower, where Mr. Kinglake invites us to believe there was no fight at all.

It may of course be said that the terrible slaughter which Colonel Hamley has described was chiefly caused by the French artillery; indeed it is probable that such was really the case, and if it was, the fact is most creditable to the officer who directed that part of the battle. The fencing-master in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* tells M. Jourdain that the whole secret of the art of fencing consists in but two points; viz., "à donner et à ne point recevoir," and we hold that the same may be said of the art of war in general. A competent officer, who, by a dexterous and opportune use of his artillery, can dispose of 3,000 of the enemy with the loss of but 500 of his own men, we hold to be a more satisfactory servant of his country than a valiant bungler who needlessly squanders away the lives of four times that number in arriving at no greater result. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Kinglake over-estimates the value of that admirable character, the high-bred English gentleman, as an engine of war, to such a degree that he positively caricatures the very virtues which everybody has always been willing to concede to the English general who commanded at the Alma. He describes Lord Raglan as deriding, despising, and keeping at arm's length the French generals with whom it was his duty to co-operate cordially; whether in so doing he was influenced by the gossip and slanders of the Faubourg St. Germain, Mr. Kinglake tells us, will never be known. At Constantinople, assisted by "the great Elchi," he is represented as sneering at "French feelings of honour," and resisting every suggestion put forward by St. Arnaud, and as finally subjugating and nullifying that officer by the mere force of his character, and by words "which implied more than they said." On the eve of the battle of the Alma, we are told that when St. Arnaud waited on Lord Raglan to arrange the operations of the following day, the latter, "restraining, or rather postponing his smiles" at the Frenchman's earnestness, studiously concealed from his ally his own plan of operations—if, indeed, he had any, which is more than doubtful,—and intentionally allowed the Marshal to retire "elate" in the erroneous belief that the plan of attack prepared in the French camp had been accepted by the English. And this we are called upon to admire, as a specimen of the dishonest dexterity with which the alliance was preserved! Yet Mr. Kinglake, with strange contradiction, describes Lord Raglan as so truthful as to decline to have recourse to the usual *ruses de guerre*; so tender-hearted as to be utterly unable to resist an improper appointment, supersede an incompetent officer, or even, in the midst of a bloody battle, to risk hurting the feelings of a general of division, by ordering a blunder to be remedied, which, not being remedied, caused much subsequent confusion and loss of life. He tells us how needlessly the gentle old man was distressed, in the midst of the carnage, at seeing a French aide-de-camp deliver a message to him bare-headed, as is the usage in the French army; he dilates on his somewhat theatrical anxiety that the Russians, when looking through their field glasses at the head-quarters staff of the English, should be struck with the calm *insouciance* and leisure of the group. If we have read Mr. Kinglake's account of the battle of the Alma

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aright, it would seem that Lord Raglan really had formed no plan of the manner in which he proposed to attack the Russian position; that all he had decided upon was not to co-operate cordially with the French; that he had not consulted any general but Sir George Brown, and that the orders he had given to Brown, Brown did not understand. Sir De Lacy Evans found himself at nearly mid-day on the field of battle without any orders at all, and without any idea of what was going to be done; and the Duke of Cambridge was in no better position. At last tardy orders did come from Lord Raglan to "go on;" and, having given those orders, his lordship is represented by Mr. Kinglake as having ridden clean away from his army nearly into the Russian reserves—stimulated by his passion for a good gallop, and trusting to chance to direct the battle. Mr. Kinglake here admits that it was scarcely pardonable in Lord Raglan to have acted thus; that by doing so "he ran the risk of losing the government of his troops for many minutes together in the most critical period of the action," explaining that "the impulses of the chase" and "the recollection of great days in the Gloucestershire country" were too strong for him and his horse "Shadrach;" and that the wilful nature of the true "*gentilhomme Anglais*" is of a kind which spurns the control of duty and is apt, under such exciting circumstances, to leave the lives of an army and the honour of England to take care of themselves. And chance did so far serve Lord Raglan, that he happened accidentally to fall in with a couple of guns; and these guns, Mr. Kinglake tells us, combined with the terror inspired by the unexpected appearance of the white plumes of his lordship's staff in the midst of the Russian position, decided the battle of the Alma. Such is Mr. Kinglake's strange story. We neither accept it nor reject it. We prefer waiting to see what professional military writers will say to it. Indeed, Mr. Kinglake is such an adept at sarcasm, and so fond of using and misusing that dangerous weapon, that we are half inclined to suspect that a book which professes to be a defence of Lord Raglan, may in reality be intended as a bitter censure upon him. In assailing the French, Mr. Kinglake has been as merciless to the dead as to the living; we have no reason, therefore, for supposing that any motives of generosity or delicacy would have induced him to spare the memory of Lord Raglan if he had thought that it was his mission to assail it; and he has unquestionably depicted his lordship in words that burn, as an eager sportsman, an insincere brother in arms, and an utterly incompetent general.

We have entered into these details because we are certain that no nation ever enhanced its own military reputation by unfairly decrying the reputation either of its allies or its antagonists; and because we feel that if Mr. Kinglake has any reply to make to what we have here written, and to what everybody is saying, the sooner for his own credit, for the credit of Lord Raglan's memory, and for the credit of the English nation, he makes it, the better. The important sources from which he professes to derive his information invest his work with a semi-official character, whilst the unexampled virulence and transparent weakness of his attacks upon the French, go far to neutralize the value which would otherwise have been attached to his statements on other points.

A HORSE-STEALER IN SEARCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Sir Lytton Bulwer has convinced mankind long ago that under the felon's homely waistcoat beats very often a heart with glowing impulses and cultivated and refined tastes; and the great novelist's profound knowledge of philosophy and human nature has too often been vindicated to require further proof. The lonely Eugene Aram is no solitary specimen. He has many followers, from George de Barnewell, the lover of the Beautiful in his cell, down to Mr. Roupell, the living paradox, whose hair was cut the other day in Pentonville prison. His last admirer is an individual who has recently been sent to gaol at Glasgow for stealing a horse, and who had been led to this deed of guilelessness by a passion for Scotch scenery, brought on by reading Burns's poems. The Glasgow magistrates probably had a difficulty in committing so refined and superior a culprit, and experienced a glow of pride as Scotchmen when they learned that the beloved name of Burns had done it all. The compliment to Scotland is increased by the fact that the generous horse-stealer was no Scotchman, who might have been supposed bound to admire Scotch poetry on principle. On the contrary, he was an Englishman, and this is an additional proof that the genius of Scotland's bard is recognized even in those distant English districts, where the beautiful Scotch tongue is only imperfectly known. On the whole, the Glasgow magistrates must have felt that, while they could not altogether approve of the violation of conventionality that had occurred, there was a great deal about the horse-stealer that appealed to every Scottish bosom. The way in which the Burns fever set in upon him was very different from the manner in which the Byron fever (which is a lower and more depraved species of infection), used to set in in England. When a person admired Byron, he immediately turned down his collars and took to hating everybody. This was what made the Byron fever so much of a social plague. The Byronic hater of mankind, in the next place, was always desirous of looking like a fallen angel. He raved against the decrees of Heaven, and his language about the female sex was horrible to listen to. Nothing of the kind is to be seen in the individual whose soul is full of Burns. He loves his fellow men, and has a kindly feeling towards Providence. He loves the heather and the babbling stream, and breathes silent prayers to nature wherever he goes. Both, it is true in one respect, are at variance with their age. The Byronite tramples on the laws of marriage, and with regard even to the other commandments, has a decided liking for startling effects. The Burnsite's inner nature is at peace, and if he offends against social order it is with a childlike and winning simplicity. The Glasgow prisoner who read Burns, was accused of stealing his master's horse. If he had been a Byronite he would have run away with his master's wife. The Byronite would by this time have been far away—leading the insurrectionists in Poland, or perhaps gazing from the top of some lonely rock upon the stormy Atlantic, which, however—his friends would have told us—would not have been stormier than his soul. How much truer and more chastened is the conduct of the Burnsite! He only cared to see Scotch scenery, and he went quietly and saw it. It is true that he had to take his master's horse; but, if he transgressed, he did so because this world's regulations were apt to fall lightly on the ear of one who communed with Burns, and who pined for the "banks and braes." After he had seen Burns's cottage, and the other parts of Scotland that he wished to visit, it occurred to him that perhaps he had done wrong. Possibly he had been hasty in overlooking the real, while in quest of the ideal. Accordingly, he gave himself up to the Glasgow police, and tendered to the officer who took him a document, which states the nature of the offence he had committed.

"The horse I sold to a farmer at Stowe, in Gloucestershire, for the sum of £7. 10s., and the said money I have expended to see many places of interest in Scotland which I so longed to see ere I departed this life, and which have gratified my feelings to a very great extent; and at the pleasure of a gracious Providence I await my just reward for the crime of which I stand convicted, and my fortitude and submission to His decree assists me to bear it. Ere this reaches the press I shall be in the hands of the police authorities."

If any young person has had thoughts in his moments of self-harrowing despair of turning his collars down and being a Byronite, the above passage should induce him to pause. It is better to be a Burnsite in a cell, submitting cheerfully to the decrees of a gracious Providence, than a Byronite amidst the tempest on some mountain-top, scowling at the universe. The pious horse-stealer, who has seen so many places of interest in Scotland and has so thoroughly gratified his feelings thereby—unlike Byron—is acquainted with the Christian virtues of resignation. It appears that he looks forward—we know not with what reason—to his approaching departure from this life. Whether this is a literary expression, or whether the horse-stealer having seen Burns's cottage now feels that his earthly work is over here below, one thing is evident, that when he rises from life's banquet, he will rise cheerfully—*conviva satur*. This spirit is much more enviable than the temper which leaps madly at the precipice, and ends a joyless existence by plunging into endless abysses of gloom. The Byronite has no hope here, and cares but little, we may believe, for posterity. The Burnsite quits his streams and fields, and, like Regulus, goes back to prison, casting glances of proud expectation behind him on his country's press. "Ere this reaches the press," he tells us, "I shall be in the hands of the police authorities." Let no man write my epitaph, said the Irish patriot, who was of a Byronic tendency. I appeal to a patriotic press to do justice to my motives, says the horse-stealer who has been in the heather wi' Burns. For the rest, may fortitude and submission assist him to bear Heaven's will. But he is unnecessarily hard upon himself in calling his imprudent act a crime. It is not a crime to be poor, and to love Burns not wisely but too well. It will be for the chaplain of the jail to undeceive him on this point. If De Barnewell had committed no crime—and we are far from saying under the circumstances that he committed any—surely the horse-stealer's conscience may be at rest, and he need not call himself hard names.

"In the matter for which he suffered George could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong. 'It may be an

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error of judgment,' he said to the venerable chaplain of the gaol; 'but it is no crime. Were it crime I should feel remorse. Where there is no remorse, crime cannot exist. I am not sorry, therefore I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?'

"The excellent doctor admitted that it was not to be contested."

Even after he was taken into custody the good horse-stealer—if accounts are true—did not at all give way. He does not pretend to be a martyr, nor is he immoderately depressed. His prevalent feeling still is, that he has enjoyed his Scotch tour, and that he wishes he could make the goaler and the police feel how completely he has done so. Besides this, he has all the pleasures of literature to soothe him. The world forsakes him, but his resources and his tastes are with him to the last. He keeps on issuing testimonials to the beauty of Scotch scenery. He draws up documents about himself and Burns, expressive of his attachment to the name of the Scottish Shakespeare, and of his satisfaction at having been able, by means of the horse, to go and see his cottage. There is no reticence about his language when he talks of himself. "A. K. H. B." could not be more communicative. Only a person thoroughly imbued with the spirit of poetry could so sincerely think that other people would care to know—and that the press would care to know—whether he had enjoyed himself in the Highlands or not. It is one of the great beauties of poetry that it conquers all *mauvaise honte*, and makes its votary feel quite confident that all the world take an interest in his emotions. We can imagine the good horse-stealer's pleasure after he had sent in his letter to the governor of the gaol, at being able to lie down in his bed and think what a relief it would be to the public to know that his trip in Ayrshire had passed off pleasantly. This is quite the manner of great authors. Great authors are like great generals, and never move without trailing behind them a sort of telegraphic wire, by means of which—the moment they arrive anywhere—they are able to sit down and telegraph to the rest of the world their first impressions. This kind of high literary cultivation the good horse-stealer possessed, though his grammar and his power of arranging sentences were not equal to his general culture. On leaving Glasgow for the prison of his native county, he at once handed in a farewell document. It is a good-bye to Scotland and the land of Burns. Of George de Barnewell it is related, that "even Snoggin, the turnkey appointed to sit with the prisoner, was affected by his noble and appropriate language, and burst into tears." It would have done Snoggin's heart good to have received the following paper from the warm-hearted horse-stealer. If the portrait transmitted to us of Snoggin is not too highly coloured, he would have pardoned the inextricable confusion of the letter, for the sake of the sentiment and the spirit:—

"In commemoration of my visit to Scotland, in which I had the pleasure of seeing at a single glance, and trod the fairy ground of the immortal Shakespeare of Scotland, and as an Englishman I am but too proud of having that liberty; yet at the same time I have left it this day; yet in love for the Ayrshire bard I leave my 'heart in the Highlands,' where the bard has had the honour of existing, and where he drew his first breath will adhere to my heart like the blooming heather to the mountain; and 'where Doon rins wimpling by sae clear,' I have breathed to nature a prayer for his repose. I leave it with a heavy heart; and so long as an English heart beats in my breast I will honour and revere his name and country."

If we contrast with this pathetic outpouring of this bruised poetic spirit, the wild scepticism of George de Barnewell, who was but a Byron at heart, we get a clear conception of the vast superiority of the tone of Scottish pastoral genius over the English melo-drama. On the one side is the blooming heather and the wimpling Doon; on the other is mad scorn and Titanic defiance of the gods. The gentle horse-dealer drops a tear at the idea of leaving even Scotland. George de Barnwell laughs a hollow laugh even as he is leaving life. We have listened to Burns; Byron must have his turn:—

"'You weep, my Snoggin,' the boy said, 'and why? Hath life been so charming to me that I should wish to retain it? Hath Pleasure no after weariness? Ambition no deception; Wealth no care; and Glory no mockery? Psha! I am sick of Success, galled of Pleasure, weary of Wine and Wit, and—nay, start not, my Adelaide—and Women. I fling away all these things as the Toys of Boyhood. Life is the Soul's Nursery. I am a Man and pine for the Illimitable. Has the Morrow any Terrors for me, think you? Did Socrates falter at his poison? Did Seneca blench in his bath? My great Hazard has been played, and I pay my forfeit. Lie sheathed in my heart thou flashing Blade. Welcome to my Bosom, thou faithful Serpent. I hug thee, peacebearing Image of the Eternal! Ha! the Hemlock Cup! Fill high, boy, for my Soul is thirsty for the Infinite! Get ready the Bath, friends; prepare me for the feast To-morrow—bathe my limbs in odours, and put ointment in my hair.'"

We think there cannot be a doubt in the mind of any sensible person, certainly not of any Scotchman, which of the two farewell addresses is to be preferred. If convicts are to be sentimental we had rather have the convict who leaves his heart in the Highlands, than the convict who, like Seneca, prepares his bath. We had rather have a convict also who spells heart in an ordinary manner, than one who has a Soul with a capital letter. This, however, is a matter of simple feeling, and, we have no doubt, Sir Bulwer Lytton would think differently. In conclusion we leave the horse-stealer to the laws of his country, and trust that he may be enabled to bear the decree of Heaven which is likely to fall on him in the ensuing assizes. His tale is a touching one. His only fault has been that he loved the Beautiful too well. After perusing his story we cannot but believe with Sir Bulwer, "that the Truthful and the Beautiful bloom sometimes in the Dock and the convict's tawny Gaberdine."

FIRE AND FASHION.

The arbitrary and capricious rule of fashion is a marvel of long standing to which the lords of the creation, for the most part, submit with wondering resignation. It blows where it listeth. Whence it comes, and whither it goes, men do not know, nor do they very much care. There is, to be sure, a section of the male sex which pays homage to a fashion of its own with a love and obedience passing the love and obedience of women; but this section is a small minority everywhere, and somehow it never atones for lack of numbers by pre-eminent energy or ability. Whether a Dundreary wears a coat an inch longer or shorter, and whether he carries an umbrella an ounce heavier or lighter, not a grain is added to the joy or sorrow of any human being but himself and the like of himself. Fashion, however, among women is a very different thing. Among them it extends its sway over all ranks, conditions, and ages; for a woman without the love of dress and ornament is one in more than a million. And no one can have failed to observe the rapidity with which a change of fashion in women's dress is filtered down through all grades of society. In some mysterious boudoir, probably in Paris, it is ordained that bonnets shall have high peaks; the fiat comes across the water to us, and forthwith in the most squalid of London courts will be found greasy and ragged, but still high-peaked bonnets, asserting that one touch of nature which makes all womankind akin. To take up arms in the hope of overthrowing a power of such magnitude is an enterprise far beyond the strength of men. Cautious men, children of this world, keep their thoughts to themselves, and scarcely ever dream of any serious opposition to fashion. Pusillanimous, perhaps, but wise in their generation, they content themselves with feeble efforts to temper the despotism by jokes and caricatures, under cover of anonymous journalism.

From time to time, however, such dire calamities are distinctly traceable to the requirements of a passing fashion, that men can endure in silence no longer. Anything short of imminent danger to health, and even life itself, they will put up with, but their patient acquiescence finds its limit at this point. Then at last "Paterfamilias" snatches up his pen in a frenzy of despair, and, under the disguise of some hideous name such as "Misopyrist," writes a wild letter to the *Times*, imploring the press to write down and the clergy to preach down the "Moloch" of the hour, and exhorting all husbands and fathers to do many things which he probably has not the resolution to give an example of in his own house and family. For a while the press takes up the subject, and a considerable clamour is made; but for all that the fashion hold its ground, lives for its allotted time, and then quietly gives place to a successor, which may, in its turn, attack life or health from another quarter, gather its victims undisturbed, and then retire. Not many years ago a great outcry was made against the small size of ladies' bonnets, which left half the head exposed; for, according to the testimony of medical men, illnesses were largely multiplied by this absurd covering for the head in a wintry climate. Still more recent is the outbreak against "arsenic green," when impassioned writers drew terrible pictures of the queen of the ball-room inhaling death at every step, and scattering the seeds of disease among all around her. And now a succession of awful disasters, the result of dresses catching fire, has created something like a panic in society. "The systematic incremation," exclaims the affrighted *Standard*, "of a given number of young and pretty women may now be looked upon as an institution of modern Europe;" and a correspondent of the *Times* thinks the time has come for every clergyman to take for the text of a sermon,—"That no man might make his son or his daughter pass through the fire to Moloch." And a more prosaic idea of the extent of the evil has been given by the statement of a metropolitan coroner, that out of twenty-three inquests held by him in cases of death by burning, no less than eighteen were caused by clothes catching fire.

The last, as yet, in the grim series of tragedies took place at a

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theatre, and from the evidence given at the inquest, there seems to be no doubt that a calamity which has hurried one poor girl from the world, and disfigured another for life, might have been averted by the exercise of ordinary prudence. Seeing how things are managed at some theatres, it becomes almost a matter of wonder that audiences are not horrified, night after night, by the spectacle of an actress enveloped in flames. The dangers of the foot-lights are a very old story, but they are by no means the only source of danger. At the sides of the stage blaze naked jets of gas, and to these are sometimes added for scenic effects, as everybody knows, red and other coloured lights. In what are called the "transformation scenes," the danger reaches its culminating point; and it was during one of these scenes that the recent accident at the Princess's Theatre took place. The wings of the stage were crowded with the members of the *corps de ballet* all of course dressed in the lightest and most inflammable materials. On every side of them, close to their heads, and at their feet, were burning unprotected lights; and it was by a spark, it seems, from a naked red light that Miss Hunt's dress was set on fire. Her companion, Miss Smith, obeying the impulse of nature, ran to the rescue, and in a moment her dress too was in flames. Happily for Miss Hunt she was seized by a man who had a cloak to wrap round her, and thus she escaped with her life, though not without severe injuries. Her less fortunate comrade was caught by men who had nothing but their hands, and hence their efforts to extinguish the flames proved ineffectual till after she had received injuries from which there was no hope of recovery. And then it came out upon the coroner's inquest that wet blankets and other means of putting out fire, which careful managers have always in readiness, were nowhere at hand. We cannot but think, then, that it is high time for the Legislature to interfere for the prevention of similar disasters in theatres. It has interfered to secure the safety of workers in factories, by compelling the masters to fence machinery in motion, under the penalty of a heavy fine. Why, then, should it not compel the managers of theatres to take analogous precautions against accidents by fire? It is easy enough to protect lights by shades, and the burning of naked lights, in any place where there is danger, should be visited with fines. All dresses of light materials, supplied by the managers, should be rendered incombustible; and, to make assurance doubly sure, no performance should be allowed to take place without the means of extinguishing fire being kept close at hand and immediately accessible.

The danger of accident by fire in private houses is more difficult to deal with; for legislative interference with respect to them is out of the question. Whatsoever precautions are necessary must be left to the good sense and prudence of the public; and that constant precautions are needful will not be denied by any one who stops to consider that in these days women run a far greater risk of being burnt to death than ever they did before. Their perils have been increased in various ways. It is not only that ladies now surround themselves with a fence that makes them comparatively insensible to contact from the outer world, and that they, moreover, cover this fence with the flimsiest and most inflammable fabrics; but the danger which they thus go to meet at the same time comes, as it were, half-way to meet them. For the old-fashioned high grates and fenders are gradually disappearing, and to them succeed fenders which are no protection at all, and very low grates to the top of which the extremity of a crinoline is easily raised by a turn of the body. Such being the sources of all the perils that now surround ladies as they move in any room where there is a fire burning, it is easy to say, and some do say, Let us go back to the old silks and stuffs, the old grates and the old fenders; but there is not the smallest likelihood of any such retrograde step in civilization. The new-fashioned grates and fenders are too ornamental, and the muslin dresses of the present day are much too becoming, to be abandoned out of mere regard for the better preservation of feminine life. We must accept them—for the present, at least—as though they were necessaries, and diligently seek to make them harmless by increased precautions. To "Paterfamilias," to husbands and fathers beyond all others, this duty belongs,—they alone can effectually grapple with the evil. Let them forthwith furnish every fire-place in their houses with an ordinary fire-guard, and let them expend all their fussiness in the assertion of a strict rule that the guard shall be constantly on when a fire is in the grate. The fire-guard, however, is far from being a complete security against accidents; for it must of necessity be taken off sometimes. Poor Miss Burchell removed the guard to stir the fire, and as she stirred it a spark fell upon her light evening dress, and her doom was sealed in that moment. The one effectual means of warding off these fearful calamities has been pointed out again and again, and it only remains for the public to behave like reasonable beings, and stretch out their hands for the good thing that is within their reach. There is no doubt that the flimsiest fabrics can be made comparatively incombustible, both in the manufacture of them and by the use of a particular starch when they are washed. By such simple chemicals as tungstate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, and common borax, even tarlatan muslin can be made to burn with the slowness of tinder. The only possible objections to the use of such preparations are expense and injury to the look of dresses; but neither the one or the other has as yet been suggested. When, therefore, the lightest materials can be made secure from fire without expense and without any sacrifice of appearance, the preference of these to all others not so prepared would seem to be a matter of course to any man in his senses; but somehow there is no indication as yet of a general move in the right direction. How long shall this be so? From the public, and the public alone, must come the answer.

THE THRONE OF GREECE.

The dethronement of Otho proved an easy task; the very ease and completeness with which it was accomplished, coupled with previous accidents to Greek rulers, has in no small degree added to the difficulties experienced in finding a fitting candidate for the Greek throne. The Greeks, it now appears, will not be so fortunate as to secure for their future king the brother of our ever-to-be-lamented Prince Consort, the Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. His mature age, his political experience, his ability, his royal connection, all seemed likely to fit him eminently for the arduous task. A mission of high importance awaits the future King of Greece, a mission essentially of peace, progress, and civilization. The elevation of so good a man as Prince Ernest to such a position, might have afforded matter of rejoicing, not to the Greek people alone, nor yet to Eastern Christians only, but to Christendom at large. It was as conquerors that the Turks entered Europe, and by force of arms they have maintained their conquest. That they are still vigorous as a nation, Russia has learnt to her cost, at Oltenitza, Silistria, and elsewhere, both on the banks of the Danube and in Asia Minor. If Turkey has failed to accept the invitation tendered to her to enter into the European family, it has been because the invitation was not sincere; there was bigotry at the bottom of it.

It is in her social system more than in religion, that we trace the real impediments to an intimate amalgamation between Turks and Christians. Those impediments, whatever may be their nature, the Christian Powers have endeavoured to remove, some by an appeal to arms, others by diplomatic pressure, none by measures of conciliation, divested of religious bigotry. Hence we find the Turks, not unnaturally, suspicious of their best friends, and always standing on the defensive, no matter how sound, useful, or disinterested may be the advice tendered to them, or by whom tendered. It is true that the Ottoman Sultan can no longer boast that he is "the ruler of three continents, the lord of two seas;" but Abdul Aziz seems now determined to hold his own against all comers. Our duty should be to endeavour to direct his energy into a peaceful channel, to give to it a progressive, not a retrograde tendency, and by example as well as by precept, to uphold religious liberty and discountenance bigotry.

Turkey is now weakened and partially paralysed, because she is continually and most ungenerously irritated and attacked by great Powers, through the instrumentality of smaller, and even of dependent states. Thus a constant drain is kept upon her finances, and the time is denied her in which to repair her exhaustion or to ameliorate the condition of her populations by internal reforms. But Turkey has more than once bravely turned on her tormentors, and has inflicted on them severe and well deserved punishment. At this moment the Sultan in person, standing as it were at bay, is preparing for a desperate struggle, which he fears may be forced upon him by the treachery of Christian states, nominally friendly, but really hostile to him.

Terrible indeed would be the result, if three millions of armed Turks, headed by their Sultan, were let loose on the ten millions of unarmed Christians in European Turkey. Such a catastrophe is far from being impossible, yet it may be easily averted, and the circumstances which originated the existing alarm may be turned to good account.

The Sultan finds a difficulty in repressing and protecting his Christian subjects. He may effect both these objects and obtain increased security for his empire, if he will permit the Christians, Sclaves, and Mussulmans to settle down in distinct political com-

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munities and organise their own Governments, as the Roumans, Servians, and Egyptians have already done. Under a good government Greece may become the nucleus of Christianity, perhaps an influential State, equally powerful for good in the civilization of the East, and by affording to persecuted Eastern Christians a secure refuge on a fertile and abundant soil. Under the influence of moral pressure on the part of the Christian Powers, much may be done to forward the accomplishment of these great ends. Meanwhile, ere Greece can attain the position which it would appear she is destined by Providence to occupy, much remains to be done. Many and great difficulties have to be overcome; success depends chiefly on the ability of the new Hellenic King, and on the conduct of his people. The task is no light one: despite, however, the actual condition of Greece, it will be far easier of accomplishment than is very generally asserted. To appreciate the real difficulties of this task, it is necessary to understand well the character of the Greek people and the modern history of their country. Except to very few, both are insufficiently known. Statesmen and politicians were mostly ignorant of the internal system of government under which the Greeks lived when, in 1820, they raised the standard of revolt against their oppressor. Even the authority of Sir Stratford Canning was questioned, when, in the year 1828, he reported favourably on the municipal institutions under which the Greeks had been permitted almost to govern themselves, and on which they afterwards based their Constitution. The Conference of London was incredulous. Russia, better informed than England, obtained a dominant influence in Greece, placed her own creature, Capo d'Istria, in supreme power, and through him destroyed the municipal, representative, financial, and judicial independence of Greece. Capo d'Istria established a centralized despotism in lieu of constitutional liberty. We know his end. Otho, regardless of the wishes of the people whom he was called upon to govern, and in open violation of his oath of 30th March, 1844, was as despotic as his predecessor. He has justly suffered for his dishonesty. The Greeks now seek no more than they endeavoured to secure to themselves at the Assemblies of Epidaurus in 1821, at Astros in 1823, at Troezene in 1827, and at Athens in 1843, viz., a constitutional form of government. This they still desire with unabated ardour, although by Russian and other foreign machinations all that could be done has been done to crush in the Greek people every feeling of constitutional freedom, and to establish in Greece an Eastern despotism more oppressive than had ever been imposed upon them by Turkish masters. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Greeks are unfitted for, or incompetent to appreciate, a constitutional government. Their ideas of it are identical with our own; they are based on their municipal institutions. If they were fitted for one, they are equally fitted for the other. The cardinal principles of both are,—that taxes should only be levied on the people by its representatives; that the Ministers of State should be responsible to the people. Otho became intolerable—not on account of his dishonesty, his corrupt practices, or his flagrant acts of injustice, but because he was an unconstitutional monarch, and because, after twenty years of trial, he had proved himself irredeemably despotic.

The vices of Otho will make success the more easily attainable by his successor. There is nothing in the state of the country to excite alarm. The Greeks are as impressionable as they are clever. They will eagerly rally round a real constitutional monarch; and, as in 1827, there is every reason to hope that the issue of the first proclamation will restore order throughout the kingdom.

The national energies of the Greeks are now awakened, and without doubt they will cheerfully aid their future king to consolidate his power upon the throne, to carry out all necessary reforms, and to re-establish the national credit. By these means Greece may acquire substantial power in Europe, and be enabled, with profit to herself, to confer incalculable benefits on both Christians and Mussulmans in all bordering States. To the future King of Greece may yet belong the glory of staying the current which has for centuries in European Turkey set in so fatally against Christians, under the agency of the Mahommedan conqueror; to reverse the conversions of the sword, to encourage the emigration of nations and peoples, with a view to their uniting together according to nationalities, and concentrating the elements of Christianity throughout the East.

THE COMIC PRESS IN PRUSSIA.

The Saviour of Society in France is at present enjoying the flattering spectacle of the weak government of a neighbouring State aping his iron rule. M. von Bismarck, fresh from the categorical lessons of the Tuileries, has determined that in no point will he leave his Imperial tutor unimitated. His foreign policy proceeds on the comparatively simple system of making a noise in men's ears; and his home policy consists in taking the Prussian lieges by those ears in order to direct their attention to his spirited escapades abroad. For this purpose, however, it becomes imperatively necessary that no other Sirens should gain an audience by their singing; and accordingly warnings and stoppages are administered right and left among those Liberal papers which cannot learn by instinct how to hold their tongues. One journal had hitherto escaped the stocks; and it was supposed that however the daring *Volks Zeitung* and the insidious *National Zeitung* might suffer beneath a paternal government, *Kladderadatsch* would be allowed to cut his jokes in peace. But he reckoned without his Premier; and his number of January 18th (the contents of which will ever remain a secret except to an appreciative police), fell a victim to the Minister's busy arm. *En revanche*, he informs his learned men (with which title he is wont to honour his contributors) in a happier number, that they have at last teazed and tickled and drawn blood in an unsafe quarter; at the same time taking the liberty to add, *sub rosâ*, that though they were not living in Spain, and blessed with Marquis Posa's freedom of speech, yet right remained right!

The career of *Kladderadatsch* is a literary as well as a political curiosity. He was born in the revolution of '48, when men's tongues were set free at Berlin as elsewhere, and has managed to maintain ever since his liberty of speech and comment, annoyed by only one or two seizures at home, though excluded for a long time from circulation in Austria. The pettifogging rule of Manteuffel, and the shilly-shallying government of Van der Heydt have both been tempered by his epigrams. It was currently reported at Berlin that this toleration during the years of reaction was mainly to be attributed to the personal favour of the late King of Prussia, whose known fondness for *calembours* even earned him the reputation of being himself one of *Kladderadatsch's* learned men. However that may be, since the reins of government passed into the hands of the Prince-Regent, the present king, the witty journal grew less fond of exhibiting loyalty as one of its favourite qualities, though it has never ventured to attack the sovereign personally by word or by picture. But M. von Bismarck, as we know from his speech to the Chambers on the Address the other day, will not consent to any distinctions being drawn between the monarch's person and his cabinet; and *Kladderadatsch* having of late waxed furious in his onslaughts on the warlike premier, whose skull he is fond of depicting as tapering into a helmet, and Roon, the terrible Minister of War, and the pious Mühler, the author of the popular ditty of "Straight from the tavern I'm issuing forth," it has been decreed by the present interpreters of Constitutional Government at Berlin that their reckless satirist shall have a warning.

Humorous periodicals were not apt to flourish in Germany. The *Fliegende Blätter*, of Munich, were established long before their Berlin rival, and have never lost their extensive circulation; but this is to be ascribed to the excellence and humour of their woodcuts, which chiefly occupy themselves with safe topics, such as the imbecility of the rustic mind, and the misfortunes of the Sunday sportsman. Otherwise the *Fliegende Blätter* are, like most things Bavarian, beery and slow. The Vienna *Figaro* is a wretched quarter-sheet, with just enough fun in it to raise a laugh in an Austrian, that most easily-amused of human beings, and with the fear before its mind of another prosecution like that which last summer overtook its hapless editor. The Leipzig *Dorfbarbier* is a mere imitation of *Kladderadatsch* in its more prominent features, but rejoices in an ineffable vulgarity all its own.

The Berlin *Charivari* (for the term *Kladderadatsch* signifies the same as the title of the unhappy French paper whose feeble light still flickers as a memorial of happier times for journalists and jesters) possesses a wit indigenous of the soil whence it sprung. The Berliners are perhaps the wittiest among the inhabitants of the capitals of Europe. But their wit is of a cheerless and heartless description, differing as much from the sparkling *esprit* of the Parisians as from the infantile gaiety of the Viennese. Enthusiasm is a thing unknown at Berlin; and the very last enterprise the late king should have undertaken was to ride about as he did waving a German *tricolor* among his "dear Berliners," of whom every baker's boy is a satirist and every cobbler a critic. Their wit, moreover, spares nobody and nothing. Religion, its ministers, and institutions, are victims especially marked. The Germans of the North in general have not the faintest glimmering of that feeling which all English public writers respect, that there are subjects which wit and ridicule should never approach. They talk and jest as familiarly about names and subjects of which we are only accustomed to hear in church, as Mephistopheles, in Goethe's "Prologue," talks and jests with the Deity Himself. Moreover, it

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is to be remembered that a great number among the Berlin humourists—as indeed among the entire school of writers at one time denominated *Young Germany*—belong to those nondescript people, whom their enemies accuse of being Jews, and who themselves make the Jews the subject of their bitterest and most telling taunts. If the reader wishes for a specimen of the highest kind of this sort of wit—a wit which has sworn enmity to the things that be, without giving much thought to the things that should be—throughout negative and destructive, "a queer compound of dirt and fire," let him turn to the brilliant prose of Heine; if he desires to watch its shafts flying at the passing occurrences of the day, let him refer to any number of *Kladderadatsch*.

"This paper appears every day with the exception of the week-days." It opens with a prophetical calendar for the week; and its leading article is generally an address in sonorous verse by *Kladderadatsch* to his readers. On this often follows a short burlesque of some popular novel, or drama, or poem of the day; the last number, *e. g.*, contains a farrago entitled "Stepmother Lizzy, a fellow to Gounod's *Margaret*." This is a new dramatic version of the loves of Don Carlos and his stepmother Elizabeth, written to ridicule an opera which has lately had a wonderful run in Germany, and the text of which is adapted from Goethe's tragedy with the usual exquisite modesty and appreciativeness of French librettists. The parody is signed *Charles Miessnigues*, who adds that he has "Frenchified his name, in order to escape the fate of Richard Wagner, in case of a performance at Paris." Carlchen, or Charley Miessnick, is a favourite hero of *Kladderadatsch*, and is supposed to be an aspiring youth in the fourth class of a *gymnasium*, who writes in a marvellous style, combining the grandeur of a journalist with the defective grammar of a schoolboy.

The *Feuilleton* is made up of small jokes and quips, after the manner of *Charivari* and *Punch*. But there is an utter absence of the harmlessness which at present attends all the utterances of the former, and of the intolerable didactic style which the writers in the latter often consider themselves justified in adopting. A favourite device of the Berlin wags is to clothe their jests in the shape of advertisements, or notices from some supposed or real personage, alive or departed, and in the last number, "Borussia," "The Inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens," "Ελλας," and "F. Schiller, author of *Fiesco*, and proprietor of a monument *in spe*," do duty in this manner. At the top of the third page invariably appear those two figures who have become the *Pasquin* and *Marforio* of Berlin, Müller and Schultze, the German equivalents for Brown and Jones, who discourse in brief dialogues on the prevailing questions of the day. In the last number, of course, the confiscation of the journal itself moves them to talk. "Why, what's this, Schultze?" asks Müller, "you didn't turn up last Saturday." "Ah," says Schultze, "I didn't feel quite well." "Show us your tongue," says the other; "you've been suffering." "From a sudden seizure." "Oh, indeed! Well, if that's all, *that'll soon pass away*." "So *I* think," says Schultze. Of course it is next to impossible to translate these jokes, which are always in the Berlin dialect. Another far-famed character of *Kladderadatsch's* creation, Zwickauer, who, we suppose, is a Saxon Jew, uses a dialect purely his own. His "Idées Zwickoiriennes," written on a well-known model, created great amusement some time ago. In fact, Louis Napoleon is the *bête noire* of the Berlin humorists, who, of late, never mention him by name, but always talk of him vaguely as HIM, and the other day began to gratify their spleen against the supposed influence of the French Empress by according her the same demoniacal pre-eminence, as SHE.

Of the illustrations which fill the fourth and last page it is impossible to speak without contempt, when we compare them with the finished political and social sketches which every week grace the columns of *Punch*. Neither have they the vigorous dash of the pencil of Cham; but are simply coarse, and often not wholly decent, woodcuts with very little art either of design or execution. The standing caricature of HIM, for instance, would surely scare even Mr. Kinglake in his wholesome hatred of the brethren of the Elysée. The loyal addresses to the king have lately been the most fruitful theme for the caricaturist; and in one of the recent numbers there is an amusing representation of *Kladderadatsch*, whose type is a rather dilapidated and very tipsy-looking individual standing in a forest of addresses, and laying to rest the old tail-coat which is supposed to have done duty on the backs of many loyal emissaries, while he chants a parody of Goethe's "Wanderer's Song at Night:"—

"Under all addresses is peace.
* * *
Wait yet awhile! yet awhile!
And thou too shalt sleep!"

It is to be hoped that this bold and witty journal will improve in time with respect to its illustrations and its occasional sins against decorum; and may, some day, like Mr. Bowdler's "Family Shakespeare" among ourselves, be able to boast of its fitness to be read aloud in every family circle. To the family circle of the present Prussian ministry it will probably ever remain an unpalatable dish; but "that," as Schultze says, "will soon pass away." Long may *Kladderadatsch* survive his seizure, and long may he flourish to remind M. von Bismarck and other too courtly administrators of the healthy current of popular ridicule, and of the contemptuous dislike which will, in a sincerely constitutional nation, attend every despotic interference and all undue extensions of the Royal prerogative!

THE TRIAL OF EFFIE DEANS.

Mr. Boucicault has apparently grown weary of that newer school of the Sensation Drama, of which he has been himself the chief representative. Terrific "headers" and miraculous escapes have lost their charm for him. In his new play there is but one sensation scene, and that is modelled, with the utmost exactness, on the oldest and most approved type. The attack on the prison, which brings the drama to a close, is good of its kind, and none the less agreeable because its character is one with which we are perfectly familiar. There is a flavour of legitimacy about red fire, and a brisk discharge of pistols in the wings; and, if we must have melodrama at all, we like it legitimate. Flames and explosions are the fitting accompaniments, on the stage, of any crisis, whether public or private; and as soon as they are introduced we fall instinctively into a suitable frame of mind, and watch the fall of the curtain with the soothing conviction that all the proprieties have been complied with. The only improvement that we can suggest in Mr. Boucicault's last production is in the way of curtailment. We wish to end where he ends, but then we should like to begin there too. The last scene is quite able to stand alone. It is true that it comes after Effie's trial, but it is in no sense an ending to it. The story would be incomplete, perhaps, without it, but then it is not complete with it; and the concluding catastrophe would be all the more impressive if the audience were not jaded, as at present, by three tedious preliminary acts. English playgoers have, no doubt, been trained into an inordinate fondness for "sensation," in the coarsest sense of the word; and where a whole play is a series of disjointed "situations," each one is to a degree complete in itself, and may quite afford to stand alone. Mr. Boucicault, at any rate, seems resolved to go all lengths in ministering to the prevailing taste. Many dreadful things have been enacted on the stage over which he at present reigns supreme; but we doubt whether, in Mr. Batty's palmiest days, anything more terrifically melodramatic than the siege of Lucknow was ever submitted to the gaze of a shuddering transpontine audience. The "Trial of Effie Deans" is one step nearer to the prosaic region of possibility, but is hardly less dependent on its "sensational" element for the interest which it excites in the beholders. The trial scene, which gives a name to the play, is brought on the stage, so far as the accessories are concerned, with considerable effect, and Mr. Boucicault delivers a speech which we can readily imagine may be a very happy reproduction of the leader at some Irish sessions. If this does not seem very appropriate praise to give to a supposed Scotch advocate, the fault was inherent in the circumstances of the case. Still, as this is almost the only bit of acting in the play, we should have been glad to see it lengthened, and the scene would have gained in effectiveness if probability had been a little more consulted. Confessions, if they are to secure a conviction, are generally read to the jury, and the counsel for the defence is rarely allowed to have all the talk to himself. Mrs. Boucicault's Jeanie Deans seems to us the least happy character she has yet sustained, and Miss Edith Stuart unfortunately quite fails to excite any special interest as Effie. Both the sisters are conventional Scotch peasants, and nothing more. Mr. Ryder does not rise even to this mark. His intermittent attempts at speaking with a Scotch accent may not make him a worse "heavy father" than usual, but they are wholly inadequate to make him a fitting representative of David Deans. Could Sir Walter Scott have foreseen the degradation in store for his hero, he would never have described him as speaking "with a voice that made the roof ring." Upon this Mr. Ryder seems to have founded his conception of the character, though he has added thereto some heavy falls and several sentimental speeches. When not employed in either of these ways, he is generally being led about by Reuben Butler, much after the fashion of a blind man and his dog. Mr. Boucicault, indeed,

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seems to cherish a special spite against the part, for he carefully cuts out from the dialogue all the characteristic speeches which are to be found in the novel, and replaces them with some of his own composition. We are bound to say that these substituted remarks invariably draw down the applause of the gallery, but we think it would have been worth while to try whether the words which Sir Walter Scott puts into David's mouth might not have been as effective as praises of cold water, and comparisons of his heart to a cold hearthstone. A Duke, at least as rendered on the stage, is rarely an imposing object, and even a more brilliant performer than Mr. H. Vandenhoff might fail to enliven the part of the Duke of Argyle. Archibald, his groom of the chambers, contrives to be rather amusing, chiefly by dint of repeating the last word of every speech which is made before him—a habit which, though it would infallibly have secured his dismissal in real life, may well be tolerated in a play in which it constitutes the sole element of amusement. The character, however, is of such minor importance, that we should hardly have thought it worth mentioning, had it not been the one part to which we can conscientiously accord a single word of praise.

If Mr. Boucicault had contented himself with giving us an ordinarily dull play, the event would hardly have been important enough to demand a notice. We dare say that to those persons who make acquaintance with the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," for the first time, on the boards of the Theatre Royal Westminster, the dramatized version of it may seem no worse than other productions of the same stamp. But it seems a sort of literary sacrilege thus wantonly to travesty one of the greatest creations of Sir Walter Scott's genius. Mr. Boucicault, of all men, is bound to do better. He professes a great anxiety for the interests of the British stage; he has announced his intentions, his method, and the success which he looks upon as already within his reach, in terms of confident and unblushing self-applause. At present he stands pledged to great things. He is bound to clear his £20,000 a year—so his advertisements informed us—and to revolutionize the theatrical world. *Quid feret*—naturally exclaims the inquisitive sight-seer—*quid feret hic tanto dignum promissor hiatu?*—when are the fair results of the first instalment of the £20,000 to make themselves apparent? When is the revolution to begin? Mr. Boucicault's achievements are likely, we think, to be of a humbler kind: he possesses several qualifications for his task of manager; he is himself a thoroughly competent actor; his racy Irish brogue is natural and amusing, and will carry off all but the dullest parts with decent success; his wife, if provided with an appropriate *rôle*, can act, as she proved in the "Colleen Bawn," with true pathos, grace, and refinement; he has constructed, out of rather unkindly materials, a fairly pretty and fairly comfortable theatre, and fixed the prices of admission at a sensibly moderate rate. The situation, too, is in his favour, for, though Astley's is on the unfashionable side of the Thames, yet it is so close to Westminster Bridge that it is really as near to the West-end of London as most of its rivals. It appears to be well filled, and therefore we will hope that it answers. There, however, Mr. Boucicault's triumphs, for the present, stop. If he wishes to achieve a permanent success, or to be of real service to his profession, he must aim at attracting a higher class of spectators than such as would be equally gratified at a music-hall or a singing tavern. To do this he must look out for actors, and to obtain actors he must give them something better to perform than the "Trial of Effie Deans."

THE PAST WEEK.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Royal Commission on Thursday. The Prince of Wales took his seat amongst the peers. The Queen's Speech begins with the announcement of his marriage; a treaty for it with the King of Denmark is laid before both Houses; and they are asked to make provision for a household suitable to the rank and dignity of the heir apparent of these realms, as well as to sympathize with her Majesty upon an event so interesting to her, which will, she trusts, by the blessing of God, prove conducive to the happiness of her family, and to the welfare of her people. The next subject referred to is the revolution in Greece, by which the throne of that kingdom has become vacant; "and the Greek nation have expressed the strongest desire that her Majesty's son, Prince Alfred, should accept the Greek Crown. This unsolicited and spontaneous manifestation of good-will towards her Majesty and her family, and of a due appreciation of the benefits conferred by the principles and practice of the British constitution, could not fail to be highly gratifying, and has been deeply felt by her Majesty. But the diplomatic engagements of her Majesty's Crown, together with other weighty considerations, have prevented her Majesty from yielding to this general wish of the Greek nation. Her Majesty trusts, however, that the same principles of choice which led the Greek nation to direct their thoughts, in the first instance, towards his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, may guide them to the selection of a Sovereign under whose sway the kingdom of Greece may enjoy the blessings of internal prosperity, and of peaceful relations with other States; and if in such a state of things the Republic of the Seven Islands should declare a deliberate wish to be united to the kingdom of Greece, her Majesty would be prepared to take such steps as may be necessary for a revision of the treaty of November, 1815, by which that republic was reconstituted and was placed under the protection of the British Crown." After the customary remark, that her Majesty's relations with Foreign Powers continue to be friendly and satisfactory, the Speech observes that, while she has viewed with the deepest concern the desolating warfare which still rages in America, she has abstained from taking any step with a view to induce a cessation of the conflict, because it has not yet seemed that any such overtures could have a probability of success. She has meantime witnessed with heartfelt grief the severe distress and suffering which that war has inflicted upon a large class of her subjects, but which has been borne by them with noble fortitude and with exemplary resignation. It is some consolation to hope that this distress is rather diminishing, and that some revival of employment is beginning to take place in the manufacturing districts. It has been gratifying to witness the abundant generosity with which all classes of her Majesty's subjects, in all parts of the empire, have contributed to relieve their suffering fellow-countrymen; the remotest colonists having proved, on this occasion, that, although they dwell far away, their hearts are still warm with unabated affection for the land of their fathers. The constant and laborious attention with which the distribution of these funds has been superintended by the Relief Committees is also noticed. The commercial treaty with Belgium, and a convention respecting joint-stock companies, are to be laid before the Houses, with papers relating to the affairs of Italy, Greece, Denmark, and Japan. The estimates, of course, have been prepared with a due regard to economy, and some reductions of expenditure are promised. Notwithstanding the American war, the general commerce of the country has not sensibly diminished in the past year; the French commercial treaty has already yielded the most advantageous results to both these nations; the productive resources of this country are unimpaired; the state of the revenue, in spite of many unfavourable circumstances, has not been unsatisfactory. It is, in conclusion, highly gratifying to her Majesty to observe the spirit of order which happily prevails throughout her dominions, and which is so essential an element in the well-being and prosperity of nations. This, omitting the merely conventional phrases, is the substance of the Queen's speech.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales with Princess Alexandra of Denmark will take place upon Tuesday, March 10, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in which the Prince of Wales was christened; and by this arrangement the Queen will be enabled to be present in private, which could not, under existing circumstances, have been the case at the Chapel Royal in London. The Prince is to hold a levée at St. James's Palace on the 25th, and the Princess Royal of Prussia will hold a drawing-room on the 28th of February, when all presentations will be considered as made to her Majesty.

It is stated that, without awaiting the report of the Convict Prisons Commission, Sir George Grey has resolved upon a change in the ticket-of-leave system. In all future cases, a prisoner under a second sentence of penal servitude is to be denied any remission of the full term of incarceration.

We refer to an article of ours, in another page, on the circumstances of a dispute between the Brazilian Government and the British Minister at Rio de Janeiro, which has partly been settled, and partly referred to the arbitration of the King of the Belgians.

The meeting in Exeter Hall which was got up by the "Emancipation Society," as a demonstration in favour of the Northern side in the American civil war, has been followed by several other meetings in provincial towns and in the suburbs of London; Mr. George Thompson being the principal orator at Bath one evening and the next at Newington Butts. Mr. E. Baines, M.P., has presided over a similar meeting at Leeds. Mr. Bright has spoken at Rochdale on the occasion of voting the thanks of the cotton-spinners to the New York merchants, who have sent us a ship laden with provisions for the relief of Lancashire distress. He said that the cause of the gigantic strife in America was an infamous conspiracy against the rights of human nature; that the Southern principles of negro slavery, worse than had been ever practised by savages or professed by the heathen of former times, were a very doctrine of devils, and all mankind ought to shudder at their guilt. As the secession of the South was a rebellion against the majority, every friend of freedom should sympathize with the North. It was not the fact that the distress in Lancashire was caused by the Federal blockade; the South might send us their cotton if they chose, but they purposely withheld it, and even burnt it, that, by injuring us, they might compel us to join their side. He regretted that England was the only country in Europe where men were to be found willing to make their Government take part against the North, and ready to supply the South with munitions of war. He complained of the false representations put forth by our press on this American question; and he denounced Sir Robert Peel for daring to say that he hoped the Southern States would establish their independence. Why, Sir Robert Peel was Chief Secretary to the Government of Ireland, and if Ireland were to attempt to secede, his Government would sack its cities and drench its

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soil with blood. Thus spoke Mr. Bright at Rochdale; whilst at Bury, Mr. Frederick Peel, Secretary to the Treasury, said that if the war in America should continue, it would be our duty to interfere for restoring peace; he commended the French Government for its attempt to bring about a reconciliation, and said our Government would have to justify itself in the House of Commons for refusing to join in those good offices; which could only be done by showing that there was reason to fear lest our advice should be misconstrued, so as to injure our dignity and our chances of future usefulness. Though we must all abhor slavery, and desire the emancipation of the negroes, we could not approve such acts as those of President Lincoln, which were likely to produce great mischief, and which had for their motive, not so much the welfare of the slave, as hatred of his white master. He did not see any immediate prospect of the termination of the war; and we should encourage the growth of Indian cotton, to prevent a recurrence of our present distress.

The United States Minister has received a deputation from the British Anti-Slavery Society, to congratulate him on President Lincoln's decree of emancipation. In reply to their address, Mr. Adams said that, as the policy of the Southern rebellion was to perpetuate slavery by first dissolving the Union, that of the Union was, on the contrary, to uproot slavery, as its only safeguard against all future attacks upon the principles of freedom. Hence the absolute necessity for the first appeal of the President in support of the Union, and, secondly, for the proclamation. Had the resistance to the Union been less vigorously conducted, the adoption of such a measure just yet might have been more questionable. It might have been still possible to graduate the treatment of the evil by adopting expedients to soften the severity of its operation with time. As it was, few people could even now doubt that the course of things had set against the permanence of slavery in America. The sentiment of the civilized world had pronounced its doom.

Mr. Farnall's report, at the last weekly meeting of the Central Executive Committee in Manchester, where Lord Derby again presided, shows a continued decrease in the number of persons receiving parochial relief in the distressed districts; but the leading members of the committee declared that, in the towns of Ashton, Bolton, Bury, Blackburn, and Burnley, matters seemed likely to be worse than ever in the next month or two. Mr. Maclure's monthly return has just been published, showing that, of the 534,593 operatives, there are 228,129 wholly unemployed, 159,537 on short time, and but 146,927 on full time. Comparing this return with that for the past month, there are 25,796 more hands in full work than at the end of the year. The present weekly loss of wages is £172,000. The poor-law guardians are giving out-door relief to 221,000 persons, while the charitable fund committees have 374,630 pensioners on their list, of whom 235,741 get nothing from the rates. The total weekly expenditure, from both sources, is at the rate of £55,000.

The news from America is to January 24th. The positions of the several corps of the belligerent armies are precisely described by us in an article upon that subject. It appears that the second advance of the army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock has been put off, partly from the state of the weather and partly from alleged inefficiency in the quartermaster's department. The reprisals are put in force; the Confederate authorities have ordered that Federal officers captured after January 12th should be delivered to the Governors of the States where captured; on the other hand, General Halleck has ordered that no more Confederate officers shall be released on parole. President Lincoln has signed the bill for a further issue of $100,000,000 Treasury notes for the payment of the army, and has sent a message to Congress urging it to restrict the issue of irredeemable paper currency, and to tax the circulation of the banks. A bill has been reported to the United States' Senate to authorize letters of marque. A bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives appropriating 10,000,000 dollars for the emancipation of the slaves in Maryland. General Fitz John Porter has been found guilty of the charges brought against him, and dismissed from the service. It is expected that General Butler, who has been received with a popular ovation in the northern cities, will be restored to his command at New Orleans. Mr. Wendell Phillips, the Abolitionist orator, loudly applauds him; while the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher declares, that the Union is to be saved by raising an army of negroes. The Democratic party, however, are speaking out more boldly than ever against President Lincoln's administration; and the Governor of the State of New Jersey, in his message to the Legislature, denounces the emancipation proclamation and the illegal arrests, and recommends peace upon the basis of the union of the States with their equality and rights unimpaired. In the New York State Legislature at Albany, scenes of great violence and disorder between the Democratic and Republican parties have taken place. From the Southern capital, Richmond, we hear that a new financial scheme has been introduced in the Confederate Congress, proposing an amendment to the constitution, and legalising the issue of notes to be legal tender during the war, and five years after its termination. The scheme also includes a proposal for purchasing the whole of the Southern cotton crop; the present crop to be purchased at 10 to 15 cents per pound. A steamer laden with 400 bales of cotton was burnt whilst endeavouring to escape out of Charleston. The French offer of mediation seems not to have been very well received by the North. Count Mercier, in his interviews with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, has repeated anew his assurances of the friendly regards of the Emperor Napoleon. He said that the intentions of France, in her proposal of mediation, and in her expedition to Mexico, are in consonance with the most friendly feelings to the American Union and American interests; that, in regard to Mexico particularly, the Emperor had no purpose to interfere with American rights, or the rights of nations, but only to maintain the honour of France. Notwithstanding this, resolutions have been introduced in the Senate at Washington, declaring that the attempt by France to subjugate Mexico is hostile to the United States and to free institutions, and that it is a violation of international law, and of the faith of France, pledged by the London treaty of October, 1861, between France, Spain, and England, and repeatedly assured to the Federal Government through the American Minister in Paris. The resolutions further declare, that it is the duty of the Federal Government to require the withdrawal of the French forces, and now and always to lend such aid to Mexico as is required to prevent armed European intervention in her political affairs. President Lincoln is requested to communicate to the Mexican Government the views expressed by Congress, and to negotiate a treaty with Mexico.

The intelligence from Mexico is to the 20th December; the French troops were at Palmar, thirty miles from La Puebla, and the Mexicans were preparing to fight them. One of the Mexican generals, however, had committed suicide; and it was also reported that there was a serious misunderstanding between Generals Ortega and Comonfort, and that numerous desertions from the Mexican garrison at La Puebla were taking place. A conspiracy had been discovered in the brigade of General O'Horan, and five Mexican officers were shot. 35,000 Mexican troops were at La Puebla, and 10,000 more between there and the capital. There were 12,000 troops at the capital, 8,000 in Queretaro, and 12,000 in Guerrero, mostly badly armed. The fortifications of La Puebla are mounted with 200 guns, and those of the city of Mexico with a like number. The latest rumour is that the French were encamped at La Puebla, and were disposing their forces for an attack on the city. 3,500 French soldiers are leaving Cherbourg for Mexico; 1,600 are embarking at Algiers for the same destination, besides 300 Arabs for the baggage service. Some disappointment is felt at the little progress yet made by General Forey.

The most conflicting reports continue to be received of the progress of the revolt in Poland, and of the measures adopted by the Russian Government to suppress and scatter the bands of men in arms throughout the kingdom. On the one hand the Government reports assert that but little opposition to the troops is now met with, while independent sources of information allege that large bodies of insurgents are still assembled, and that the revolt is spreading. It appears that the most numerous and best organized bands, and those which give the Russian troops most trouble, are in the vicinity of the town of Wouchotzk. They amount to about 3,000 persons, and are described as resolute and well armed. This force has been furnished by the inhabitants of the two towns of Schildolowicz and Bodzentyn, and by the workmen of the mines. It is commanded by an officer of artillery, M. Langiewitch. Another band, equally well organized and armed, is on the Vistula, in the neighbourhood of the town of Casimir. It consists of about 2,000 men. Besides these there are twenty other bands, less numerous, but composed of energetic men, resolved to risk everything, in the direction of Ostrolenka and of Brzeslitewski, and in the mountain of St. Croix. These bands are encamped in the forests, ready to offer a desperate resistance to any attack. The Russian troops are concentrated in the largest towns, and watch the great roads of communication. It is alleged that a considerable corps of insurgents of the Government of Augustow has passed the frontier of the empire and penetrated into Lithuania, where it is swollen by all the refractory spirits of the country. If this movement should extend to the provinces of Lithuania, Podolia, and Volhynia, the state of affairs will be serious. The citadel of Warsaw is said to contain 14,000 prisoners taken in open insurrection. We have descriptions from various parts of obstinate encounters between the Russian troops and the insurgents, with varying results. It is reported that at the village of Surage a battalion of nearly 2,000 Russian troops was put to flight by an armed band of Poles. At Bodzentyn the soldiers were also defeated, men and women attacking them with poignards, revolvers, and carbines. The garrisons at several other places have been disarmed. It is, however, to be observed, that no large town is in the hands of the insurgents, and that, in most instances, they would not stand the fire of the troops, but dispersed after the first volley, and fled to hide themselves in the forests. They stopped the railway trains for some days, on the line from Petersburg to Warsaw; but the regular communication is re-established. Many of the insurgents, who have been taken prisoners, state that they were compelled to take part in the revolt. All those who were brought before courts-martial declared the Roman Catholic clergy to have been the principal instigators of the insurrection. The "National Polish Committee" now issue printed orders and appeals. They summon all inhabitants of the land capable of bearing arms to take part in the revolt, and threaten those who oppose their orders with the severest punishment. They proclaim equality for all, promise the peasants land without rent, and state that they will pay the present owners out of the national funds. They also promise all who fight for freedom 100 acres of crown land, and they repeal all ukases and orders of the "foreign rulers." A clerical member of the Provisional Government has preached a sermon from the text, Joel ii. 20—"I will remove far from you the northern

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army." Yet the Russian army in Poland amounts to 80,000 or 90,000 men, in addition to which the Grand Duke Constantine has asked the Emperor for 50,000 or 60,000 more.

The debate on the address in the French Senate was marked by a speech from M. Thouvenel, late Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the Roman question, in which he plainly declared that this was "the black spot in the horizon" of the Imperial policy, and that the French military occupation of Rome could not, by the law of nations, be allowed to continue. Though he did not admit that the Italians had a right to claim Rome as their capital, he would maintain that the Romans had a right to be governed in conformity with their own wishes, and they were unanimously for the transformation of the Pope's temporal power. There was no appearance of the concessions indispensable for reconciling the Pope with his subjects; and the time had now come when it was urgent for the Emperor's government to escape from this embarrassment, and to put an end to the disorder in the public mind. Prince Napoleon alone in the Senate voted against the address, the majority being 121 in its favour. Still more important is the debate in the Corps Législatif, which has begun upon a series of bold amendments moved by the few Liberal members of the Opposition. One of them demands the liberty of the press, and complains, in most out-spoken language, of the arbitrary practices of the Government, contradicting all its professions since the decree of November 24th, 1861. Another amendment disapproves of the Mexican expedition, as a rash and wanton adventure, since neither the interests of France nor any sound principles oblige her to "go and see what form of government the Mexicans desire." A third amendment declares that the French occupation of Rome must not continue, and that, on the principles of non-intervention and national sovereignty, the Romans should be left to settle their own affairs. Other amendments complain of the mode in which the electoral districts and the registration of voters are tampered with by Government; as well as the denial of an elective municipal council to Paris and Lyons, and the penal laws with respect to the trades-unions of working men.

We stated, last week, that the Prussian Chamber of Deputies had, by a majority of four or five to one, passed an address to the Crown, protesting against the late encroachments of royal prerogative. The King has refused to grant an audience to the parliamentary deputation which was to present this address. The Finance Minister has, in the mean time, laid before the Chamber an account of the extraordinary expenditure which Government has illegally incurred in excess of the estimates of the last budget which Parliament voted. An attempt is being made by fifty members of the Upper House, belonging to different political parties, to mediate between the Crown and the Chamber of Deputies, by means of a conciliatory address.

The new King of Greece is not, it seems, yet found; the Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, whose name has been hailed with much approval by the Greeks residing in London, as expressed in an address they have sent to the Provisional Government at Athens, has now made up his mind to decline the proffered royalty; the Greek National Assembly has, meanwhile, decreed that the throne is forfeited by Otho's dynasty, and that Prince Alfred is the elected king.

The debate on the Address in both Houses of Parliament turned chiefly on our foreign policy. Lord Derby had no fault to find with the conduct of Government in respect to the American war, and he did not agree with some of his friends that the time had come to recognize the South. He ridiculed Lord Russell's advice to Denmark on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and, still more, his offering an asylum to the Pope at Malta; he seriously disapproved of ceding the Ionian Islands to Greece as a most imprudent and suicidal act. The Earl of Malmesbury thought it was wrong not to join in the French mediation in America, and he had been much astonished by the behaviour of our Ministers with regard to Denmark, the Pope, the throne of Greece, and the Ionian Isles. Earl Russell defended his own acts. He would be glad to see the American Union restored, if possible, but not through the subjugation of the South by the North; whether as one great Republic, or two great Republics, he wished the Americans to enjoy peace and freedom. The proposal he had made to Denmark was to put an end to a vexatious quarrel which might bring on a European war. It was not so very unnatural that a simple offer of English hospitality should be made to the Pope, who had taken it in friendly part. The Ionian Isles were, by the treaty of 1815, not a British possession, but a protected State, and if the Ionians wished for union with Greece, we should not keep them in subjection. Our policy was to favour the establishment of free and independent nations.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli, approving of our non-interference in America, censured, individually, two or three of the Cabinet,—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Milner Gibson, for having, in their conflicting speeches up and down the country, departed from a wise reserve on that question. He wanted to know what Mr. Gladstone meant by approving, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the employment of British officers to fight for the Tartar dynasty in China. The reduction of our naval and military expenditure was inconsistent with "a sensation policy." Touching very lightly on Schleswig-Holstein, the Roman question, and the incredible news from Brazil, he passed to the inconsistency of our ostentatious patronage of the Turkish empire, in the Montenegro despatches, with our coquetry about the throne of Greece, followed by the cession of the Ionian Islands, encouraging future aggressions on Turkey. Nothing could be a greater absurdity, and he hoped that our Mediterranean possessions were not to be sacrificed to the whim of "prigs and pedants" like Mr. Goldwin Smith. After several of the Irish Papal and ultra-Tory members had had their say, Lord Palmerston rose to repel the blame cast upon him for "his mellow harvest of autumnal indiscretions." As for China, the interests of our trade required the suppression of those murderous robbers the Taepings, and Englishmen had, therefore, been allowed to enlist in the Chinese Government's service. Our friendly suggestions to settle the dispute between Denmark and Germany, though unsuccessful, had done no harm. There had been no delay in setting aside the offer of the Greek throne to Prince Alfred. To give up the Ionian Isles, which were not British territory, would be a wise measure, a just and generous example. It was the Pope himself who had asked Mr. Odo Russell whether, if he were driven from Rome, he would be received in England; what could we answer but that he was welcome to reside at Malta? He believed the recent dispute with Brazil would be arranged by a satisfactory understanding. He hoped that Greece would prosper, and that the Turkish empire would not be disturbed. Sir George Bowyer then having then spoken for the Pope, and Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald for Lord Malmesbury, the address was agreed to, without any division.

The Reigate election has returned Mr. W. L. Gower, a large landowner in Surrey, by a majority of 344 against 335 over Mr. Wilkinson, the late Member for Lambeth; Mr. Gower is a moderate Liberal.

Reviews of Books.

DANIEL MANIN.*

"I AM asked," said Cavour, "by what means we are to settle the Venetian question? In a very simple way; by bringing about a change in the opinion of Europe. And when that is done, we shall be on the eve of the deliverance of Venice; but whether that deliverance be wrought by arms or by negotiations, Providence alone will decide." When Europe should see a powerful and united Italy, having both the will and the might to strike a terrible blow for the deliverance of her captive children, and when the last hope of reconciling the Austrian dominion with national aspirations had been extinguished, Austria would, as Cavour predicted, be left with none to support her occupation of Venice. So long, then, as men are found who only half believe that the love of independence burns with an inextinguishable fire in the breasts of the Venetians, or that they are a people worthy of freedom, it is well to keep alive the memory of their deeds in 1848; and therefore we welcome an English translation of Henri Martin's "Daniel Manin and Venice in 1848-49." Constant have been the changes of scenes and actors in these stirring times, and the events of 1848-49 already seem remote and dim; but of all the things done in the two memorable years, none were worthier of a deathless fame than the struggle of the Venetians to retain their short-lived independence.

Never since the world began has there been seen such another city and state as Venice. In her history, no less than in her site and architecture, she has been unique. For eleven hundred years the ivory sceptre passed from doge to doge, and thirteen centuries of freedom were abruptly closed by the infamous treaty of Campo-Formio, which laid the Austrian yoke upon her neck. That iron yoke she long had borne groaning, but for the most part passive, when the accession of Pius IX. awoke all Italy from a troubled sleep. This, however, is not the place to tell of the chequered course of the great national movement—its mingled glory and shame—its hopeful faith and shattered idols; but of that both sweet and bitter cup Venice drank deep. "The story,"—we quote from Mr. Butt's introduction,—"in its main features is a short one. On the 22nd March, 1848, the population of Venice expelled the Austrian garrison, and Venice was again free. On the 22nd August, 1849, the beleaguered city was compelled to yield to the overwhelming force that invested her, and the Austrian power was once more throughout Italy supreme." Thus, after more than half a century of servitude, Venice was free for seventeen months; and for the last five of those months—when Piedmont had been crushed at Novara, and the Pope and the King of Naples had become renegades to the national cause—she bore alone the undivided attack of Radetzky's forces. Her lagoons were the last sanctuary of Italian liberty, and there it was defended with a desperate heroism that won the reluctant admiration of her sternest foes. On the sea-side lay a blockading fleet, and along the land extended the encircling lines of the besiegers' batteries. Shut out from all the world, thinned by the ravages of cholera, and bombarded night and day with a ceaseless shower of projectiles which spared no age or sex,—a people accounted among the most effeminate in Europe still fought on when all hope of succour from without was gone, and were hardly induced to capitulate when the last store of provisions was exhausted. Rarer even than their courage were the self-restraint and moderation of the Venetians throughout this hard ordeal. They had passed at one bound from under a foreign yoke into absolute independence, and their Government—improvised for the hour—was itself the creature of a revolution; yet never for a moment was there anarchy among them, nor were they

* Daniel Manin and Venice in 1848-49. By Henri Martin. Translated by Charles Martel. With an Introduction by Isaac Butt, Q.C., M.P. C. J. Skeet.

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hurried into a single excess that requires the condonation which is conceded to the stormy hours of revolution and warfare. The Venetian Republic of 1848-49 lived and died without a stain upon its escutcheon; and this it owed to the wisdom and the virtues of its leader, Daniel Manin. It is but a little more than five years since the exiled patriot died in a wretched lodging in Paris, poor, desolate, and broken-hearted; and even now his name has faded out of remembrance in England. And yet, in truth, it would not be easy to find in history the record of a nobler or a sadder life.

This man, who upon a memorable scene "nothing common did or mean," was a Venetian lawyer of Jewish extraction; and though every avenue to fame in his profession was closed by the jealousy and fears of the Austrians, he had distinguished himself even in early youth by his studies of jurisprudence and philology. From the cradle to the grave, life was to him one long disease. "The act of living," as he once wrote, "has been to me from childhood an effort and a pain. I always feel weary;" and to his own sufferings fresh poignancy was added by the misfortunes of his country. Yet born and bred as he had been in an atmosphere of implacable animosity both against the Austrians and the French, and eaten up by the fire of outraged patriotism, his feelings never misled his sagacious judgment. Both from reason and from instinct he abhorred assassination, and with the clear eye of a statesman born, he saw the folly of *émeutes* and partial insurrections. His only hope of deliverance lay in a great uprising of the whole nation, and for this he trained the Lombards and the Venetians by teaching them to act together in *legal* opposition to the Austrian Government. For boldly demanding reforms, and the fulfilment of the promises which Austria had given in 1815, he was thrown into prison; and from that prison he was freed by a revolution at Vienna, to become the chief of the Venetian Republic. And such was the ascendancy that he exercised upon the hearts of his countrymen from the first to the last hour of their independence, that a few words from him sufficed to allay the rising passions of agitated crowds, to kindle hope and inflexible resolution; and (what was the hardest of all) to effect a capitulation when further resistance to the enemy would have been suicidal madness. On the night preceding the entrance of the Austrians into the city, the people passed and repassed under the windows of his humble dwelling saying to each other, in forgetfulness of their own sorrows,—"Here lives our poor father! How much he has suffered for us!" And now that he lies in a foreign grave, he still is known to his countrymen as "Il Padre," and his spotless name is a charm through the length and breadth of Northern Italy.

"The principles," says M. Martin, "from which he regarded himself as bound never to depart, were these—justice and order within, inflexible firmness without. No negotiations with Austria to be entertained—the attempts at peaceful reform had proved useful in preparing the revolution—but the revolution once come, all negotiation would be but a snare—every promise made by Austria would be infallibly violated. Any arrangement which would recognize the least right whatever in Austria over Italy would bring back foreign tyranny. Strict union with the various Italian States, whatever their form of government, provided they co-operated in the war of independence, and until an Italian Representative Assembly had decided the organization of the Peninsula. A particularly intimate union with Lombardy—sister to Venice both in their bondage and in their deliverance. An appeal to the French alliance, which followed of necessity from the resolve never to make terms with Austria."

Had Manin not been fettered in his policy by the union of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces to Piedmont, he would have made an early appeal to the French Republic for an armed intervention in Italy. From the very beginning he had foreseen the magnitude and the dangers of the effort to expel the Austrians from Italy, and he never echoed the fatal "Farà da se" of Charles Albert and Mazzini. It would seem that if Charles Albert had called on M. Lamartine's government, in the name of Italy, for the aid of French arms, the call would not have been made in vain; but to this measure Charles Albert had a strong repugnance. He loved his country and he hated the Austrians, but he shrank from the thought of seeing the soldiers of another French Republic pass the Alps and descend into the plains of Italy. Once before they had come under the guise of friends and deliverers, and had left some bitter recollections behind them. Moreover, the French Republic made no secret of its intention to claim the annexation of Savoy as the price of its assistance. As soon, however, as Venice had been deserted by Piedmont, and Manin was free to follow his own counsels, he appealed to Cavaignac for an armed intervention; but then it was too late. A change had come over the spirit of the French revolution, and Cavaignac told the Venetian envoy that France was not in a condition to go to war, though Venice had her warmest sympathies. All the influence, too, of the English Government was employed to avert an armed French intervention. England was, of course, bound to uphold the treaties of 1815; and though Lord Palmerston, who was then Foreign Minister, would probably have rejoiced to see the Austrians driven out of Italy by the unaided efforts of the Italians, no English statesman could encourage a proposal which would let loose a French Republic in arms, possibly to propagate socialist opinions and kindle the conflagration of a great European war. So it came to pass that Venice was abandoned by all. "I had reckoned," wrote Manin in 1853, "upon the support of France. Events cheated my hope; I may then have been deceived; and yet, in spite of the long history of our misfortunes, in spite of the events of 1848 and 1849, and in spite of subsequent events, I have not renounced—I cannot renounce—this illusion! We have shown ourselves worthy of the independence for which we have proved, and still prove, that we can fight and die; we have proved, and still prove, that we can govern ourselves; we have enjoyed liberty without falling into anarchy. Well then, sir, I reckon always on France as one brother reckons on the brotherly aid of another." This hope he did not live to see fulfilled.

On the 27th of August, 1849, while the Austrians were deploying through the silent and deserted streets, a French man-of-war bore away Manin and his family, and the civil and military leaders of Venice. All that Manin possessed he had thrown into the Revolution. "I sacrificed everything to it," he said, "considering it impossible for me to survive its failure. I never thought of reserving for myself or my family, in the event of misfortune overtaking us, a chance of safety, an asylum, or even the means of subsistence. I did not even think of supplying myself with notes or documents to defend my name against the accusations I might have to endure." Throughout his dictatorship he had supported himself and his family on the proceeds of a work on jurisprudence, and a small legacy bequeathed by a sister; and he would have quitted Venice a penniless exile, if the impoverished municipality of the city had not forced him to accept £800 as a little token of their gratitude for his priceless services. Misfortune dogged him hard. On the very day of his departure from Venice died his most intimate friend, counsellor, and secretary; and the exiled family had no sooner landed at Marseilles than Madame Manin, a wife worthy of Manin, was attacked with cholera, to which her exhausted frame rapidly succumbed. Manin, with his son and daughter, went on to Paris, where they took up their abode in a mean and gloomy lodging. Determined to accept no pecuniary aid from private friends, he found a slender source of subsistence in teaching Italian; and then was seen the spectacle of a man, born to govern and to lead, toiling through the streets of Paris in all weathers, and when almost suffocated with the attacks of a heart complaint, to teach some child the rudiments of a foreign tongue. The disease of the heart was not the most painful malady from which he suffered, but the cause of this, says M. Martin, "was the same as that which excited its development. It was the domestic grief which embittered his life, the frightful condition of his beloved daughter." This daughter had been through life tortured by a disease which defied all medical skill. The father's whole being was bound up in hers. "From the time she was five years old," he said, "I perceived that we understood each other." Sharing all his hopes and fears, and loving Italy with a love as ardent as his own, she had become to him the living image of his afflicted country; and for her judgment he had almost a superstitious reverence. In January, 1854, died Emilia Manin, entreating her father's forgiveness for the pain that the sight of her sufferings caused him, and murmuring for a last adieu, "Dear Venice! I shall see thee no more." His daughter gone, Manin's whole heart and mind were devoted to the Italian cause for the brief remnant of his unhappy life. His keen and practised eye fathomed at a glance the bold and far-seeing policy which induced Piedmont to join the Allies in the Crimean war, and to that act he gave the heartiest support. "In serving under the tricoloured flag of Italian redemption," he wrote, "the soldiers who fight in the Crimea are not the soldiers of the Piedmontese province, but the soldiers of Italy." From that hour he accepted Piedmont as the leader of the national regeneration. Till then he had been a consistent Republican and Federalist, but he possessed, like his great compatriot, Cavour, the faculty of abandoning personal preferences for what was practically possible; and thus it was that, after the Crimean war, he exerted all his influence in advocating an united Italy with a constitutional monarch in the person of the King of Sardinia. "As a thinker and *à priori*," he declared, "I believe that a Republic is the best of governments; and that the exercise of liberty is greater and surer under a Federal form. As a politician, I seek to discover what is practically possible. . . . . I accept the monarchy, provided it be unitarian. I accept the House of Savoy, provided it concurs loyally and effectually to make Italy; that is to say, to render her *one and independent*. *If not, no!*" "When the great battle of national freedom begins, she (Piedmont) must resolutely take part, and not lay down the sword before Italy is made; risking without hesitation the loss of the throne of Piedmont, to conquer the throne of Italy." The beginning of the end Manin did not live to see, for he died in September, 1857, at the early age of fifty-three. And now husband, wife, and daughter, sleep side by side in the vault of Ary Scheffer, awaiting the hour when Venice shall no longer be forbidden to utter a prayer for the soul of Daniel Manin, and shall take to herself the mortal remains of her noblest citizen and martyr.

LES MATINÉES ROYALES.*

THE most complete exposition of the ethics of absolutism is to be found in the "Matinées Royales, ou l'Art de Régner," said to be from the hand of Frederick the Great, which has recently been re-published, and supported by new proofs of genuineness. Copies of it have long been in circulation, and several editions more or less imperfect have from time to time appeared and been met by indignant refutations or contemptuous disregard. Germany has never failed to rise as one man to condemn it as a malicious fabrication, probably directed by the *parti prêtre* against "the bulwark of Protestantism." The editors of the Berlin edition of Frederick's

* Les Matinées Royales, ou l'Art de Régner. Opuscule inédit de Frédéric II., dit le Grand, Roi de Prusse. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

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works refused to admit it. Mr. Carlyle, in the first volume of his history, emphatically warned all readers against it, as a rock on which they were not unlikely to make shipwreck, and expressed the utmost contempt for the performance itself, and for all who believed it to be genuine. The controversy has generally been confined to little more than an appeal to preconceived opinions. If you accept this absurd satire, say the worshippers, you show either malignity or a superficial knowledge of Frederick's character. Your judgment is bribed, says the other side, and you argue in a patriotic but vicious circle. But some new facts have lately come to light, which more forcibly bring the authorship of the "Matinées" home to the King. The arguments for their genuineness, as they now stand, may be briefly stated. They are, first, common fame and the purport of the book; secondly, a note of M. Nadault de Buffon, editor of the great Buffon's correspondence, who states that Buffon received a copy of the work in question through his son from the King himself, and quotes from unpublished papers of Buffon's secretary, M. Humbert-Bazile, a passage in which Buffon is represented as mentioning this *manuscript of the King of Prussia;* and thirdly, an assertion that the present edition is taken from a copy made by the Baron de Méneval, Napoleon's secretary, who "must have been acquainted" with Frederick's hand, from an autograph found by him at Sans-Souci, in 1806. On this last point there are differences between the believers in the pamphlet, to which we shall recur. On the other side, the King's indignant disclaimer in the *Hamburg and Altona Gazette* is first alleged as conclusive. An attempt is made to fix the authorship on a M. Bonneville or other persons. Dr. Preuss asserts that no copy in the King's autograph does, did, or ever could have existed. Professor Ranke points out a blunder in the fifth *Matinée*, where Frederick is made to speak as if he had first doubled the army which he found, and spent years in drill, and only then turned his attention to Silesia, whereas, in reality, he attacked Silesia about seven months after his accession. Lastly, Mr. Carlyle, Ranke, and Preuss, declare that the style and the thoughts of the *Matinées* are utterly unlike those of Frederick's known works and letters. To these replies the *Home and Foreign Reviewer* answers, that it was a matter of course that the King should disclaim the work, whether or not it was really his; that Thiébault, who is the authority for the story of Bonneville, is utterly untrustworthy, whilst the Germanisms of the *Matinées* prove that they could not have been written by a Frenchman; that there is evidence of a positive kind from the Baron de Méneval and Buffon, and negative from the preface to the Berlin edition, that there were copies in the King's autograph; that the inaccuracies, of which Professor Ranke has given only one specimen, disprove the supposition of an able forger, but are consistent with careless writing after a long interval of years; and that the last reply begs the question, and is, besides, upset by Thiébault's admission that Frederick probably said in conversation some of the things contained in the *Matinées*. The reviewer further remarks, that Dr. Preuss cannot be trusted, since he garbled Frederick's correspondence with Catherine, so as to place him in a favourable light; and that Professor Ranke has in other cases rejected works which are genuine.

The question cannot be settled without a stricter investigation of the history of the manuscripts. It is of course difficult to admit the genuineness of so damaging a work in the face of the verdict of such authorities as Carlyle and Ranke, and of Frederick's affectionate and generous letters to Suhm. But both Carlyle and Ranke have treated the work so slightingly and contemptuously, that we cannot feel full confidence in their judgment. On the other hand, two *Matinées* mentioned in the Berlin collection are not accounted for, and not only is there no account given of how the existing ones have been handed down from Méneval, and no sufficient proof of the whole story of his connection with them, but a totally different statement has appeared of the way in which they came to light. It is said that it was Savary, Duke of Rovigo, who stole the manuscript from Sans Souci, that the manuscript itself was probably destroyed at Savary's death, and that the present edition is apparently a very imperfect transcript of a copy taken from it. But even this account strengthens the general argument, for it declares that the manuscript was satisfactorily proved to be an autograph of the King. On the whole the evidence is in favour of the view that the *Matinées* are the work of Frederick. No other claim can be supported, and the positive testimony of M. Nadault de Buffon must outweigh the far less direct arguments on the other side.

If this pamphlet is from the hand of Frederick, it sets him on a solitary eminence far above all the professors and learners of kingcraft, and materially modifies the received notions of his character. He can no longer be regarded either as a Mithridates-Trissotin, or as a solid Veracity. Many of the foibles by which we seemed to understand him best, and most of the few traits which seemed to redeem him, lose their colour and reality, and appear as parts of a deliberate policy which recognised no end except absolute power, and advanced towards that without any consideration of religion, morality, or mercy. The ordinary conception of him is made up of the central fact of his military greatness, overlaid and obscured by a multitude of undignified caprices. His toleration and his scepticism, his shabby coat and starved envoys, his habits of interference with law, of snubbing lawyers, and coquetting with literary men; his low tastes and poetical ambition, lie about without connection or relation to his heroism, capable of being twisted either way. But this publication affects them as a magnet affects particles of steel-dust lying about on a sheet of paper. At its approach they fly at once into an ordered system. Before, his crimes might have seemed the vagaries of madness; now, his weaknesses are the crimes of a great political genius. His intellectual character gains immeasurably, whilst his moral character loses all that it had to lose. But for these confessions of dissimulation, he would have counterfeited only too well, and would have been remembered as a heroic fool. Now he is not only abundantly redeemed from folly and inconsistency, but proved to have possessed the deepest insight and the most practical judgment. His theories are not the theories of a *doctrinaire*. They are not, like the Napoleonic Ideas, an unverified moral drawn from another man's practice, but the principles of a king who first solved the problem in practice, and then formularised it into a theorem. This gives an air of practical reality to the most astounding revelation of the ideas of absolutism, "naked yet not ashamed," which the world has ever seen.

The "Matinées Royales," or Art of Reigning, is in five parts. The first describes the origin and condition of the kingdom of Prussia; the two next consider the policy of a ruler who wishes to be absolute, towards religion and law; and the two last give rules for his policy in reference to his subjects and to other states. They were composed by Frederick for the instruction of his nephew. He first points out that the morality of a king is to get what he can, and to keep it. It was not to any virtues which they may have had the advantage of possessing that the princes of the house of Brandenburg owed their rise. Within the State, he proceeds, religion and law are the most dangerous elements of resistance. Religion is useful amongst the people, and even absolutely necessary, as a moral restraint. But nothing must be allowed, which might weaken their allegiance or cause divisions. Therefore it would be well to do away with all mysteries and priestcraft, and to compel all religious denominations to surrender their most distinctive tenets, each giving up whatever is offensive to any other. The one absolute necessity is that men shall live and die at peace. For the sake of this tranquillity all must be made to lie straight, but with this limitation, each must be allowed to worship in his own way. Frederick William had formed a project for fusing all sects into one, and engaged a writer to ridicule all the saints and all the mysteries, and Frederick himself adopted and developed the plan. "Comme il faut un culte je ferai paraître, si je vis, quelque homme qui en prêchera un. D'abord j'aurais l'air de vouloir le persécuter; mais peu à peu je me déclarerai son défenseur, et j'embrasserai avec chaleur son système." This eclectic religion, we are told, was actually framed. Voltaire wrote the preamble, which disproved all existing religious doctrines, and drew a portrait of each sect, "avec une liberté qui ressemble à la pure vérité." D'Alembert and Maupertuis composed the positive part, with such precision that it seemed that they must have begun by believing it themselves. Rousseau had been for four years engaged in answering all possible objections, and at least thirty reflections had been prepared on every important point in the Bible. Lastly, D'Argens and Voltaire had planned a council, of which Frederick was to be president, and which was to be composed of a representative of each religion and four deputies from each province, two noble and two of the *tiers état*. As for the king himself, "il faut peaser selon le rang que l'on occupe." Religion interferes both with passions and with great political ideas and the exigences of war. The true religion of kings is the interests of man and their own glory. Law, again, is necessary between subjects, who become attached to the king by having justice secured to them. But between him and them there is no law. Nothing is so dangerous as the existence of a system of laws independent of the king, and lawyers who take their stand on equity, while they profess for him a profound legal respect. The remedy is to make a new code under colour of straightening and simplifying the tortuous and slow ways of justice. Frederick had often reflected on the comparative advantages of a constitutional and an absolute government. The first is more secure for a good man, who can afford to let his actions be daily weighed; the second is the only one for a great and ambitious man. In the last two sections he discourses on politics. "La politique" is a euphemism for duping others. A king's object in alliances is to get for himself the whole advantage, and it is the grossest folly not to break them off when that is advantageous. Next follow the rules which Frederick had observed in his attitude towards his people. He declares that every action and every apparently whimsical eccentricity was dictated by policy, and had two sides. There was a noble simplicity in his ordering his own dinner; but there was also the practical advantage that he knew the best products of each district. A perpetual air of fatigue and an uncombed wig showed a mind absorbed in the welfare of the subject. He had a German cook and plain food for public occasions, and a French cook, whose office was no sinecure, for his private chambers, with a bed close to the table, to which he could reel unseen when tipsy. If he wore a shabby overcoat, he had good clothes beneath, and laughed in his sleeve at those who commiserated his frugality. The part which is most curious is that in which he analyzes his conduct towards literary men. "I have done everything I could," he says, "to gain a literary reputation. . . . . But, between ourselves, they are a cursed race, these *beaux esprits*. They are a tribe insufferably vain, proud, despisers of the great, and covetous of greatness; tyrannical in opposition, implacable enemies, inconstant friends, hard dealers, often flattering and satirical the same day. . . . . But they distribute honour, and are indispensable for fame." Drill was another means which he used to fix the eyes of Europe. He drilled, and glorified drilling, till "tout le monde se crut perdu, si l'on ne savait pas remuer les bras, les pieds, et la tête à la Prussienne." At the end of the fourth *Matinée* he sums up the

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principles of the whole in a few pithy words:—"Croyez, mon cher neveu, que l'homme est toujours livré à ses passions, que l'amour-propre fait toute sa gloire, et que toutes ses vertus ne sont appuyées que sur son intéret et sur son ambition. Voulez-vous passer pour un héros? Approchez hardiment du crime. Voulez-vous passer pour un sage? Contre-faites vous avec art." "A veracious man," says Mr. Carlyle, "he was, at all points; not even conscious of his veracity; but had it in the blood of him; and never looked upon 'mendacity' but from a very great height indeed. . . . . You will never find him expressing what is not his meaning. Reticence, not dissimulation. And as to '*finesse*,' do not believe in that either."

Such, if we accept the "Matinées Royales" as genuine, was Frederick's ideal of that philosophic royalty, of which it was his fancy to be called the representative. It goes beyond Machiavellism. There is in Machiavelli an element of casuistry which is a tacit recognition of possible virtue, and we are often told that this or that is praiseworthy, though it is not expedient. But the "Matinées Royales" expressly deny all obligation or conceivability of obligation except political expediency. It must be remembered, also, that whilst Machiavelli is in part a theorist, the king is describing what he actually practised. One deduction must be made from this. It is necessary to allow for the exaggeration which is incident to all confessions of motives and policy. Systems which are the result of a life's experience, are easily reflected backwards and represented as having had a larger share than they have really had, in consciously prompting action. Frederick learnt dissimulation in his youth, but it was probably only in middle life that he was baited into the cynicism of the confessions, and he may easily have had less clear ideas of policy at his accession than he afterwards believed. There is also another exaggeration of a different kind into which he falls, that, namely, of overrating the amount of security and power which is attainable by his expedients. For the time many things, the continuance of which could not be counted on, combined to assure his seat. Prussia was a country without any public opinion, and its very existence had become identified with military force, whilst invasions and the necessities of defence had weakened the natural authority of law and the right of personal freedom, and substituted for them a habit of acquiescence in order. All this might not have lasted. Besides, absolutism may be easily overstrained. It is the one ground of hope for enslaved nations, that tyrants sometimes forget the boundaries of possibility and venture too far. There cannot be a better instance than Frederick's almost humorously impossible idea of a bureau or a parliament of theology. Supposing the Lutherans had refused to give up their "disputes," the Calvinists their "titres," the Romanists their priests, and the priests their celibacy, how would that "unique happiness" of peace have been secured? Would he have still said, *die Religionen müssen alle Tollheit werden*, in his barbarous German? Would he have married the priests by force? He must be regarded as ignorant, from contempt, of the strength of the strongest motives which pull the limbs of "subjects." On the other hand, it is equally open to his admirers to take these palpable defects and exaggerations as proofs that "The Art of Reigning" is a malicious and transparent fabrication.

MR. STORY'S "ROME."*

To have seen Rome is the crown of a liberal education; but he who sees it must bring an instructed mind, as well as eager eyes. This spectacle, for its true contemplation, requires some faculties beyond the mere taste for picturesque confusion of scenery, or for the marvels of plastic and pictorial art. It requires an imagination prepared by historical studies to comprehend "the Eternal city," as the monument of two completed phases of the world's civilization,—a breadth of intelligence, as well as a warmth of sympathy, capable of embracing those vast human interests which were once centred in the Empire and the Papacy of ages past. It requires, finally, in the daylight of the present time, a clear perception that the former things, of which Roman majesty was the symbol, have virtually passed away; that by the new political and religious conditions of Europe, the city of the Tiber is designated for the seat of a modern kingdom, and not of a universal dominion. It requires, in short, that we should look to her possible future as the capital of Italy, undazzled by the mystic splendour of her Imperial or her Papal reign. When thus viewed by the heirs of European culture, scholars of classical literature, disciples of Western Christianity, Rome will be to them still radiant with bright and glowing recollections; while, to the believers in social progress, to those who have faith in their own age, Rome displays plain tokens of the decay and approaching downfall of an obsolete temporal and spiritual despotism, which must soon give place to national unity and to civil and religious freedom. Such are the considerations most likely now to occur to a thoughtful English visitor in Rome.

But it is difficult for the ordinary tourist to spare time for reflection amidst all the bustle of inspecting the churches, the palaces, the galleries, the studios, the ruins, and the catacombs, besides attending the afternoon carriage parade on Monte Pincio, and the evening parties in the English quarter, which chiefly occupy the precious days of his sojourn in Rome. With all these distractions, and the imperative duty of hastily gazing at all the famous shows of the place, he is a resolute man who can pause to gather up his thoughts of Rome, combining what he sees with that which he has read before. Let him do this, in an hour of pregnant meditation such as Gibbon enjoyed when "sitting among the ruins of the Capitol;" and then, if he possess a well stored and vigorous mind, he may see the majestic procession, as it were, of the successive powers, "which each the likeness of a kingly crown had on," setting forth in past centuries from Rome, to sway the destinies of mankind; and he may view this as a symbol of the substantial unity, beneath its various aspects, of that common life of Europe over whose development—first in its classical, and secondly in its mediæval stage—Rome has twice presided. These ideas freely enter the mind that is open to the intellectual influences which beset it at Rome; and no experience is more suggestive than this. But to how many of the thousands who yearly winter in Rome, is this moment of fruitful contemplation granted? *Non cuivis homini contigit adire Corinthum*; and of those who do go to lodge for a month in the Piazza di Spagna, and to lounge between the Colosseum and the Vatican, few perhaps are allowed by their leisure and by their habits of mind to indulge in historical reflections.

But if a single visit to Rome may be fraught with such opportunities of instruction, it is certainly worth our while to share the observations of an accomplished Englishman or American who has resided there for many years. Why is it, by the way, that several American writers have entered with singular fidelity into descriptions of Rome? In the vividness and fidelity of their local colouring, they have excelled whatever has lately been written by our own countrymen on this subject. Though no transatlantic poet has yet equalled the Roman stanzas of "Childe Harold," on the other hand, neither Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, nor any other of our novelists, has succeeded like Mr. Hawthorne in rendering our impressions, whether felt in an evening visit to the Colosseum, or, as a contrast, beneath the fair dome of St. Peter's, or in any of those other well-known scenes, where the sentiment which it is customary to experience nevertheless affects us as a surprise. Above all, no writer has succeeded like Mr. Hawthorne in diffusing through the whole atmosphere of his romance that peculiar breath of Modern Rome—that strange, sweet, perilous air, heavily laden, as it were, with the fragrance of living Italy mingled with the dank vapours of Rome's secular decay—the scent of flowers, the smoke of incense, the taint of pestilence, the hallowed dust of innumerable graves—an intoxicating air, to be inhaled with precaution, since for the mind, as for the body, there is a Roman fever infesting that clime.

Americans, therefore, of the educated and literary class, though probably less addicted than the English to Latin scholarship, yet usually taking an eager interest in the historical antiquities of the Old World, have done ample homage to the *genius loci* at Rome. Mr. Story, the artist whose fortunate creations of the Egyptian Queen and the Libyan Sibyl were esteemed among the noblest pieces of sculpture in our Great Exhibition last year, gives us, in these two volumes, the results of his long personal acquaintance with Rome. He tells us that in December, 1856, he returned for the third time to that "dear old city," and fixed his abode there. "No one lives long in Rome without loving it," is his confession; though it is probable that the same may be said of every other place by those most happily gifted in their constitution and circumstances who have long resided there. Yet it is undeniable that the charms of a Roman life, unfelt at first, do grow upon the mind after months, and even years, of sojourn at Rome, when curiosity has long ago been satiated, and when every object of artistic or antiquarian interest has been thoroughly explored. In a city which, by its ecclesiastic and despotic government, is jealously secluded from the general movement of the world, like the "still salt pool" of Tennyson's poem that but dimly overhears the plunging waves outside marking the onward tide-flow of human affairs, the oversensitive or the over-refined, having lost the illusions, if not the faith and courage of their youth, may repose in the passive enjoyment of those pleasures which Rome can best afford,—the pleasures of memory, of fancy, and of taste. For the intellectual lotos-eater, unless he will go to finish his dream in Damascus, there is no spot like Rome, so long as, the Pope still reigning, and being impotent to change, Rome remains "a land where all things always seemed the same." We hasten to declare that Mr. Story is by no means one of those foreign residents in Rome who would selfishly, for the quieter and more exclusive gratification of their æsthetic tastes, prefer the continued suppression of her civil and national life. On the contrary, though he has forborne from set political dissertations, he freely expresses his opinion of the rottenness and inevitable ruin of the Pope's temporal government, as well as his contempt for the gross frauds and superstitions by which the Romish Church, at least in Italy and in France, is deformed. The whole tenor of his book about Rome, which in this respect we may compare to Mr. Adolphus Trollope's about Florence, is characterized by a cheerful, kindly sympathy with the popular life of the Italians. "Roba di Roma," which may be translated "Roman Matters," is a title not sufficiently precise for the contents of these two volumes, which might have been styled "Manners and Customs of the People at Rome." Mr. Story is indeed fully impressed with the considerations to which we have alluded, respecting the historical and monumental character of Rome. In his chapter on the Colosseum, and many incidental digressions, he opens that vein of meditative conjecture and inquiry about the Rome of past ages, which other and more learned investigators have perhaps nearly worked out; but his knowledge of Roman antiquities does not claim to be very accurate or profound. He blunders strangely, for instance, when he speaks of the site of the Ara Cœli as having

* Roba di Roma. By W. W. Story. In two volumes. Chapman & Hall.

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been once occupied by the Temple of Venus and Rome. But these are not the points on which he invites us chiefly to consult him, and we must not, therefore, bear too hardly on the manifest defects of his erudition, though his etymology of *primavera* as "the first true thing," *i.e.*, the spring of the year, does strike us as supremely ridiculous. It is much pleasanter to thank him for the really valuable additions he has made to our acquaintance with the social life and domestic habits of the actual Roman population. The scenes which have grown so familiar to him, and of which he has grown so fond, in his thoughtful and observant rambles through the bye-streets and market-places of the city, or along the high-ways of the Campagna, are depicted in these pleasant volumes with a graphic power, and a hearty human sympathy, not surpassed by any author of those local sketches in Italy which have been abundantly produced of late. The cheap theatres, one of which, in the open air, is held in the Mausoleum of Divus Augustus, where clowns and harlequins now tumble in a pantomime, or brisk comedians recite a laughable farce,—the puppet-shows, the street musicians, the wandering mummers, the eternal beggars, including that renowned old cripple Beppo, who claims a personal friendship with every visitor to Rome,—the coffee-houses and wine-shops, with their habitual guests, and all the apparatus for eating and drinking in places of vulgar resort,—the whole physiognomy of retail trade in such crowded markets as those of the Piazza Navona and the Pantheon,—the romantic attire and simple habits of the peasantry, whose waggons, drawn by superb white oxen, encumber the neighbourhood of the Forum,—the popular festivals, half-Catholic, half-Pagan in their origin, which afford tumultuous recreation to an ignorant, though not a morose or vicious race,—the ceremonies of birth, baptism, betrothal, marriage, and burial, which attend on the individual existence of the Romans,—these are Mr. Story's favourite themes. One of his best and fullest chapters is devoted to a minute account of all the games commonly played at Rome, from which it is evident that in sports with a ball, requiring much athletic strength and hardihood, the vaunted prowess of our English cricket-players is fairly matched. Another chapter is occupied with the Ghetto, or Jewish quarter, which has, however, been frequently described by previous writers. In general, he has refrained from dwelling upon those features of Rome and Roman life which others have already depicted, and especially from descanting on topics which belong to the domain of the fine arts. Those hackneyed praises of the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere, the Dying Gladiator, and the pictures of Raffaelle, which greet us in every book of Italian travel, are excluded here. With the church ceremonials and observances he meddles no more than to discuss their influence on the morality and intelligence of the people, leaving it to the annual flock of Protestant connoisseurs to admire or to deride, as they will, the ecclesiastical pomps and shows of an alien creed. Mr. Story, however, as an enlightened looker-on, a Liberal and Protestant of English race and culture, has small reverence for the Papal system, either in Church or State, and does not fear to expose its corruptions, though writing without any polemical intent. His concluding chapters, on saint-worship and the prevailing superstitions, are not the least instructive part of his book. "Roba di Roma" supplies, upon the whole, together with an immense variety of entertaining anecdotes, just that information which is wanted about the modern Romans themselves, and their ways of every-day life.

BELLEW'S "AFGHANISTAN."*

Mr. Bellew was medical officer to a mission under the charge of Major (now Colonel) Lumsden, which visited Afghanistan in the year 1857 under very trying circumstances. The work before us is founded upon a journal kept by him during the expedition. It fulfils to a great extent the conditions of a good book of travels. Mr. Bellew has a really interesting story to tell; he tells it simply and straightforwardly, without any attempts at fine writing or facetiousness; and the scene of the story is laid in a country seldom visited by Europeans, and a singular one in itself.

The great fault of the commonplace book of travels is its disjointed and unconnected nature; there is no reason as a rule why you should not begin at the middle of the book, or at the end, or at the last chapter but one, or anywhere else, just as well as at the beginning. A man who should describe his travels on the Great Western would probably give us accounts of Slough, Reading, and Bristol in succession; but there is no reason in the nature of things why Reading should be described before Bristol and after Slough, or vice versâ. Now a book in which the order of the chapters is perfectly immaterial is extremely apt to become tiresome. It is therefore a great advantage to a writer of travels when the scenery and manners and customs of the natives come in not avowedly as the raw material of his book, but by way of accessories and ornament to some story interesting in itself. Mr. Bellew has certainly secured this advantage.

The mission was originally sent to Afghanistan by way of encouraging Dost Mahomed to keep the treaty which he had formed with us against the Persians. Soon after they had arrived at Kandahar, the town in which they were to reside, the Persian war ceased, and the Indian mutiny broke out. The officers of the mission were naturally placed in a most trying position, and seem to have behaved with admirable courage. They were cut off from all news except at long intervals. Every now and then a post came in bringing terrible reports of the fearful losses of the English in India. The population and army of Kandahar were of course of opinion, as a general principle, that it would be as good a deed as drink to cut the throats of the infidels; and on the first news of the revolt a deputation from the clergy of the town waited upon the governor of the province to lay this view of the case strongly before him. One of the chief men of the place made a plot to attack them whether the governor liked it or not, and the plot was accidentally discovered owing to the large purchases of lead which he was making in the city with a view to casting bullets. Moreover, the Afghans generally showed a strong desire to pour down through the Khyber Pass upon Peshawur, at the moment when our hands were full of other work, and our *prestige* at its lowest point. The consequences might, for the time, have been fatal to our hold on India. Major Lumsden's coolness and tact, however, succeeded in inducing Dost Mahomed to stick to his treaty, and after sixteen months the mission returned in safety to Peshawur. Its officers had had the disappointment of only hearing of the achievements of the guide-corps from a distance, instead of actually sharing in them; but the duty which they had performed, though less conspicuous, was, perhaps, equally important at a time when the fate of our Indian empire might have been determined by one more grain thrown into the balance against us.

The first part of Mr. Bellew's journal describes the passage of the Paiwar. In travelling towards this pass through the Afreedee country, he already finds that the villages of the natives bristle in all directions with round towers. These, he says, are constantly occupied by men at enmity with their neighbours in the same or the surrounding villages, waiting for an opportunity of putting a bullet into their enemies' bodies. In default of their enemy himself, they are quite ready to put a bullet into his horse, or his ox, or his ass, or even his fowl. The village children, not unnaturally, acquire a habit of never keeping in the middle of the street, but skulking along under the cover of the wall, and even the cattle become sagacious enough to adopt the same practice. Higher up in the mountains, amongst certain Jajis, he finds an improvement on the same practice. By every hut was erected a square platform, upon solid pillars of pine-wood; upon the platform was a hut of stone and mud, loopholed in every direction; the only entrance was through a trap-door underneath, which was reached by a rope-ladder. When two neighbours fell out, each mounted into his shooting-box, pulled up his rope-ladder, and waited sometimes for weeks to get a shot at his friend. The principal inconvenience of the plan was the frequent necessity of coming to terms before either party had had a shot, to avoid being starved out. These Jajis endeavoured to stop the passage of the mission, and, under the guidance of an aged and revered priest, turned out in large numbers to prevent their country being defiled by the footsteps of infidels. At the camp where the party halted for a day, they collected in small columns, three or four abreast, and marched round and round the camp, chanting an impressive and passionate war-song, with a chorus of "Wo-ho, Ah-hah." At the conclusion of each song, they leapt simultaneously into the air, yelling and screaming like fiends, brandishing knives and rifles, and beating drums. When these agreeable performances had ceased to provoke a row, they gradually dispersed, under a judicious mixture of threats and oratory. The most distinguished professional pursuit amongst these interesting natives appears to be thieving. One tribe owes the possession of an unusually fine breed of horses to their pre-eminence in this accomplishment. Mr. Bellew repeats a story told by a certain Khan Gul, who belonged to a family of distinction, and, as he says himself, "whose fathers and brothers, uncles and cousins, were leagued together as a band of burglars and highwaymen." Rather inconsistently, it seems to us, they made it a point of honour never to be found out. The family party being one day employed in burglary, Khan Gul's eldest brother was just coming back to his friends outside, through a hole in the wall of a house. As he got his head out, one of the inhabitants seized his leg. "Cut off my head," said the heroic burglar, "and fly with mine and my family's honour undefiled." His relations immediately complied with his request, and bolted with nothing but his trunkless head, and the consciousness that they had done their duty.

Having put these agreeable highlanders between themselves and India, the mission advanced to Kandahar, where they were to reside, Kabul being considered too dangerous a place to live in. They had apartments given to them in the palace, which seems to have been a kind of place of refuge in the midst of a labyrinth of inexpressible filth. Their life was monotonous and wearisome enough. More than once, during their stay at Kandahar, the people were decimated by fearful attacks of pestilence. For six weeks after their first arrival small-pox was raging, and the streets were full of dead and dying people. The dead bodies were, in fact, exposed in the streets, in order to attract contributions for their burial; and, according to Mr. Bellew, were carried about through the crowded thoroughfares on beds, till their advanced stage of putrefaction was more than the showmen could bear. The chief recreation of the mission was to ride out, through these fearful streets, into the country to shoot quail, which were abundant, or the snipe and wild duck, which came in countless multitudes during the rainy season. Indoors, they had to while away the time by practising with revolvers at a mark on the wall opposite to their rooms. We do not wonder that, in course of time, they acquired incredible skill in decapitating every sparrow that was rash enough to put its head out of a hole. As for more serious employments during this semi-

* Journal of a Mission to Afghanistan in 1857. By H. W. Bellew. Smith, Elder, & Co., London. 1863.

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captivity, Mr. Bellew seems to have found a good deal of professional employment. Every few days the heir-apparent, who was governor at Kandahar, used to overeat or overdrink himself; and Mr. Bellew gives full details of the various bleedings, cuppings, applications of leeches, and doses of jalap (to which last the heir-apparent took such a fancy as almost to exhaust the store), which he was constantly called upon to administer. His patient was afflicted with carbuncles, gout, threatenings of apoplexy, and various other ailments. Mr. Bellew was surrounded by sundry native physicians, who quoted Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicenna, to him, declared that the vibrations of the voice were produced by the pulsations of the heart, argued that the stars were not in a conjunction favourable to leeches, and called upon him to say whether gout was in the class of hot or cold, dry or moist diseases. As they also privately persuaded the patient not to drink medicine or be bled by the lancets made by infidels; and at the same time considered Mr. Bellew as responsible for anything that might happen, and suspected him of possessing the power of the evil eye, his position was far from pleasant. In addition, however, to his practice in the palace, he set up a dispensary for the public in the town, and seems to have acquired some curious medical information. One ingenious piece of Afghan practice is resorted to for reducing a dislocation of the thigh. The patient is first kept in a dark room for three days, heated by fires incessantly burning, and fed with copious draughts of thin gruel. A fat bullock is at the same time fed with chopped straw, flavoured with salt, and denied a drop of water. At the end of the third day, the patient is made to ride on the back of the bullock, his legs being fastened tightly under its belly by cords round the ancles. The beast is then led out to drink. He is naturally intensely thirsty, drinks copiously, and swells out visibly to twice his former size. The force exerted on the dislocated limb is sufficient to bring it back to the socket. The dislocated shoulder is treated in a similar way; the hand is tied close to the opposite shoulder; an empty water-bag is placed in the bend of the arm, and gradually filled; its weight overcomes the resistance of the muscle, and before long the bone flies back into the socket with the usual sound.

During the wearisome period of their detention at Kandahar, the mission only once saw a European. He was introduced to them by the heir-apparent, who suspected him of being an English spy. He turned out to be a German shoemaker, a native of Berlin. For some unexplained reason, he gave up making shoes at Berlin and took to practising as an itinerant herbalist at Constantinople, Cairo, Jerusalem, Bagdad, and sundry other places, the last of which was at Teheran. Here, it seems, he again took to making shoes, and set out to travel to Bombay, *viâ* Herat and Kandahar. At Herat he was imprisoned, threatened with having his throat cut as an infidel, and forced to become a Mohammedan. On being released, he travelled on to Kandahar, losing his toes by frost-bite on the road. Here he at first proposed to start for Bombay, hoping to return to his native land. He was, however, persuaded to stay and make shoes at Kandahar; but a few weeks after his interview with the mission, he was sent for to Cabul by the Amir, and nothing more was heard of him. The natives contented themselves by stroking their beards and saying, "God protect him." When a native Khan was suspected of plotting against the heir-apparent, he was generally sent on a visit to the Amir at Cabul. After being there for a short time he was asked to dinner, taken suddenly ill, physiced by the court physicians, and dead before the morning.

The mission stayed in this dismal exile for about a year; waiting anxiously for the reports, which came at slow intervals, of the various outbreaks of mutiny, the massacres at Cawnpore, and of the storming of Delhi. Even after this an unfortunate native, who predicted the ultimate success of the British arms, was stoned to death as a heretic. It is not quite clear what particular form of heresy he was guilty of adopting; but it seems that in these barbarous regions it is heretical to say anything civil about an infidel. It was, however, some months before the mission was recalled, and had the satisfaction, which they seem to have highly appreciated, of again coming amongst the comparative cleanliness and civilization of natives under British rule.

We should not leave Mr. Bellew's very interesting journal without remarking that it is preceded by a chapter giving an account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and also of their origin. The former part is interesting; the latter, we must confess, sounds slightly improbable. The Afghans maintain that they are descended from King Saul, and a certain grandson of his, called Afghana. Mr. Bellew appears to believe that they are, in fact, of Jewish origin, though we confess we should have thought it about as probable as that the English are descended from the Trojans, through King Brute. Mr. Bellew, however, adds that they are of Jewish physiognomy, that they offer sacrifices something like the Passover, divide their lands by lot, and actually stone people to death outside their villages. If these are not enough to convince an unbeliever, he may console himself by reflecting that they only occupy a few pages, and that the rest of Mr. Bellew's work is really very full of remarkable and interesting facts, resting, not on his historical deductions, but on his personal observation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE publishing of New Year's-day books, of the ornamental species, fit for New Year's gifts, has rather checked, as usual, the issue of those which compose the ordinary staple of French literary production. It would be unseasonable for these to make their appearance beside the richly bound and finely illustrated volumes which crowd the windows of every bookseller's shop. Purchasers in the first week or two of the year look rather to the outside splendour of a volume than to its substantial contents. Yet, among the sumptuous editions of standard works, are some which merit special praise. The first to be noticed* is the "Atala" of Chateaubriand, with engravings after the designs of Gustave Doré. It is got up in the same form and with the same magnificence as the edition of Dante's "Inferno," translated into French by M. Fiorentino, and illustrated by the same rising artist, which came out last year. M. Gustave Doré shows no less vigour of invention and handling in his wild and romantic scenes of the American forest than in portraying the tortures of that place of eternal doom, which was created by the stern genius of the great Italian poet. Another illustrated book,† though of a class widely removed from these, is the "Popular History of France," compiled under the superintendence of M. Durny. The text is borrowed from the most approved books of French history for young readers; and almost every page is furnished with a pictorial representation of the most striking and dramatic incidents in the narrative. The swarm of these new illustrated publications has, since the 15th of January, abated, so as to permit of the appearance of a few original works. These are mainly of the historical kind. There is one‡ by M. Zeller, tutor of the historical class at the Higher Normal School, on the characters of the Roman emperors. It requires some courage to deal with such a subject in France just now. Since the French empire was restored, the history of the ancient Roman empire has become a ground upon which the passions of conflicting political parties have fought with the utmost fury. M. Ampère, of the French Academy, from his study of the sculptured monuments of Roman antiquity, took occasion for a sharp and hostile criticism of the most famous imperial personages. On the other hand, those learned antiquaries who have lately employed themselves in copying and collating, in various parts of Europe, inscriptions of the imperial age of Rome, have rather been disposed to favour that government which, during four centuries, gave shelter to the world's civilization. M. Zeller, without neglecting either of these sources of information, has gone more directly to the testimony of Latin authors in his attempt to describe the true character of each of the Roman emperors, and his special influence on the political condition of the empire, from the reign of Augustus, by whom that empire was founded, down to that of Theodosius, who is justly called the last of the Roman line. In this series of portraits, rapidly sketched, but from a thorough study of the subject, he shows how the different qualities of their despotism, varying with their personal dispositions, transformed the whole state of society in the Roman world. It is not to be expected that M. Zeller will wholly escape the censure of critics, but his fidelity as a student and his talent as a writer must be fairly acknowledged. Another historical work of this month is that§ of M. Charles de Mouy, on Don Carlos and Philip II. of Spain. The fate of that unhappy prince, Don Carlos, has been nobly celebrated by the tragic genius of Schiller; but it appears, from the latest researches in the Spanish archives, that, except his ill-fortune, there was nothing interesting about him. He was neither young, nor handsome, nor intelligent, nor yet in love. A sickly, deformed creature, feeble in mind and body, a prey to maniacal delusions, which broke out in frantic attempts upon the lives of his father's ministers and of the king himself, Don Carlos was at length placed in confinement, to restrain him from further mischief, and there, his health being already undermined, the wretched prince died. There is no ground for charging Philip, in this instance, with the crime of unnatural cruelty which has been imputed to him. He endeavoured, as long as possible, to endure, and even to conceal, the consequences of his son's mental infirmities, if not for the sake of parental affection, yet as a matter affecting his family pride. This is the conclusion to which M. Charles de Mouy is led by a careful investigation, the proofs and documents being here set forth. This task he has performed with scrupulous diligence, and the result is placed before us in an effective style.

We have to notice, however, some historical works more particularly concerning France. The critical essay of M. Caboche, on "French Memoirs and French History," discusses the mode in which those innumerable pieces of biography and personal narratives, which particularly abound in French literature, are used as materials for regular historical composition. M. Caboche, who is an associate of the Faculty of Letters of Paris, and has several times, in the absence of M. St. Marc Girardin, filled the chair of French poetry at the Sorbonne, is quite competent to treat this subject, which he does with judgment and good taste. Not only the memoirs of Montluc and Marguerite de Valois in the sixteenth century, and those of Richelieu, Cardinal de Retz, M. de Motteville, La Rochejacquelin, and St. Simon in the seventeenth, but also those of Napoleon, Chateaubriand, and even M. Guizot in our own age, have contributed to the structure of French history; and it is the aim of M. Caboche in this treatise to point out the rules which should be observed for their use in such compositions. There is, however, one class of writings from which we may gain a still more intimate acquaintance with historical personages than

* Atala. Par M. de Chateaubriand. One vol. folio. Hachette.

† Histoire Populaire de la France. Two vols. petit in-folio. Lahure, Rue de Fleurus.

‡ Les Empereurs Romains: Caractères et Portraits Historiques. One Vol. 8vo. Librairie Academique de Didier. Quai des Vieux Augustins.

§ Don Carlos et Philippe II. One Vol. 12mo. Didier.

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from their memoirs, and that is from their private letters. It has been remarked, that the present age is too indiscreet in its curiosity about the private life and habits of distinguished people. In France, it must be confessed, this indiscretion is very frequent. Daily more urgent in their unconscionable demand to know all the minutest personalities, not only of the present, but of past ages, the literary resurrectionists, digging up dead men from their graves, show us in broad daylight the smallest blemish or speck in their persons, in their characters, and in everything that belonged to them, not even sparing the most sacred mysteries of their domestic life. On this occasion, however, M. Honoré Bonhomme, the editor, three years ago, of Piron's correspondence with Mdlles. Quinault and De Bar, gratifies the prevailing passion for personal disclosures with a volume entitled "Madame de Maintenon and her family."* He is an ardent and unwearied searcher for out-of-the-way information on subjects of this kind; nor does he, when he has got such information, lock it up selfishly in his own desk, but freely communicates it to the public, and promises to find us a good deal more. The letters which he has here got hold of, including those of Agrippa d'Aubigné; Renée Burlamacchi, his second wife; Madame de Maintenon herself; Charles d'Aubigné, her brother; the Marchioness La Villette, Ninon de l'Enclos, the young Marquis La Villette, and the Comte de Caylus, form a series of family correspondence extending over more than a hundred years, and embracing the most diverse topics of private as well as of public interest. They throw much fresh light on the situation and conduct of Madame de Maintenon, in many of the circumstances of her life, on which previous authors, such as the Duc de Noailles and M. Theophile Lavallée, had bestowed much pains. Among the most curious papers in this collection we may notice the *vade mecum*, or manual of spiritual guidance, which was prepared for Madame de Maintenon's use by the priestly directors of her conscience. Not even the secrets of the confessional are exempt from literary intrusion; and we are thus admitted into the most confidential religious counsels of this remarkable woman, who has been lauded as a mother of the Church. It is with some real interest, however, that we examine the bearings of this new publication on the two most disputed points in Madame de Maintenon's history; that is to say, the part which she took in revoking the edict of Nantes; and the delicate question, whether her behaviour as a woman was irreproachable, from the time of the death of her first husband, the poet Scarron, to that of her marriage with Louis XIV. As to the second point, M. Bonhomme, relying on the new evidence which he has procured, is unable to pronounce in her favour; but he shows an equal amount of incredulity on the other question referred to, and he finishes with a remark, the grossness of which forbids its translation here, on the difficulty of painting any portrait of her character as a whole. If, as we have observed, French writers are too often guilty of extreme indiscretion in their treatment of personal topics, they are especially apt to fall into this fault when discussing the lives of women. The last book of this sort which we need mention here is, "Woman in the Eighteenth Century,"† by Messrs. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. It may perhaps be remembered that, in a late number of this review, we noticed a book on the most distinguished women in the French society of the seventeenth century. The present volume is a continuation of that one; and with its half-serious, half-playful tone, it has some merits that deserve to be commended. We are introduced by its authors to the domestic life and social intercourse of some of the most celebrated women of that age; and we perceive that—unlike the age preceding, when the women seemed to have no other occupation than the pursuit of pleasure and ascetic devotion—it seems already to feel the breath of the approaching Revolution; and female life, partaking of this new moral influence, assumes a less childish aspect.

A further contribution to the history of the nineteenth century is promised us by M. Guizot, who has another volume of "Memoirs" nearly ready for the press. M. de Broglie's writings, too, are being published in a collected form, and will of course be welcomed eagerly by the section of the political world in which that gentleman has played so conspicuous a part. We may conclude with a volume, to which the events now taking place on the other side of the Atlantic, and the distress prevalent alike in Lancashire and Normandy, have attracted more attention than its subject would naturally command. M. Louis Reybaud has published a dissertation upon "Cotton: its History, its Management, and its Influence in Europe." M. Reybaud is a political economist of some repute, and the author of a valuable treatise upon the history of the silk manufacture. His present work will not disappoint his admirers, nor can any addition to our knowledge of the cotton trade be considered inopportune. The experience of the last twelve months has convinced us scarcely less of the importance of this failure to the world, than of the gross ignorance which prevailed with reference to its culture, and to the effects which any interruption of the trade was likely to entail upon European society. The Southern States, no doubt, in the first instance, resolved upon hostilities, in the arrogant belief that "Le coton est roi," and that the monopolists of so essential a production might dictate their own terms to mankind. That illusion is dispelled, and the cotton trade, as it existed before the war, will probably never be replaced. England is busy with the discovery that very tolerable substitutes for the lacking fabric may be found in any quantity in more than one of her dependencies; and the question which speculators have to decide is as to the direction in which the trade, called into existence by the present crisis, may most safely be stimulated. M. Reybaud is sensible and well informed, and his book will, no doubt, be read with interest on both sides of the Channel.

In the department of novels and dramatic literature, the month of January has not yielded much. M. Octave Feuillet's tale of "Sibylle," which has already appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has come out in a permanent form. Its heroine is a young girl, who, being a fervent Catholic with romantic notions of religious duty, refuses to marry a young man whom she loves, until he shall have been converted from his scepticism; and the conflict in her mind, between her human affection for him, and her passionate devotion to the faith, constitutes the chief interest of the story, which, in spite of some affectations and a false tone of sentiment, is worked out in a fascinating style. The greatest success in the theatres, not only at Paris, but at every large town in France, is still *Le Fils de Giboyer*, by which, however, M. Emile Angier has incurred a great deal of censure. In the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the lucky dramatist is appealed to by M. Prevost Paradol to desist from this unfair attack, by means of the stage, upon his political opponents who are hindered, as he must know, from meeting him in equal lists. He is exhorted therefore to consult his own dignity, and that of literature, by returning to the portraiture of ordinary social life and manners. Everyone joins in saying, "Let us have no more political comedies;" the advent of a new Aristophanes is by no means desired. There is nothing political, however, in a pretty piece in verse, by M. Edouard Fournier, which is being played at the second Théâtre Français, by the name of "Molière's Daughter." Its plot is not, indeed, very original; but anything which relates to Molière is interesting in France; and though the great poet himself does not come upon the stage, there are pleasant recollections of him in the conversation of an old servant who loves to talk of her deceased master, as well as in his daughter, who, inheriting some portion of his talent, makes use of it to save a young lady, her friend, from the consequences of a juvenile imprudence. There is a charming mixture of gaiety and sensibility in this little drama.

SHORT NOTICES.

Miss Craik has some originality of conception; for she sets out in her little story* with a difference of opinion between the young lady and her aunt, which is the very reverse of that commonly ascribed by our domestic novelists to a heroine and her elderly female guardian, in their respective views of love and marriage. Winifred, the banker's daughter, is quite willing to please her papa, by accepting the baronet with whom she "is not in love," whilst her aunt Catharine, unlike the coldly prudent adviser of Cousin Amy in "Locksley Hall," tries in vain to dissuade her from a match, commendable in a worldly point of view, but lacking the assurance of eternal affection. Yet Sir Charles is a respectable young gentleman, with no positive vices, and with the positive virtue of an enormous rent-roll; and though she finds him dull, Miss Hastings has made up her mind that she will try to love him, and so be as happy as she can. Her aunt Catherine, Mrs. Murray, being at length bullied into silence by the obstinate father, the heroine seems doomed to an unsentimental union; but she is rescued by her father's bankruptcy, which breaks off the engagement. Her second suitor is a jovial, manly, frank, young iron-founder, Robert Bertram, who eats raw carrots in the kitchen-garden, gives her an apple out of his pocket, and is not ashamed to show her his ungloved hands, soiled with honest toil. These are matters of taste, and whether, after mature reflection, she will like better to be Mrs. Bertram, or to be Lady Sinclair, ordinary morality has little to say to it. It is not poor Sir Charles's fault that he is rich and dull; but when, by her father's ruin and his death, Winifred is left in danger of being poor, and dull, and lonely, Mr. Bertram, whom she has before despised, is an excellent good fellow, to pick her up, and mend the faults of the pretty spoiled child. It all comes round at last, through certain family arrangements, whereby Miss Hastings becomes the legal ward of Mr. Bertram, and governess to a little cousin of his; so that he may use his just authority to rebuke her vanity and conceit, and to superintend her mental culture, until, after two or three years' anticipation of marital discipline, he thinks her fit for his wife. "Winifred's Wooing" is neither so foolishly designed, nor so feebly told, as many others of the same kind that come under our notice.

"England and its People"† ought to have been noticed by us some time ago, for an allusion in the preface to Prince Albert's recent death reminds us that it is one of the publications of last season. It belongs to a class of little books, which, presenting much really important knowledge in a form attractive to children, deserve to be favourably looked upon, when clear of any fundamental error. Miss Taylor's general views of English history appear sound and sufficiently distinct; she relates the faults and the fates of Mary Stuart and Charles Stuart without that undue spirit of partizanship which some other lady writers have betrayed; she draws a wholesome moral lesson, wherever she can, from the personal misconduct or misfortunes of our ancient princes and their peers; she praises all the good, from King Alfred to Queen Vic-

* Madame de Maintenon et sa Famille. 1 vol., 12mo. Didier & Co.
† La Femme au XVIIIme Siècle. One Vol. 8vo. Michel Lévy.

* Winifred's Wooing. A Novelette. By Georgiana M. Craik. One volume. Smith, Elder, & Co.
† England and its People: a Familiar History of the Country, and the Manners of its Inhabitants. By Emily Taylor. Sixth edition. Houlston & Wright.

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toria; and, on the whole, she has compiled a very proper summary of this subject for the use of readers under twelve years of age.

Mr. Stevenson's volume,* one of that beautifully printed series of new books of religious edification, which we owe to the enterprising publishers of *Good Words*, is not a collection of sermons, as might be expected from its title, but contains biographical sketches of five admirable men, all Germans, the founders, within this century, of some of the most successful institutions of Christian philanthropy. These are Johann Falk, a self-taught man of letters, who attached himself to Goethe for a time, but quitted the brilliant circle at Weimar, to promote evangelical home-mission schools; Dr. Immanuel Wichern, of Hamburg, who established that juvenile reformatory, which, by the name of "The Rough House," is the most celebrated model for all our institutions of its kind; Theodore Fliedner, the village pastor of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, whose training college for nurses, both sick-nurses and babe-nurses, and for Protestant sisters of charity called "deaconesses," is also widely known; Gossner, who, from a Roman Catholic priest in Bavaria, became the author of German Protestant missions to the heathen; and Louis Harms, the minister of a rustic church on the Lunebürger Heath in Hanover, who has sent out, chiefly from his own parish, a Christian colony now settled and thriving in the most savage districts of Southern Africa. The lives of these devout and diligent men are full of personal interest, and Mr. Stevenson, who is a vigorous and graceful writer, has managed the narrative well. He shows, too, a fair acquaintance with the social and intellectual history of Germany for a hundred years past, and there is not the slightest taint of bigotry in his allusions to the scarcely Christian literary influences of the last age.

Miss Barlee, whose labours of charity are well known to the poor of London and to those who care about them, lays before us another little book,† beside those she has already published, one of which dealt more particularly with the existing distress in Lancashire, and the other showed the benefits of establishing "Refuges" for destitute persons in this huge city, as well as providing an industrial maintenance for a miserable class of women. The title of this volume, "Friendless and Helpless," at once appeals to our compassionate sympathies, and might even disarm the criticism which its contents will bear. We can, indeed, take no serious exception to them, so far as Miss Barlee has been content with her own plain and truthful statements of what she has herself observed; and if, in one or two instances, we detect a tone of rather questionable declamation, this is usually in a passage borrowed from some less careful writer. It is unhappily a fact, that, amidst our London population of three millions, including so many hundreds of strangers daily arriving without an employer or a friend, a few cases of extreme wretchedness, sometimes resulting in death from exposure and starvation, do occasionally happen. But we are not hastily to be convinced that the blame of these accidental failures in the administration of public charity is to be ascribed to the "guardians and Poor Law authorities," or to the general system of our Poor Law. The evils of distributing out-door relief, as a regular practice, have been found, in their permanent effect upon social morality, greatly to outweigh the temporary benefit which might in individual cases have been got from it. This is a question which higher authorities than Miss Barlee have already decided. We entirely agree with her, however, in commending the establishment of refuges or reception-houses, where poor travellers, or "tramps," as they are called, who may reach town at any hour of the night, could be sure of a bare shelter, and a bit of necessary food. The casual wards of the London workhouses are quite inadequate for their accommodation. Everybody who walks at night has seen, at the workhouse doors, a shuddering group of these poor creatures, shut out by the lateness of their arrival, or by the want of room within; and we deeply regret to learn that the Dudley-street Refuge, in Edgeware-road, is so much distressed by the want of funds that the "Girls' Home," a branch of it, has lately been closed. The best part of Miss Barlee's book consists of her account of these institutions, and the personal narratives of some of the women whom she has met there; "short and simple annals of the poor." Without here entering into the questions of female education, workhouse school discipline, and the organization of needlework, to which her later chapters are devoted, we refer this small volume to the mature consideration of those practically experienced in the difficult business of systematic beneficence.

The transition from charitable institutions to postage-stamps‡ seems violent. Yet we remember that a nomination of candidates for admission into certain metropolitan asylums has more than once been made, by the caprice of subscribers, to depend on the accumulation of a certain number of old stamps, as a test of the amount of interest which the friends of any orphan or idiot may take on his behalf. The collecting, classifying, or arranging of the great variety of stamps adopted by the postal regulations of so many different countries in the world, has latterly become a fashionable pastime, and may even be pursued as a serious study. Dr. Gray, better known as the learned and skilful curator of the natural history department in the British Museum, undertakes to be the professor of this new and curious science. We observe that the publication of his little volume has been followed up by starting a periodical specially devoted to this subject.

* Praying and Working; or, Some Account of What Men Can Do when in Earnest. By the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson. A. Strahan & Co.

† Friendless and Helpless. By Ellen Barlee. Victoria Press: Emily Faithfull, Publisher.

‡ Hand Catalogue of Postage Stamps. By Dr. J. E. Gray, F.R.S., F.L.S. Hardwicke.

Everyone who is accustomed to take part in any kind of public meetings, or to witness their proceedings, must have frequently observed how great is the waste of time, and still worse, how great the waste of temper, occasioned by not properly understanding the rules of debate, the reception of motions and amendments, and all that formal "order" which it is requisite to observe. Dr. Smith has prepared a very useful little manual* of these matters, which every chairman ought to study before he ventures to preside over a deliberative assembly. It would be convenient if a set of precepts for the conduct of such business were so universally known and approved, that it might be quoted as of some authority in cases of dispute.

MUSIC.

At the last Monday Popular Concert, Madame Arabella Goddard reappeared, after a long interval, playing Mendelssohn's solo sonata in E, and, with Monsieur Sainton, Dussek's sonata for piano and violin. Mendelssohn's sonata might have been appropriately entitled "Sonata quasi Fantasia," since it is far more free in construction than the sonata proper, the form of which, like the quartet and symphony, was fixed by Haydn and Mozart. The sonata of Mendelssohn is an early work, with all the inequalities of young and vehement genius. The first allegro is graceful and flowing, but not marked by any special power. The middle, or slow movement, is a kind of rhapsody, in which he makes much use of the recitative form—or rather want of form—previously used by both Bach and Beethoven in their pianoforte music. There is here a dreamy vagueness, reminding one of Beethoven's later abstruse style, but wanting in that depth and vastness which underlie even the most erratic of his wild imaginings. As the work of a boy composer, however, Mendelssohn's sonata is (like many other of his early works) unexampled in the history of precocious musical genius. The scherzo is a foreshadowing of those fanciful and capricious movements in which he afterwards almost rivalled Beethoven. But it is in the *finale* that Mendelssohn gives the greatest indication of his dawning powers; it is, indeed, a burst of impetuous joyousness which only himself or Weber could have produced. The charming effect of a sustained melody, accompanied by a sprinkling of arpeggio chords (a feature first developed by Weber), is one of which Mendelssohn largely availed himself in his subsequent pianoforte music. Indeed, his use of the arpeggio is a marked characteristic of his style. The vehement animation and excitement which pervade this concluding movement demand a rapid mechanism, with a power of self-control which few players possess so eminently as Madame Arabella Goddard, whose performance was a triumph of manipulative skill, which called forth the loudest demonstrations of applause. Mozart's quintet for clarinet and stringed instruments was a perfect piece of *ensemble*; Mr. Lazarus, who led it, of course coming in for the chief honours, and thoroughly earning them by his most refined and expressive performance, which had an equal share with the beauty of the music itself in procuring an *encore* for the slow movement. A quaint and antiquated sonata of Boccherini, for the violoncello, admirably played by Signor Piatti; and Haydn's quartet, with the variations on "God preserve the Emperor," completed the instrumental selection. The singers were Mdlle. Florence Lancia and Madame Sainton-Dolby, the latter of whom repeated Glinka's characteristic song, "The Orphan," which was so enthusiastically received at the previous concert.

The National Choral Society's announcement of Haydn's "Creation," with Mr. Sims Reeves as the tenor, attracted a large audience to Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening. Haydn, as an oratorio writer, stands in about the same relation to Handel as Goldsmith compared to Milton. The style of Haydn is almost always reflective of the graceful geniality and calm contentment of his happy temperament. The beautiful he frequently attains—the sublime never. Now, although it may be conceded that a work, even of a sacred character, intended for performance in the concert-room, may admit of greater freedom of style and a lighter vein of sentiment than the music of religious worship, still a subject so vast and awful as that of the "Creation" demands, for its adequate expression, a tone of elevated majesty and unfamiliar dignity, which, it must be admitted, Haydn seldom, if ever, reaches. Bach, Handel, or Beethoven, only could have firmly grappled with a theme so lofty —one, indeed, requiring for its illustration a genius analogous to that of Milton or of Michael Angelo. Therefore it is that all who are accustomed to criticise music on high principles of art must ever give the preference to Haydn's "Seasons" over his "Creation," as being, in tone and treatment, more true to the character and nature of its subject. The "Creation," however, viewed simply as music, and without reference to the high standard just adverted to, is a work which will always charm by the combined genius and science which distinguish it throughout. Marvellous, indeed, in its fresh and genial beauty, is this production of a man of sixty-five; only less marvellous than the "Seasons," produced two years later. The performance of the "Creation" on Wednesday was generally creditable to the National Choral Society and Mr. Martin, its conductor.

* A Handy Book on the Law and Practice of Public Meetings. By James Walter Smith, Esq., LL.D., of the Inner Temple. Weldon & Co.

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Some improvement would be gained by increasing the orchestral power, especially the stringed instruments, which are quite inadequate in numbers to the immense body of vocalists. The principal singers were Miss Banks, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lawler. Of course the chief effect was created by Mr. Reeves, who was as successful as usual in the recitative "In splendour bright," and the air "In native worth." Miss Banks sang with much refinement and expression, especially in "With verdure clad;" but her voice is scarcely strong enough for passages requiring brilliancy and declamation, in so large a space as that of Exeter Hall. Mr. Lawler gained much applause by his careful singing of the air, "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," with its preliminary recitative, in which Haydn descends to some attempts at imitative music which are not only beneath the dignity of the subject, but quite beyond the province of the art. The great hall was densely crowded. "Elijah" is announced by the same society for its next performance, in March. If Mr. Martin wishes to gain a special reputation, he would do well to produce something out of the beaten track—such, for instance, as some of Bach's motetts or cantatas, of which there is ample choice. In this way he may enter into a competition with the Sacred Harmonic Society that will do him more honour, and the art more service, than by repeating, exclusively, works so frequently given by that institution.

Towards the end of our last week's notice of the Musical Society of London, the reverse of the intended meaning was expressed by the erroneous insertion of the word "not."

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE series of Friday evening lectures of the Royal Institution for the present season was opened by Professor Tyndall on the 23rd ultimo. The subject—"Radiation through the Atmosphere"—was a further instalment of those important researches on radiant heat which have already made his fame world-wide. It will be remembered that on former occasions during the past year he enunciated the fact that of the radiant heat from the earth seventy-five times as much was arrested or "struck down," as he aptly terms it, by the aqueous vapour suspended in the air, as by the air itself, and that these results were afterwards questioned by Magnus and others on the ground that in his apparatus he had employed rock-salt. It was suggested by those *savants*, that as a solution of salt was even more impervious to radiant heat than aqueous vapour, the moisture of the air admitted into the apparatus, or derived from the atmosphere itself, might cause a film of brine to be deposited on the surface of the rock-salt, and thus cause the phenomena Dr. Tyndall attributed to the aqueous vapour suspended in the air. Another objection was, that the London air with which the experiment was made contained a great deal of carbon, and that the stated results might be due to this source.

In his lecture at the Cambridge meeting of the British Association, and in a recent paper before the Royal Society, as well as in several periodical publications, Dr. Tyndall has more or less refuted these objections; but on the present occasion he exhibited publicly the very means he had adopted to substantiate the veracity of the deductions from his former experiments. No man has naturally a clear idea of a line, but, by a species of mental purification he attains at last to the comprehension of Euclid's definition. In the same way no one has, at first, a clear idea of the atmosphere. By the same kind of mental purification we perceive the oxygen and nitrogen thickly strewn as minute spheres freely swimming as it were in space, and kept asunder by a peculiar repulsive force. But interspersed with these are others of a totally different character—carbonic acid, the molecules of which are a compound group of atoms, ammonia, and aqueous vapour. When we see steam issuing from a kettle or the funnel of a locomotive, we familiarly call it vapour, but it is not truly such; it is water in a fine state of division. Vapour proper is completely invisible, as may be seen experimentally by heating with a spirit lamp a jet of steam issuing from a pipe. When air is expanded it loses heat, and Dr. Tyndall availed himself of this fact to produce a *cloud* from the vapour contained in the air; filling the bell-glass of an air-pump, and which illuminated by the bright beams of the electric light, was not only visible to the whole audience but cast a beautiful coloured halo on the wall.

We have not yet, however, spread out the entire image of our atmosphere. Its atoms are as separate as individual fishes in a shoal, they are linked together and with the molecules commingled with them by a common medium. The space between these invisible atoms is not empty, but filled with a still finer atmosphere, which links them together—which links, indeed, the universe together. The rolling planets round our sun are bathed in this fine sea, and so the stars are united with other stars throughout the wide expanse of space. The atoms of this universal sea, thrown into vibration, propagate waves that awaken the sensation of light; other motions produce heat. So that if we could see these waves we should see the region round us ruled like the engine-turning of a watch-case, with their innumerable crossings and passages. The radiation of heat and the radiation of light are nothing but the pulsations of these waves of motion through this luminiferous ether. These motions, in the case of radiant heat, are "broken down," or stopped by aqueous vapour. In every 200 atoms of oxygen and hydrogen there is but one of aqueous vapour; and between one of these atoms and one of these molecules there is but little difference, the weights of one 16, the the other 18; and yet the latter strikes down 80 times as much as the portion of atmosphere surrounding it; or, in other words, the single atom of aqueous vapour exerts an influence 16,000 times greater than that of the single atom of oxygen or nitrogen. Dr. Tyndall then exhibited, in great detail, the manipulation and arrangement of his apparatus. By a simple experiment he showed why he had used rock-salt. Taking a perforated plate, he placed before it a sheet of ordinary glass; all the radiation of heat from an obscure source was cut off; substituting a mass 4 or 5 inches thick of rock-salt, nearly all the rays of heat passed through, as shown by the deflection of the needle of the galvanometer to 90 degrees, and which to the glass had been perfectly stationary. His next experiments were performed with apparatus so delicate that the heat of his body was sufficient to derange the results, and the apparatus was consequently observed from a distance by a telescope. He next tested the rock-salt used in his experiments, and showed how, by merely breathing on its surface, an iridescent film was produced; but no trace of such could be found on taking the salt from the instrument—its surface was as polished then as when it was first put in. He showed, too, how the convergent radiation from all parts of the interior was brought down on the rock-salt to keep it dry, and how the space around it was moreover specially protected. He then did away with the rock-salt altogether, and by displacing the air on one side of the thermo-electric pile by dry air issuing from a reservoir charged with chloride of calcium, produced all the effects without any apparatus whatever; thus establishing the truth of his former deductions in a manner which it seems impossible to overturn. Any absorption due to carbon from the pressure in the air of London smoke was also shown to be incomparably inferior to the power in that respect of aqueous vapour. The bearings of his researches practically on the science of meteorology was the next theme of his remarks, in elucidation of some points in which he displayed one of those charming experiments so peculiarly his own. Sending a beam of light from his electric lamp through a lump of ice, he showed that, like the beam of sunshine, it had invisible rays of heat commingled with its rays of light; the beam of light had a higher temperature before it entered the ice than it had after it had passed through it, and this lost heat was used up during the passage through the lump in melting the ice into most beautiful star-shaped flowers, which were depicted in numbers, most elegantly grouped, on the screen beyond. This water so melted would give out on freezing again exactly the same amount of heat as it had absorbed in liquifying.

Similar was the action of the sunlight upon the carbonic acid; it leaves the carbon in the leaves of plants and tears away the oxygen, and so much of the sun's power is thus extinguished. Thus the carbon that we burn burns with the heat and light that came from the sun. There is no heat nor light upon the earth that did not come from that source: and the force we see in vitality is precisely the same as we see in inorganic nature. All the energy displayed on our planet is due to the sun,—to that portion of his rays which are arrested between their entrance in and their emergence from our air—a fraction of the 230-millionth part of his power caught in their passage into infinity.

During the past week Cardinal Wiseman has lectured at the Royal Institution "On the Connection between Science and Art," on which topics he entertained a densely crowded audience for nearly two hours. He began by showing how in the first instance science was associated with painting by the determination of the rules of perspective in the fifteenth century; for although before that time great painters might have often intuitively caught the manner of truly representing objects on a flat surface, no regular rules had been eliminated. The science of music was little understood a century ago, and while in 1733 the term "fiddler," was one of the most moderate epithets applied to Handel, we now saw the evidence of the progress made in the national taste when the Oratorios that were ridiculed by Walpole, were now performed by some thousands of instrumentalists at the Crystal Palace, many of whom had been taken from the "cotton mules" of Lancashire, or the factories of the metropolis. Theatrical scenery ancient and modern was also referred to; and comparison made between ancient and modern sculpture. The value of the connection of science with architecture was also forcibly pointed out in the case of the late reparations of the dome of St. Peter's. Throughout his lecture the Cardinal dwelt on the slow steps by which advance was made in science. Sixteen years ago Fraunhöfer detected the fine lines in the solar spectum, and now we see to what extent science has used that simple fact, and to what end she is likely to carry it. Science was food of the highest material for man's mind, and possessed a poetry of the most sublime significance.

The first meeting of the Anthropological Society will take place at the Society's rooms, 4, St. Martin's-place, on the 24th of this month, when the President, Dr. James Hunt, will read an inaugural address "On the Study of Anthropology," the science of mankind. It is but a few weeks since, in a short paragraph, we announced the foundation of this new institution by a few gentlemen, some of familiar repute as ethnologists, and already we find that its fellows amount to upwards of one hundred, and that the list is daily and rapidly increasing. But what is of equal importance is, that active proceedings of the society are to commence forthwith. Its meetings will be, no doubt, important battle-fields for contesting opinions; but its chief feature is expected to be in its publications. Abstracts, and notices of the papers read, and the discussions which take place at its meetings, will be regularly given in a new "Quarterly Journal of Anthropology," while the society will publish yearly a volume of translations of important foreign treatises, and a volume of its own transactions, containing original and important papers, which, from the character of the men who are likely to take a prominent part of its doings, may be expected to be of more than ordinary merit. We believe that the work of Dr. Theodor Waitz, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker," has been selected by the publishing committee, and that the manuscript translation is already in a sufficiently advanced state to commence printing; so there is little doubt but the society will issue its publications long before the close of the present year.

Strong brown paper is now being manufactured in America, from the wild flags growing in profusion in the low grounds of the Northern States.

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LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY.

GEOGRAPHICAL—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. 1. "Inundations of the Nile." By Lieut. Oliver, R.A. 2. Report by Dr. Baikie, "On the Countries in the Neighbourhood of the Niger." 3. "Notes on Madagascar." By Lieut. Oliver, R.A.

ARCHITECTS—9, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, at 8 P.M. Discussion, "Ventilation of Buildings." To be opened by Mr. Marable.

MEDICAL—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ P.M. Lettsomian Lecture, "On the Differences between the Physiological and Pathological Processes in Children and Adults, and on some Congenital Deformities, as Hare-lip and Malformations of the Rectum." By Mr. Thomas Bryant.

TUESDAY, 10TH FEBRUARY.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 P.M. 1. Continued discussion, "On Sleeper Woods, Madras Railway." 2. "Description of the Drainage of Dundee." By Mr. John Fulton. 3. "Description of Drainage Works of Newport, Monmouthshire." By Mr. A. Williams, C.E.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "On Animal Mechanics." By Professor Marshall.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street, at 8½ P.M.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN—29, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, at 7½ P.M.

ZOOLOGICAL—11, Hanover-square, at 9 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—32, Sackville-street, at 8½ P.M. "On a Roman Villa at Combe Down, Bath." By Rev. Prebendary Scarth.

GRAPHIC—Flaxman Hall, University College, at 8 P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. Soirée.

ROYAL LITERATURE—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8½ P.M. A Report addressed to the Council, "On Mr. Mayer's Papyri, and their Interpretation by M. Simonides," will be read by the Hon. Sec., Mr. Vaux.

MICROSCOPICAL—King's College, at 8 P.M. Anniversary.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M.

METEOROLOGICAL—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 7 P.M.

THURSDAY, 12TH FEBRUARY.

ROYAL SOCIETY—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. 1. "On Thallium." By William Crookes, Esq. 2. "On the Telescopic Appearance of the Planet Mars." By Professor J. Phillips.

ANTIQUARIES—Somerset House, at 8½ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "On Chemical Affinity." By Dr. E. Frankland.

FRIDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 8 P.M. "On Artificial Illumination." By Dr. E. Frankland.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. "Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor Field.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY—Somerset House, at 3 P.M. Anniversary.

SATURDAY, 14TH FEBRUARY.

BOTANIC—Inner Circle, Regent's-park, at 3¾ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "On Life and Death." By Mr. W. S. Savory.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Amy's New Home; and other Stories for Girls. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

Andrews' (Dr. E. A.) Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon. New edition. Royal 8vo., 18s.

Bacon's Guide to American Politics. Fcap., cloth, 2s.

Baker's (T.) The Laws relating to Burials, &c. Third edition. 12mo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Balfour's (Mrs. Ch.) Retribution. 18mo., sewed, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, 2s.

Bingham's (R., M.A.) The Prayer Book as it might be. Crown 8vo., sewed, 3s.

Bost's (A.) History of the Moravians. Translated from the French, and abridged. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Carter's (Rev. T. T.) The Imitation of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Lent Lectures. Third Edition. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Chambers's (Robert) Book of Days: A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities. Two vols. Vol. I., royal 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

——— Narrative Series of Standard Reading Books. Book I. Fcap., cloth limp, 6d.

Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel. Two vols. Crown 8vo., 24s.

Clarke's (Rev. J. Erskine) Common Life Sermons. Fourth thousand. Fcap., cloth, 2s.

Collins's (C. Alston) A Cruise upon Wheels. New Edition. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Cook's Universal Letter Writer. New edition. 32mo., cloth, 1s.

Crory's (W. G.) Industry in Ireland: a Treatise on the Agricultural Powers of the Country. 8vo., sewed, 3s.

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Demosthenes Midias. Buttmann's Text, with English Notes. By Arthur Holmes, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Dick's (A. H.) Compendium of Mathematical Geography for the Use of Students. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Family Atlas, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Eighty Coloured Maps and Index. New edition. Folio, half-morocco, £3. 3s.

Fisch's (Rev. G.) Nine Months in the United States during the Crisis. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Folkard's (H. C.) The Sailing Boat: a Treatise on English and Foreign Boats. Third edition. Plates. Crown 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d.

Gaussen's (Dr. L.) The Canon of the Holy Scriptures. Second edition. 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

Gilmour and Dean's National Atlas of Modern Geography. Folio, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Girl's Own Book (The). By Mrs. Child. New edition. Crown 16mo., cloth gilt, 4s. 6d.

Gow's (Daniel) Lecture on the Civil War in America. Fcap., sewed, 2d.

Handbook of the Court, the Peerage, and the House of Commons, 1863. Royal 16mo., cloth, 5s.

Harry the Whaler. By the Author of "Harry the Sailor Boy." 18mo. cloth, 1s.

Hoare's (Mrs. E.) The Christian Mother; or, Notes for Mothers' Meetings. 18mo., cloth limp, 1s.

Hodgson's (F. C.) British Influence in India. An Essay. Crown 8vo., boards, 2s.

Home Exercises in Composition and Grammar for Beginners. Crown 8vo., sewed, 3d.

Holy Year (The); or, Hymns for Sundays and Holydays. 3rd edition. 16mo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Irish Convict Reform: the Intermediate Prison a Mistake. By an Irish Prison Chaplain. 8vo., sewed, 1s.

Jones's (T.) Every Man his own Landlord. 4th edition. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Kemp's (Mrs.) Conversations on England as it Was and Is. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Kennedy's (Dr. B. H.) Hymnologia Christiana. Psalms and Hymns arranged in the order of the Christian Seasons. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

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Laurie's (J. S.) Third Standard Reader; or, Stories of Animals. Fcap., cloth, 9d.

——— Fourth ditto. Fables and Parables. Fcap., cloth, 1s.

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——— Ditto, revised by W. Park. New edition. 18mo., 4s. 6d. cloth; 5s. roan.

Low's Shilling Guide to the Charities of London. Fcap., cloth, 1s.

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Royle's (A. T.) "Best Peace." With Introduction by Rev. E. Parry. Royal 32mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

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Savonarola (Girolamo) History of, and of his Times. By Pasquale Villari. Translated by Leonard Horner. Two vols. Crown 8vo., cloth, 18s.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 137.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863. [Price 4d. Unstamped.

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THE COUNTRY'S MINISTERIAL NEEDS.

THE political requirements of the country change faster than its political ideas. The tactics and traditions of party long survive the circumstances which gave them their origin and meaning. Parliamentary combatants range themselves, session after session, in the same battle array as they used to do in their youth, use pretty much the same watchwords, and fight as far as they can under the same banners and in the name of the same principles, though the contest has long been over and the victory has long ago been won; though the watchwords have degenerated into dreary commonplaces, and the principles have been irrevocably settled. This necessarily introduces a certain mischievous element of insincerity into all the struggles and strategy of St. Stephen's, gives to party a nasty taste of faction, and too often replaces combats by intrigues.

But this is not all. The country at large has as little realized the change which has come over the spirit of its dream, as the Senators whom it sends up to represent it. Men still seem to fancy that there are grand political doctrines to be contended for, grand patriotic objects, as to which statesmen are divided, grand legislative achievements still needed, which have to be fought for as well as to be wrought out. Consequently, in their elections they strive to choose candidates who think as they do,—or rather who belong to the set or party that used to think as they do,—forgetting that now nearly all those who think at all, think very much alike. Conservatives choose a Tory—or one who has the reputation of deserving that time-honoured but somewhat vague appellation—in assumed or real ignorance of the fact that now-a-days the Whigs are just as conservative as the Tories, and that free trade, a free press, retrenchment and reform, are as much a part of the Tory creed, or the Tory profession, as of that of their antagonists. But there is more even than this to be admitted and recorded, before we can be conscious of our actual position and our true requirements. On nearly all questions of home or foreign policy,—on all questions that are not merely matter of administration, of means, and of moments,—the mass of the people not only think very unanimously, but they think pretty clearly and decidedly; and such is their despotic authority when they do so, that whatever Ministry is in power must, even in its own despite, give effect to and virtually adopt the policy of the country. The practical points for electors to determine, therefore, are really narrowed to these two—whether they will have their purposes carried out by men who share them, or by men who only accept them—by conscientious servants, or by zealous associates; and whether they will confide them to skilful men, either party friends or party foes, or to party friends, either skilful or the contrary. Statesmen and Ministers, whether Conservative or Liberal, have to consider not so much what policy they will carry out, as by what means, at what rate, and in what spirit, cordial or lukewarm, they will carry it out. Thus, whatever Government was in power would equally find itself compelled, and would probably be nearly equally disposed, to maintain the defensive strength of the country, and perhaps to complete its system of fortifications, though Lord Palmerston would do so *con amore*, and his successor with less zeal and fervour. Every Chancellor of the Exchequer would be under an equal pressure to unfetter trade and reduce taxation, though Mr. Gladstone might do it restlessly and boldly, Mr. Disraeli ingeniously, dodgily, and "*catchpennily*," and Sir Cornewall Lewis cautiously and quietly. Any Foreign Secretary, whatever his private predilections, would be equally under the necessity of upholding the Italian cause with energy and spirit; but Lord Derby and Lord Malmesbury would do it in one fashion, and Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell in another.

There is, however, an exception to be noted to the general unanimity of the country. There are three small sections of politicians who have their own special notions and do not share the common sentiment of the British people. There is the Irish Brigade, who, caring little about general principles of any sort, are bent upon Galway jobs because they are Irishmen, and are hostile to Italian unity because they are Papists. There are the thoughtful, generous, and cultivated Radicals, represented by Mr. Forster and Mr. Stansfield, who are inclined to economy and to democracy; but who would not purchase the first by any derogation from the national honour or the European influence of England, nor assist the second to place the intellect under the feet of the ignorance of the people. Lastly, there are Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, personally powerful, without influence at present on public affairs, because they have chosen to sever themselves from all sympathy with the sound heart of the nation, but who may at any moment become once more controllers of the destinies of their country, whenever they accidentally fall into harmony with the popular feeling of the hour, or whenever their fits and the people's fits of parsimony may chance to synchronise. The numerical strength of these three sections would not be in itself formidable even when united, and union between them would appear to be a thing almost impossible; but in the present nearly balanced numbers of the two great parties, who alone are the real competitors for office, the support of any one of these sections might, on a critical night, decide the victory, and the temptations to purchase that support by unworthy and dangerous compliances may, therefore, be overpowering.

Now, such being the state of affairs, what sort of Ministers

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does the nation want, and what qualities would it be wise to look for in those to whom it entrusts the management of its concerns—the right to do its work, to wield its strength, to speak in its name? Clearly, it wants hearty, capable, and honest men—whatever their shade of opinion, whatever the *nuance* of their party connections. To meet this threefold need there can be no doubt that, as a whole, the present Government is far better adapted than any that can succeed it; and therefore, notwithstanding local losses and casual indignation, we think Lord Palmerston will remain in power, and we are certain that he ought. He is undeniably hearty in that cause in which at this moment England is more interested than any other—the cause of Italy; and his Foreign Secretary is yet more earnest and single-minded than himself. If Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Disraeli came into power to-morrow, they would abide by old engagements, they would proclaim the old policy, they would write despatches speaking apparently the same language as their predecessors; but the spirit would be different; the *tone*, therefore, could scarcely be identical; and, at all events, we know well that the mere advent to power of statesmen who, though they expressed the national wishes, did not share the national sentiment, would give secret strength and courage to the enemies of Italy, would encourage the reactionary appetencies of Austria, might retard for long the evacuation of Rome, and by deluding one set of men and disheartening others, might even lead to the renewal of hostilities, which a little longer continuance of a firm and cordial friendship in the high places of England would soon have made impossible or hopeless.

As to ability, there can be no comparison instituted between the actual holders of office and the expectants. Experience, as well as talent, is all on the side of the *Ins*. We are no thorough-going supporters of the Government *en masse*, as our readers well know. Against the Home Office and the India House we have often been forced to bear testimony—to cry aloud and spare not. With the exceptions of Lord Derby and his son, there is no commanding ability of any sort in the Conservative ranks; and, eloquent and sensible and wonderfully clever as he is, administrative skill is not Lord Derby's *forte*. There is no one among the Opposition statesmen who, for sound, cool, critical judgment, capacity for work, unimpressible and imperturbable sobriety of mind, can be named along with Sir G. C. Lewis; nor can any one look without dismay on the possible substitution of Mr. Disraeli for Mr. Gladstone at the head of the finances of the country. The one keeps the commercial world sometimes in a mischievous and irritating fever of expectation and suspense; but the appointment of the other would be the signal for indefinite and dangerous alarm. Mr. Gladstone has too active and restless a mind to be a perfect Chancellor of the Exchequer; but his integrity and genius are above all question; and no one feels any confidence either that Mr. Disraeli would see what was wise, or that some political stratagem or fancied party gain would not divert him from doing it when seen. And no one who considers how many hundred actions and decisions a Minister must inaugurate in the privacy of his office, for one which comes before the public or is made the subject of parliamentary discussion, will be disinclined to place administrative capacity and judgment in the very foremost rank of Ministerial qualifications.

As to honesty,—of course all British statesmen are honest in one sense. But the honesty which we refer to now as of special obligation and importance, is that political integrity of purpose and of resolution which withholds a Minister from purchasing the aid or alliance of "free lances" or floating sections of the Parliamentary world, on occasions of critical conflict, by concessions which he knows to be dangerous, or measures which his conscience disapproves. The necessity of compromise in a Government by party, such as ours, and, indeed, in all free states, we fully admit; but there are compromises of which the benefit is momentary and the evil enduring and irrecoverable. And when parties are evenly balanced, the least want of political honesty in either may virtually hand over the direction of the policy of the country, and sometimes even the decision of its destiny, to a small knot of men who love their country far less than their crotchets, and whose sight is even feebler than their love. We have already incurred this danger and this suffering more than once. Now, few can contemplate the relative position of the Government and the Conservative party without seeing which party will lie under the greatest temptation to yield to the unworthy barter we are describing. And no man who remembers the character of the leaders of that party and their antecedent acts, will doubt on which side of the House that sort of temptation will be most readily succumbed to.

THE PRUSSIAN DEAD-LOCK.

"NON POSSUMUS" is clearly the order of the day on the Continent. The note of defiance which has been bandied to and fro between Rome and Turin, to the discomfiture of the French Emperor and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, is now caught up and re-echoed at Berlin. "Non possumus!" shouts the King of Prussia, clutching probably at a hazy notion that, by virtue of Divine right, he shares the infallibility of the Vicar of Christ; and a very resolute "non possumus" comes back to him from the Lower Chamber of his Parliament. There is now, therefore, an absolute dead-lock in the Government of Prussia; and before it can resume its normal and constitutional action, either the King and his Ministry, or the House of Deputies, must abandon their present attitude. But neither side as yet seems disposed to abate one jot or tittle of its claims and pretensions. "It will be the aim of the Government," says the King's latest utterance, "firmly to maintain the position which it has taken up, at the same time remaining open to any approaches which may be made by the Chamber of Deputies, with the view of increasing the greatness of Prussia through her military power." Equally firm and explicit are the declarations of the Deputies. "One or the other side must give way," exclaimed Herr Twesten, amid tremendous applause, "and the Chamber will not yield—no, not though the Constitution itself should fall." The slow, tranquil spirit of the Prussians has at last been thoroughly roused by the stupid obstinacy of the King and the outrageous insolence of his first Minister. Every move in the game now must be momentous in its consequences to the future of Prussia. Things have now gone too far for the Deputies to recede without bringing upon themselves the scorn of foreign nations, and the loss of all true liberty at home. Smooth and easy is the downward path that leads to despotism; and the Prussians know what measure of forbearance M. Bismarck will mete out to them, if they let him remain master of the field.

The struggle between the Crown and the Chamber of Deputies is now just a year old. In the early part of last year, it will be remembered, the Prussian Deputies, having taken a hint from M. Fould's famous report to the Emperor, required a more detailed specification of the charges for which provision was made in the budget; but the Government resisted, and prevailed upon the King to dissolve Parliament. The country returned a House of Representatives more hostile to the Government than the preceding one had been; and in the autumn of last year the Ministerial budget for 1862 was thrown out in the Lower House, as making provision for a large increase of military expenditure which had been incurred without the sanction of the people's representatives. A budget, smaller than the one brought forward by the Government, was accordingly voted, whereupon some of the Ministry resigned, and M. Bismarck became Premier. The budget voted by the Lower House then went to the Upper House, who threw it out on the ground that it was insufficient, and voted the budget originally proposed by the Government. Thereupon the Lower House passed a unanimous resolution declaring that the Upper House had violated the constitution, inasmuch as, not confining itself to adopting or rejecting the budget voted by the Chamber of Deputies after the rejection of the Minister's budget, "it adopted the budget project of the Government, which did not come under its powers at all; that consequently that resolution was null and without value, and the Royal Government could not derive any right therefrom." For this declaration the session was forthwith closed, and the Deputies were dismissed to their homes; but in the course of the session the budget for 1863 had also been brought forward and then withdrawn, when the Government saw that there was no hope of its passing. During the recess, fresh fuel was daily added to the flame. It was the plain interest of the Government to suffer angry passions to cool, but this did not suit the bitter and haughty nature of M. Bismarck. The people were assiduously goaded into a fury by the constant seizures and persecutions of the Liberal press, the King's ludicrous harangues to absolutist deputations, and the lan-

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guage of insolent defiance hurled at the people by the organs of the Court party. When Parliament, therefore, met again last month, the Deputies were in a very savage mood; but they have fought their battle in the present session with admirable temper, firmness, and discretion.

The address of the Deputies, which the King has been childish enough to have sent to him through the post, combines perfect respect for the King himself with the most sweeping denunciation of his Ministers. The previous session, it says, has closed without the budgets for 1862 and 1863 being passed within the period prescribed by the Constitution; and "since then the Ministers appointed by your Majesty have, in opposition to the Constitution, carried on the administration without a legal budget, and also, disregarding an express declaration of the Chamber, have incurred expenditure which that Chamber had definitely and explicitly refused." To this the King replies that there has been no violation of the Constitution, inasmuch as an occasion has arisen for which the Constitution makes no provision. The Constitution requires, it is true, the assent of the King and *both* Chambers to all loans and budgets; but the Chamber of Deputies has obstinately withheld its assent from the Government budget, and therefore, according to the royal logic, the Government has been compelled to carry on the administration without a legal budget, and it means, of course, "to wield public affairs outside the conditions prescribed by the Constitution," until such time as the representatives of the Prussian people have descended to the degrading level of French Deputies, and have learnt to vote all that is required of them with obsequious alacrity.

Such men, however, as the King of Prussia and M. Bismarck are, after all, not very formidable opponents, for they are quite incapable of masking their designs. Though M. Bismarck is a devout admirer of Louis Napoleon, he has not yet learnt the mere rudiments of the Napoleonic system. The art of saying one thing and meaning another, of disguising despotism under the garb of liberty, and of "strangling a nation in the night-time with a thing called a plébiscite," he does not seem so much as to have heard of. He blurts the whole truth out at once. His theory of the "hiatus" in the Constitution, and the consequent necessity for carrying on the administration without a legal budget, strikes an open blow at the very root of constitutional government—namely, the right of the people's representatives to control the public expenditure. According to this theory, the Ministers can at any time make themselves absolute masters of the public purse by bringing forward an extravagant budget, certain of rejection in the Chamber of Deputies. The broad, simple issue, therefore, of the present struggle amounts to this,—shall constitutional government, as it is understood in England, or virtual absolutism, be established in Prussia? M. Bismarck takes no pains to conceal his contempt for our Constitution. "The English Ministry," he says, "call it what you will, is only the Ministry of Parliament, but we are the Ministers of the King. The House of Hohenzollern is not yet ripe to become a mere ornament of your constitutional edifice, or a mere part of a machine in the mechanism of the parliamentary regimen." But constitutional government in its fullness we will have, reply the Deputies. Where the Ministers and Parliament cannot agree, the constitutional remedy is a dissolution, and the appeal to the country must be final; in other words, the days of right divine have passed away for ever, and the will of the people reigns supreme in its stead. Such, then, are the objects of the present conflict between the Prussian King and his Parliament. The whole gains of previous political developments, as the Deputies remarked in their address, are now called in question. If they are worsted now, they will very soon have despotism back again at their doors; but they are evidently alive to the gravity of the crisis, and give no sign of flinching. Their eyes are steadily fixed on one mark; and there is no mistaking what they mean, when they tell the King that stirring foreign complications is not the way to heal internal discord, and that not until constitutional government has been re-established at home, will Prussia exercise her legitimate influence abroad.

With the King beyond all others lies the responsibility for the present state of affairs. His darling project, the re-organization of the army, was at first supported by the Chamber of Deputies; and if they support it no longer, the King has only to thank his own obstinacy in forcing unpopular Ministries upon them. He refuses to bow his stiff neck to the constitutional principle of choosing Ministers whose opinions are in harmony with the national will. So recently as last autumn Baron Vincke and Herr Twesten, eminent leaders of the Liberal party, gave their support to the Government budget, but now they have been driven into the most determined opposition. All differences in the Liberal party have been effectually healed by M. Bismarck, and it meets him with a compact front. Had the King last year accepted a Liberal Ministry with a good grace, all would have been well now, and he would probably have been allowed to carry out his military reforms without hindrance; but he took M. Bismarck for his chief counsellor, and such an appointment at such a time was an insult and a challenge to the people, which they have not been slow to take up. He listens only to the voice of a clique of the most narrow-minded, bigoted, and insolent aristocracy that cumbers the face of the earth,—men who tell him that his relation to the Constitution is that of Christ to his Apostles, and that his contest with the Chamber of Deputies is the fight of Christ and Antichrist; and thus he has driven his subjects fairly to bay. He has placed himself in a position where Liberal Europe is eagerly looking for his signal defeat and humiliation.

LORD LLANOVER AGAIN.

WE had hoped that we had heard the last of Lord Llanover, and of the discreditable squabbles in which his lordship is eternally engaged with his unlucky subjects in Monmouthshire. We had hoped that the conversation which took place in the House of Commons, in June, 1862, respecting the Herberts of Clytha and their change of name, would have convinced his lordship that the law, as it stands, is dead against his view of the case in question; that, at present, every Englishman has a right to assume and bear any name he pleases, with or without Royal Licence; and that a Royal Licence is but the recognition, in the highest quarter, of an act already accomplished. We do not dispute that this law may be defective and objectionable; that it may be fairly considered desirable that some check and order should be imposed by the Legislature on the indiscriminate and wanton assumption by *roturiers* of noble names; and that Lord Llanover may with justice plead that,—as he has made the name of Hall illustrious by his Radical struggles in Marylebone, and by the various pitched battles, which he has fought with a variety of Welsh insurgents, since he has been raised to the dignity of Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire,—he has acquired a vested and exclusive interest in that name, and is entitled to claim that no inglorious Smith or Brown shall intrude upon it. But then it rests with his lordship to propose and carry through Parliament a new law to this effect; for at present, as we have already said, no such law exists; and Englishmen can only be expected to observe the laws of their country as they are, and not as Lord Llanover is of opinion that they ought to be.

The question between his lordship and the Herberts of Clytha, is a very narrow one. Lord Llanover's own son-in-law, Mr. Herbert (late Jones), of Llanarth, is first-cousin to Mr. Herbert, of Clytha, and himself assumed the surname of Herbert, in 1848, by Royal Licence. The claims of the two families of Llanarth and Clytha to that name, whether valid or invalid, are precisely alike. The only grievance under which Lord Llanover, therefore, suffers is, that in the Clytha case the name of Herbert has been assumed *without* a Royal Licence. This fact appears to be intolerable to his lordship. He considers it as "disrespectful to the Queen;" as "casting scorn upon the sovereign's approval" of the change of name in question; as "unworthy a member of the untitled aristocracy;" as indicative of "ultra-Liberal and democratic tendencies;" as a proof of "pride and vanity, which always tend to rankness."

Recollections of the great days of the Marylebone Vestry may possibly raise a smile on the lips of those who have not forgotten the style of ladder by which a certain Benjamin Hall raised himself to the peerage, and which that worthy has since kicked down. But that *honores mutant mores* is a trite adage, and we will not pain the aristocratic Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire by dilating upon it at present. In order to punish the delinquents of Clytha for their "ultra-Liberal and Democratic" proceedings, Lord Llanover is now straining his official powers of Lord-Lieutenant to the utmost. He has excluded them from the Magisterial bench and the Militia; he has gibbetted them

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and the ladies of their family in the local press; he has actually condescended to act as *amateur* policeman to the Lord Chamberlain, and has warned that official against his own near connections as impostors likely to intrude improperly into the presence of the Sovereign; and this species of persecution he has continued up to the present moment; having, within the last few weeks, warned the members of the Association for the Preservation of the River Usk, that if they dare to admit Mr. Herbert of Clytha as a member of their body, he, their Chairman, will instantly withdraw his name and support. And all this, simply and solely because the Herberts of Clytha have assumed the name which they bear without the sanction of a Royal Licence.

The contest between the two parties is apparently an unequal one. Mr. Herbert, of Clytha, is a quiet country gentleman, unaccustomed to the "rough and tumble" of political squabbles; distressed at the notoriety thus forced upon him, and in no way able to compete in such a vulgar conflict with the *quondam* "Pet" of the Radicals of Marylebone. He enjoys no access to the backstairs of the Home Office, or to the *boudoirs* of the wives of Cabinet Ministers; nor has he any opportunities of privily earwigging the Lord Chancellor, or of button-holding the Lord Chamberlain. His only advantage is that he has got the law and public opinion on his side; and we venture to predict that with such powerful auxiliaries he will ultimately make good his case.

As an example of the injustice of the persecution to which this Welsh gentleman is being so unworthily subjected, we will adduce a well-known instance of the assumption of a name not only without, but in spite of a Royal Licence, to which no Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Chancellor, or Lord Chamberlain has taken exception. In 1836, Mr. Robert Adam Dundas assumed, by Royal Licence, the surname of Christopher *only*, dropping his original name, such being the condition of a will by which he inherited a large estate. In 1852, Mr. Christopher, who had sat for many years in Parliament under that name, was made a Privy Councillor, and took office in Lord Derby's Government. But in 1855, without obtaining the revocation of the licence granted to him in 1836, or the concession of a fresh licence, Mr. Christopher assumed, *proprio motu*, the additional surnames of Hamilton Nisbet. As Mr. Nisbet, his name appears on the roll of Privy Councillors of that date, and as Mr. Nisbet he voted in Parliament up to 1857. In 1857 Mr. Nisbet once more, without Royal Licence, altered his name, and assumed the final surname of Hamilton, and as the Right Hon. R. A. C. N. Hamilton his name now stands on the roll of the Privy Council and on the list of Magistrates for Lincolnshire.

Now if Mr. R. A. C. N. Hamilton, a Privy Councillor, a Member of Parliament, and a Justice of the Peace, may act thus; why may not Mr. Herbert, of Clytha—nay, why may not poor Mr. Buggy, of Bedford, at a humble distance, follow his example unmolested by the Llanovers of society? It is clear, from this Dundas-Christopher-Nisbet-Hamilton case, that a Royal Licence does not either confer a name, or even imply a Royal command that the individual obtaining it shall be known by any particular name; for, if it did, Mr. Christopher would be Mr. Christopher still, and would not be—as he is—either Mr. Nisbet or Mr. Hamilton, or both. It is clear from it that a change of name, *proprio motu*, does not necessarily exclude a man from the Privy Council or the Magisterial bench, for if it did, neither Mr. Nisbet nor Mr. Hamilton would have enjoyed, as they have done, either of those dignities; and it is equally clear from it that every Englishman has a right to adopt whatever name is most convenient to him, and that he ought not to be subjected to official persecution for having exercised what is and will unquestionably continue to be his legal right, until "the Llanover Act" to the contrary has been brought in and passed through both Houses of Parliament.

We will, in conclusion, say a few words on behalf of a more humble class of persons, who are also deeply concerned in the question which Lord Llanover has so unnecessarily and offensively raised—we mean the class to which Mr. Buggy, of Bedford, belongs,—obscure men whom accident or malice has invested with ridiculous or indecent surnames, who find those surnames distressing and detrimental to them in their progress through life, and who, therefore, seek to avoid them. Mr. Buggy, to judge from his letter to the *Times*, is actuated by no ambitious or aggressive motives; he claims no affinity to the ancient and noble family of Stanhope, as, without any great stretch of imagination, he might do. He modestly asks to be allowed to escape from his present designation and to take refuge in his mother's maiden name, Newman. But as he holds a public situation, it is clear that he cannot do this, without running the risk of considerable annoyance should he have the ill-fortune to meet with a Bedfordshire Llanover, who would, of course, amiably improve the opportunity of holding up—under the pretence of discharging an important public duty—the humble-minded Mr. Buggy to the derision and execration of his fellow men as a social delinquent of the deepest dye. It appears to us to be a serious evil that any uncertainty should exist, as to what relief a man may legally claim when circumstanced as Mr. Buggy states himself to be, and a still more serious evil that high public officials should condescend—as we fear the Home Secretary and the Lord Chancellor have done in the Clytha case—to connive at the persecution by their subordinates of individuals exercising their indisputable legal rights.

It is a favourite argument with neo-aristocrats of the Llanover class, that men seeking to change their surnames must be invariably impostors, unworthy of all consideration. To this it may be replied, that many members of the House of Lords have not disdained to resort to such a measure; and that whenever any of their lordships' daughters marry men bearing unpleasant or indecent names, the happy bridegrooms are speedily Normanized, by Royal Licences, into De Mowbrays, De Horsays, De Frevilles, De Burghs, and the like. One instance occurs to us of a change of name effected worthily, for an obvious and reasonable purpose, by one of the foremost Englishmen of the present day, which is so germane to Mr. Buggy's dilemma, that with a sketch of the circumstances under which it was effected we shall conclude our article.

About forty years ago a young Etonian of extraordinary promise used to be grievously persecuted by the idlers and the ribalds of the school, who had invented an obvious and abominably obscene paraphrase of his surname. The boy grew up to man's estate, and more than fulfilled the promise of his youth. Entering Parliament, and speedily acquiring in that assembly influence and consideration, one of his first acts was to obtain for himself and all his family a Royal Licence to drop a single letter in his name, by which slight alteration the atrocious jest under which he had so often blushed when an innocent child was deprived of its sting.

We have not mentioned the name of the distinguished statesman to whom we allude, because we do not, in the discharge of our public duties, take that odious delight in inflicting pain upon individuals which appears to characterize Lord Llanover's public proceedings in Wales. That this story is true may be easily ascertained by anybody who chooses to inquire; and we conceive that the public has a right to know, if an embryo Cabinet Minister may act thus, why, *pace* Lord Llanover and his allies at the Heralds' Office, Mr. Alfred Buggy, of Bedford, actuated by precisely the same motives, may not go and do likewise without being exposed to the *peine forte et dure* of his Lordship's displeasure?

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE discussions in the French Senate close—as they usually close—with the triumph of the Emperor's Government. "Rien n'est plus docile au fond," says M. About, "que les Assemblées." M. Ollivier and M. Jules Favre spoke in vain; for they spoke to a body of listeners who worship the powers that be with almost Oriental unanimity. The entire Corps Legislatif seldom bow the knee to any but one idol, and arguments, sarcasm, arithmetic, were thrown away upon them. The more M. Ollivier demanded an increase of liberty, the more they applauded the resolute Minister who, upon this occasion, unhesitatingly maintained that liberty was an apple from a forbidden tree. M. Jules Favre proved conclusively the nature of French intervention in Mexico; but he had to sit down silenced by the uproar which his words provoked. M. Baroche and M. Billault had easy tasks. They rose after the Opposition orators, as the sun arises after a storm. Never were the mouthpieces of the Emperor's closet more grand, more successful, or more impressive. They did not stay to deal with figures, but soared at once to generalities. During their respective speeches they seldom sank below

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the destinies of France, her mission, and her sensitiveness where the honour of her flag is concerned. It was not to be wondered at, if they carried the Assembly with them.

There can be no question that the French Empire and constitutional liberty are hardly compatible. M. Baroche can scarcely be blamed as imprudent for seeming to admit a truth so incontrovertible. The French Emperor himself, who repeatedly promises that France some day shall be free, never has gone so far as to maintain with that voice of impassible irony to which Europe is accustomed, that France actually is free at present. The recent debate in every single point affords conclusive evidence that the French Cabinet are not restrained by any decent modesty from telling their countrymen that Frenchmen, as a nation, are unfit to be left to themselves. It is scarcely more than a fortnight since M. de la Guerronnière informed Paris, through the medium of his journal, that Government interference in the elections was a constitutional measure, and much to be desired. The French Minister in the discussion on the address has openly and ostentatiously endorsed the insolent falsehood. In the same manner it is now announced that the press will not be allowed to outstep the limits laid down for it by a jealous and tyrannical executive. The question naturally arises, has France no feeling of indignation at hearing the policy of reactionism at home so audaciously put forward by the Tuileries? It seems, in truth, that France cares very little about the matter. The Emperor has managed by an ancient and useful stratagem to make the French utterly indifferent to freedom of election and the liberty of the press. He thinks, with reason, that he may hold the Paris press and the Corps Legislatif in the hollow of his hand, provided he is clever enough to degrade both in the eyes of France. The French Representatives are a body who confine themselves closely to the glorious duty of voting as they are told, and sounding the praises of their sovereign; what does it signify to the French nation how they are elected? The Paris journals—even the most disaffected—are only dissatisfied and discontented echoes of the *Moniteur*. Their fellow-subjects have little interest in what befalls them, and are ready to leave them to their fate. The journalists of France are not France in any sense of the word, but are merely a French coterie, and the gross acts of injustice which they have to suffer daily are lightly regarded by the world at large. The declamations of the lovers of liberty in the Corps Legislatif have produced a singular result. The cords which bind the press have been drawn a little tighter in consequence. In the pride and flush of conscious power, the Government answers all criticism by a home-thrust. An official admonition has been issued to remind all the newspapers of the capital that it is against French law to publish in their columns summaries of the discussion in the House. They may content themselves henceforward with the official *procès verbal*, served out to them under the supervision of the Executive. To this repressive and severe measure they submit with suppressed indignation. How insulting and annoying is the restriction, may be gathered from the fact that M. Emile de Girardin, who, in virtue of his talent, stands first among the Imperial writers of the day, has turned restive, and has determined to brave the terrors of the law. The mass of his fellow-citizens are not interested in the contest. They know that they cannot have the Empire and liberty at once, and for the present they have chosen the Empire. They accept its disadvantages, for the sake of what they imagine to be its benefits.

When, therefore, in replying to the figures of M. Jules Favre, and the sarcasm of the other Opposition speeches, the Minister contented himself with a burst of eloquence about the mission of France, he was neither illogical nor inconsequent. We are not free, say the Opposition. The Empire is great and glorious, replies the Minister. France complains now and then of the price she has to pay, and it is a natural rejoinder to remind her of what she has bought. It is intelligible enough that the French should at the present day be willing to sacrifice something for an Imperial policy moulded by a strong Imperial arm. It is the natural reaction after the *bourgeois régime* that was blown away in the Revolution of 1848. The nation at large does not view the argument of the Imperial panegyrist as it would be regarded by the sober shrewdness of an English House of Commons. It is true, they say to themselves, that M. Persigny is a little hard upon the journalists, but what is that in comparison with a *régime* which has torn the treaties of 1815, restored to France her prestige and influence in Europe, and added, in a time of profound peace, two provinces to the national territory? The Empire is to be judged as an Empire, not to be criticized as if it belonged to the category of constitutional monarchies.

There is, however, one portion of the Opposition attack which will lay more hold on the French nation than any oratorical invectives against the coercion of the press or the intimidation of the electors. The empire is not a republic, and cannot be expected to have a republic's virtues. But Frenchmen will not fail to ask themselves from time to time, does it possess the grandeur, the nobility, and the influence that imperial France has a right to claim? "I have not," France may say to herself, "the wisdom, the calmness, the cold and clear accents of Pallas. Have I the royal step, the eye, the majesty of Juno?" Two important parts of the Imperial programme have failed, and the failure reflects discredit on the Empire, judged by its own principles. The double fiasco was cleverly pointed out by M. Favre. The French people will read what relates to it with more interest than they vouchsafe to theoretical vindications of the right of the press to abuse the Government. In both cases, the appeal is made to the honour and sensibility of the nation. First and foremost, there is Mexico. M. Favre conclusively proved that the flag of France had been despatched to the New World to protect and defend a villainous commercial intrigue. M. Billault retorts, as usual, with Imperial commonplaces, but on this point his commonplaces condemn himself. If the Empire is to be upheld because it looks to the honour of the French eagles, what shall we say when it sends the eagles abroad to fight for the interests of a clique of private and unprincipled speculators? The Mexican war is only tolerable in the eyes of the French because they are not aware of the truth about Jecker and his financial adventures. The revelation begins to dawn upon them, just as news arrives of French disaster in Mexico itself. Thus, the French Empire is placed in the position of having espoused the quarrel of a rascal, and having experienced a grave military mishap in his defence. France will not like this—indeed, it would be unnatural if she did. The French public will say to M. Billault, that they have chosen the Empire, and are ready to pay for the Empire, but that the Empire must not carelessly prostitute the dignity of France.

The attitude of the Imperial Cabinet on the subject of Italy and Poland is another thing, which will touch the French a good deal. It is quite true—as the Ministerial speakers said in the Corps Legislatif—that it is not dignified for France to interfere between Russia and Poland, unless interference is to be backed, if necessary, by something more than moral force. Nor are the body of the French anxious to go to war for the sake of Poland. But the French Empire has set before itself a *rôle*, and every time it falls short of its *rôle*, it damages the cause of Imperialism. What has become of the Imperial promise that the flag of France would be found everywhere where the cause of civilization was to be found? The cause of civilization is certainly to be found just now with suffering Poland. The Empire, however, does not propose to do anything for Poland, though it wastes men and money in Mexico. If non-intervention was its rule, nothing could be said. England, whether rightly or wrongly, gives out that she never means to go to war for an idea. Nobody, therefore, can blame her for not going to war for Poland. But the Empire professes to deserve the admiration of the world because its policy is different. Why, then, does it sit still when Polish freedom is at stake? Intervention is the order of the day in Syria, in Mexico, in Italy, and even in Cochin-China. The only person with whom Louis Napoleon declines to meddle is the Czar. The rumoured losses in Mexico occur, therefore, this week most inopportunely. Thousands of the French will think that if blood was to be shed, it had better have been shed in the service of the Poles than in the service of Jecker. The truth seems to be that the French Emperor's good fortune has deserted him of late. It is not difficult to see the reason. He has become capricious and reactionary, and instead of doing battle for ideas, has begun to go to war for crotchets. Sooner or later the change will tell upon his popularity; and if M. Favre and his friends were wise, they would confine themselves to pointing out not so much that the French Empire is an empire as that it is an incompetent and inglorious empire.

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PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

MR. WHALLEY has for a moment abandoned the task to which he has hitherto devoted the whole of his parliamentary energies, to undertake another which is almost as onerous. He has descended from the lofty position from which he is accustomed to keep watch against the enemies of the Protestant faith, to enter for a little into the arena of secular politics. The member for Peterborough is the guardian of the interests of Protestantism all over the world, but he is at the same time the chairman of a local railway company. In the latter capacity he has become aware of the very great inconvenience attending the present system of Private Bill Legislation. His experience is that nothing could be more adapted to prevent the investment of money in the improvement of districts at present unprovided with railways. The expense of the proceedings before parliamentary committees is so great, and the result so uncertain, that works of great local importance are not seldom left undone, from the difficulties of obtaining the proper powers from Parliament. Mr. Whalley has just obtained leave to bring in a bill for diminishing the expenses of private bills relating to railways. It is to be regretted that this important subject was not brought before the House by some member who had given more special attention to the question. Mr. Whalley's previous labours have lain in another direction. An honourable member who keeps one eye constantly on the Pope and the other on Cardinal Wiseman cannot be well qualified for dealing with the intricacies of this complicated subject. There are several members, among whom Colonel Wilson Patten holds a high place, who have devoted much labour and thought to the improvement of this branch of legislation, and who might have brought forward a measure on this subject with much greater chance of success. Mr. Whalley is well aware of the evils and disadvantages of the present system, but he is not sufficiently impressed with the difficulties of applying a remedy to them. His present attempt, if we may judge from the account of it given by himself—for the bill is not yet before us—has not the slightest chance of passing the House of Commons.

A Private Act of Parliament requires the same ceremonies as a public general statute. The bill must pass both houses, and be read three times in each. The promoters of private bills are, moreover, required by the Standing Orders to comply with a great deal of preliminary procedure as to notices, deposit of plans, and such matters. But in addition to this, after the bill has been read a second time in the House in which the proceedings commenced, it is referred to a Select Committee, in which its real merits are investigated, and by the report of which the fate of the bill is decided. This is the portion of the proceedings which is peculiar to private bills, and it is here that the enormous expense attending private legislation is principally incurred. It is to be observed that, if the bill passes this committee, it has afterwards to go through the same ordeal before a similar committee of the other House. Thus there is, in most cases, the expense of a double inquiry. The same witnesses must be examined, the same facts proved a second time, just as if no previous inquiry had taken place. The enormous expense which is thus incurred by bringing numerous witnesses up to town and keeping them there during a protracted inquiry, is further aggravated by the extreme uncertainty of the results. There is no uniformity in the decision of parliamentary committees, and the most experienced persons are therefore unable to advise with any confidence as to the result of an application to these tribunals. This uncertainty is the necessary result of the constitution of the committees. They are composed of judges who are constantly changing, and who are therefore unable to fix on any certain rules, and thus establish uniformity of practice. Different committees may come to different decisions on the same facts. There are instances where a railway has been carried in one session on exactly the same grounds on which it was rejected in the previous one, simply because it was submitted to a different tribunal. This uncertainty is in itself an evil of very great magnitude. It is the cause of much litigation. If decisions were uniform, persons would not venture to oppose a bill before a committee on grounds which had been held insufficient on several previous occasions. Agents and counsel could advise with some certainty as to the result of a contemplated opposition, and expense would therefore be checked at the beginning. At present it is a lottery, and the principles on which committees decide are as little fixed now as they were ten years ago.

All schemes for improving the present system of private legislation have reference to the defective constitution of the tribunals to which private bills are referred. It is certain that uniformity of decision is impossible as long as the judges are constantly changing from year to year. Mr. Whalley's plan is a trenchant one, and goes to the root of the matter. A parliamentary committee is admittedly a bad tribunal—so bad that it is useless trying to mend it. Therefore do away with it altogether, and substitute another in its place. Let the merits of any proposed Bill be referred to a Board or Commission appointed for the purpose, who shall report thereon to the House. Mr. Whalley proposes that the Board of Trade should undertake that duty with respect to Railway Bills. In this proposal he follows the precedent adopted with reference to Inclosure Acts. When an application is made for the inclosure of a certain district, an assistant Commissioner is sent to hold a meeting, and hear evidence on the spot. Thereupon the Inclosure Commissioners make a report, on which Parliament acts. Against this report there is seldom any appeal. Mr. Whalley makes the mistake of supposing that the course of Railway Bills would generally be as smooth and easy as that of Inclosure Bills. If it is intended that the report of the Board of Trade should be final, and should decide the fate of the measure as completely as the report of a parliamentary committee does at present, then Parliament would, in fact, be surrendering an important part of their functions with respect to private legislation. If, on the other hand, that report is not to be final, this measure will only add one new source of expense to those already in existence. In every case of an opposed railway bill, there will be an appeal from the decision of the Board of Trade. Two great railway companies competing for traffic will not be satisfied with anything short of a decision by a parliamentary tribunal. Experience has shown that all preliminary inquiries and reports made previously to the investigation before the committee have ended by simply adding to the expense without increasing the certainty of the result.

For these reasons the present attempt to improve the system of private legislation cannot be regarded as a very hopeful one. Mr. Whalley seems to suppose that there was a very unanimous concurrence of opinion, among the witnesses who gave evidence on this subject before the Lords' Committee in 1858, in favour of some such scheme as that he has embodied in his bills. But this is very far from being the case, and that committee did not go farther than suggest some minor improvements in the way of conducting the business. Much of the evidence is, in fact, conclusive against his plan. That of Colonel Wilson Patten shows that he anticipates improvement rather from a simplification of the business than from the substitution of another tribunal. The committees that sit on several classes of bills have succeeded in introducing uniformity into their decisions, and establishing fixed rules for conducting their business. This is accomplished by always selecting the chairman of these committees from two or three members who have devoted special attention to the subject, and who always consent to sit. The decisions of the Roads Committee have in this way attained as much certainty as those of a court of law, where the judges are strictly bound by preceding cases. The labour of sitting upon railway committees is so great, that members who have once acted as chairmen are not willing to consent to do so a second time. If, however, the issues that are brought before these tribunals could be narrowed, and the labour thus diminished, as in a variety of ways it seems possible to do, it would be possible very much to improve railway committees, without affecting to so great an extent the power of Parliament over private bills.

THE THRONE OF GREECE.

THE papers which have just been laid before Parliament on the revolution in Greece are chiefly interesting because they contain in full the correspondence which has passed between Lord Russell and Prince Gortschakoff on the succession to the vacant throne. We are thus furnished with the key to that mysterious delay which seemed intended to encourage the Greeks to persevere in the election of Prince Alfred as their future king, and which at one time almost induced the belief in this country that her Majesty's Government had departed from the policy which it was understood they had decided to adopt, and were disposed seriously to consider the expediency of yield-

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ing to those national aspirations which were being so fervently expressed in Greece. In the papers before us, however, we are enlightened as to the motives which influenced a policy apparently of so vacillating a character; and if Lord Russell has laid himself open, in his late correspondence with the Pope, to the charge of ingenuous simplicity, which may have somewhat shaken our faith in his diplomatic proficiency, he has redeemed himself in our eyes by the skill with which he has foiled the manœuvres of Prince Gortschakoff. Considering the intriguing character of Russian policy in the East, and more especially the means which the agents of the Emperor have for many years past unblushingly employed to gain an influence in Greece, there is something suspicious in the anxious disclaimer of Prince Gortschakoff to Lord Napier in one of the first conversations on the subject which takes place between them. Lord Napier had reported that the Vice-Chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff, "had disclaimed" any designs whatever on behalf of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, or "any secret policy." The Vice-Chancellor seemed to object, but slightly, to the expression "designs whatever;" he, however, added that Lord Napier's statement was scarcely sufficiently strong; he had in a former conversation reiterated twice that Russia had no mental reservation, no cupidity ("arrière-pensée"—"convoitise") in regard to the Greek succession. He begged Lord Napier to state these words exactly and emphatically. Had Prince Gortschakoff honestly said, "We do not pretend that we are not especially interested in this succession; our policy in Greece is too well known for me to deny that we have a definite object in view, and I will not conceal from you that we shall endeavour to carry it out by all the fair means in our power," this Government would have been considerably embarrassed. We must either have accepted Prince Alfred's nomination and run the risk of a war with Russia, or we must have allowed Russia to push as a candidate the Duke of Leuchtenberg. Fortunately the Prince, judging of others by his own standard of morality, was only the more convinced, by our protestations to the contrary, that we were as anxious to place Prince Alfred on the throne of Greece as he was to secure it for the Duke of Leuchtenberg; and, by allowing this idea to obtain full possession of his mind, and encouraging it during the period of the election by that reticence which was so much blamed at the time, our Government induced Prince Gortschakoff to assent in a panic to a joint note, excluding his candidate, as well as our own. These transactions all appear very fully in the papers before us, and we cannot but derive a secret gratification when we follow the phases through which the Russian Minister passed. First, in October, he attempts to clear the ground for the Duke as follows:—"His Excellency then stated that on one point the Emperor will not fail to insist, namely, that the future Sovereign of Greece, whoever he may be, shall belong to the national religion, in conformity with the stipulations in force on that subject." At this time he is prepared to maintain that the Duke of Leuchtenberg is not a member of the Imperial family; so he does not hesitate to say, "That the Emperor will adhere to that engagement by which the protecting Powers have declared the members of their respective reigning families incapable of occupying the throne of Greece." Upon this, Lord Russell replies, that her Majesty's Government are prepared "to instruct her Majesty's Minister at Athens to declare that Great Britain will not consent, any more than the other two protecting Powers, to the throne of Greece being accepted by such a Prince, such a declaration applying to his Imperial Highness the Duke of Leuchtenberg." The Vice-Chancellor hereupon observes to Lord Napier, "that the Russian Government could not accede to the proposal to make the desired declaration by anticipation at Athens." The Vice-Chancellor at the same time demurred to giving him a definite answer to his question respecting the quality and exclusion of the Duke of Leuchtenberg. The question whether the Duke was a Prince of the Imperial family, in the sense contemplated by the treaty, and thus excluded from the throne of Greece, "was susceptible of juridical discussion." This, it will be remembered, was the Duke in whose favour there was no "arrière pensée" or "convoitise." It was not to be wondered at if, after this, Lord Russell resorted to a very justifiable ruse to thwart the intrigue of the Russian Minister. He allowed it to be supposed that the British Government might accept the nomination of Prince Alfred to the vacant throne. The declaration of the Emperor of France on the matter did not tend to reassure the Cabinet at St. Petersburg. "The Emperor's Government," says M. Drouyn de Lhuys, "would not think themselves authorized to refuse indefinitely their recognition of a Prince whom the Hellenic nation, without taking account of these declarations, should elect by free suffrage." So far, then, as France was concerned, Prince Alfred had nothing to fear. Meantime, the national enthusiasm was attaining a pitch little short of frenzy in Greece; it was evident that under no circumstances could a Russian Duke hope for election, and the Prince, in a fit of spleen and mortification, refers the progress of events in Greece to English instigation. "His Excellency alluded again to the contrivances and incitements by which the alleged candidature of his Royal Highness Prince Alfred had been promoted in Greece—to electioneering arts, to the exhibition of specious inducements, the encouragement of hopes, and the distribution of gold." How thoroughly mistaken his Excellency was, in his ideas of the sentiments by which the British public were actuated, may be imagined, when he could suppose we would spend gold to secure Prince Alfred's election. It was upon this hypothesis he acted; convinced that the darling object of English ambition was to see one of our own princes on the Greek throne; convinced also that the election of a Russian was out of the question, Prince Gortschakoff sets his wits to work in order to thwart so dire a catastrophe. It is of no avail to hold out any longer upon the "juridical" question of the Duke of Leuchtenberg's relationship; there is nothing to be gained by insisting upon a candidate of the Greek Church; the time has gone by for such petty obstacles to stay the overwhelming force of universal suffrage. Now, he regrets not having acceded to the declaration at first proposed by Lord Russell; he has himself rejected the only means by which he could now hope to carry his point. Unable at the outset to conceive it possible that we were disinterested, in a proposal by which we voluntarily excluded the popular candidate, he suspects even yet that one of those "arrières-pensées," which he disclaimed so vehemently himself, may influence England. Something must be done. He decides on abandoning the Duke of Leuchtenberg. This is how he does it: "If, however," said the Vice-Chancellor, "we turned from the mere contemplation of the treaty to regard the question as one of general policy, the exclusion of the Duke of Leuchtenberg might be recommended on many considerations. He had from the first moment never contemplated the election of the Duke as desirable. He had always been personally opposed to it, and in all his communications with the Emperor this sentiment had been constantly expressed. He held that the election of the Duke of Leuchtenberg would not be in the interests of Russia."

We are at a loss to conceive why he did not say so at first. He would have saved the Greeks a grievous disappointment, and himself the charge, which these papers so clearly confirm, of a crooked and tortuous policy. Of course, there is no objection now to his making the joint declaration, the notion of which was so repulsive to him at first; and so at last we have the following laconic and significant despatch from Lord Napier: "My Lord,—When I was with Prince Gortschakoff this afternoon, his Excellency telegraphed to Count Blondoff, in reply to an application from that Minister, that he might combine with his English and French colleagues in a joint communication to the Greek Government, in the sense of the declarations exchanged in London, in relation to the exclusion of Princes of the three reigning Houses from the throne of Greece." And so ends this very instructive diplomatic episode, in which it is some consolation to see that a straightforward, honest policy fully justified the old proverb by its success.

MORAL POWER IN POLITICS.

"WHAT is this moral power, the exercise of which is now the policy of England?" asked Mr. Disraeli in the course of last session, and the answer he gave himself was as follows:—"I will tell you what moral power means. It means warlike armaments in time of peace. It means garrisons doubled and trebled. It means squadrons turned into fleets. And in an age of mechanical inventions to which there is no assignable limit, it means a perpetual stimulus given to the study of the science of destruction. That is moral power." But this definition was not of a kind to satisfy the milder wisdom of Lord Palmerston, and he, too, tried his hand at some-

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thing better. "Why, sir, what is moral power?" he asked in his turn. "It is simply the power of persuasion. It is simply the power which opinion exercises." When we have thus had from the rival leaders of the House diametrically opposite definitions of a power, the use of which, it is agreed on all sides, should constitute the essence of English policy abroad, it becomes a problem of interest to discover where the truth really lies, and to whom belongs the better understanding. When Lord Palmerston gets up in the House night after night and declares that England has bound herself to non-intervention, and will exercise no power abroad but moral power, and then explains moral power to be "simply persuasion," it is, of course, open to any member who is foolish enough to take him *au pied de la lettre*, to denounce the folly and the wickedness of maintaining enormous armaments in time of peace, unless the Government anticipate an unprovoked attack upon ourselves—a contingency which they strenuously refuse to contemplate, everlastingly declaring that they are on the best possible terms with all their neighbours. Simple persuasion wants nothing more than good counsels and the ability to give them adequate expression. It belongs as much to the weak in material power as to the strong; but by the sad teaching of experience, we know that the hand of a potentate stretched out to plunder and to wrong, with a prospect of impunity, has never yet been stayed by mere logic and rhetoric. No man living, perhaps, has less faith in the efficacy of pure and unadulterated persuasion than Lord Palmerston himself. He probably believes in it about as much as he believes in original sin. In loud and often blustering tones, he has declared that the only secure foundation for the Anglo-French alliance and the "entente cordiale" is a wholesome respect for each other's material strength. But if England and France are to influence each other by simple persuasion, what have they to consider but the excellence of the advice that may be mutually tendered from time to time? and with that the relative measures of their material strength have no legitimate connection.

It is a mere truism to say that much of the moral power, which has made a fair show in state-papers and in the speeches of kings and ministers, was precisely the kind of moral power which a highwayman exercised when he demanded a traveller's purse with a pistol at his head. Moral power in another form, equally simple but less coarse than the highwayman's, is exercised every day at a public school. Sometimes a small boy has the luck to secure the especial protection of a big one, and as soon as that is known, the small boy is sure of an unmolested life. The protector is very possibly quite incapable of persuading anybody to do any single thing by purely intellectual resources; but there, however, is moral power enshrined in two yards of stature, a muscular arm, and a vigorous leg; and the value of this support the little boy learns when his protector departs. Very similar to this, if we may ascend at once from small things to great, was the moral power, in the shadow of which the peasants of a Piedmontese valley were able to worship God in peace after their own fashion, while Cromwell lived; for these poor folk, as the Pope, the Duke of Savoy, and all Catholic Christendom well understood, had a promise of succour from a man who kept his word, and was himself the consummate general of perhaps the finest soldiers the world ever saw. Take again that holy, meek, and modest thing which plays so large a part in the affairs of mankind at the present time—the moral power of France, or rather of Louis Napoleon. The essence of his moral power is simply this—that he is the head of a people the most prone to aggressive warfare, and can by a word set in motion the greatest of European armies. When a not very scrupulous man has his finger on the trigger of a very formidable weapon, his neighbours will, of course, tolerate a certain amount of annoyance to avert the discharge of the piece at them. Among peace-and-quiet-loving people it answers for the most part to be overbearing up to a certain point. The worst-tempered member of a family is usually allowed to have his own way; and it is the same in the family of nations. When peace is a matter of paramount importance to the mass of mankind, any nation readier than the rest to come to blows, and able to hit very hard, must always exercise immense moral power of a particular kind. So long, then, as Louis Napoleon plays skilfully on a few chords of the French character—their vanity, their dread of anarchy and socialism, and the materialism of their desires—and thereby remains absolute master of the French army, his single voice will be the weightiest in the councils of Europe; and this it will be without the display of any great ability on his part in international politics. His vacillating policy would ruin a weak State in six months. What he did during the siege of Gaeta is a fair sample of his tactics. For a time he muffled the Sardinian attack by laying his fleet between them and the land; but he eventually removed his fleet, having kept it there long enough to give the bitterest offence to the Italians, but not long enough to save Gaeta and win the gratitude of the king of Naples. Cavour, the responsible minister of a small State, beat him, the unquestioned lord of a hundred legions, by sheer force of intellect. To retain, however, the kind of moral power which Louis Napoleon now exercises, care must be taken not to carry insolence and encroachment a little too far. There is a limit to the patience of the most peaceable people; and when that limit is reached, they will begin to use their arms and legs. Louis Napoleon has hitherto shown himself superior to his greater uncle in this,—that he has known where to stop. The first Napoleon made himself such a dire curse to all Europe, that it could endure him no longer.

As the world goes now, the foundation of moral power, in international politics, is the possibility of an ultimate resort to physical power; and, hope as we may that a better time will come when this shall be no longer, its advent is still far beyond human ken. Where critical negotiations are being carried on between Powers of equal or nearly equal strength, whose interests have clashed, the most fatal of diplomatic mistakes is the premature betrayal of an intention, on one side, not to fight in any case for the subject-matter of the dispute. When that secret is out, the other side is pretty sure to win. The practised diplomat of a Power that does not mean to fight will, to the last moment, neither threaten nor bluster, but talk solemnly of "grave consequences" and the cessation of cordial relations. For a mistake of this kind made by ourselves we need only go back to the time of the annexation of Savoy and Nice. If moral power, as represented by simple persuasion, had any effect on our ally across the water, these annexations would assuredly not have been carried out. There was no lack of persuasiveness either in the English Parliament or press. Both the one and the other were lavish of arguments, warnings, remonstrances, and appeals to the Emperor's feelings, without the smallest effect. Indeed, they did more harm than good, and defeated their own object; for, through these discussions in Parliament and the papers, the Emperor saw clearly that the English people had no intention whatever of fighting for Savoy and Nice. Thus we suffered him to sound the depths of our forbearance without finding bottom; and from that hour he could snap his fingers at Lord Russell's despatches, and the fate of the two provinces was sealed. There is, again, the other dangerous mistake of allowing your opponent to think that you will not on any account go to war, when in reality you are prepared to do so if it be necessary. Of this kind of mistake the origin of the Crimean war has left us a melancholy instance; and Mr. Kinglake has only adopted what has been for some time a popular idea,—that the Crimean war was, in a great measure, brought on by Lord Aberdeen's known horror of war, and the Emperor Nicholas's conviction that the Peace party were true representatives of the national feeling in England.

Even, however, in these days, there is a kind of moral power purer than that of which we have hitherto been speaking; purer, in that recourse to physical power is here more kept out of sight. It is admitted, for example, that the strength and greatness of England is a moral support to the Liberal party in every state on the Continent. That party stands to the England of to-day in a relation something like that in which the Protestant sects on the Continent stood to the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell. The prospect of armed assistance from England was, no doubt, much nearer to the Continental Protestants of old than it can be to the Liberal party now. To Elizabeth and Cromwell non-intervention would have seemed a strange doctrine; but the Continental Liberals well know that, lavish as we are with our sympathy, we never dream of firing a shot out of pure love for them. Some day, they hope, when the defence of our own private interests has dragged us into a war, and our hands have warmed to the work, as they always do, then, perhaps, we may do a little business for them; and this is their utmost hope. They have, nevertheless, a direct interest in the prosperity and greatness of England, which they can point to as the practical results of the principles that they strive to establish in their own countries. Tranquillity and wealth within, respect and influence abroad, are what all men desire for the states to which they belong; and the condition of England goes to prove that these good things may very well exist together with Liberal and constitutional principles. The years immediately following the Crimean war were a gloomy period to the Liberal party on the Continent; for the military prestige of England was then at a low ebb, and constitutional government was thought to have broken down under the rude trial of a great war. This kind of moral power has also been exerted, with brilliant success, by the constitutional government of Piedmont; by moral power alone it

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sapped the foundations of other Italian governments which rested on despotic principles and the support of Austria, and thus it became itself a centre of attraction to all Italy. Even behind this moral power there lurks the shadow of physical power; but here recourse to physical power will not be had by the state which exerts the moral power. Such a state acts only upon the minds and opinions of men in other states; it forms parties abroad, who advocate its own principles. And, if all goes well, these parties will in time become strong enough to establish such principles by their own physical force, if necessary; in other words, they become strong enough to undertake successful revolutions. And, with respect to moral power of this nature, we may quote the testimony of a man who thoroughly understood the forces that govern the political world. "In the economy of wealth, in politics, and in religion," said Count Cavour, "ideas alone can contend with effect against ideas,—principles alone get the better of principles; material compression goes for little in such a struggle. For a while cannon and bayonets may silence doctrines and maintain the existing order of things; but if these doctrines come to prevail in men's minds, sooner or later they will pass into practical results, and change the face of the world."

Public opinion, we often say, rules the world, and so, no doubt, it does; and public opinion is a vast aggregate of moral power. When public opinion is brought to bear adversely on any state, its strength lies in the apprehensions which it excites of a recourse to arms. Among nations, one towards the other, mere moral disapprobation goes for very little. Witness the Emperor Nicholas's attack on Turkey, and the annexation of Savoy and Nice. The more searching, however, the glare of publicity, and the greater the body of opinion thrown on every political act, the better it will be for the world. Fewer will be the wrongs perpetrated. As Mr. Kinglake has observed in his recently published volumes, the interests, the passions, and the foibles which lead to war, are more likely to be found in one man armed with absolute power than in a Cabinet of Ministers. The anger, the petulance, or the wounded vanity of one minister may be held in check by the other ministers who do not share the feeling; and in the same way the wrong-doing tendencies of one nation should be restrained by the opposition of other nations. Public opinion is the chief instrument of restraint. A large ingredient, of course, in the formation of public opinion on most questions, is merely a calculation of selfish interests; but there is nothing to lament in this, for the world requires an equilibrium of interests and forces. The main strength, however, of public opinion, lies in the fact that when men are not swayed by interest or passion, they deliberately prefer good to evil. To regret that men condemn in others the very things they do themselves when they fall under a like temptation, is a great mistake. It is well for the world that one imperfect being condemns another, for if it were not so, public opinion would have for its standard what men think and do in their worst moments, instead of in their best moments, as it should be. The pressure, therefore, of a vast body of disinterested and adversely interested opinion upon any nation disposed to do wrong, is the best security for peace; for it is generally impossible to foresee when opinion will have recourse to arms. That the time may come when moral disapprobation alone will be sufficient to restrain, is what we must all devoutly desire; but assuredly the time is yet far off. If we would hasten its coming, we must labour to strengthen the bonds of international intimacy. Isolation begets indifference to the opinion of others. The more dependent men become on one another, the more they covet the approbation, and shrink from the censure of those among whom they live. Meanwhile, for many a long day to come, it will be difficult to find any moral power, exercised in international politics, which is not more or less remotely connected with physical power.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Since the great leading case of *Bardell* v. *Pickwick*, a more comical action than that of *Russell* v. *Adams*, which occupied the Court of Exchequer during the first half of the present week, has seldom, if ever, been tried,—comical as regarded its general effect; to the unlucky defendant it was no laughing matter at the time, though we hope it will be now for the rest of his life. The scene was laid, as most of our readers are aware, in a station of life rather more genteel than that in which poor Mrs. Bardell moved, with her friends—Mrs. Mudberry "which kept a mangle," and Mrs. Bunkin "which clear-starched." Our leading novelists are in the nature of social detectives, whose business it is to know the amusing classes of society; and Mrs. Russell and her daughter would appear to belong rather to the beat of Mr. Thackeray than to that of Mr. Dickens. She seems to have talked in the witness-box just like the shabby-genteel characters in "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis;" indeed, she may, perhaps, have studied the part of Mrs. M'Kenzie in the "Newcomes." She was, it appears, an Irishwoman, in what are called reduced circumstances, though of a high family and magnanimous disposition. It appeared from her examination in chief, that one of her uncles was an admiral, another a dean, her brother a rector, and three of her nephews also rectors. It appeared from her cross-examination that "she might have said" to tradesmen she was a connection of Earl Russell's, which was very probably true if she went far enough back. She had "made use of an accomplishment acquired in earlier and happier days," by teaching music—at first "under the patronage of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel," and afterwards in other distinguished families. Where she lived at the time of the action, she declined to say, objecting to have her private affairs dragged before the public, and referring the inquisitive Mr. Lush to her solicitor. This heroic matron was acting as housekeeper to a Mr. Crump in November, 1860. According to her statement, she was to have 40 guineas a year. According to Mr. Crump, she was taken in out of charity, was to have nothing at all except board and lodging, and could not be got out of the house, when she was once in it, for nearly five months. During the residence with Mr. Crump she had occasion to take one of the children to Mr. Adams, an eminent medical man, on account of a deformed foot; and when she could not go herself, she sent her daughter on the same errand. Mr. Adams carried on his business in London, but he had also a house at Hampstead, where he lived openly with his wife and family, coming to town to attend his patients. According to Mrs. Russell's statement, she heard from her daughter in November, 1860, that Mr. Adams had made her an offer of marriage, and wrote him a letter, describing her circumstances and connections. The copy of this letter she said she had lost, and on the part of Mr. Adams, it was denied that it had ever been written. Mrs. Russell also said that she called on Mr. Adams in the winter of 1860, and took lodgings, at his request, at the house of a Mrs. Lama, in Osnaburgh-street, in March, 1861. She did undoubtedly take the lodgings, and gave a reference to Mr. Adams as her medical attendant. They lived at Osnaburgh-street till July 6th, and Mr. Adams frequently called there. According to Mrs. Russell, his visits were those of a lover. He used to put his arm round Miss Russell's waist, and make references to their future marriage. According to Mr. Adams, the visits were those of a medical man to a patient. Mrs. Russell's evidence was altogether uncorroborated. Indeed she was the only witness called for the plaintiff. Mr. Adams, on the contrary, called Mrs. Lama, the lodginghouse-keeper, who said that his visits lasted only for ten or fifteen minutes, except on one occasion, when he stayed from 9·30 till 12, and sang. He put in letters from Miss Russell, which related chiefly to her mother's health, thanked him for a loan of £5, were signed "Yours faithfully," and contained no expressions of endearment. He also called his coachman, who said that when he drove his master there, Mrs. Adams was generally in the carriage, and a boy often on the box; that his master used to take his visit to the Russells in its turn with other visits, and that on one occasion he asked him (the coachman) whether there were any more visits on the list? The coachman answered, "Only them people in Osnaburgh-street;" to which Mr. Adams replied, "They be damned!"—an excusable observation from a busy doctor with regard to a tiresome patient, but a wonderful speech from a gentleman to his servant about a young woman with whom he was in love. Mrs. Lama also said that, after the Russells had been a few days in the house, Mrs. Russell told her that Mr. Adams was going to marry her daughter, and ran in debt with her to the extent of £34, a large part of which was for a quantity of gin and brandy drunk by the two ladies. Mrs. Lama spoke to Miss Russell several times about her marriage, and asked her, amongst other things, who the lady was that came in the carriage, and where was the mother of the boy on the box. Miss Russell replied, that the mother of the boy "was in her grave," and that the lady was Mr. Adams's sister. After the Russells left, Mr. Adams called, and Mrs. Lama told him that they said he was engaged to Miss Russell; upon which he immediately said, "What, me paying my addresses to Miss Russell? why, I am a married man with a family." Mrs. Lama also told Mr. Adams she kept them in the house on the faith of the engagement.

After the Russells left Osnaburgh-street, Mr. Adams and a Mr. Blaise, the instrument-maker who made the shoe for the deformed

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child, called together on Miss Russell at other lodgings, and had some conversation with her. Mrs. Russell says :—

Mr. Blaise said, "Will you excuse me, but did you ever hear that Mr. Adams is married?" I was staggered. I said, "Mr. Adams a married man! how could I have heard that, when he has been engaged to my daughter nearly twelve months; and not only engaged, but he wanted to have a private marriage unknown to me?" Mr. Adams said, "Who told you that?" I said, "My daughter." He said, "Pray, can you tell me when I made that proposition for a private marriage?" I said, "Yes, on the 23rd of December." He said to her, "Oh, I did not think you would tell every word to your mamma." I put my hand on the Bible and said, "Here my hand is on the sacred volume, and the other in yours; you know we never heard that you were a married man. If you have behaved dishonourably it will be bad, indeed, to her widowed mother." I put my arm round his waist, and said, "How often have I seen you do this and say, 'My dear, dear girl, thank God you will be mine.'" I then turned to Mr. Blaise, and said, "How could I believe Mr. Adams was a married man when I have seen him do that to my own child?" He said, "Oh, if my wife heard one-fourth of this about me she would not stay under my roof."

Why Mr. Adams should have taken Mr. Blaise to hear all this eloquence it is impossible to suggest. Mr. Blaise's account of the matter was very different. He said that they found Miss Russell alone at first, and Mr. Adams said to her, "Did I ever propose marriage to you, or take any liberties with you?" She said "No."

Mrs. Russell then rushed in, very much enraged, and said, two to one was not fair, and she would not have her daughter abused. She then asked what it all meant by his being there, and said that Mrs. Lama had told an untruth, and that her solicitor would write to Mrs. Lama on the subject. Mrs. Russell then said to her daughter, "Is it true that you have written to Mr. Adams without consulting me?" and her daughter said, "Yes;" upon which Mrs. Russell exclaimed, "Then you have made us lose all."

There was some more evidence in contradiction of Mrs. Russell, upon whose unsupported testimony the whole case of the plaintiff rested. The jury at one point in the case interfered, and most of them seemed to think that the case ought to stop; but one juryman, with considerable warmth, said it must go on, and after a long consultation they coupled their verdict for the defendant with the observation that they found for him, because "the plaintiff has not made out her case to our entire satisfaction." They would have been the strangest jury that ever sat in a box if she had. It should, however, be observed, that one of them put a question to the judge "in a strong Irish accent." Blood is thicker than water, and Mrs. Russell's eloquence may have touched a chord in a countryman's heart, though to an English ear such expressions as "My hand is on the sacred volume and the other in yours," and "There are three things which money cannot purchase—virtue, family, and a British jury," is the peculiar dialect of perjury. Whatever the jury may have thought, the public at large will think Mr. Adams the most unlucky man that ever suffered for his good nature.

Two or three points connected with the case have more general interest than its ludicrous and painful features. To a lay eye, the rejection of some of the evidence tendered on behalf of the defendant may seem surprising. He offered to prove that the plaintiffs had obtained credit at two other places, by pretending falsely that the daughter was going to be married. This evidence was rejected as tending to raise a collateral issue. In the particular case it was probably a hardship. Certainly, if such evidence had been given and believed, no one in his senses would have hesitated a moment about the verdict. Why, then, was it excluded? The answer is, that rules of evidence are merely practical expedients devised for the purpose of bringing trials into a manageable and compendious shape. If every question which has any relation to the main point at issue were examined to the bottom, there would be no end to such inquiries. Suppose, for instance, evidence had been given that Mrs. Russell had falsely told—say Mrs. Smith—that her daughter was to be married to Mr. Jones, and had so obtained credit, and suppose Mrs. Smith had been called as a witness for that purpose. By the same principle, Mrs. Smith might have been asked whether she had not committed perjury, and, on her denial, Mrs. Thompson might be called to prove that she had. Mrs. Thompson might be charged with being a woman of dissolute habits, and this might depend on the evidence of Mrs. Watson, who might be taxed with being an habitual drunkard on the credit of Mrs. Brown; and thus the contagion might spread through the whole London Directory. The experience of courts-martial shows that this is by no means an imaginary risk. When Captain Robertson was tried a year ago at Dublin, the contradictions on collateral points ran to such a length that the case seemed endless and was utterly unintelligible; and the same is often the case in French trials. The rule in our courts is that a witness may be asked questions as to his credit, but unless they are relevant to the issue, his answer cannot be contradicted, though, if false, he may be punished by an indictment for perjury. If Mrs. Russell really did say what it is suggested she said, she is liable to an indictment. On the whole, it would be difficult to make a better rule for practical purposes.

We can suggest another complaint against our existing system which is far more reasonable. Why could not Mr. Adams and Miss Russell be called to tell their own stories in their own way? This is now permitted in nearly every action, and it is impossible to suggest any reason why this particular action should form an exception. Modesty can have nothing to do with it. In actions for seduction, the woman seduced always has to give evidence; and if a woman has acted with propriety, and has really been ill-treated, why should she be ashamed to tell her story if she is not ashamed to bring the action? People who will take money for their feelings are not usually so thin-skinned. The truth is, that these actions, as well as the cognate action for seduction, are great blemishes to the law. They proceed upon a misconception of the whole theory of actions. The object of an action is to compensate a sufferer, not to fine a wrong-doer; and in both of these classes of actions the two functions are mixed up in a most undignified and even ludicrous way. There is something very offensive in the notion of paying a woman for a wound to her feelings; and this is generally the chief injury which a breach of promise to marry inflicts. Cases may no doubt occur where it is otherwise. To break such a promise after a long engagement, for instance, might consign a woman to want for life; but means might be taken to provide for this, and at the same time to free the law from the scandal which such proceedings are calculated to bring upon it.

BLUE JACKETS AND STEAM JACKETS.

The sailor, who chose all the grog in the world and all the tobacco in the world for two of the three wishes, the realization of which was offered to him by the benevolent genius, could think of nothing further that human nature could possibly desire, and for his third wish chose "more grog." If what the newspapers tell us be true, a change has come over the spirit of the British navy. A strange yearning for roast beef has suddenly penetrated and inflamed those rough hearts, whose march is o'er the ocean wave and whose home is on the deep. Jack is turning gentleman, and looking out for the comforts of life. He does not despise grog and tobacco in the abstract; he will say nothing against them; they have had their day, and very good fellows, in their way, have been content with them. But it is an age of progress, and sailors, as well as others, must advance with the times. He would himself prefer his food tender, succulent, and with the gravy in it. He will be always happy to serve his country as before, and if the deck of one of her Majesty's ships wants swabbing, he will swab it. But henceforward it must be understood that with regard to cookery he has the feelings of his kind. He does not wish to thrust himself forward out of his place; the undercut was no doubt intended by Nature, if not by the Articles of War, to belong to the boatswain and boatswain's mate, and far be it from him to interfere with their prerogatives. But when all prior claims are satisfied, let the able-bodied seaman have his due. Let it be roasted not too fast, done to a rich brown, and let it be served hot. The request is really so reasonable that our Admiralty would have indeed a heart of stone if they refused it. Hot let it be, replies Lord Clarence Paget, and brown. A distinguished naval officer has taken the trouble to invent an arrangement by which meat is roasted without a kitchen-range, and his method is to be tried, in the first place, on a single ship, by way of experiment. We are prevented, by total ignorance of the subject of culinary engineering, from explaining completely the mysterious apparatus in question, further than by saying that it employs the services of a steam-jacket, whatever that may be, to keep the meat warm. The grand result, however, is, that if it should be introduced into the navy, the bold mariners of England will, for the future, enjoy roast beef for dinner for the nine months of the year during which, upon an average, each ship of the line is in harbour. Whether the machinery produces horse-radish sauce by the same process at the same time, does not appear. We are inclined, upon *à priori* grounds, to believe that it certainly does.

The ordinary fare of the navy has hitherto not been such as to pamper the crews into effeminacy. As compared with a Lord Mayor's dinner, for example, or the daily repast of a convict at Dartmoor, it has been distinctly bad. There is much to be said in favour of boiled beef, as boiled beef appears at the tables of the richer classes; not over-salt, that is, and with the appurtenances and condiments which custom has immemorially sanctioned. But

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this is not the form which it takes on board the gallant Thunder-bomb. Plunged into the ship's coppers for some hours, it manages to issue again a mass of tough fibre, a *rudis indigestibilisque moles*, so to speak, which can only be sanctioned by the authorities on the broad but delusive ground that meat is meat. The salt pork chiefly differs from the salt beef in being rather worse. It is more hard, more salt, more unwholesome, more unsuited for beings who are not debarred by a life of maritime adventure from the possession of an alimentary canal. Look at the pease, again. Art and nature might in vain compete to produce anything more tasteless than the regulation maritime split pea. Part of the system the pease may be, but they are a hard part. Ye gentlemen of England that live at home at ease, how little do ye think upon the uncalled-for, the truly abnormal insipidity, of the pease. Now, at the small charge of eight shillings per man, everything can be changed. Eight shillings per man, and every vessel in the service can have its steam-jacket to itself, and cook accordingly. The meanest sailor in the forecastle will have the pride of knowing that if he has a bit of sirloin to roast, he can have it roasted to a turn. The time has clearly come that the kitchen department of the navy should, to use Sir John Pakington's phrase, be reconstructed. Henceforward when we style a person the "son of a sea-cook," we shall imply a pedigree full of dignity and honour. Henceforward Britannia, when she rules the waves, will leave upon every line she traces the fragrance of her national dish.

There were three sailors of Bristol city, says the brief but touching epic, and they took a ship for to go to sea. If ever the story of naval adventure which it embodies should gain the wide renown of the "Odyssey," it will be easy for the commentators of future ages to fix the date of the poem by the allusions which it contained to the commissariat of the enterprising west-countrymen. To steam-jackets there is not a single allusion, and there is nothing whatever in the whole narrative to imply the possession of a roasting apparatus :—

> Then with pork and captain's biskee,
> Then with pork and captain's biskee,
> They victualled She, they victualled She.

Such is the simple account, the truth of which commends itself to the reader's mind by its faithful representation of manners, and its conformity to fact even in its minute details. The primitive customs of the nineteenth century—so it will be argued a thousand years hence—are represented to the life in a story which is, to its very grammar, natural and unaffected. It is true that the commentator of the future will be in error if he infers the existence of cannibalism on board modern English vessels, from the proposal which the poem contains, of sacrificing the life of the youthful William ; but the mention of salt-pork and biscuit he will justly regard as belonging to the class of undesigned, and, therefore, suggestive coincidences. It is not uninteresting to speculate what, at this remote period, will form the staple of maritime dinners. Slight as are the materials for the problem, it can hardly be wrong to conjecture that, now that improvements are once started, the taste of the navy will rapidly follow the fashion of the age. As a matter of course it will be held as brutal to supply a monotonous diet of roast beef as it would now be thought liberal to grant it on festive occasions. The fare will be generous, but it will be varied. Perhaps it will be best to leave the question of dining *à la Russe*, or retaining the old insular fashion, to the judgment of the men themselves. We do not think that a Government need ever consider itself bound to provide more than one *entrée* a day, unless public opinion and the good of the service imperatively demand it. The cellar, too, on board ship must always be furnished, even by the most liberal of purveyors, with due regard to national economy. But in regard to drumsticks, for example, or cold meat, or the miserable compromise of hash, it may be safely prophesied that no future Lord of the Admiralty will ever be hurled from power by the unanimous voice of an indignant people for an attempt to return in such matters of culinary detail to parsimonious traditions worthy only of the age of pork.

But is all this to be believed? Is a sea-faring life really to become a sumptuously-faring one, and are our sailors to be treated to as generous a diet as our malefactors? Can the change be a salutary one? Can discipline be maintained upon roast beef? Can the forecastle pay sufficient reverence to the quarter-deck when it is no worse off in respect of its daily cookery? Is Spartan courage, or is it not, the companion of Spartan diet? It is a question for the Admiralty to take into its mature consideration. Trafalgar and St. Vincent were won by men who were glad enough to get their rations boiled. If the food which was good enough for Nelson's crews is not good enough for the crews of to-day, is it degeneracy of race that is at fault, or is it only degeneracy of digestion? Certainly, if the mariners of England who guard our native shores do become seriously addicted to the pleasures of the table, the sun of our nautical supremacy is set. It is no use expecting that a sailor who has just been enjoying a surfeit of the Sunday-side can be in a fit state to belay a marling-sheet, or tant a bowline, or handspike a main-jib-boom. Tom Bowling, if he is to perform the traditional feat of "going aloft" with any degree either of comfort to himself or credit to his employers, must have prepared himself for the task by a judiciously severe *régime*. A clear eye and steady hand is surely required for the difficult task of reefing the jury-masts, or any of the other manœuvres with which Captain Marryat's novels have rendered us all so familiar. Still, if the service will not suffer for it, we wish the sailors well fed. Within the bounds of reason let them have all the luxury that steam-jackets are able to afford. If our humble voice can have any influence over the eminent naval officer whose tones in the House of Commons always so ably unite the wisdom of the minister and the harmlessness of the sea-captain, we would urge Lord Clarence Paget to concede the eight shillings'-worth of roasting. We only hope that the British tar will not hereafter look back with longing eyes at the simple fare of his earlier career, and, amid the luxuries of a civilized *ménu*, and the choicest delicacies of the season, pine remorselessly for the grog and tobacco of his uncultivated, but not unenjoyable, repasts.

DUTCH NOTES.

When we remember that the passengers on board a steam-vessel, of very moderate power, which crosses the bar of the Brill at one o'clock, may easily, in fine weather, see the light on the North Foreland by nine, it does seem strange that so very little is known in this country about Holland. It is not that people never go there, for a fair proportion of our autumn travellers begin or end their tour with a visit to Rotterdam and the Hague ; but three or four days are thought enough to devote to "the simple secrets of the Dutch ;" and Paul Potter's "Bull" would appear to be the object which dwells most fondly in the imagination of many, who have no particular interest either in cattle or their painters.

The small number of Dutchmen who find their way into English society is not less remarkable. Let any one who can look back on thirty years of London life try to recollect how many he has met, putting out of question members of the diplomatic body. And yet the Dutch travel a good deal, and believe, rightly or wrongly, that they travel nearly as much as we do. Why they do not come to visit us we really cannot say, unless it be that, like most northern nations, their impulse is always to hurry to the sunny south. Why we pay their country such flying visits is more easily explained. The hotels are a disgrace to a civilized community. The *cuisine* in those establishments is so ludicrously bad, that to leave Rotterdam for Brussels is a real pleasure. Then the language appears at first singularly uncouth and disagreeable. It is difficult to realize that it has been illustrated by great authors, and that even now it is used by men of most distinguished ability in parliamentary debate, in the pulpit, and in the lecture-room. Further, although everybody with whom the traveller is likely to care to communicate, speaks either English, French, or German, there is always a sense of constraint in hearing a language spoken around us which we cannot follow. Lastly, we are absurdly ignorant about Holland, and not one traveller in ten, when he crosses its frontier, is aware that he is entering a country which, in more than one respect, is far in advance of his own.

Till recently there have been no books about the Netherlands published in any language which is familiar to any considerable number of Englishmen ; now, however, there are two, from either of which they will get a fair general idea of the country. The first, and far the best, is "La Neërlande et la vie Hollandaise," by M. Esquiros, published originally in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and since reprinted in two small volumes. The second, which is considerably larger, is by Dr. Albert Wild ; its full title is, "Die Niederlande, ihre Vergangenheit und Gegenwart."

This book has been constructed on the basis of the work of Esquiros and of the accurate Guide of Baedeker ; but it contains a modicum of valuable new matter. The author lived some time in Holland, and took much pains ; he has, however, plundered his predecessors with far too little acknowledgment, and he has that delight in all vulgar and mean detail which is characteristic of the worst kind of German traveller, and makes him an exceedingly offensive, although useful, companion in a Dutch tour. Somewhat too much is generally made of the oddities of Holland. People go to see an exceptional place, a mere toy, like Broek, and suppose that all its absurdities are repeated up and down the land. This is

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not the side of Dutch life to which we wish to call attention. Beckford and Andrew Marvell have said all that need be said on that subject, and Mr. Murray has duly reproduced their exceedingly good jokes for all English tourists.

Neither shall we linger amongst the pictures, though that would be a more tempting theme. For not only is the great collection at Amsterdam at least as well worth seeing as the more celebrated one at the Hague, but almost every wealthy family possesses, if not a gallery, yet a small collection of pictures, of real merit. The contemporary Dutch school is extremely respectable; and the numerous class in this country which buys pictures because it is the fashion to do so, would be much better employed in encouraging real excellence, on the other side of the water, than in stimulating the production of pre-Raphaelite monstrosities to affright the ages to come. Indeed, the taste for collecting can be better gratified in the Netherlands than in most places, or rather could be, for of late the prices of old china, old furniture, and so forth, has risen prodigiously.

Whatever pursuit it may be which draws the Englishman to Holland, he will soon find out that there is no European country in which his language is so generally spoken, and his literature so extensively read. Nowhere has Macaulay exercised so wide an influence. We have heard it said that not less than 100,000 copies of one or other of his works had found their way into circulation either in Dutch or English in that small country. The greatest of Dutch philosophers, Professor Opzoomer, of Utrecht, is now engaged in publishing an edition of the English text of Shakespeare, with Dutch notes. "Adam Bede" was translated by the wife of an eminent theologian, and there is hardly an educated household in which the novels of Mr. Kingsley are not read with avidity. Dean Milman is honoured at Leyden as much as he deserves to be; and we saw Dr. Davidson's second volume in a shop there, within a fortnight after its appearance.

Esquiros begins his book by remarking that too often the traveller or the moralist neglects to reconstruct the physical theatre on which the different civilizations of Europe have developed themselves. It is said that an English writer, who is best known to the public as a man of science, was led by his study of antiquities to inquire into geology, and by geology to the speculations which have made him famous. This, which could only happen accidentally in Great Britain, would be perfectly natural in Holland. Till quite recent times, the chief history of that country is the history of great changes in the relations of land and water. The other events of the Dutch middle-age are insignificant by the side of the tremendous convulsions which created the Zuyder Zee and the Dollart, and made fish swim over the steeples of countless parishes.

Holland is the Egypt of Europe. Its wide and fertile meadows are the gift of the Rhine; but what the river gave, the sea has too often tried to take away, and the river is perpetually seeking to reclaim its own gift. We hardly realize to how great a danger our Dutch neighbours are constantly exposed, or how very important are the functions which are performed by the department of the State which is intrusted with the regulation of the waters. The king, long unpopular, has in the last year or two risen very much in the good graces of his people, on account of his spirited and sympathizing behaviour on the occasion of the last great inundation, which happened in 1861. If the storms which took place last December had coincided with a freshet in the Rhine, he might have had an opportunity of adding to his popularity. As it was, the water was in the lower stories of half the houses in Rotterdam, and the flood spread far and wide on either side the Maas.

The dykes, by which all the exposed parts of the coast are protected, are less striking to the eye of the unlearned than might be supposed. Even the mighty bulwark which defends North Holland—the great dyke of the Helder—has nothing imposing in its appearance, although it takes high rank amongst the most gigantic works of man. On the other hand, the ship-canal, which joins Amsterdam with the ocean, does not disappoint expectation. The canals of our own country look like mere threads of water as long as one retains the impression of its gigantic proportions. It is but the other day that the draining of the stormy and dangerous Haarlem Lake was finished, and now we begin to hear of proposals to reclaim the bed of the Zuyder Zee itself, and to open for the commerce of Amsterdam a new communication through the Y to the North Sea.

It is the strange and unusual appearance of the landscape and the great works by which the swampy delta of the Rhine is made fit for human habitation,—it is the wondrous network of canals,—the great cities, with their bustling quays and the Indiamen unloading before the doors of the merchants to whom they belong, which would, we think, most attract the notice of the passing traveller; but what we wish to do is to induce some one to make a longer visit to Holland, and then to give us a work of importance on the following points, with regard to each of which we propose to jot down some hints in subsequent articles:—

First, the political condition of Holland and the steps by which it has arrived at its present distinguished position amongst free nations. Secondly, its religious sects, their relations and peculiarities. Thirdly, the state of education. Fourthly, the colonial question; and fifthly, the national literature.

LORD WROTTESLEY ON CHARITIES.

THE statesman with the courage to purge the Augean stable of public Charities, has not yet arisen. Five and forty years ago Henry Brougham, in the vigour of his early manhood, managed to get Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject, and the result of their inquiries fills a library of folio volumes. Since then some feeble attempts have been made to put an end to Charity abuses. But, in truth, they are perpetrated and maintained by men so thoroughly respectable and so well-to-do in the world, that the task is all but impossible. The value of the public Charities in this country is not less than £75,000,000. The larger portion of that sum was intended for the poor. But so gross has been the neglect or corruption of those who have had this property under their control, that the mass of it has been usurped by the upper and middle classes, or systematically applied to promote demoralising political bribery. Take the list of the towns, and even villages in England, and it will be found that there is scarcely one which does not possess some endowment for the benefit of the Poor. If the endowment is very small, it is too often wasted in bribing old men and women to come to church. If it is large, as is the case of Christ's Hospital, the revenues of which amount to £60,000 a year, it is appropriated to the children of the middle classes, who ought to be clothed and educated at the expense of their friends. If it be an hospital or an almshouse, the solicitor and the architect exercise a sort of prescriptive right to deduct some 30 per cent. out of the revenue for management and repairs; whilst in other cases some *faineant* clergyman, under the imposing title of Master, derives a comfortable income of £400 or £500 a year for professing his readiness to supply spiritual consolation to half a dozen old ladies and gentlemen. Any one who chooses to read the evidence of Mr. Hare or of Mr. Martin, both of them Charity Inspectors, published by the Education Commissioners, may satisfy himself of the gross abuses which even now attend the distribution of public Charity. And when it is remembered that a sum of £200,000 is annually wasted, it might seem clear that something ought to be done in the way of reform.

Hitherto all such attempts have proved fruitless. In the year 1853 a Charity Commission was appointed, with certain powers. But the gentlemen selected to fill the office of Commissioners were quite unequal to the task assigned to them. The chief was an eminent conveyancer, who had won his reputation in picking out flaws in title-deeds; the others were superannuated barristers. Had they been men of vigour, they might by this time have roused such a feeling in the public mind that some sweeping reform would have become imperative. The abuses are so gross that they cannot bear the light. The powers of inquiry vested in the Commissioners were ample—their powers of reforming abuses absolutely *nil*. But wherever there are charitable funds, there are persons who are dissatisfied with the mode in which they are distributed, and who are ready to demand inquiry. In all such cases, the Charity Commissioners should have dispatched their Inspector to the spot to make inquiry. In many cases this has no doubt been done, though it is known that in one of the most flagrant cases, the Inquiry which had been fixed was actually stopped in consequence of a representation made from a powerful quarter. But they should not have been satisfied with mere inquiry. They should have published the results of these inquiries. Instead of this, however, the Reports of the Inspectors have remained in manuscript, buried in the dust of some garret in the offices in St. James's-square. When the Education Commissioners attempted to obtain an account of these Inspectors' Reports, many of them were not forthcoming. Though the Charity Commissioners publish a so-called report once every year, it contains scarcely anything of general interest, and nothing whatever of the gross abuses which it is their duty to investigate and make public. The object of these Commissioners seems to be to do nothing—to avoid irritating local prejudices—and, in short, to lead a quiet life. The truth is, that for all practical purposes of reform, the present Charity Commission is absolutely useless. It was natural enough that at the original creation of such a board, some jealousy should be dis-

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played, and that their powers should be restricted within narrow limits. But in ten years they ought to have gained for themselves public confidence, or, at all events, they ought to have furnished us with some information on the subject of the public Charities. Neither of these things have they done, or even attempted to do. Their timidity has been their destruction.

But matters cannot be allowed to remain as they are. Lord Granville, indeed, is not the man to lead a great reform, or to dare the obloquy of attempting to interfere with the comfort and ease of other men. He sets too high a value himself on such luxury. But Lord Wrottesley was quite right in saying that if nothing was done the lower classes of this country would have good reason to complain. It is but the other day that the wills of ancient founders, with all their absurd restrictions, were set aside for the benefit of the middle and upper classes in this country. The College Statutes of Oxford and Cambridge have been reformed, and young men excluded from the benefits of the original foundations have been admitted with the sanction of Parliament to those benefits. Upon what ground is the same principle inapplicable to the lower classes? If the changes have worked well in the case of the Universities, it may reasonably be supposed that they will work well in other cases. The poorer classes are quite as much entitled to the interference of Parliament as their wealthier and nobler brethren. And if this interference is withheld, it will be difficult to persuade the poor that it is withheld for any better reason than that it would disturb the usurpation of the upper classes over the property which really belongs to the poor.

There is, however, another view which ought to exert some influence on those who profess themselves financial economists. It is believed, upon the best authority, that, if the existing Charities were properly applied, they would go far to supply all the aid which is required to promote the education of the poor in this country. At present the means of education are supplied partly out of the Parliamentary grant, and it is an important fact that this Parliamentary aid is often furnished to the very places where the Charities are most abundant. Thus, one year's income of the Middlesex Charities, including London and Westminster, exceeds all the grants towards education in the same county during the last twenty-six years. Eighteen months' income of the Bedford charities would have supplied all the education grants to the same county during twenty-six years. In the wealthy county of Lancashire, which has received most money from the Education grant, the Charities amount to £35,222 a year; so that the whole annual Parliamentary grant might have been defrayed by half of this sum. So in Wales, it appears that the Parliamentary grant would have been met by applying little more than a half the sum of money devoted to doles, apprenticeships, and almshouses. Such being the state of things, it is surely a serious question how far Parliament is justified in making grants out of the Exchequer to promote education, seeing that there are already ample funds devoted to Charity which could be devoted to the Education of the Poor without depriving them of any real benefit.

It is, however, idle to suggest any improvement in the use of charities until some means are provided for carrying these improvements into practical effect. Grievously as the Charity Commissioners have failed, they ought not to be visited with censure for having failed to put new charitable schemes in operation. They could not do so of themselves, for they had no power. Their only course was to call in the aid of the Court of Chancery or Parliament. The Court of Chancery is the most unfit tribunal which can be imagined for remodelling obsolete or useless charities. It is not only expensive, but the judges who preside there are not fitted to discharge duties of this nature. Parliament is perhaps even more unfit. It seems to be impossible to get a Bill embodying any scheme through that assembly when there is the slightest opposition. As Sir G. Grey once told the Chief Commissioner, "You must select the bills which you think will receive any local opposition, and you must abandon them all."

It is absolutely essential, therefore, to construct some new tribunal, which shall have power to remodel charities at a moderate expense. Probably, the best plan is that suggested by the Education Commissioners. Retaining the present Charity Commission, which is chiefly composed of lawyers, it would become part of the Privy Council of Education; so that, in settling any new schemes, both these departments would be responsible, and would be able to bring their experience to bear in settling new schemes. And when it is remembered that a sum of £300,000 a year is actually devoted by the terms of the endowment to education, and that a sum of £200,000 in addition might be applied advantageously, the importance of connecting the Charity Commission with the Education Committee is obvious. The schemes thus settled would be laid before Parliament, as in the case of the reformed statutes for Oxford and Cambridge, and unless appealed against in three months, would become law.

ENGLISH COMFORT.

No boast is more commonly made by Englishmen than the vaunt that they alone know what is meant by comfort. Metaphysics may be left to Germans, wit to France, and artistic skill to Italy; but the science of being comfortable is the special possession of England. Perhaps, however, not one in a hundred of those who use the word have formed any distinct notion as to what is really meant by the expression "comfortable." It is sufficiently clear that the term is wholly inapplicable to any high intellectual delight, or to any kind of enjoyment involving excitement. To hear a sonata of Beethoven's, to listen to an eloquent harangue, to become excited over a game, may each, in their way, be pleasant occupations enough; but none of them produce an effect which could be described as comfort. On the other hand, mere bodily pleasure, such as the drinking of good wine or the eating of well-cooked dinners, does not of itself produce the special feeling of which Englishmen believe themselves to have the monopoly. It will, on examination, be found that what is meant by comfort is a certain combination of physical well-being with mental satisfaction. To have your body thoroughly at ease, and to know that it is so, without being tormented by any care or pain which may take or may distract attention from the contemplation of your physical satisfaction, is the essence of comfort. Hence, a certain amount of drowsiness, or, at least, of intellectual quiescence, is essential to its existence. A dog basking by the fire, a father of a family filled with dinner, dignity, and complacency, warmed by his own hearth and resting in his own arm-chair, are the types of ideal comfort. What, therefore, is understood—as far as any definite meaning can be attached to the vaunts in which one nation parades its supposed superiority to others,—by the well-worn assertion that Britain is the land of comfort, is simply this; that the physical arrangements of life are so well ordered by Englishmen as to produce, more frequently than do the habits of other nations, that peculiar kind of enjoyment arising from the consciousness of physical ease.

It is hard to suppose that a nation can fancy itself possessed of exactly those qualities in which it is deficient. Still, in the mind of any critic, who takes a pleasure in trying the truth of popularly received doctrines, there must occur considerable difficulties in admitting the claims of Englishmen to the knowledge of what is comfortable. After all, there is nothing like bringing a specious generality to the test of comparison with particular facts, and it is easy enough to find points which will enable us to compare the degree in which foreigners and Englishmen succeed in making existence agreeable. Few Englishmen, it may be supposed, however patriotic, would care to stand up on behalf of certain of the social arrangements of their country. Evening parties — "at homes" — "drums" — formal calls, may all be institutions which possess a merit not to be perceived by careless observers, but they assuredly are not comfortable. To stand in a room where you are in the way of everybody and everybody else is in yours,—to pass an evening in boring others and being bored yourself,—to fritter away an afternoon in wasting the time of all your acquaintance, are, it may be, acts of salutary discipline, but assuredly the most uncomfortable of employments. Nor, again, would any prudent advocate wish to stake the ease of England upon the agreeableness of her places for public resort. The worst foreign town has in its *café* at least a place where, at no great expense, it is possible for any one away from home to pass his time, without absolute suffering. What a person in the same position is to do, even in London, it is difficult to say. Indeed, among the most miserable spectacles that the world offers, is the sight of a foreign traveller who has just had his dinner at a London eating-house. He asks plaintively of sympathetic strangers where he is to go. The waiters give obvious signs that, now he has eaten his fill of the joint, his room is decidedly more desirable than his company, and the hints of the servants are made the more forcible by the extreme unpleasantness of a room reeking with the smell of hot joints. The foreign gentleman excluded from a club, and with no acquaintance, not unnaturally longs for his *café*, and becomes somewhat sceptical about the agreeableness of life in England. He may, it will be said, go to the theatre. This resource he has if he is staying in the metropolis, and does not already know by heart the whole of that very limited number of plays with which managers for months together entertain the public. If he is in a country town, his case is desperate. A

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theatre, indeed, exists; but it is of course shut up, or, if open, probably used as the scene of a missionary meeting. An Englishman, on the other hand, passing through a German town, finds that he is freed from half those discomforts which would inevitably overpower him if journeying through the minor cities of his own country. A good *café*, a tolerable theatre, opportunities of hearing music better than that provided even for educated audiences at home, enable travellers to pass a solitary evening without meditating on the advantages of suicide. Moreover, it should be remembered that—whilst in England all amusements are provided for the respectable, or, in other words, the rich portion of the community, and no man is supposed to deserve the least entertainment who cannot pay down a shilling,—pastimes are provided abroad for those who can afford nothing more than the price of a cup of coffee. Some people, indeed, may consider it a sort of crime to be deficient in shillings, just as others regard it as an offence to haunt the theatre, or to seek for any enjoyment out of the so-called "family circle." Moralists of this order may derive a grim satisfaction from the thought that England provides no comforts for a quasi-criminal population. But though the full force of this plea be granted, it will still be found that the English promise of comfort often breaks down when there is no excuse for failure. No nation travels so much as Englishmen, nor can it be said that travelling is tainted with the least slur of disreputability. Moreover, almost the whole pleasantness of a journey turns on the existence of arrangements for the physical well-being of travellers. In these, if in anything, Englishmen might be expected to excel. In no department of life, however, do they fail more lamentably. A foreign artisan journeys in conveyances more comfortable than the second-class carriages, in which are to be found the mass of the busy or holiday-making population; whilst the places ironically called refreshment-rooms, which at Wolverton or Swindon offer an unwholesome diet of stale buns or suspicious pork-pies, are too bad even for comparison with the little buffets scattered at short intervals over all the railroads of France and Germany. Prussians, though not supposed to be quick at inventions, have contrived a device, which triumphantly disposes of one of the minor difficulties of English journeys. Any one who happens to desire a cup of tea or coffee finds that even when he at last seems likely to obtain the object of his wishes, he has still, before he can quench his thirst, to solve an almost insoluble problem. How can he drink his tea hot within the space of three minutes? As a matter of fact, only a courageous fraction succeed in accomplishing the feat, and rows of scarcely tasted cups testify the general failure. Some ingenious German, who ought particularly to be commended to the notice of Mr. Gladstone, has invented a paper cup, which will completely hold a draught of the hottest liquid, and can be bought for a farthing. By means of this invention, the good people of Berlin take up and drink at their ease, as they go along the railroad, the cups of coffee which comfort-loving Englishmen find it impossible to swallow without scalding their throats.

Patriots, driven to confess that English theatres, hotels, refreshment rooms, and railways, cannot be termed comfortable, will probably take their stand upon the comfort of English homes. Here, if anywhere, the great national quality is to be found in perfection. It takes some heroism to muster up courage sufficient to attack the last stronghold of national prejudice. When men have rallied round their homes and hearths they are apt to grow desperate, and must be treated with respect. We are willing, therefore, to concede that the family comfort of Englishmen is unquestionable; that husband and wife never disagree and never seek for divorce; that children are always respectful, and brothers and sisters always affectionate; and that, to add the crown to family comfort, the home circle, which is always admirable, is never dull. But when we have conceded that the moral comfort of home life must be placed beyond dispute, a daring scepticism may be allowed to question whether the physical arrangements of English houses are absolutely perfect. An open fireplace, it may be granted, is more pleasant to look at than a stove, though Germans think the superiority of a stove indubitable, and the beauty of a wood fire can never be forgotten by those who have had the opportunity of seeing it; but even of open fires it is possible to have too much; and a large dinner party assembled in a small room, seated with their backs to a furnace, which the hospitality of the host has heated sevenfold hotter than its wont, presents the most vivid picture of purgatory which human experience affords. Rooms, indeed, are often small in other countries, but the custom, which requires each man to have a separate house and each apartment a separate fireplace, produces rooms smaller and hotter than are used by the miserable and degraded foreigners who delight in stoves and flats. Still we are loath to believe our national boast to be entirely unfounded. It may be the effect of a partiality for one's own country which no philosophy can cure; but we are inclined to think that candid observers will confess the vaunt of English comfort to have this, if no other foundation, that Englishmen possess better coals, and make more lavish use of water than any other European nation.

THE PAST WEEK.

On Friday week, in the House of Lords, Lord Llanover put a question as to the intention of the Government about carrying out the recommendations in the report of the Commissioners on the state of the Volunteer force. Earl De Grey and Ripon, after several noble lords had spoken, said perhaps there would be other patterns selected for volunteers' uniforms in addition to the single grey pattern, but those who were in receipt of Government aid in clothing would be confined to certain definite regulation patterns. In the House of Commons, Mr. Layard gave explanations respecting the differences between her Majesty's Government and that of Brazil. On the report on the Address, Mr. Bentinck, speaking of the cession of the Ionian Islands, questioned whether we should derive any great military advantage from the possession of Corfu. He thought, regarding the American war, a change of feeling had taken place recently respecting it in England, and he considered it cant to say that slavery was the real cause of contention. Mr. Locke wanted to know what had been done in the manufacturing districts to take advantage of the Act of last session respecting a rate in aid. Mr. Newdegate complained of the weight with which the French treaty had fallen upon his constituency, and he had a doubt whether the treaty with Belgium, in connection with the 5th article of the French treaty, might not injure our interests. After various members had enunciated opinions rather discursively, the report was agreed to. Mr. Herbert alluded to the removal of Irish paupers from England to Ireland, under the provisions of the Act 24 and 25 Viet. He spoke of irregularities to which Irish paupers had been subjected in removal. Mr. Villiers could give no explanation as to the alleged irregularities. The Poor-Law Board was irresponsible for dereliction of duty on the part of persons who were called upon to execute the law. Mr. Whalley moved for leave to introduce a bill for reducing the expenses of passing bills relating to railways. A discussion ensued, in which Mr. Milner Gibson said he did not think the House would consent to part with any of its powers without due deliberation. Leave was given to introduce the bill. Permission was given to Sir John Trelawny to bring in a bill to abolish church-rates. Mr. Hadfield and Mr. Dillwyn obtained leave to introduce new bills on minor subjects.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, little other business than bringing up her Majesty's answer to their Lordships' Address, was transacted. In the House of Commons, Mr. Hennessy failed to raise a discussion on the affairs of Poland. Sir G. Grey obtained leave to introduce a bill to amend and continue the law relating to corrupt practices at elections. It was agreed that the responsibility of preparing estimates of the charge of the disembodied militia of Great Britain and Ireland be undertaken in future by Ministers of the Crown, in lieu of appointing a select committee. Leave was given to Sir R. Peel to bring in a bill for the Registration of Births and Deaths in Ireland. A motion made by Mr. H. Seymour for the re-appointment of the Select Committee to inquire into the present state of the Ecclesiastical Commission, was agreed to. A conversation on Tuesday evening took place in the House of Lords on the ticket-of-leave system. Lord Carnarvon commented rather severely on the Home-office administration. Leave was given on the same evening to Sir J. Trelawny to introduce a bill in the House of Commons, allowing persons to make affirmations in all cases where an oath is required. Mr. Alcock and Sir G. Bowyer obtained leave to introduce bills—the former for voluntary redemption of church-rates, the latter to amend the law regarding the jurisdiction exercised by the benchers of the four inns of court in England, in certain cases. Lord Palmerston, in replying to Mr. Hennessy, said no proposition was made by Austria during the Crimean war to England and France, to assist in forming a separate kingdom in Poland.

There was no sitting of the House of Lords on Wednesday. In the Commons a discussion ensued on the order for the second reading of the Salmon Fisheries' (Ireland) Bill. An amendment was proposed by Mr. Butt, and was afterwards withdrawn. The bill was read a second time. Mr. Newdegate had leave given him to introduce a bill to establish a charge in lieu of church-rates for the commutation thereof, and to afford facilities for the provision of other funds applicable to the purposes of the church-rates. Lord Raynham is to introduce a bill for the prevention of aggravated assaults on women and children.

In Thursday's sitting of the Corps Legislatif, the amendment proposed by M. Jules Favre to paragraph 2 of the address was rejected. The amendment to the address in favour of Poland was then discussed, and was brought forward by M. Guyard Delalain, who wished to learn whether it was intended to restore the Constitution granted by the Emperor Alexander. He was followed by M. Jules Favre, who spoke in favour of Poland; but M. Billault contended that the present was an inopportune moment for discussing the question of Poland, though France did not lack sympathy for her, neither did the French Government, and he

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thought Poland might expect more from the liberal sentiments of the Emperor of Russia than from insurrectionary movements. On Saturday, in the Corps Legislatif, the debate on Mexico was resumed by M. Billault replying to M. Jules Favre; he maintained that France had cause of complaint against the Government of Juarez, which had "broken its sworn faith." France was resolved, like England, to make its countrymen everywhere respected. He repudiated the doctrine of M. Jules Favre, that the Government had shown a want of foresight in reference to the Mexican expedition. He protested against rumours that scandalous and secret speculations lay behind French intervention in Mexico. M. Jules Favre maintained that the Minister sought to distort the question when he submitted that the expedition was only undertaken in defence of the national honour; and that the acts put forward as forming motives for the expedition could not be imputed to Juarez, as many of them were committed before his government succeeded to power. The amendment to the address relative to Mexico was rejected. In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Billault has replied to the speech of M. Favre respecting Rome. The policy, he said, of France towards Italy was neither powerless nor equivocal; and France could not suffer to see the Pope a slave. France required tranquillity upon her frontiers, and she would prefer a federation of Italian States; but did not wish to raise any opposition to the unity of Italy. Was Rome, he inquired, necessary to Italy? To France, Rome represented one of the foundations of the independence of the Holy See; Rome as the capital of Italy was of secondary importance to France. France had never promised Rome to the Italians. The political and religious interests of France were opposed to the abandonment of Rome. M. Billault alluded to what he called the uncertain attitude of England in the beginning of the French occupation of Rome. In 1860, England made propositions by accepting which the French would have left Rome, and Austria would have remained mistress of Italy. Were the French to leave Rome the Pope might ask assistance of Austria, and France would not be in a position to offer opposition. Italy had two courses open to her—an appeal to revolution, or to lean upon France while perfecting her organization; but the Emperor would continue to labour to effect a reconciliation with the Pope and Italy. The paragraph in the address referring to Rome was passed.

We have received intelligence by the *Damascus* from New York to the 27th of January, from which it appears that General Burnside has resigned the command of the army of the Potomac, and his successor is General Hooker. General Burnside in his letter of resignation says that under circumstances more fortunate the army would have accomplished greater results. Unfavourable weather retarded any onward movement of the army of the Potomac. It is stated that the Federals in North Carolina, under General Foster, have made no advanced movement. Land forces on the 16th had been sent towards the railroad, and 1,300 Confederates had been met at Pollocksville. From an engagement the Confederates were driven back with the loss of a flag. A Confederate steamer, after a severe contest, sunk the Federal gunboat *Hatteras*, off Galveston. Engagements with the Federal gunboats took place on the 14th, at Bayoutchi, Louisiana, and the Federal commander was killed. The Finance Bill, emanating from the Committee of Ways and Means, passed the House of Representatives. By the *Hibernia* we have news relating chiefly to successes in the south-west of the Federals. M'Clernand's expedition was on the Louisiana side of the Mississippi, in view of Vicksburg. The Federals have destroyed the Confederate iron-clad steamer *Catton*, in Bayoutchi. A resolution has been introduced in the Jersey Legislature that the people are discouraged by reverses for which the generals are not responsible, and that the only means to save the country are by restoring to power General M'Clellan, who is now in Boston, receiving great attention. The proposal in Congress to place him at the head of the army was hailed with applause from the galleries. The *Tribune* says that the French Minister denies being implicated in any scheme to bring about intervention.

A very serious poaching affray occurred on the night of the 6th instant, on the estate of General Hall, at Weston Colville, Cambridgeshire. The head gamekeeper, named Tilbrook, was out with an assistant watcher of the name of Hart. Shots were heard, and the game-watchers discovered three poachers, armed, in one of the preserves. In an attempt to capture the poachers Tilbrook was fired at by one of the party and a part of his face blown away. Joseph Biggs has been apprehended on suspicion of being one of the offenders, and upon him were found seventeen bullets; he had also a wound in the loins, sustained during the conflict with the keepers. Tilbrook remains in a dangerous state. On the same night, a desperate affray between gamekeepers and poachers took place in the preserves of Annesley, a few miles from Nottingham, belonging to Mr. J. C. Musters. Four gamekeepers were watching, and discovered nine or ten poachers setting nets and beating for game. Attempts were made to capture the poachers, who, seeing their danger, began throwing stones, and being armed with bludgeons, forks, and stakes, a close encounter with the keepers commenced, and much personal injury was the result. One of the men, named Gelsthorp, was apprehended, and with his head bandaged and clothes saturated with blood, was taken before the county bench of magistrates and remanded.

Respecting the reception to be given to the Princess Alexandra on her arrival in London on the 7th March, a deputation, consisting of the Lord Mayor, Mr. Anderton, and the City Remembrancer, had an interview on Saturday with Sir George Grey at the Home Office. The route to be taken will be from the Bricklayers' Arms station through the Borough over London-bridge, through King William-street, by the Mansion House, the Poultry, Cheapside, St. Paul's-churchyard, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, the Strand, and on to the Great Western Railway at Paddington. The precise hour at which her Royal Highness the Princess will arrive is not yet known; in the meantime the South Eastern Railway Company have determined as far as they can to give the greatest *éclat* to the proceedings at their stations—the Bricklayers' Arms and Gravesend. The train intended to convey the bridal party and their respective suites has been taken in hand to be thoroughly beautified, and the engine that is to draw the train will bear the British and Danish flags. On the part of Mr. Commissioner Harvey and Sir R. Mayne efforts will be made to prevent the traffic of the streets impeding the procession. Various military corps will line the thoroughfares of the city. The Mansion House is to be gaily decorated, and seats for a limited number of persons in the balconies will be provided. No doubt the loyalty of the citizens of London will add greatly to the rejoicings by a display of flags and other emblems of goodwill. Steps are being taken in nearly all the provincial towns, great and small, for celebrating the day of the marriage in a manner worthy of the occasion.

The Polish insurrection is far from being quelled. Under date, Warsaw, February 7, we hear of a great battle fought near Woucsock, and the defeat of the insurgents. From Breslau it is reported that Sosnowice—a town on the Russian frontier, opposite Kaltowitz, the seat of a Custom-house—had been taken, after a sanguinary conflict, by the insurgents. The *Schwäbische Zeitung* says, on the 8th, that matters in Poland are so serious that a battalion of Russian infantry had been forwarded to the frontier by special train from Oppelen. The *Breslauer Zeitung* has a telegram from Myslowitz, saying that fugitive Russian troops were arriving there on the 7th instant, in very large numbers, 500 of whom, however, had been disarmed. From Lemberg there comes intelligence that 6,000 insurgents, under the command of Baron Heidel, have been beaten by the Russian General Mack, near Woucsock. Two battalions of peasants threw down their arms immediately on being attacked; many of the insurgents are wandering in the forests, while the Russians have set fire to the town of Woucsock. News from Cracow, of the 8th instant, relates that the insurgents were daily augmenting their forces, and that the Polish portion of the Warsaw and Vienna Railway was in their power. Three thousand of them were in the neighbourhood of Myslowitz. The National Government of Sandomir has been suspended. The *Breslauer Zeitung* of the 7th gives news from Beuthen of the 6th, from which it appears, that Prussian troops had been despatched from that town to Seimanovitz, because the insurgents had much increased at the Polish frontier town of Czelacz. It is said the insurgents have invaded the Prussian territory near Sublinitz. The *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, of the 7th, reports that Wengrow had been taken by the Russian troops after a desperate conflict. An attempt to poison the Marquis de Wielopolski has been made. The family of the Marquis and his servants are seriously ill in consequence; the poison was mixed in the provisions of the family. The prorogation of the Galician Diet has been proclaimed by the Emperor of Austria; this step has been adopted because Prince Sapihea had signified his intention of proposing that the Diet should vote an address to the Emperor, requesting his diplomatic intercession with the Emperor of Russia in favour of Poland. From Myslowitz and Beuthen on Sunday and Monday, the insurgents are reported as being unchecked; in Beuthen the great landed proprietors were assisting the insurgents with horses and provisions. From Berlin intelligence has been conveyed, that the insurrectionary movement is spreading, and great excitement prevails in Kulm among the Polish landed proprietors. News from Lemberg, of the 10th inst., describe the defeat of the insurgents by the Russians in various districts. Rumours from Berlin set forth that some parts of Western Prussia are to be declared in a state of siege. From Warsaw and Wilna intelligence comes of the defeat of the insurgents. News from Lemberg, of the 11th, describes the discomfiture of the insurgents in various parts, and the entrance of 2,000 Russian infantry and 200 Cossacks into Sandomir unopposed.

A correspondence relating to the Pope, emanating from Earl Russell to Mr. Odo Russell, has been issued, and is of much importance, because clearly indicating the views of her Majesty's Government on the occupation of Rome by French troops, and the position of his Papal Holiness. Earl Russell's first letter is dated Foreign-office, October 25, 1862, and begins by alluding to the correspondence of the Emperor of the French in the *Moniteur* of September, in which it was pointed out that great evils flowed from the present aspect of affairs in Rome. The Emperor called the attention of the Pope to the fact that while everything that was liberal in Europe condemned the resistance of his Holiness to every proposal of arrangement, the most attached adherents of the See of Rome found their consciences troubled by the antagonism between their "political convictions and religious principles which would seem to condemn modern civilization." Earl Russell then proceeds to comment on the conduct of his Holiness—that he allowed his spiritual authority to be impaired by his resistance to the wishes of the Italian people. On the part of her Majesty's Government, Earl Russell maintains that, in opposition to the picture drawn of his Holiness by the most eminent of his own Church, his territory had become a refuge for one of the contending parties, and the name of religion had been used as a justification for civil war. Conflicts of a ferocious kind were seen to take place under the pretence of their necessity to vindicate the temporal power of the

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Pope. Her Majesty's Government were of opinion that Rome should be the capital of the Italian Kingdom; but they had been informed that the Pope believed a time would come when his lost territories would be restored to him and his temporal power regain its former splendour. It is then asked, whether instead of the Pope being himself the principal cause of the civil war in Italy he should not retire and expect in tranquillity the issue which in the order of Providence may await the Papacy or determine the fate of Italy. Had his Holiness thought proper to retire, the Admiral of her Majesty in the Mediterranean would have conveyed him to Malta, to Trieste, to Marseilles, or to Valencia, and in Malta a mansion suitable for him would have been provided. There he would have been surrounded, if he had chosen, by his chief cardinals and trusty counsellors. Civil war, it was conjectured, would then subside in Italy, and the Italian people would be at liberty either to enjoy the complete possession of their own territory or again assign to the Pope, if they thought fit, a temporal dominion. In a letter to Earl Cowley, Earl Russell states that the wishes of the Italians could not be carried out because for thirteen years French troops had prevented any freedom of choice on the part of the Romans; at the present time the people were less reconciled to the rule of their Sovereign than before, and the English Government thought that the foreign occupation should end; although the French Emperor had conceived the design of reconciling the Pope with Italy, they could not share in his expectation. Earl Cowley, in acknowledging the letter of Earl Russell, said he communicated the nature of it to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who remarked that the views of the Emperor Napoleon and the English Government were, he thought, quite irreconcileable, but his Majesty looked ardently for the time when he could withdraw his troops from Rome with honour. On the 11th of November Mr. Odo Russell wrote to Earl Russell that he would visit Cardinal Antonelli and read to him his lordship's despatch. Mr. Russell subsequently learnt from the Cardinal that the Pope was disposed to remain in Rome so long as he could do so with advantage to the spiritual welfare of the Church; he thanked her Majesty's Government for their intentions, but he could not share their opinions.

Occasionally some rather singular evidence is given in trials for breaches of promise of marriage. A remarkable case has been heard in the Court of Exchequer, promoted by a Miss Russell, daughter of a surgeon named Russell, who died some years ago in Dublin, against Mr. Adams, surgeon, of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square. The principal and only witness for the plaintiff was her mother, who, in reply to the cross-examination of defendant's counsel, became rather petulant. Mrs. Russell stated that when her husband died she began teaching music, and that plaintiff was her only daughter. She and plaintiff went some time ago to reside at the house of Mr. Crump, at Hornsey, and on one occasion, when having the charge of a child of Mr. Crump's, at the Orthopœdic Hospital, made the acquaintance of defendant. Mrs. Russell stated that defendant promised her daughter marriage, and at his request expensive apartments were engaged in London, where he visited daily. A painful disclosure took place; Mrs. Russell found that Mr. Adams was already a married man, instead of an attractive bachelor; therefore an action was instituted. The reply to the charge on behalf of defendant was that no promise had ever been made, and that the whole affair was a conspiracy, and that defendant only saw the fatherless and fair plaintiff in a professional capacity. Several witnesses contradicted strongly Mrs. Russell's testimony. The case occupied nearly three days, and resulted in a verdict for defendant, as the jury said the plaintiff had not made out her case to their entire satisfaction.

Advices to New York from Vera Cruz, to the 9th ult., state that it was rumoured that General Legrate, with 10,000 Mexicans, had made a sortie from Puebla, and routed a French division of 14,000 men, slaughtering 2,000 of them. Rumour says, that the French fired upon each other when surprised in a fog by 8,000 Mexican cavalry at Rio Seco. Another rumour says that Puebla had surrendered to the French.

Convocation met on Tuesday, and in consequence of the accession of a new Archbishop, an opening with all due ceremonial accompanying the meeting, after an election, took place in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Four prisoners under remand have made their escape cleverly from a recently-erected lock-up in Derby.

The case of Clare against the Queen, which commenced early last week, terminated on Friday, the 6th inst. The plaintiff sued for damages for an infringement of his patent by the Admiralty, in constructing the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and other vessels; and further for a breach of contract in not paying him 5 per cent. for all ships built on his plans. The case occupied five days in hearing, and excited much interest among ship-builders. The jury found that the patent had not been infringed, *i.e.*, in the construction of the hull; that plaintiff's specifications did not show longitudinal and vertical framing separate from the plates; and the question of novelty they desired to be excused from answering. The verdict of the jury was therefore entered for the Crown.

The treaty with Denmark for the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra has been published. The usual declarations are made of the consent of both Royal houses to the approaching marriage, and that the ceremony is to take place in Great Britain, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. Her Britannic Majesty engages that the Prince of Wales shall secure to the Princess Alexandra, out of any revenues of his Royal Highness, or guaranteed to their Royal Highnesses by Parliament, the sum of £10,000 annually, to be paid half-yearly to her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra for her sole and separate use; and in case of her Royal Highness becoming a widow, her Britannic Majesty engages further to recommend Parliament to pay the annual sum of £30,000 sterling to her Royal Highness in lieu of dower, and the above sum to be paid in quarterly instalments.

T. B. Rae, secretary to the Marylebone Board of Guardians, has become a defaulter in his accounts, and is now in custody. He was found to be *minus* a sum of money, and when interrogated admitted that he had appropriated £670 belonging to the parish to his own use. With the assistance of friends, prisoner said he could make up the defalcation in a week. This was unheeded, as the Guardians felt called upon to prosecute; and on Saturday, at the Marylebone Police-court, prisoner was charged with the offence, and remanded for a week.

The decision of the Duke of Coburg has now been made known respecting the vacant Crown of Greece. For several reasons, his Royal Highness has positively refused to allow his name to be put forward as a candidate for the Hellenic throne. This will give rise to new anxieties among the Greeks.

At the weekly meeting in Manchester of the Central Relief Committee for Lancashire distress, Mr. Farnall reported a continued diminution of paupers in the cotton districts. Mr. Farnall said it was generally believed that the operatives will probably be but half employed during the year, therefore it was important that other spheres of labour should be sought.

At Mountain Ash, near Aberdare, on Saturday, a colliery explosion took place, and thirteen men were at first reported "missing;" but only two have been killed.

Another ballet-girl, named Neilson, has met with an accident at Sadlers' Wells Theatre, by her clothes taking fire. The poor girl ran screaming across the stage, and was rather severely burnt before the flames were extinguished. She is likely to recover.

Mr. Powell, Conservative, has been returned M.P. for Cambridge, by a rather large majority.

A telegram from Lisbon of the 8th inst. says, that an English steamer had insulted a Portuguese steamer in the port of Angola, but that the English commander gave satisfaction on the following day.

An election will shortly take place at Devizes, owing to the death of Captain Gladstone, who has represented the borough since 1852. Deceased was the brother of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was throughout his career a steady supporter of Conservative principles.

A vacancy at the end of the present session will be created in the representation of the city of Dublin, by the retirement of Sir E. Grogan.

Between seventy and eighty carpenters employed in preparations for the Royal wedding at the Chapel Royal of St. George, Windsor, struck for an advance of wages from 4s. 2d. per diem to 4s. 6d., and have obtained a promise that their terms shall be complied with.

On Saturday, General Serrano, acting for Marshal O'Donnell, who is ill, read a royal decree at Madrid, suspending the sittings of the Cortes. This step in Madrid has created some consternation, and a belief prevails that a dissolution of the Congress will follow. The Government, it is said, desires to unite by a conciliatory policy all the divisions of the liberal party. The Queen declares her confidence in Marshal O'Donnell. The Minister of Justice has resigned. France, it is said, has asked Spain to send back troops to Cochin-China, and that Spain has replied that she will respect the treaty which she has made with that country. Later accounts speak of Marshal O'Donnell's health as improving.

The *George Griswold*, laden with contributions for the Lancashire Distress Fund, entered the Mersey on Monday, and was hailed with a discharge of artillery. The cargo of the vessel comprise 13,236 barrels of flour, 315 boxes of bread, 50 barrels of pork, 167 bags of corn, 175 barrels of bread, 102 boxes of bacon, 3 tierces of rice, and two bags of rice.

A serious accident has occurred at the Bow extension of the Blackwall Railway, by a truck of a heavy goods-train running off the metals. Several other trucks were thrown off the metals and dragged along by the engine in fearful confusion. A part of the permanent way was torn up, and a quantity of brickwork destroyed.

An accident has befallen the Duke of Rutland. His Grace was out hunting near Grantham, and his horse fell in taking a brush fence, pitching the Duke on his head and shoulders. He was taken up insensible having sustained much injury.

Her Majesty has arrived at Windsor Castle from Osborne.

A letter has been published from President Lincoln, dated Washington, January 19, 1863, addressed to the working men of Manchester, in reply to an address to resolutions sent to the President on New Year's eve. The President says, when he went through a constitutional election in 1861 he found his country on the verge of civil war. His duty was to maintain the integrity of the Federal Republic. Circumstances had induced him to expect that if justice and good faith should be practised by the United States they would encounter no hostile influence from Great Britain. He was pleased to find that the working men of Manchester wished that peace and amity towards America should prevail. The utterances of the Manchester men had exhibited the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity, and freedom. The President concludes his letter, by saying that this interchange of sentiment he regards as an augury that the peace and friendship now

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existing between England and America would be perpetual, and he should labour to that end.

The season of railway meetings has commenced, many of the principal companies having held their half-yearly meetings.

From the west coast of Africa the steam-ship *Macgregor* has arrived bringing twenty-seven passengers, and 2,801 ounces of gold dust. 200 houses have been destroyed at Lagos by a large fire. The negro King of Cape Coast Castle is reported dead.

A meeting to support the Emancipation policy of the American Government has been held in a chapel in the Commercial Road, Whitechapel. The Rev. C. Stovel, the minister of the chapel, proposed a resolution strongly condemnatory of slavery, and disapproving of European intervention. He spoke of the effrontery of men who said that slavery was sanctioned by the Bible. In the Jewish times he would admit that the Scriptures recognised a condition of subordinate servitude, but there was nothing in that akin to the ingredients of which American slavery was formed. The resolution was passed, after being supported by a speech from Mr. W. Wilks.

Lord Ravensworth, in the House of Lords, on Thursday, dwelt on the necessity of affording asylums to ships and seamen when caught in a gale, and he thought the present a good time for attending to the subject, as there was a surplus in the revenue. The Duke of Somerset opposed the creation of various harbours of refuge before the four great harbours at Dover, Alderney, Holyhead, and Portland were completed. He disagreed with having new ports paid for by public money. The subject dropped through. A conversation arose about Redpath, the forger, who is now in Western Australia, and the Duke of Newcastle said the convict resided in a house of his own, and received a remittance annually of £200 from his wife, who is in England.

Mr. Villiers, in the House of Commons, moved for leave to bring in a bill to extend for a further period the provisions of the Union Relief Aid Act of last session. Boards of Guardians viewed the Act as one of value, and the reason why it had not been used to the extent it might have been in the cotton districts was owing to the handsome voluntary contributions received for Lancashire from all parts of the empire. In replying to remarks by Lord Stanley, Mr. Cobden said that, assuming the present state of things to continue, the condition of the cotton districts would be more serious next winter than during the present. Details were given of the large voluntary contributions which had come from the districts themselves, besides poor-rates, loss of wages, and depreciation of capital, making an aggregate of £12,445,000. Leave was given to introduce the bill.

Sir William Armstrong has sent in his resignation of the position he has held for several years past of ordnance engineer and superintendent of rifled ordnance construction to the War Department. Sir William has only tendered his resignation that he may be enabled to attend more closely to the Elswick Ordnance Company, in which he has a large interest.

The election at Devonport has resulted in the return of Mr. Ferrand, Conservative. Great excitement prevailed among the people during the proceedings.

The overland mail has brought news from India, China, and Australia. Lady Elgin reached Calcutta on the 8th of January. Through a disturbance between the Ranee Wudjee and her son, about 200 men had been killed at Khettoree, in Central India. The rebels in China still hold Nankin. From Queensland news comes of the safe arrival there of Miss Rye and her female emigrants.

The Prince of Wales has taken up his freedom of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers. The freedom was inclosed in a gold box.

Another inquest has been held on a young lady whose clothes caught fire through her crinoline. She was attending a few days ago to her mother, who was unwell, and when stooping near the fire, her clothes became ignited, and she was so severely burnt that she died two or three days after the accident.

Arrests in Paris are reported in consequence of intended demonstrations in favour of Poland. A large number of young men belonging to the normal schools and to the faculties of jurisprudence and medicine took part in the demonstration when leaving the public lectures.

Reviews of Books.

FARRAR'S BAMPTON LECTURES.*

It is much to be wished that the University of Oxford, among its other reforms, would make some alteration in its present system of Bampton Lectures. Most of our readers are aware that the Rev. John Bampton, in 1751, left certain estates for the endowment of "eight divinity lecture-sermons to be preached in St. Mary's Church by a lecturer, chosen by the heads of colleges only, on certain specified subjects, with the object of confirming the Christian faith and confuting all heretics and schismatics." Now, we do not say that, as at present constituted, these lectures have not been productive of good: there is no need to refer to well-known and really able treatises, the publication of which the Bampton endowment has given rise to. This has been the case especially in the last few years. The lectures delivered by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Mansel made no inconsiderable stir in the theological world both of England and the Continent, and constitute valuable additions to Christian philosophy. At the same time, every one who reads Bampton Lectures, and, still more, every one who hears them, cannot but feel that they lose much by being compelled to take the form of a "lecture-sermon," and to submit to the very minute provisions of the founder's will. To mention only some of the disadvantages: the terms of the said will have to be considerably strained even to admit many of the subjects, the discussion of which has been of the greatest value. Then, whatever be the subject, its treatment must be compressed into eight lectures, neither more nor less, and must be printed almost exactly as delivered. Besides, the lectures must be preached at a particular time from the pulpit of St. Mary's, and so must assume some properties of a sermon in the shape of a text, practical lessons, occasional flourishes of rhetoric, adaptations to the spirit and tone of an academical, and, for the most part, a clerical audience. Now, although the subjects specified by the founder might admit of the sermon style well enough, some of those chosen by later lecturers, however excellent in themselves, are eminently unsuited to it. We recollect hearing that undergraduates used to flock to Mr. Mansel's lectures because, in the way of logic, they were so "good for the schools." Possibly, a similar motive as regards history might have influenced some of Mr. Rawlinson's audience. By this sort of lecture the pulpit can gain nothing, and the subject may often lose much. It would, we think, be far more satisfactory, and the purpose of the founder would be equally answered, if, instead of a series of "lecture-sermons to be preached," the University (imitating in some degree the example of the French Institute) were annually to put forth, under its sanction, a written treatise on some subject connected with Christianity, not only to be chosen by the author, but to be handled at whatever length and in whatever form he may deem best. Many a valuable monograph, we venture to say, would thus be produced by clerical or lay thinkers; indeed, we should expect to derive all the benefits of the present system undiminished by its inherent disadvantages.

If this idea had not occurred to any one before, it might be sugested by a perusal of this course of Bampton Lectures by Mr. Farrar. The subject is an excellent one, though hardly coming under those enumerated by the founder; much erudition and careful study are shown throughout in its treatment; but every reader must feel that the work would have been done much better if it had been independent of the pulpit altogether. While the greatest portion of these lectures reads just like so many pages of a literary review, we must acknowledge that those parts are very superior to others, which contain the practical conclusions, the lessons and warnings, the monotonous exhortations to "study" and "prayer," the apologies for candour (!) in the examination of his subject, which, we presume, were considered necessary to invest the discussion with the character of a "sermon-lecture."

"A Critical History of Free Thought in reference to the Christian Religion" is a topic interesting enough to induce us to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the way in which it has been handled by Mr. Farrar. By "free thought" he would mean "the resistance of the human mind to the Christian religion as communicated through revelation, either in part or in whole; either the scepticism which disintegrates it, or the unbelief which rejects it;" while the stand-point of criticism is the only one that could well be adopted by a university preacher, the "teaching of Scripture as expressed in the dogmatic teaching of the creeds of the Church." The causes, then, of the insurrection of mind against authority, of reason against revelation, being two-fold, moral and intellectual, Mr. Farrar selects the latter for investigation, with only occasional reference to the former, Bishop Van Mildert having, though from a peculiar point of view, discussed these in his Boyle Lectures of 1802-4.

The principal intellectual causes, as considered by our author, which make thought develope into doubt or unbelief are—(1) new *materials* of knowledge, such as the results of physical or metaphysical science, which may present truth and furnish conclusions opposed to the teaching of Scripture; (2) new *methods* of criticism and new grounds of belief, the application of which creates opinions differing from those of the traditionary faith: as, for instance, when the doctrines of revelation are submitted to the particular tests, predominant or exclusive, of sense or reason, intuition or feeling. Such being the causes, their influence is traced in the four great epochs that have most signally exhibited the struggle of reason against the authority of the Christian religion.

The earliest of these periods, comprising the first four centuries, we may pass over hastily, as, however interesting may be the forms and sources of doubt or disbelief in such opponents of Christianity as Lucian, Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian, they illustrate but very imperfectly, if at all, the intellectual causes assigned for such mental states by Mr. Farrar, in his first lecture. The second period is that between 1100 and 1400, when the Christian faith is viewed in its struggle with the sceptical tendencies exhibited by Scholasticism. The data for this epoch are not copious; but the lecturer has succeeded in tracing what vestiges he can find of free thought in respect of religion during these centuries to the new method and spirit of criticism introduced by the Nominalists, with Abelard for their representative, and to the disposition awakened by the scholastic movement in general to make dogmas submit to the test of reason. We doubt if Mr. Farrar has not attached more importance than is due to the contact with Mahometan life and

* A Critical History of Free Thought in reference to the Christian Religion. Bampton Lectures for 1862. By Adam Storey Farrar, M.A., Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. London: John Murray. 1862.

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opinion prevalent at this period, as imparting a latitude and a nascent incredulity to Christian thought; he has more reason for concluding, from the appearance of the book called the "Everlasting Gospel," and the excitement it caused, that the new idea of the progressiveness of Christianity, and its ultimate replacement by a superior revelation developing from natural causes, exercised no inconsiderable influence on the views entertained towards the Christian faith about the middle of the thirteenth century.

The third epoch is the age commencing with the Renaissance, and closed by the creation of modern philosophy—1400-1625. Although this period includes the Reformation, whatever of free thought was exhibited in that great movement does not enter into these lectures, treating as they do only of such opposition as was made against Christianity by reason acknowledging no authority beyond its own unassisted light. In these centuries, two chief movements of unbelief are investigated and traced to their respective causes: the one in Tuscany and Rome, engendered by the revival of classical studies and heathen tastes, regarding the Christian faith with indifference; the other of a Pantheistic kind, awakened by the material and rational studies of the great medical school of Padua, and, in the doctrines of Bruno and Vanini, expressing itself in disbelief of the spiritual altogether, and denial of the immortality of the soul. The fourth period, from the seventeenth century to the present day, is of course by far the most interesting, though we need hardly say not to be treated adequately in five "Sermon-lectures." In these Christianity is seen in conflict with modern philosophy and its results, as manifested in (1) English Deism; (2) in French Infidelity; (3) in German Rationalism. One of the best parts, it appears to us, in Mr. Farrar's book, is that in which he treats of the new method of inquiry introduced by Bacon and Descartes in the seventeenth century, and the indirect influence which that method soon began to exercise on theological speculation. Their point of view was emphatically a new one; and the influence of their spirit, however different its direction, was to beget a critical, subjective, analytical study of any topic. Accordingly, when applied to religion, "This is the feature which subsequently characterizes alike the unbelief and the discussion of the evidences. Difficulties and the answers to difficulties are found in an appeal to the functions and capacities of the interpreting mind."—(Lecture IV.) In England this discussion of first principles and appeal to reason, when applied to religious inquiry, produced Deism, allowing the existence of a Deity on the evidence of reason, and creating a religion on the basis of the moral conscience. The several phases of deistic belief in England, from Hobbes to Hume, are sketched with much discrimination, according as the several assaults were directed against the method, the morality, the doctrines, or the evidences of revealed religion. It is in this part of the work that the action of the intellectual causes above mentioned is best seen; the new methods of Descartes, Bacon, and Locke, on the one hand, and the new physical discoveries of Newton on the other, forcibly operating to direct free thought into a sceptical tendency. Our space will not permit us to enter on the infidel form assumed by free thought in the France of the eighteenth century, as the lecturer traces it, from the sneers of Voltaire to the blasphemies of Volney, which he ascribes in a great measure to the spread of the extreme sensationalism of Condillac, Helvetius, and Cabanis, and the diffusion of the deistic literature of England.

But far more remarkable than English Deism or French Infidelity is that form of free thought which in Germany has been denominated "Rationalism." As Mr. Farrar well remarks:—

"The whole movement is distinguished, not only as being the most singular instance in history where the action of free thought can be watched in its intellectual stages, disconnected in a great degree from emotional causes, and where the effort was exercised by the friends of religion, not by foes; but also in the circumstance that though referable to the influence of similar intellectual causes as former epochs of free thought, it is characterized by wholly different forms of them" (Lecture VII.).

Much praise is due to the author for the care with which he has analyzed the several stages of the theological movement in Germany, and its relation to the Wolffian, Kantian, and Hegelian philosophies. We do not know any work wherein so much information is imparted on this subject within so little compass. We must content ourselves with giving Mr. Farrar's summary of it:—

"Commencing in the first period in doctrine with the disbelief of positive religion, replacing dogma by ethics, and in criticism supplying a rationalistic interpretation; in the second, it was improved on the doctrinal side by the separation of religion and ethics, and on the critical by a spiritual acknowledgment of the literary characteristics and psychological peculiarities of revelation; in the third, by a total reconstruction of both inquiries in a more historic and orthodox spirit. . . . . The solution of the problem how to reconcile faith and reason was attempted, in the first, by obliterating faith; in the second, by uniting them; in the third, by separating them."

But the lecturer is bent on being exhaustive, and not only carries his investigations of free thought down to the days of Bentham and Coleridge, and their influence on modern religious speculation, but pushes his intrepid analysis into the rationalistic tendencies of Mr. Maurice, Professor Jowett, and the writers in "Essays and Reviews." No one, however, can complain of Mr. Farrar's tone, even when he treads on such delicate ground. Throughout his work he has displayed a fairness of judgment and kindliness of spirit which, whether proceeding "from pity for the heart wounded with doubts" (or what seems to us a more adequate as well as probable cause,) from intelligent acquaintance with the many phases of history and speculation, is seldom met with in Bampton lecturers. In his preface he tells us that he had studied the subject for his private information without any design to write upon it, but simply from the desire of bringing his own views and principles perpetually to the test. This speaks well for the author's candour; but we should have expected that this early disposition to test his own opinions would have generated a more efficient criticism of those of others. As it is, we prefer the historical to the critical side of Mr. Farrar's Lectures: when his criticisms are good, they are rarely his own; when his own, they seldom strike us as profound. On Collins's "Discourse on Free-thinking" we have the safe comment made "that undoubtedly free inquiry is right in all departments, but it must be restrained within the proper limits which the particular subject-matter admits of," &c.; and as the chief effect resulting from the extinction of Christianity in France during the great Revolution, Mr. Farrar adduces "the irreligious mode of spending the Sunday in French society." But we would not wish to dwell upon these and other small blots in a book which, both in the text and the elaborate notes appended to it, bears everywhere marks of conscientious study and impartial judgment, if not of a very penetrating criticism. The Bampton Lectures of 1862 may not fulfil the writer's wish of affording "guidance" or "comfort;" they will not, we are sure, fail of conveying "instruction," where instruction in a manageable compass was particularly needed.

LORD STANHOPE'S MISCELLANIES.*

This book possesses at least one merit, not common in these book-making days—it is exceedingly short. We have here altogether not much more than a hundred pages of print, and even this amount of printing is neither small nor close. Any man skilled in the art of judiciously skipping, will be able to "read and mark" all that is really good in this volume in an hour, and to "inwardly digest" the same in half an hour more. After this acknowledgment it may appear ungrateful to say that even as it is the book is too long. Yet this is what candid criticism must pronounce. The first forty pages more especially, which are devoted to Pitt, would have found a more appropriate place elsewhere. They should have been incorporated with the "Life of Pitt" by the noble editor of the "Miscellanies;" and, although thus to bid them "part in peace" would be indeed to consign them to a living tomb, still it is unquestionably a right judgment. Lord Stanhope tells us that the miscellaneous pieces, here collected, were omitted from his life of Pitt as not "material to the narrative." We cannot acquiesce in this reason. On the contrary, it appears to us that such matters as Pitt's difficulties with Ireland, and his correspondence with the Duke of Rutland regarding these difficulties—his dislike to the customs duties and his wish to abolish them—his habits of hard work, and his courtesy towards his subordinates, were all eminently matters fit to be dwelt upon in a book which professed to be at once a record of the statesman and a biography of the man. Nay more, we think that if they had been embodied in such a work, they would have been at once more interesting and more instructive than when thus thrown upon the world as unconnected fragments. We cannot, indeed, assert that they would have made Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt" interesting or instructive. That would have been an achievement beyond hope. But they might have improved it; and they would there have occupied their right place, whereas here they are by no means in their right place. If Lord Stanhope was determined to revert to his conspicuous failure to commemorate the great commoner worthily, he might have done better than give to the world the leavings of his note-book. He might have supplied many omissions, and corrected many blunders. It would have been something had he even corrected the errors, of which the Auckland Correspondence convicted him as to Mr. Pitt's love affair with Lady Eleanor Eden.

After we have done with Mr. Pitt the interest of the book begins. It is not an interest which criticism can, with much profit, illustrate or enlarge upon; in fact, the collection is hardly susceptible of criticism at all, or at least only of that style of criticism which consists in giving specimen extracts. To read it is like listening to the conversation of a man who has lived in the best society: we hear of distinguished men, and we hear of them in their familiar life; but *what* we hear will be valued by some readers and despised by others. No principles of criticism whatever can be applied to such a collection. Every one will think of it as seems good in his own eyes; and the critic cannot feel that he has any claim to regulate that judgment. He can but indicate to the reader the nature of the entertainment prepared for him. The men who show out best—the heroes of the book, if we may so call them—are beyond question Lord Macaulay and Sir Robert Peel. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the whole collection is a memorandum by the greatest Conservative premier on the character of the greatest Whig premier. Lord Mahon sent the original "character" of Sir Robert Walpole, which he had prepared for his history, to Sir Robert Peel, for his approval. Sir Robert did not approve at all, thinking Lord Mahon's judgment far too severe, and gives with great force and clearness his reasons for his opinion. There is a certain sedate humour in the way in which Sir Robert shows up the absurdity of Lord Mahon's contrast

* Miscellanies. Collected and edited by Earl Stanhope. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1863.

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between Walpole and Strafford, which is exceedingly amusing. Here and there, too, passages occur, betraying, we think, very surely that the warmth of the defence of Walpole was in some measure attributable to personal feeling.

"But in estimating the characters and conduct of men living at different periods, in apportioning to each their respective merit or blame, justice cannot be done unless due allowance be made for the difference of circumstances imposing different duties, and calling into action different qualities.

"You must have a new test by which to try the conduct of public men, varying with the lapse of time, with the altered character of events, and with the changes of public opinion.

"In my opinion men, and the conduct of men, are much more the creatures of circumstances than they generally appear in history. Infamous as Robespierre and Marat unquestionably are, it would be no easy matter to assign to each their due share of infamy without a very dispassionate inquiry into many minute events which contributed to shape their course, and into the degrees of conflicting dangers between which they had to choose."

The following sarcastic remarks on the outcry against Walpole's corruption are perfectly sound, and show a love of truth and a contempt of humbug which tend materially to elevate our conception of Sir R. Peel's character:—

"When one recollects what other Ministers, the predecessors of Walpole, had so recently done; the shameful bribes which had been taken by Cabinet Ministers—by Sunderland, and Aislabie, and Craggs—for the furtherance of the South Sea scheme; and when one reads the report of that committee, the bitter enemies of Walpole, their horror at his attempts on the virtue of the Mayor of Weymouth, their indignation that in order to secure a favourable returning officer he had promised the mayor a place in the revenue; that he had committed the shocking atrocity of dismissing some excise officers who voted against the Government candidate, one cannot help smiling at the virtuous rage of these incensed patriots, who seem, like the giants in Rabelais, after having swallowed windmills for their daily fare, to have been choked by a pound of butter."

By a somewhat similar device, Lord Mahon elicited from the Duke of Wellington a memorandum containing a comparison between Napoleon and Marlborough, and between Marlborough and himself; but this, as might have been expected, is rather jejune. The object was to prevent Lord Mahon from inserting in his history some casual expressions which the duke had used in conversation, and which no one but the most literal of men would have thought of so inserting, and to this object it was strictly confined.

All the world has heard stories without number of the vast learning and wonderful memory of Lord Macaulay; we have here a few more added to the stock. Mr. Stirling wishes to discover the origin of an apocryphal story told by Robertson, to the effect that Charles V., at Yuste, finding that he could make no two of his clocks go alike, remarked that perhaps he had erred in attempting to compel uniformity in the more difficult matter of religion, and accordingly, "would like to ask Mr. Macaulay, who knows where everything is to be found." Lord Mahon does ask Mr. Macaulay, and gets an answer, if not beyond doubt the correct one, certainly the most plausible which has yet been given. Again, Lord Mahon and the Duke of Wellington have a difference as to when the English army first wore red, and the point is referred to the omniscient Secretary for War in 1851, who determines it by a quotation from Hudibras. A more difficult question, namely, whether human sacrifices were in use among the Romans, is referred to the same authority, and also to Sir Robert Peel. The latter, being an ex-Minister, goes into the matter very fully, and quotes passages tending to show that they were; the former, being then in office contents himself with arguing from the references furnished to him, and comes to the conclusion that they were not. The following quotation from a letter to Lord Mahon will give readers some idea of the labour with which Lord Macaulay's learning was acquired and kept up:—

"I am certainly much better, and I begin to hope that six weeks more of the Downs will completely restore me. I have been reading a great deal of execrably bad Latin—Suetonius, Vulcatius, Spartianus, Trebellius Pollio, Julius Capitolinus, Lampridius, Vopiscus—and I am going to try to take the taste of all the barbarisms which I have been devouring out of my mouth with the 'Andria' and the 'Heautontimorumenos.' I have read Herodian too. His Greek is not first-rate, but is immeasurably superior to the Latin of his contemporaries. After all, there is a great deal to be learned from these writers. Hume was quite in the right when he said that Gibbon ought to have made more of the materials for the 'History of the Empire' from the Antonines to Diocletian. Indeed, Gibbon very candidly admitted the justice of Hume's criticism."

Dignity unbending is always a pleasing spectacle, and dignity has seldom unbent more gracefully than in the following lines:—

"*Valentine to the Hon. Mary C. Stanhope (Daughter of Lord and Lady Mahon).* 1851.

"Hail, day of Music, day of Love,
On earth below, in air above.
In air the turtle fondly moans,
The linnet pipes in joyous tones;
On earth the postman toils along,
Bent double by huge bales of song,
Where, rich with many a gorgeous dye,
Blazes all Cupid's heraldry—
Myrtles and roses, doves and sparrows,
Love-knots and altars, lamps and arrows.
What nymph without wild hopes and fears
The double rap this morning hears?
Unnumbered lasses, young and fair,
From Bethnal-green to Belgrave-square,
With cheeks high flushed, and hearts loud beating,
Await the tender annual greeting.
The loveliest lass of all is mine—
Good morrow to my Valentine!

Good morrow, gentle Child! and then
Again good morrow, and again,
Good morrow following still good morrow,
Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.
And when the god to whom we pay
In jest our homages to-day
Shall come to claim, no more in jest,
His rightful empire o'er thy breast,
Benignant may his aspect be,
His yoke the truest liberty:
And if a tear his power confess,
Be it a tear of happiness.
It shall be so. The Muse displays
The future to her votary's gaze;
Prophetic rage my bosom swells—
I taste the cake—I hear the bells!
From Conduit-street the close array
Of chariots barricades the way
To where I see, with outstretched hand,
Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,*
And half unbend his brow of pride,
As welcoming so fair a bride.
Gay favours, thick as flakes of snow,
Brighten St. George's portico:
Within I see the chancel's pale,
The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,
The page on which those fingers white,
Still trembling from the awful rite,
For the last time shall faintly trace
The name of Stanhope's noble race.
I see kind faces round thee pressing,
I hear kind voices whisper blessing;
And with those voices mingles mine—
All good attend my Valentine!

"T. B. Macaulay."

"St. Valentine's Day, 1851."

On the whole it is impossible to deny that Lord Stanhope is a disappointing writer. He reminds us, not to say it offensively, of Mr. Pecksniff's horse—always giving promise of great performance yet invariably leaving that promise unfulfilled. His books are never so good as they should be. "Much worse than we seem," should be their motto. He is always meritorious and always tiresome. His materials have always been the very best; his workmanship has always been inferior. He has written the history of a most interesting time, he has written the life of one of our greatest statesmen, and the record and the memoir alike are insufficient and unsatisfactory. This "Collection" is of the same stamp. Few men, with Lord Stanhope's opportunities, would not have made a better thing of such an undertaking. However, if we cannot heartily praise, most certainly we will not blame. It would have been worth while encountering a far more ponderous tome than this to be rewarded by Sir Robert Peel's memorandum and Lord Macaulay's valentine.

AURORA FLOYD.†

For some months past the attention of the young-lady section of the novel-reading community has been almost entirely devoted to the consideration of bigamy under various aspects. It may be that the responsibility of making the topic fashionable rests with Mrs. Theresa Longworth Yelverton; but we doubt whether she had not more justification than those authoresses who, for the purpose of producing sensations in the minds of romantic and unsophisticated girls, construct plots which, skilfully contrived and brilliantly narrated, possess a piquancy denied to the reports of the proceedings in the Divorce Court. It may be, indeed, that this same court has much to answer for in the matter; and that a class of novelists are rising up amongst us who will make it their duty to illustrate, in a style at once artistic and thrilling, those varied legal details which are often too concise in their terms, and too undisguised in their expression, to be agreeable to the general reader. We can hardly take up a *Times* without perceiving the skeleton of a sensation novel only waiting to be appropriated by Mrs. Wood or Miss Braddon, and put on the stage tricked out with the necessary amount of tawdry morality and high-flown sentiment. We have always understood that "Jack Sheppard" and the "Newgate Calendar," which professed to be the record and illustration of crime, and not the inculcation of it, were, nevertheless, the favourite reading of those who warred upon society; and that, so far from the pictures which these books exhibited of the sad results of a misspent life warning others by the examples they contained, they possessed a strange fascination for criminals of all classes, and in many instances actually tempted their readers into

* The statue of Mr. Pitt in Hanover-square.

† Aurora Floyd. By M. A. Braddon. In three volumes. Tinsley Brothers.

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the vicious life they portrayed. One of the chief duties of the novelist is, doubtless, to present pictures of society at once truthful and interesting, but we cannot sympathise with those who select for illustration scenes of domestic misery and crime. We all know that incidents such as those it is now the fashion to popularize, do happen, but fortunately they rarely come before the public, and it is time enough for young women to become familiar with their details should they be unfortunately involved in them themselves. We would not for a moment accuse the two most popular authoresses of the day of wilfully endeavouring to corrupt society; we give them every credit for the attempt to point the moral, by involving the misguided heroes and heroines in every description of misery—though they usually end happily—but we utterly dispute the efficiency of the means to the end; we deny that the picture presented to us in "East Lynne" of a divorced woman living as governess with her former husband and his wife is a profitable subject for society to contemplate. We fail to see the advantage which the reader is to derive, while following with breathless interest the intrigues of a Lady Audley, whose whole energies and talents are devoted to concealing from one husband her marriage with another, whose every breath is a lie, and who does not shrink from murdering the man she swore to love. Lastly, in the novel before us, the inconvenience attending the clandestine marriage of a young lady with her groom is very clearly set forth; but we do not think this is a fact which young ladies generally would be inclined to dispute, and we do not see what point is gained by making the heroine marry a rich Yorkshireman while she is still the groom's wife, and, the groom being subsequently opportunely shot, live happy ever after. Still, whatever may be said against the moral, there can be no doubt that "Aurora Floyd" is infinitely the best of the bigamy novels. It is as far in advance of "Lady Audley's Secret" as "Lady Audley's Secret" is of "East Lynne." Not only is the plot more skilfully contrived and better sustained towards the end, but the style is more finished. There are touches of humour and pathos which we look for in vain in Miss Braddon's former work, and often an elevation of thought which would have accorded better with a loftier subject.

The character of John Mellish, the honest Yorkshire squire, is drawn with a skill that is all the more remarkable when we remember that the artist is a woman. Aurora Floyd herself is a specimen of the sex whose personal appearance we might admire, but, in spite of our authoress's evident desire to enlist our sympathies in her favour, she fails to attract them. A masculine woman with a heart is not a loveable being; but a masculine woman without a heart borders on the repulsive, even though her eyes are unexceptionable. Aurora Floyd is of this type. She hates the groom she runs away with,—the only common bond of sympathy between them having been horses and dogs. She is then engaged to be married to Talbot Bulstrode, and although she is mortified at his final rejection, in consequence of her own act, she soon gets over it. Two years afterwards "Aurora might have been shipwrecked and cast on a desert island with Talbot Bulstrode, and might have lived ten years in his company, without ever feeling for ten seconds what she had felt for him once." She had, in the meantime, married John Mellish, the Yorkshire squire, but, says our author, "I do not know that she ever felt any romantic or enthusiastic love for this big Yorkshireman;" in fact, she was obliged to put up with him, and consoled herself by bullying him. "He was not a creature to despise, for his very weaknesses were manly. Perhaps Aurora felt this, and that it was something to rule over such a man." To judge by the glimpses afforded us of the fiery nature of this young lady, the hand of steel was not always concealed by the velvet glove. This is her method of "ruling" a groom—not the one she ran away with and married.

"Aurora sprang upon him like a beautiful tigress, and, catching the collar of his fustian jacket in her slight hands, rooted him to the spot upon which he stood. The grasp of those slender hands, convulsed by passion, was not to be easily shaken off; and Steve Hargraves, taken completely off his guard, stared aghast at his assailant. Taller than the stable-man by a foot and a half, she towered above him, her cheeks white with rage, her eyes flashing fury, her hat fallen off, and her back hair tumbling about her shoulders, sublime in her passion.

"The man crouched beneath the grasp of the imperious creature.

"'Let me go,' he gasped in his inward whisper, which had a hissing sound in his agitation, 'Let me go, or you will be sorry; let me go.'

"'How dared you?' cried Aurora, 'How dared you hurt him? My poor dog? My poor, lame, feeble dog? How dared you to do it? You cowardly dastard; you—'

"She disengaged her right hand from his collar, and rained a shower of blows upon his clumsy shoulders with her slender whip—a mere toy, with emeralds set in its golden head—but stinging like a rod of flexible steel in that little hand."

It was this "little hand" that the big Yorkshireman adored, so there is nothing more to be said on the matter—it was one of his "manly weaknesses." For our own part, if a woman is to marry two husbands at the same time, we would rather she were a muscular heroine of this stamp, with whom we have no sympathy, than the wicked but fascinating Lady Audley. In neither case is the picture a pleasant one to look on; and Miss Braddon showed no little courage and knowledge of her public when she ventured on her second illustration of this favourite crime.

If we have failed to convey a very favourable impression of her last effort, it is not because we deny Miss Braddon's talent as a writer, but because we regret to see it employed on so unlovely a theme; and because, moreover, we foresee that the effect of familiarizing the public mind with highly wrought scenes of misdirected passion, will in all probability lead to the extension of sensation plots into a region of social experiences at present almost entirely appropriated by French authors. It is not long since we had occasion to notice a novel in which the interest was centred in a love affair between a step-daughter and her step-father, during the lifetime of the mother, and we regret the indications these works afford of a growing tendency in this direction. The influence of a pernicious literature, however well disguised, cannot fail to have an insidious effect upon the class of minds chiefly devoted to sensation reading; and it is in no spirit of ill-nature that we have alluded thus strongly to the unfortunate bent which Miss Braddon's imagination seems to have taken, but rather in the hope that she may be induced to employ her pen to charm, rather than to shock society. The task will be more difficult, and therefore more worthy her talent.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.*

Mr. Shutte has got out his book after all; here at least is one volume of it. He might have spared himself that rebuff with which the Bishop met his application for "your lordship's assistance towards supplying myself with reliable matter." Indeed, he now tells us that all he had ever wanted of the Bishop was—1st, his lordship's consent to the printing of some extracts from letters of the Bishop's which were in Mr. Shutte's possession; 2nd, to learn from his lordship's own lips the right interpretation of some "doubtful and difficult points." For, as might have been expected, on examining the Bishop's published writings, he had "occasionally found that statements and facts were capable of more than one interpretation." Now, let us suppose that the Bishop had agreed to confer with Mr. Shutte on those matters. If such an interview had taken place, we know that one of the two would have been a very clever man; but which of them would have been the more candid is "a doubtful and difficult point." Yet an extraordinary degree both of candour and cleverness must be presumed in him who can be trusted by himself to supply his biographer with "the right interpretation" of the facts of his own life. Wisely, therefore, as it seems to us, the Bishop declined to have anything to do with it; remaining deaf to Mr. Shutte's plea, that the terms offered him by Messrs. Saunders & Otley "were so liberal," that he could not refuse to undertake the task. But a more serious question for Mr. Shutte is, whether, in telling the Bishop that "if I cannot have your lordship's free assistance, I have no alternative but to fulfil my engagement with the publishers in the best way I can," he meant to threaten his right reverend diocesan with the publication of the letters in spite of him. Mr. Shutte indignantly denies that he ever meant to do or to threaten any such thing. The Bishop, however, by instantly applying to the Court of Chancery for an injunction, took care that, at any rate, it should not be done. As to this point, again, as we observed at the time, we think his lordship was in the right.

It is now our turn to see how Mr. Shutte, lacking whatever help he sought of the Bishop, has made up his book. He assures us, of course, that he needed no such help, and preferred writing quite independently of the Bishop; he repeatedly told Messrs. Saunders & Otley that he was sure that the Bishop's co-operation would never be obtained. But, in his second letter to the Bishop, last July, he complained of "not receiving from your lordship the assistance which can alone make the book valuable." With this discouraging intimation, we began its perusal, having the author's word for it that its contents were of no value; and, after reading through the whole volume, we find his admission confirmed. Mr. Shutte tells us really nothing about the Bishop of Exeter that we did not know before. From the Clergy List, the printed pamphlets of Dr. Phillpotts, a few volumes of Hansard, and one or two old files of local newspapers, almost the whole of this information might have been gathered with very brief research. These materials, indeed, would have been sufficient for a writer with any historical faculty, and tolerably acquainted with the general state of things, political and ecclesiastical, in England during the first thirty years of this century, to have composed, in much less space, a far more complete account of Dr. Phillpotts' public life, up to the second year of his episcopate, at which point this volume leaves him. Mr. Shutte, however, as a mere compiler, is a most unskilful one; his grasp on the substance of his narrative is so feeble, that he is fain to drop it, every now and then, and totters into long extracts lugged in with a few commonplace phrases of commendation, so filling half a dozen pages at once with a huge cutting from some one of the published tracts or speeches, which, though more readable than any passage which he himself has written, is utterly destructive of the continuity of his work. This habit makes it a painful exercise to get at a distinct view of a group or series of events; and the biographical interest is entirely lost sight of. Mr. Shutte has a trick of shifting the incidents of a person's life to and fro, postponing the earlier, or anticipating the later events, for the sake of bundling them together with all of the same kind which he picks up on his way. This is not the proper method of biography. The development of individual character and agency and position, should be the leading and connecting idea from first to last.

It will not do, for instance, in relating the career of Dr. Phillpotts, while describing the rapid preferment which he gained by

* The Life, Times, and Writings of the Right Rev. Dr. Henry Phillpotts, Lord Bishop of Exeter. By the Rev. Reginald N. Shutte, B.A., Rector of St. Mary Steps, Exeter. Vol. I. Saunders, Otley, & Co.

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Bishop Barrington's favour, to defer considering the services he rendered to that prelate, in his controversy with Dr. Lingard, until we come to his controversy with Mr. Charles Butler, twenty years later. Mr. Shutte knows, as well as we do, that a step on the golden ladder of Church dignities and emoluments was the price which Dr. Phillpotts received for every pamphlet he wrote against the Catholics or against the Whigs. Mr. Shutte does not affect to deny, that "this may help to account for the controversial tone of the whole of Mr. Phillpotts' writings up to the time of his elevation to the Episcopal Bench." We have said no more than this of the earlier portion of his career, as an able and ambitious partisan who had resolved, like Jonathan Swift, to win his way in the world by the dexterous use of his pen. In a short memoir of him, which appeared in this journal six months ago, he was treated simply as a type of the clerical politician of the last age, when it was by denouncing the opponents of a Tory Ministry, and especially the promoters of Catholic Emancipation, that a polemical champion might earn the patronage of the ruling powers.

A writer unknown to us, who has felt moved, after some delay, to publish * his "strictures" upon our unpretending sketch of the Bishop's public life, admits what he calls the "imputation," that the Mr. Phillpotts of fifty years ago, in his literary efforts to procure himself Church preferment, "studied and served the times." In the opinion of this apologist, "as much or as little may be said of any man, whether of High Church, Low Church, or no Church, Whig, Radical, or Tory opinions, whose abilities advance him in the world." Mr. Shutte, likewise, while professing to admire the present Bishop as, "of all the illustrious prelates who have ruled the diocese of Exeter," one who has done the most to merit the homage of the Church, admits that he rose to the cathedral throne by such means as we have suggested :—

"But fifty years ago the case was different. Clergymen then mingled freely in all the contests of a stirring age. It was not thought beneath the gravity of their calling to assume the part of whippers-in at elections, or of political lampooners. A pamphlet had often led the way to a stall. Rich livings had been won by still more questionable means; hence it was that men fitted to shine in the world of letters, or ambitious to earn a minister's regard, were dragged, however reluctantly, into the whirlpool of political controversy. The fault was not entirely their own. They might, indeed, have followed the obscurer life of pastoral usefulness; but once having quitted it, they were impelled by the necessities of an imperious age. And this may help to account for the controversial tone of Mr. Phillpotts' writings."

We are quite satisfied with Mr. Shutte's explanation, since, with regard to the actual circumstances of Mr. Phillpotts' early achievements and early success, his statement agrees with our own. It was not as a ground of personal reproach, but as an example of the different spirit which in that age prevailed among the dispensers of Church patronage and the candidates for Church promotion, compared with those of our own day, that we deemed fit, in an historical point of view, to notice those facts of his early career. To all sincere friends of the religious institutions of this country, it is a matter of congratulation that rich benefices, canonries, deaneries, and mitres, are no longer bestowed upon the most vehement champions of a dominant political party. All the Crown appointments in the Church for the last fifteen or twenty years have recognized other qualifications for her sacred offices—learning, piety, or "pastoral usefulness" being the most essential. We will not hint a doubt that, if the same considerations had influenced in this respect the governments of which Lords Sidmouth, Eldon, and Liverpool formed part, Dr. Phillpotts might have risen, by the exhibition of more distinctly evangelical gifts, to be, as he is, an ornament of the Episcopal Bench.

His biographer, indeed, gives us very slight opportunities of judging in what degree his capacities for "pastoral usefulness" were really proved. The two livings which he held jointly, at the outset of his clerical life, being situated, the one near Bath, and the other at Stainton, near Durham, "it is believed" that he never resided at either. His next benefice, held along with the chaplaincy to the Bishop of Durham, was that of Middleham, where "no traces of his incumbency remain, beyond some anecdotes which prove him to be an active and not always a popular magistrate." As for the rectory of Gateshead, a populous parish, in which a zealous clergyman, with an income of £1,250, might have laboured with conspicuous results, his biographer says, "There are no details of interest during the short incumbency of Mr. Phillpotts; the only circumstance to be recorded is, that his second son was born in this parish." His presentation, soon afterwards, to the parish of St. Margaret, caused "some ill-feeling." He is remembered, however, in that parish for his "great administrative ability," as well as for "the tact and address with which he controlled turbulent spirits at the vestry meetings." Meantime he received, from the unfailing partiality of his diocesan, first one, and then another still more lucrative cathedral stall.

All this time, be it observed, he was writing pamphlets against the Catholics; the time came for writing pamphlets against the Whigs. The rectory of Stanhope, valued at from £5,000 to £7,000 a year, was given to him in the year after his attack upon Mr. Lambton, on the occasion of the meeting to protest against the Peterloo massacre. "But whether," as Mr. Shutte observes, "it was at all necessary for Mr. Phillpotts to appeal to the public on such a matter as this, is a question which will be answered according as people think on the subject of political pamphlets being made a stepping-stone to ecclesiastical preferment." The amiable biographer is pleased, however, to inform us not only that Dr. Phillpotts, while at Stanhope, built himself a parsonage house, or rather a parsonage palace, which cost him £12,000, but also that, if we know how to accept the remark made by an old woman to his successor, he "sent two of her sons to heaven." With this apostolical residence and vocation, the writing of his pamphlets against Earl Grey and Jeffrey, on Queen Caroline's affair, brought him the offer of an Irish bishopric, which he refused. We do not learn that in those years when Dr. Phillpotts displayed all the keenness of his wit and the agility of his logic in disputing the pleas of Mr. Canning for religious liberty, his cure of souls was so much better discharged than his neighbours', as, in return for the very large amount of his various emoluments, the Church and the country might have required. The merits which gained him, in 1828, the Deanery of Chester, and the Bishopric of Exeter in 1830, were confessedly of a different kind.

The gift of a deanery was, in Mr. Shutte's opinion, "a substantial recognition of his labours in resisting the claims of the Roman Catholics;" but Mr. Shutte is *not* of opinion that the bishopric was given him as a reward for his vote in support of Mr. Peel, at the Oxford University election, when Mr. Peel had espoused those claims. We shall not, however, be tempted here to re-examine that transaction, since the documents with which Mr. Shutte has furnished himself are precisely those to which former writers had referred. It was admitted by us that, as the bishop himself has shown, in his "Letter to Sir Robert Inglis," he had always avowed that he would consent to admit the Catholics within the pale of the Constitution, if every individual Catholic would declare that it was not necessary for salvation to hold the Catholic faith. The proposal of such terms was tantamount to a perpetual denial of Catholic emancipation. The upshot of it all was, that Mr. Peel and the Duke having at last made up their minds to an unconditional act of emancipation, Dr. Phillpotts made up his mind to support Mr. Peel. But we now leave him in the see of Exeter, to which Mr. Shutte conducts him at the end of this volume; and we should prefer a more skilful guide than Mr. Shutte is likely to prove, in the volumes which may follow, to lead us through the Parliamentary squabbles, the incessant litigations, the diocesan scandals, and the conflicts of ecclesiastical authority, which have marked the uneasy rule of Bishop Phillpotts for the last thirty years.

* The Bishop of Exeter and the *London Review*. A Reply to Strictures on his Lordship which appeared in the *London Review* of August 30, 1862. W. Thompson.

A FEMALE RAGGED SCHOOL IN EGYPT.*

Miss Whately had visited Egypt once before, as an ordinary tourist; but she went there again, and lived for a twelvemonth in her own hired house at Cairo, for the purpose of establishing a day-school, in which plain needlework and the reading of the Bible might be taught to the poor little girls of that city. The result of her labours and observations is put before us, in a very unaffected and pleasing manner, in this little book. Since "The Englishwoman in Egypt," we have not had such a glimpse into the domestic life of the native population there. Miss Whately really lived quite among them, and sought by neighbourly kindness to persuade them to trust her with their children. Her chief assistance was from a Syrian Christian family who occupied the lower storey of her house. The mother, Um Usuf, or "Mother of Joseph," entering very readily into Miss Whately's plan, went round with her into the lanes and alleys of the quarter to canvass for scholars, while the eldest daughter, Menni, was teacher and Arabic reader; Miss Whately, who knew only a few words of the language to begin with, superintending the school. Before the twelvemonth was out, she was able to talk pretty freely, both to the children who were gathered in, and to their parents whom she visited at home. A Syrian lady, Mrs. R——, who seems to have been an educated person, the wife of a European settled at Cairo, sometimes accompanied Miss Whately in going amongst the people. With all this, it may still be imagined that the difficulties of opening confidential intercourse with the motley folk of Egyptians, Moslem and Copt, the Bedouin Arabs, Syrians, Turks, and others, who came in her way, must have been extremely formidable; and the cleverness with which she got through this courageous enterprise, though she herself may not think much of it, will rather surprise the home-staying reader. But we know that a good will can go a good way; Miss Whately found the power to talk, when called upon to explain her proceedings, in the presence of thirteen or fourteen Moslem grown-up persons, because she had something which she earnestly desired to say to them.

With rare prudence, however, she refrained on all occasions from directly assailing the Mohammedan faith, and rather strove to assure her Moslem hearers that our Book, since they hold it as an axiom that a true Religion must be founded on a Book, contains the full histories of Joseph, Moses, David, and Jesus, who are venerated as prophets by every true disciple of Mecca. When asked if she wanted to make Christians of them, she replied, with a touch of evangelical diplomacy, that she was not able to do so; that to make Christians was beyond any human power, but that she would show them the truth, and leave God's word to operate on their minds,—since it was one great point in her favour, that the Mahommedans are taught to regard both the Old and New Testament with reverence, as preliminary to the Koran. Miss Whately's harmless stratagems to make the people acquainted with the New Testament may provoke a smile, but would have

* Ragged Life in Egypt. By M. L. Whately. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

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been an inexcusable deception if its reading had been forbidden to them. It is pleasant to see how she bribed the professional story-teller to recite, in a public coffee-house, the parables of Christ instead of the popular tale of "Abou Hassan's Slippers," while the missionary ladies, from their own windows on the opposite side of the narrow street, listened for the well-known words of St. Matthew's Gospel, to make sure that he had faithfully performed his bargain. A scene of deep interest is that of one evening on board a Nile boat, where the simple boatmen, waiting in idleness, after they got tired of their rude songs and dances, were entertained by the strange lady with the reading of "stories," being those of the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, and the prodigal son. They heard all this, followed by the Ten Commandments and the fourth chapter of St. John, with earnest attention; after which, one old white-bearded man, "who seemed to have the spirit of a little child, lowly and ready to learn," looked up at her, with a touchingly wistful expression, and said, "What shall I do? I cannot read, and you will soon go; I hear no more of this; how am I to know what God would have me do?" None of us can refuse to join in Miss Whately's hope that, from these few attempts of hers to scatter amongst an ignorant race the seeds of a purer morality and of a more spiritual faith than that of the Koran, some good fruits, though unobserved, may grow.

One serious obstacle to her special work of instructing the native girls was the notion of Mahommedans that the souls of women are essentially inferior, and unworthy of cultivation. To this prejudice, one of the most pernicious features of Eastern superstition, the vices of their social life are in a great measure due. Polygamy, indeed, is seldom practised by the lower classes; but the denial of female education, attended by the monstrous custom of disposing of mere children in marriage, has most degrading and distressing effects. We are told, for instance, of a little creature eleven years old, "neither in looks nor manners at all older than girls of that age among city children of the poor in England," being espoused to a lad of fifteen for a bridal gift of fourpence, which she spent in buying sweetmeats, and got a beating from her mother for so doing; in the very week before this she had stayed away from school in a huff, because another girl had torn off the arms of her doll! This shocking haste of parents to get rid of their daughters by premature matrimony is owing, perhaps, in many cases, to their scanty house accommodation; for poor Salhah, the child-wife just mentioned, is seen, in one of the woodcuts from Miss Whately's drawings which illustrate her book, actually seated upon the roof of a small hovel about the size of an English pigstye, in which her mother crouches, with no room to spare, while the father smokes his pipe outside, and the little ones crawl in the mire. One young matron, whose frank and confiding disposition soon gained Miss Whately's heart, was Shoh, *i.e.*, "Ardently Beloved," not fifteen years of age, and still the victim of a maternal as well as of conjugal tyranny which moved the author's compassion. On her first visit to the school, leading in her little sister, she stood listening and smiling, but thought herself, perhaps, too much of a woman to join the A B C class; she came, however, again and again, with a dirty baby and a lot of oranges; till one day, fired with a sudden resolution, she put the baby on the floor, presented the oranges to the teacher, and, seating herself on the mat at Miss Whately's feet, seized an alphabet-card, and began to pronounce the letters, that she might learn to read with the busy little maids around her. Poor Shoh! whenever she could get away from household drudgery, her husband being absent with his donkey on errands of trade, she would come to the foreign lady's house, "and bounce in with an air of joyous triumph," kiss Miss Whately's hands, then run to wash her own, pulling off her headkerchief to show that her plaited hair was neat, and, settling down in a corner, repeat the lessons in which she delighted. Overhearing a conversation, in which Miss Whately assured the suspicious women that her only motive for opening this school was her love for the children whom she would try to benefit, poor Shoh anxiously whispered to Menni, pointing at Miss Whately, "Does *she* love *me?*" It was impossible to resist all this, and we do not wonder that the eager, affectionate girl became a special favourite. "*Ya habeeby*, oh yes, my dear, certainly I do love you, Shoh, and all of you. I want you to go to Heaven with me!" replied the good English lady; at which declaration we can fancy how those wild Egyptian girls, having never heard the like of it in their lives before, opened their great black eyes, and stared at the friendly speaker, as though an angel had visited them from some brighter and happier sphere.

These touches of true humanity, which abound in Miss Whately's narrative, give to her little book an interest even for those who may not reckon on much positive outward success of missionary schools in Egypt. "She kissed my child!" exclaimed a fond mother, on returning from her first interview with the stranger who had come, for such incredible objects of Christian philanthropy, to dwell amidst the neglected poor in a Moslem quarter of Cairo; it seemed wonderful to those lowly people that anybody, most of all that a Frank and a *Sitt* or "lady" should care for them. "I believe you love God, for you love the children," said the Turkish milliner, Sitt Haanem, or Mrs. Hanuem, as we might call her, as she sat, smoking and directing her work-girls, when Miss Whately called upon her. This logic could scarcely be disputed in the case of one who was approaching, in the name of Christ, the hearts of an alien and jealous population, with the gentle entreaty, "Suffer your little children to come, and forbid them not." Indeed, the mothers sometimes feared that Miss Whately might be too fond of their children, and carry them off to England. She exclaimed indignantly, at this charge of being a kidnapper, "Listen, Oh woman! we have girls plenty in our country,—more girls than we want" (which, as Miss Rye and Miss Faithfull tell us, is but too true),—"why should we take yours?" This disclaimer was borne out by Shoh, testifying that she had seen pictures of Miss Whately's own *bint och* or sister's daughters, who were much nicer, prettier, and cleaner, than her young country-folk, and therefore Miss Whately was not likely to want to carry these away. An elder sister of Shoh's, likewise a married woman, named Fatmeh, her own three children having died within a fortnight, burst into passionate tears when she saw the portraits of Miss Whately's fair little nephews and nieces hang upon the wall. What less could the kind Englishwoman do than try to soothe her sorrow with the only words of universal comfort, "Dear Fatmeh, God is good?" It is for incidents such as these, full of that natural feeling which makes the whole world kin, that we are charmed with Miss Whately's humane and womanly book.

We should like to know what has become of poor Shoh, the "Ardently Beloved." She has, perhaps, since Miss Whately's departure, had rather a hard time of it, with a cruel mother and aunt, who disliked her attending the school, and who once set upon her in the street, beating her most unmercifully, tearing her hair, and dragging her along the ground, and bidding one of the boys to bite her savagely in the arm. It may well be believed that Miss Whately had some pain in leaving these poor people, when the twelvemonth was over, after the many affecting conversations she had had with them, and the children's holiday feast in the tamarisk grove, and "the mothers' meeting," at which she bade them farewell. Her hope and promise is, that this work of charity, which she began in faith and conducted with exemplary prudence, shall not be discontinued. We know little, as yet, of the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East;" but if its counsels and operations are always guided by such a spirit as that which pervades this volume, we should be pleased to hear of its success. Difficulties, however, still greater than any of those to which she has alluded, will probably arise in any attempt to uproot Mahomedanism, and to plant Christianity in its stead, on the banks of the Nile. Meantime, we are glad that a countrywoman of ours, having commenced this generous experiment, gives us, in such an interesting narrative, a genuine picture of the lower strata of social life in Egypt.

SHORT NOTICES.

It was in 1848 that Mr. Mitchell* crossed the Atlantic; and though Richmond, in which town he had some friends, was his immediate destination, he could not possibly have then foreseen that observations on its social life would ever possess for us any such interest as they may now derive from the mighty strife of which Richmond is the centre. If we pass over his personal adventures on landing in the James River, which, though humorously told, were scarcely worth the telling, we come to a scene that really invites our attention,—the plain and comfortable household of a Virginia planter, in that very district which, for the last year or two, has been ravaged by the civil war. Mr. Mitchell's description of the manners of this class, or rather of the families by whom he was entertained, is not only that of an agreeable, but of a respectable sort of people; and we cannot, apart from our abstract disapproval of slavery, regard them with wholesale detestation, or even refuse them, on non-political grounds, a certain share of our sympathy in the terrible ordeal they have lately gone through, involving so much private suffering. The country gentleman, for example, whose hospitality Mr. Mitchell first accepted on his arrival in America, was neither a harsh master nor a licentious and covetous trafficker in human flesh; simplicity, peace and good order, with homely plenty abiding in the house, hallowed by family affection as well as by domestic piety, reminded the visitor, in his first evening there, of Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night," but that there was nothing rustic in the manners of its inmates. The townsfolk of Richmond, with whom Mr. Mitchell had a more prolonged intercourse, seem, upon the whole, to have made rather a favourable impression upon him, though he was startled, as most Englishmen would be, upon entering a sale-room, to see half a dozen of his fellow-creatures "knocked down" by the slave auctioneer. In some respects he found that Richmond middle-class society, under the influence of what are called "church members" or "professors," was characterized by a tone of mild prudery which tempered the honest mirth of the elders, and kept the innocent freedoms of the young people within bounds. This we see displayed in his amusing sketch of a "frolic," or festive party, where the treat consisted of plum-cake, lemonade, and ices, with some rather "slow" and guarded talk, varied by timid singing, until they warmed up to a tolerated substitute for dancing, which is called "jogging along." But one fair, plump, good-humoured girl was called to order even for this. "Miss Ellen, I shall report you, and have you turned out of the church, for if that ain't dancing, I'll be blamed!" There is a vein of pleasantry in this part of Mr. Mitchell's book; and he enjoyed the mellow summer evenings at Richmond, when youths and maidens strolled about in the quiet streets of the little town, under the watchful eyes of their parents seated at the open windows or in the house porches; while the banjo music and laughter of the careless negroes, mixed with the voices of social converse, or notes of the pianoforte from

* Ten Years in the United States. By D. W. Mitchell, formerly resident in Richmond, Virginia. Smith, Elder, & Co.

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drawing-rooms above, were sounds of peace, the recollection of which, now that Richmond has become associated with the fiercest of modern wars, appears to him worthy of note. These Virginian experiences of his, though involving no extraordinary incidents, are the best part of his book; for his acquaintance with the other States of the Union seems to have been extremely limited, and his political reflections, which are decidedly hostile to the Northern Abolitionist party, will command but little attention. He would have done better to have presented his reminiscences of social life in Virginia, without those trite and tedious discussions, in a volume of half this size, or in the pages of a magazine.

Mr. Hugo Reid, whose outline of the "History of the United States"* may naturally be taken next in our way, is described as "late Principal of the Dalhousie College" at Halifax. His book, which is compactly arranged, concisely written, and correct, so far as we have had leisure to test its statements, is calculated to be useful to those who would examine, aided by a brief synopsis like this, the historical antecedents of the great revolution now going on. To such inquirers, we may add, Bacon's "Guide to American Politics"† will, at the same time, be no less serviceable, as it supplies the text of all important documents relating to the political constitution of the Union, from its establishment to the present time, with a strict analysis of its purport, showing respectively the limitations of the Federal power, on the one hand, and of the State Legislatures on the other, as well as its provisions for the temporary government of the territories immediately subject to Congress, and for their final incorporation as new States. The second part contains all the Secession ordinances lately passed by the Southern States, with the new Constitution adopted by the Southern Confederacy, and a statistical appendix, in which the wealth and population of all the thirty-four States are set forth. We can safely recommend this little handbook, as well as that of Mr. Hugo Reid, to all who would form an impartial and accurate opinion of the present dispute. American politics lead us, unhappily, to the subject of Lancashire distress, on which Miss Ellen Barlee, whose treatise on the destitute classes in London we noticed last week, has published the result of her inquiries‡ in a visit to three or four of the cotton-manufacturing towns in December last. She first stayed with the Rev. Mr. Jeaffreson, rector of a large district in Stockport, where, in his night-schools and sewing-classes, and in her daily calls at the homes of the suffering people, she learnt much of their usual habits, and of their present needs. In Manchester, she inspected one or two of the chief institutions which have been created provisionally for the assistance and comfort of the unemployed; but most of her information about these is borrowed from the locally-published reports. She then went to stay with Mr. Hopwood Hutchinson, the ex-Mayor of Blackburn; and in that town had sufficient opportunities of learning what efforts are made there by the Relief Committee, the different religious congregations, the Strangers' Friend Society, and other charitable agencies dealing with the temporary distress. Miss Barlee testifies that the mill-owners themselves are "doing a great deal, in a practical and unostentatious manner;" and their liberality is acknowledged by the operatives, who, amidst the privations which they must endure, "make little or no complaint." We regret, however, that she has too readily adopted the besetting prejudice of most unofficial and irresponsible inspectors of the poor, against the mode in which the legal ratepayers' funds are administered by the Poor-law guardians. Her strictures upon those necessary rules which, though involving sometimes a hardship to individuals, protect the distribution of public money from vast abuses, and protect the poor from the demoralising influence of a reckless system, appear too hastily conceived. The remarks which she makes upon the social aspects of the manufacturing operatives' life, in general, and upon the employment of married women in the cotton-mills, which prevents their properly attending to their domestic duties and "child-ward care," are worthy of attention, though not quite original, or bearing very directly on the existing distress.

The author of "Beauties of Tropical Scenery"§ has not only read Humboldt, but he has been in the West Indies. He has also read "Childe Harold," but has not become a Byron. A poet's mission is not to apostrophise a group of islands, individually and collectively, in laboured stanzas of eight or nine lines apiece, with triply-rhymed terminations, in fine rhetorical phrases of flattery. There is a lack of human interest in this performance. It may, indeed, serve as an incentive to the study of natural history or geography; but literature is not much indebted to it, except as another proof of the unconscious imitation of mere style—the author's favourite models being confessed by the turn of his language and versification in every page. Besides the descriptive passages of "Childe Harold," he seems occasionally to have caught the manner of Darwin's "Botanical Garden." Thus, invoking that new-fancied mythological personage whom Arthur Clough has styled "the Goddess of Bathing," the author, after having enjoyed his swim, vociferates, while drying himself on a rock—

"Divine Ablution! antidote to heat!
Pure pristine pleasure, unalloyed with bane,
Arm'd in thy panoply, secure I meet
The noonday sun," &c.

All which, in a sanitary point of view, is correct.

* A Handbook of the History of the United States. By Hugo Reid, late of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Griffith & Farran.

† Bacon's Guide to American Politics; or, a Complete View of the Fundamental Principles of the National and State Governments, with the respective powers of each. Sampson, Low, Son, & Co.

‡ A Visit to Lancashire in December, 1862. By Ellen Barlee, Author of "Friendless and Helpless," and "Our Homeless Poor." Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

§ Illustrations of the Beauties of Tropical Scenery. By the Author of "The Nuptials of Barcelona." R. Hardwicke.

MUSIC.

The performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday week was, in most respects, one of high excellence. This oratorio has, by frequent repetition, become almost as familiar to our choristers and instrumentalists as Handel's "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Judas Maccabæus," which works, indeed, it bids fair to rival in popularity if not even in permanence. The difficulties, both vocal and instrumental, which "Elijah" at first presented, have now been smoothed down so as to leave no impediments to its thorough and effective realization, even by the vast concourse of voices and instruments over which Mr. Costa presides at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It is questionable whether a finer performance of "Elijah," as regards the chorus and orchestra, was ever heard, than that to which we now allude. Much of the splendour of the general effect was undoubtedly owing to the admirable and efficient band, comprising most of our best solo-players, and so strong in numbers as to form an adequate balance to the great mass of vocal sound. Hence all the fine traits of the instrumental score—those delicate details and minute touches of colouring which so admirably contrast and relieve the choral effects,—had their due prominence and significance, and served to complete a grand musical picture, every portion of which has its importance. In such a work as "Elijah," abounding as it does in all the rich elaboration of modern orchestral effects which have an interest apart from the vocal portion of the score, any inadequate proportion of the band to the chorus is much more seriously felt than in the works of the older masters, where the instruments frequently play the same passages as those sung by the chorus, any special feature in the orchestra being there rather the exception than the rule. Thus, in "Elijah," among other choruses, "Blessed are the men," "Thanks be to God," and "He watching over Israel," lose much of their effect and charm if the independent features of the orchestral score are weakened by the disproportionate smallness of the band. This is a point that cannot be too strongly enforced, since the general effect of all musical performances must depend on that nicely adjusted balance of sound which answers to the harmony of colours in a picture. Mr. Costa is well aware of this, and his name as conductor is always a guarantee of orchestral completeness and excellence. At the performance of "Elijah," to which we now refer, the principal singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sainton Dolby, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Henry Haigh, and Mr. Weiss. Madame Rudersdorff sang with an energy and intention which proved her to be a cultivated and intelligent artist; and if her vocalization be not always irreproachable, there is yet a meaning and significance in her reading which place her far above a mere mechanical executant. Mr. Henry Haigh, who was the tenor, has an agreeable and sonorous voice, but is wanting in that breadth of style and power of rhythmical phrasing which are specially requisite in music of such fervid expression. He sings as if more accustomed to the sentimental ballad or the *suave* Italian opera than to that grand and elevated style which the music of the great German masters (and especially their sacred music) so imperatively requires. Even the unquestionably rich quality of his voice will avail little in this department of the art unless allied to greater command of declamatory expression. There is scarcely any other English basso who can give such dignity and force to the music of the prophet as Mr. Weiss, whose delivery of the declamatory song, "Is not His word like a fire?" was as forcible as his singing of the air, "It is enough, O Lord" was expressive. The pathos which Madame Sainton Dolby imparts to the air "O rest in the Lord" generally procures an *encore*, and the present occasion was no exception. The subordinate parts were allotted to Mrs. F. Lucas, Mr. Patey, Mr. John Morgan, and Mr. Smythson.

Mr. Balfe's new romantic opera, "The Armourer of Nantes," was produced on Thursday, at the Royal English Opera. We reserve a detailed criticism of the work for our next publication.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

The Royal Society of Literature, on Wednesday evening, presented a scene of the most animated kind. The report on the Mayer papyri and the Simonides' "Uranius," adopted by the Council, was read.

The report began by referring to the exhibition of Mr. Mayer's papyri in January last, at the society's rooms, for the examination of such gentlemen as wished to inspect them. Amongst those who availed themselves of this opportunity were Sir Frederic Madden, Sir Charles Nicholson, Mr. Birch, Mr. Bonomi, Mr. Eliot Hodgkin, the Rev. Dr. Cureton, Dr. Hunt, Sir H. C. Rawlinson, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Poole, Rev. Mr. Hugo, Dr. Guest, and Mr. Goodwin. Dr. Simonides, accompanied by Dr. Dracachis, was present during the whole time, and Mr. Vaux, and other members of the council, on the part of the society. No formal decision was come to by those gentlemen who inspected the documents, but nearly the whole of them, the report stated, were adverse to the admission of the genuineness of the papyri. It was remarked, *inter alia*, that there was a great similarity in the handwriting of the different MSS., more than could be the result of accident; that

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letters characteristic of very different periods were frequently found in the same MS.; that occasionally forms of Greek letters occurred, the existence of which in other ancient documents those most accustomed to palæographic studies did not recognize; that, in some instances, the presumed ancient letters in the papyri bore a strangely suspicious resemblance to modern Greek characters; that the descriptions of the contents of the papyri recently placed on them seem to be in one and the same hand with the inscriptions on the papyri themselves; that the colour of the papyri was generally different from that usually noticed in MSS. of the same nature, and was possibly derived from artificial staining; and lastly, that in some instances portions of papyri of different textures had been joined together, so as to make up one piece. The report further stated that the papyri exhibited, with one exception, had been so fastened down that it was impossible to see what was on the other side of the written portion, and that, therefore, no opinion could be formed of the state of the papyrus when first unrolled. Nothing new had been elicited in proving the identity of the MSS. exhibited with those taken from Mr. Mayer's museum to be deciphered by Dr. Simonides, and the statement of which was published two years ago by him. Gentlemen who had seen the collections of the Rev. Mr. Stobart, and of Mr. Sams before they were purchased by Mr. Mayer had said that they had no remembrance of such fragments as those exhibited; and the report went on to point out that in the papyri the writing was sometimes bent down so as to fit existing cracks or holes, and that in fragment No. 7 the writing was written round a hole previously made. Attention was also called to the unusual length of the lines of writing, which would induce suspicion on the part of those best versed in palæographic studies.

Besides the papyri, Dr. Simonides had also exhibited two rolls of Hieratic writing, of the genuineness of which there was no doubt whatever; as also the famous volume of "Uranius," about which there has been so much discussion amongst the scholars of Germany. No definite objection was taken to this MS., as the nature of the writing could only be determined by microscopic examination, the means for which were not provided at its late exhibition. A particular phrase, *κατ' ἐμὴν ἰδέαν*, originally occurring in it, and objected to by the German men as wholly unlike ancient Greek, had been erased, and another Greek phrase, *ὡς ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ*, substituted in its place.

Such was the substance of the Report. After the reading of it, the Chairman proposed that a paper by Mr. W. Wright, "On the Codex Sinaiticus," should be read before the discussion. But some friends of Dr. Simonides objected to this course as notice had not been given of the second paper, they had come prepared to discuss only the first, and that that discussion would be restricted in time and in its results by the introduction of other matters. The meeting deeming it right to give "fair play" to Dr. Simonides as a foreigner, decided to take the discussion on the report forthwith, which was then opened by Mr. Hodgkin, who said that he had examined the manuscripts with very great care and, as far as the natural senses could be depended on, he could find nothing in their actual state which should impugn their genuineness. He had been asked by Mr. Vaux if Mr. Mayer could trace the identity of these manuscripts, and since then he had seen the curator of Mr. Mayer's museum, who saw and assisted at the unrolling of the manuscripts, which, he added, it was important to state had not been removed from Mr. Mayer's museum until after the meeting of Mr. Mayer's friends there on 1st May, 1860, when the passages which were now subjected to dispute had already been brought under public attention. He stated further that the curator could identify by their form and appearance the portion of St. Matthew, and the letter of Hermippos, the "Periplus" of Hanno, and the "Dynasties of Carthage," as belonging to the series unrolled by Dr. Simonides and himself in the Mayer Museum, although he could not read the writing. The large letter the curator remembered distinctly as belonging to Mr. Stobart's collection. As to Mr. Goodwin's assertion about the adherence of some minute portions of blotting-paper, it would have been important if the fragmentary matter had been under the writing; but as that was not the case, the imputation of Mr. Goodwin had evidently no value whatever. While the manuscripts were under exhibition, in the Society's rooms, he had asked for a microscope, but no instrument having been furnished there, they had since been submitted to such an examination by the very eminent microscopist, Mr. Deane. Mr. Thomas Wright confirmed Mr. Hodgkin's statement of the publication of the papyri before Mr. Mayer's soirée, which took place before the papyri had left Mr. Mayer's possession. Mr. Yates said he had examined the "Hanno" and the "Uranius" most minutely, and could detect no flaw that could militate against the genuineness of the writing. He also had seen Mr. Mayer's curator; and he explained to the meeting in detail the manner and method of unrolling the papyri in Mr. Mayer's museum. Dr. Simonides unrolled, and the curator pasted down the pieces on calico. The curator had recognized the identity of the Gospel of St. John. The great importance of the assumed readings of these manuscripts was such that no doubt it was right closely to scrutinize them; but other important inscriptions had been found in unlikely places besides these. For himself he could say that he had called on Dr. Simonides at his residence, and no man in his conduct could be to all appearance more sincere or more honest. It had been urged against Simonides that he only brought inferior documents for sale in this country, but it was that gentleman's intention, naturally enough, to present his finest manuscripts to the University of Athens. Mr. Deane, whose examination had been somewhat chemical as well as microscopical, pointed out an important fact in respect to the appearance of one writing over another. When the manuscripts were submitted to him, casting his eye over some "crossed" letters lying on his table, he perceived that at the junction of the two writings there was a tendency of the fluid used in the upper one to run out into the line of the lower writing; and by experiments he found that this took place, through the chemical affinity of the writing-fluid irrespective of whether the paper was dry or damp. This fact had a strong bearing on the question of the genuineness of the "Uranius," for his examination showed at least that the whole of the under, or uncial, writing must have been written *before* the dark, or ecclesiastical, writing was written *over* it; and which inference was confirmed by the fact that the fine cracks in the superior or dark writing had not been filled up with any writing fluid, as would have been the case if the pale writing had been carried over them.

He had used a binocular microscope, and he was satisfied also by this means that the pale writing ran *under* the dark writing; and lastly, this could be proved by mechanical means—such as scraping off the upper or dark writing with a penknife. If, therefore, the "Uranius" was a forgery, the uncial writing was forged first and before the ecclesiastical writing was put over it. His assistant had also examined this work, and had come to the same conclusions. He had also gone over the Hieratic papyrus. At one end a portion had been washed away by accident. He was informed this was admitted to be genuine. He wished, therefore, to see what appearance this part exhibited. He had also washed and examined some fragments of papyri given him by Mr. Hodgkin, but he could detect nothing in the Mayer papyri that had the appearance of fraud. In the part of the Epistle of St. John it had been said there was a number of minute white spots which had been supposed to be fungi. He had looked at them with a lens, and, if they were fungi, they were *above* the letters. They may be chemical compounds or chalky matter; and inorganic materials will travel it was well-known a long way in damp substances. These specks must, however, tend towards the genuineness of the document, at least as far as Simonides is concerned, because if he had put any writing on the papyri he must have obliterated the spots. It was then urged by Sir F. Madden as inimical to Dr. Simonides' claim for the validity of his documents that there were letters of unusual form in them, for instance, the lines of the Greek *η* were carried above the line far higher than usual in other documents. A sloping *η* was very rarely met in old documents; and it was singular that the same kind of letter should be used in Dr. Simonides' publications. Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, thought the question of validity should not depend on the belief of a curator, but should be decided by the internal evidence of the documents themselves. There were two ways in which the genuineness could be proved or disproved—palæographically and philologically.

It was impossible, in his opinion, these manuscripts could be genuine. He then referred to the Greek passage which was alluded to in the report, and jocosely asked if, like a chamelion who could change its skin, a parchment could change its writing. Moreover, the coincidence with Bunsen's statements were, to his mind, too close to allow him to accept these disputed manuscripts.

Dr. Dracachis said it was not likely that any man in his senses would have done what Dr. Simonides had been supposed to have done in giving such valuable documents as mere substitutions to Mr. Meyer. If they had been his, and he could not have sold them himself, he could have disposed of them to advantage through another person. In respect to Mr. Goodwin's assertions, that he could wash out in a few minutes the writing from the papyri, he (Dr. Dracachis) had tried for forty-eight hours, and then failed to effect that object—some particles of the writing-fluid would remain in the tissue of the papyrus. Mr. Deane confirmed this statement, that traces of the colouring matter would remain in the tissue after the most careful washing. Mr. Hamilton, of the British Museum, said he had washed out some writing from papyrus. Dr. Dracachis challenged him to produce the sample, and he would show him the traces remaining. The Chairman pressed for time, and said the philological questions were the most important. Dr. Dracachis said Mr. Goodwin had looked over Lepsius, and some other authors, and had found some words coinciding with some words in the inscription in the Hermippos of Mr. Mayer. If any person were to take down an ancient work and find the words "father" and "daily bread"—words expressive of things in every day life, in every age, he might with as much reason, or more, contend that these words were proof of the existence of the Lord's Prayer. He then read Mr. Goodwin's attempted translation of one passage, and followed by reading Dr. Simonides' translation, showing, he remarked, a sensible translation in the latter, and a nonsensical one in the former case. As to the asserted substitution of a passage in the "Uranius," that passage was correct in the MS. "Uranius," but the misreading was an error in Tischendorff's printed work, which it was known was full of orthographical and other errors. Mr. Goodwin said it was impossible for him to make himself understood to gentlemen who knew nothing about Egyptology or palæography. The phrases in Egyptian rituals were often very obscure, and most persons when they read a translation would not know what it meant. All he could say was, that on the Champollion principles the translation he had given was correct; and he asserted that the so-called inscription was nothing more than three or four lines from a ritual. In reply to interrogatories from Dr. Dracachis, Mr. Goodwin believed the writing might be washed out.

Mr. W. Wright's paper was then read. It consisted of a notice of Tischendorff's discovery of the MS. Codex Sinaiticus; and some personal imputations upon Dr. Simonides, of having written the letters in the *Guardian* and *Literary Churchman*, and purporting to be from the Greek priest, Kallinikos.

A Greek present, M. Nicolaidis, attacked Dr. Simonides, and said that at the time Dr. Simonides had stated he was at Mount Athos, he was not there; and that if he had been he was too young to have been admitted into the monastery. Dr. Simonides, however, confronted him with a short decisive statement of the cause of the personal animosity towards himself which had caused the utterance of these mis-statements. And as, in reply to cross-questions from Dr. Dracachis, this gentleman—understood to be an excommunicated priest—contradicted himself on a material point of dates as to his own residence at Mount Athos, it is not worth while to encumber our space with what at most can be only regarded as a personal squabble. In reply to a question from the chairman, Mr. Curzon said that he had been in the library of the monastery of Mount Sinai, but because he did see the disputed MS. there at that time it by no means followed it was not or had not been there. Sir F. Madden made some further remarks, and a gentleman made a calculation of how much manuscript Simonides must have

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written per day to have made the Codex Sinaiticus, as Simonides asserts he did. Dr. Simonides was present and spoke but little. His addresses were in Greek, short, concise, and to the point. As the chairman remarked, in concluding the meeting, which lasted until near 12 o'clock, the subject seemed interminable, and would doubtless be carried to other arenas before the public heard the end of it. It is certainly to be hoped, considering the importance of the questions at issue, which are not merely antiquarian, but historical and theological, involving in the latter phase the very authenticity of certain readings of the New Scriptures—that the absolute truth or absolute falsity of the disputed documents should be incontrovertably established.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society, Dr. Angus Smith gave an interesting account of researches made by him on the "Absorption of Gases by Charcoal." This paper, the first of a series, was confined to oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid. The remarkable fact that oxygen is absorbed by charcoal, whilst the nitrogen of the air is not touched, seems to have been hitherto overlooked, although it was well known to be more readily absorbed than nitrogen; or, to use the words of the "Handwoerterbuch der Chemie," by Liebig and Poggendorff, "Tarrot, Grindel, Nogel, and Saussure have shown that oxygen was absorbed from air more readily than nitrogen, and that with certain proportions of charcoal no oxygen was left." Dr. Angus Smith showed that for a time there was no nitrogen absorbed, but that only oxygen was removed by the charcoal; also that a similar separation takes place when oxygen and hydrogen are exposed to charcoal. This, however, can only occur within certain limits; if charcoal saturated with oxygen be exposed to nitrogen, the oxygen is itself removed to make way for some nitrogen. Although this result must, in some measure, depend on the compressibility of gases, it is without doubt a form by which electric action is produced in porous bodies. This may be taken in connection with the theoretical portion of the paper, in which the author gives his reasons for believing that there is no distinction to be drawn between the attraction called physical, which results in cohesion, and that attraction which has for an ultimate result chemical combination, and which is ascribed to chemical affinity. Bodies show an inclination to combine, and are attracted towards each other, but the final result—combination—is not always possible, although it is only when possible that the action can be called purely chemical. The author, wishing to avoid the multiplication of natural powers, or names to natural force, reasoned to prove that the one is only the incompleted action of the other, or that both the chemical and so-called physical are one. When a piece of charcoal containing nitrogen is put into a tube of oxygen gas over mercury, the nitrogen first comes out of the charcoal so as to depress the mercury considerably, and then the oxygen becomes absorbed. If there be little nitrogen, and the absorbing power of the oxygen be great, this effect is not seen. This phenomenon may be remarked more frequently with other gases which are less rapidly absorbed than oxygen.

The oxygen cannot be removed by warming or by boiling water. The charcoal is then found to give out carbonic acid instead. The combination of oxygen with probably the finer parts of the carbon has occurred at a temperature even below the temperature of boiling water. The author has not decided how much below.

Animal-charcoal has this combining power much more active than wood-charcoal, probably on account of this very fineness.

Wood-charcoal absorbs oxygen for a month when put into the pure gas, carbonic acid only for a short time, and hydrogen still shorter. The author thinks that the oxygen ceases to be absorbed on account of the presence of carbonic acid formed. He views nearly the whole surface of the earth as a porous body, therefore continually absorbing and evolving gases where exposed to change.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, 16th February.

Asiatic—5, New Burlington-street, at 3 p.m. "On a newly-found Bactrian Pali inscription." By Professor Dowson.

Medical—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ p.m. "On the Differences between the Diseases of the Nervous, Circulating, and other Systems of the Child and Adult." By Mr. Thomas Bryant.

Tuesday, 17th February.

Ethnological—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8 p.m. 1. "On the History of the Gipsies." By J. Crawfurd, Esq., President. 2. "A Brief Account of the Yenadies of the Chingleput District." By Dr. Shortt.

Civil Engineers—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 p.m. Discussion on "Drainage of Dundee," and "Sewerage of Newport."

Pathological—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street, at 8 p.m.

Royal Institution—Albemarle-street, at 3 p.m. "On Animal Mechanics." By Professor Marshall.

Statistical—12, St. James's-square, at 8 p.m.

Wednesday, 18th February.

Geological—Burlington House, at 8 p.m. 1. "On the Middle and Upper Lias of Dorsetshire Coast." By C. E. K. Day, Esq. 2. "On the Correlation of the several Divisions of the Inferior Oolite of the Middle and South of England." By Dr. Harvey B. Hole.

London Institution—Finsbury-circus, at 7 p.m. "Vertebrata." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.

Society of Arts—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 p.m. "On the Best Means for Promoting the Growth and Improving the Quality of Cotton in India." By A. Nesbitt Shaw, Esq.

Thursday, 19th February.

Royal Society—Burlington House, at 8½ p.m. 1. "The Effect of Temperature on the Secretion of Urea." By Dr. E. Becher. 2. "On Clinant Geometry, as a Means of Expressing the General Relations of Points on a Plane, Realizing Imaginaries, and Extending the Theories of Anharmonic Ratios." By A. J. Ellis. 3. "On Skew Surfaces, otherwise Scrolls." By A. Cayley, F.R.S.

Antiquaries—Somerset House, at 8½ p.m.

Linnæan—Burlington House, at 8 p.m. 1. "On the Geographical Distribution of the Aculeate Hymenoptera collected by Dr. Wallace in the Eastern Archipelago." By F. Smith, Esq. 2. "On the Anatomy of Filaria Medinensis, or Guinea Worm." By Mr. Bastian.

Chemical—Burlington House, at 8 p.m.

Numismatic—13, Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Royal Institution—Albemarle-street, at 3 p.m. "On Chemical Affinity." By Dr. Frankland.

Friday, 20th February.

Royal Institution—Albemarle-street, at 8 p.m. "On Recent Discoveries at Jerusalem." By Rev. Geo. Williams, B.D.

Philological—Somerset House, at 8½ p.m. "A Scientific Analysis, Classification, and Representation of the Sounds in English Words attempted." By Rev. D. Coleridge.

Geological—Somerset House, at 1 p.m. (Anniversary.)

London Institution — Finsbury-circus, at 7 p.m. "Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor Field.

Saturday, 21st February.

Royal Institution—Albemarle-street, at 3 p.m. "On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Ada Fortescue. By the author of "The Dalrymples." Three vols. Post 8vo., cloth, £1. 11s. 6d.
Alcock's (Sir Rutherford) The Capital of the Tycoon: Three Years' Residence in Japan. Two vols. 8vo., cloth, £2. 2s.
Bellamy's (J. C.) The Housekeeper's Guide to the Fish-market. 18mo., cloth, 1s.
Bennett, Rev. Dr. James, A few Memorials of. 8vo., cloth limp, 1s.
Better Times Coming; or, More in Prophecy. Fcap., cloth, 2s.
Books for the Household. Nine vols. Fcap., cloth, 1s. each.
Chitty's (J.) Treatise on the Law of Contracts. Seventh edition. By J. A. Russell. Royal 8vo., cloth, 32s.
Collins's (Wilkie) No Name. New edition. Three vols. Post 8vo., cloth, £1. 11s. 6d.
Destiny (The) of the Human Race. By the author of "The Study of the Bible." Two vols. Crown 8vo., 12s.
Dickson's (N.) The Books of Lindsay & Son, Merchants: Book-keeping by Single Entry. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.
Epigrams: Ancient and Modern. With Preface, by the Rev. John Booth. Fcap., cloth, 6s.
Eyebright: A Tale from Fairy-Land. By the Hon. Augusta Bethell. Second Edition. 16mo., cloth, 2s. 6d.
Fisher's (Jas.) The Assembly's Shorter Catechism Explained. Twenty-third edition. 18mo., cloth, 2s.
Freeman's (E. A.) History of the Federal Government. Vol. I. 8vo., cloth, 21s.
Hoare's (Dean) English Roots and the Derivation of Words. Third edition. Fcap., cloth, 4s. 6d.
Hopps's (John Page) Discourses of Daily Duty and Daily Care. Second edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.
Illustrations of the Beauty of Tropical Scenery. By the Author of "The Nuptials of Barcelona." Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.
Jervis's (Capt. White) The Ionian Islands during the Present Century. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.
Kinglake's (A. W.) History of the Invasion of the Crimea. Second edition. Two vols. 8vo., cloth, 32s.
Laing's (Samuel) England's Mission in the East. 8vo., sewed, 1s.
Latham's (R. G.) The Nationalities of Europe. Two vols. 8vo., cloth, 32s.
Lyell's (Sir Charles) The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man. 8vo., cloth, 14s.
Lyra Anglicana: Hymns and Sacred Songs. Collected by the Rev. R. H. Baynes. New edition. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
Magnet Stories (The) for Summer Days and Winter Nights. Vol. V. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.
People (The) of Europe. Second series. Twelve coloured pictures. 18mo., sewed, 1s. 6d.
Pirn's (Capt. Bedford, R.N.) The Gate of the Pacific. Illustrated. 8vo., cloth, 18s.
Rask's (Prof.) Short Tractate on the Longevity ascribed to the Patriarchs. Crown 8vo., boards, 2s. 6d.
St. Olave's. Three vols. Post 8vo., cloth, £1. 11s. 6d.
Sears' (Edmund H.) Regeneration. Fcap., cloth, 3s.
Senior's (Nassau W.) Biographical Sketches. Crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.
Smart's (John) The New Theology. Edited by his Wife. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.
Smith's (Dr. Wm.) Principia Latina. Part III. Latin Poetry. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
Smith's (J. Denham) Winnowed Grain: Selections from Addresses. Second edition. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees.

On Monday, Feb. 16th, Tuesday, 17th, Thursday, 19th, and Saturday, 21st, will be presented (third, fourth, fifth, and sixth times) Balfe's Grand Romantic Opera, in three acts, entitled—

THE ARMOURER OF NANTES.

The Baron de Villefranche. { Envoy of Louis XII. of France. } Mr. W. H. Weiss.

Fabio Fabiano, Count de Beauvoir—Mr. Santley.

The Count de Moulac, The Count de St. Breux, M. de Ploerchartel, M. de Kerkoudn } Nobles of Brittany. { Mr. Goodwin, Mr. James, Mr. Price, Mr. C. Lyall.

A Jew—Mr. H. Corri. Pascal (a gaoler)—Mr. A. Cook.

and

Raoul, the Armourer—Mr. W. Harrison.

Anne, Duchess of Brittany—Miss Anna Hiles.

Dame Bertha—Mrs. Aynsley Cook.

and

Marie (an orphan)—Miss Louisa Pyne.

The Music by M. W. Balfe. Libretto by J. V. Bridgeman.

Conductor—Mr. A. Mellon.

On Wednesday, Feb. 18th (being Ash-Wednesday), there will be no performance.

After which, on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the Burlesque opening of the Grand Pantomine, entitled BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; or, the Gnome Queen and the Good Fairy. Concluding with the Grand Transformation Scene, Moonbeam and Sunlight; or, the Descent of Morn's First Ray.

Doors open at Half-past Six. Commence at Seven. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £4. 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circles, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five. No Charge for Booking or Fees to Box-keepers.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, (Last Week but two) every Night at Eight, and Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons at Three o'clock, in ST. JAMES'S HALL. The Programme will include the popular Songs, "Come where my Love lies Dreaming," "Willie we have Miss'd You," "Annie Lisle," &c., first introduced into this country by this Company. Thursday, Feb. 19th, Mr. Wambold's Benefit.

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GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION.—PROFESSOR TENNANT will accompany his Class from King's College, on Wednesday, February 18th, to AYLESFORD, to examine the CHALK, GAULT, and GREENSAND of the District. Any old Student or Member of the GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION desirous of joining the party, Professor Tennant will be glad to see. He hopes to have the assistance of the Rev. T. Wiltshire, B. Waterhouse Hawkins, and Mr. Bensted.—The Train leaves London Bridge at 10·15 a.m.

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	14 years	61 2 0	95 10 0
	21 years	75 2 6	108 0 0
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12 Tea Spoons	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 6
1 Gravy Spoon	0 6 6	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon gilt bowl	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
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WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

THE noise of the Polish revolution is beginning to echo over the Continent. The French nation, with chivalrous interest, pricks up its ears at the sound of a nationality in arms for independence, and every clang of Polish scythes stirs a sympathetic chord in the heart of Europe. While bystanders in the streets of London and of Paris are talking of the movement, the Polish nation is dying by inches in a desperate and bloody effort to remove the yoke imposed upon Poland by the treaties of 1815. It is impossible not to be moved at the spectacle. The way the hapless Poles cling, living and dying, to their old traditional history must win our pity, at least, if not our approbation. It is impossible not to feel that half-armed men are being slaughtered this day to preserve the balance of power established by Vienna diplomatists nearly half a century ago. Whatever be the virtues or the failings of the Polish race, they fight for freedom with a gallantry that goes to the heart of every generous Englishman and Frenchman. This is no rising of a democratic mob. Every class and order in Poland—nobility, clergy, peasantry—have taken part in it, and fight to the death, with pikes, with scythes, with cannon hollowed out from the trunks of trees, in forests, in morasses, on mountain sides, against the barbarous but disciplined soldiery which Russia pours down upon them. It is said that the principles of non-intervention are or should be sacred. Liberal Europe, accordingly, shudders and stands aloof. But there is a monarchy—to its eternal infamy be it spoken—which seems unmoved by the miserable tragedy. Of the Prussian people we have nothing to say that is discourteous. But what will history say of the Prussian Ministry, which at such a moment steps in to assist at the massacre of the Polish nation? It is intelligible that a reactionary Cabinet should tremble lest the brand be kindled also within the Prussian frontier, and the kingdom of Prussia be destroyed by the incendiary flame. The monarchy which rose by the Congress of 1815 to the rank of a first-rate Power naturally measures its influence in Europe by the number of territorial miles over which the military flag of Prussia floats. We have nothing to do with the internal merits of a policy which seems destined to bring the Liberals of Prussia into direct conflict with the throne. The question for us is, how long are England and France to endure so monstrous an intervention?

The rumour of France's dissatisfaction grows stronger every day. There is, however, as yet, no movement behind the tapestry that conceals the Imperial Cabinet. Either Baal is hunting or he is sleeping—or perchance he dances. Golden sandals and bare feet glitter at Compiègne, while Poland is being undone. The attitude of the French Government would be the less remarkable, if the Imperial policy on these occasions had been less loudly dinned into our ears. The mission of France, we are told, leads her wherever civilization suffers. Does not civilization suffer when "Order reigns at Warsaw?" The Emperor has, we all know, constituted himself the policeman of Europe. What has become of the police? The answer is obvious. The active policeman is not here, he is round the corner. He is redressing the wrongs of the Arabs, or taking care of her Holiness the Pope, or busying himself about the Catholic missions in Cochin-China, or has gone down an area in the next street to look after the kitchen arrangements of Mexico. The most energetic of constables cannot be everywhere at once. At present his time is amply occupied in the protection of financial virtue in distress. It is little use for Poland and liberty to shriek. The policeman hears a voice they cannot hear, that beckons him away. It is the voice of Jecker. When such interests as those of Jecker are at stake, even Warsaw must give way.

As the French journals are asking what is to be the policy of the Imperial Government on the Polish question, it will be for English Members of Parliament to see that the English Ministry exerts all its lawful influence to put an end to the horrors of the strife between Russia and Poland. Conservative sympathy with the cause of despotism may perhaps be checked by the reflection that a bloody repression of the revolution broken loose in Poland will not mend matters in the long run. Nor do we ask that England should rush into war for the sake of the Poles, still less that she should condescend to threaten where she knows she cannot strike. It is still the order of the day that Great Britain is always to look on quietly at everything till she herself is touched. The intrinsic glory and value of this policy it is not our business to discuss. In the temper of Englishmen it seems the only policy possible. But at least let us join our counsels to those of France to prevent Prussia's departing from the principle of non-intervention which binds ourselves. The telegraph informs us that on the subject of the proposed step Lord Russell expressed himself ambiguously, as neither in favour of, nor in opposition to, the Russo-Prussian convention. We shall be much surprised if this turns out to be anything else but the invention of M. Reuter's monarchical imagination. Lord Russell, with all his faults, is thoroughly Liberal at heart, and a friend to non-intervention. The diplomatic atmosphere he has of late been breathing can hardly have turned his head so far as to make him depart from his old principles and sanction a flagrant violation of them. When he worships the Magna Charta with so much satisfaction to himself, he does so partly because it is the charter of our liberties, and partly also because it is a

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piece of parchment. The Vienna Treaty is also a piece of parchment, and, therefore, naturally to be admired; but it seems to be the charter in some instances, not of constitutional liberty, but of Continental tyranny, and of its inevitable result—Continental disorder. If there is to be any foreign action at all in Poland, it should be joint action on the part of the great Powers, not isolated action by a single reactionary member of the old European league. The Powers who shared in the partition of Poland are trustees for Europe; nor has Prussia the lawful right to move in the matter. It may be that old things should be kept up, and that old treaties should not be torn. But, at least, let no European monarchy dare singly to step forward to draw the bonds of 1815 tighter than the course of events has left them.

The French Emperor's destiny has hitherto led him into conflict with the old treaties which Europe adopted, perhaps wisely, but to which she certainly may cling too long. He has been the patron of nationalities hitherto; the time is come when France and the world are looking to see whether he flinches from his *rôle*. The French have had inglorious kings since the French Revolution; but we doubt whether they will tolerate a Napoleon who is untrue to his character. Already the French press has spoken out about Poland. Can Napoleon III. afford to be so active in Mexico, while he remains so silent about the Polish nation? Can he venture, while France is in its present unsettled condition, to squander French blood at Orizaba, while he closes his eyes and ears to the distress of the Poles? Will the French endure to see Prussia move against Polish independence, while a Napoleon pretends to be looking the other way? The French Empire, while it appeals to the vanity and instincts of the nation, is firm and stable. When it ceases to do so, we seem to feel that it may after all be built upon the sand. The Emperor's Transatlantic expedition has already tired the patience of his subjects. Any want of sympathy for Poland will seem a miserable thing indeed to all classes of Frenchmen by the side of the factitious interest about Mexico which the Imperial policy displays. Nor can Louis Napoleon afford to disregard public opinion altogether. Imperialism in France has attained to great power and influence; but the fever is a fitful and uncertain one, and may always be quenched by a foolish step on the part of the Empire. His Imperial Majesty can never reckon on an absolutely certain throne so long as he lives, though comparatively speaking he may calculate on probable stability. His reign must from its very nature be one long crisis. Events like the Polish revolution either shake or confirm his tenure of the crown. The Ides of March for him are long since come. Yes, Cæsar—but not gone.

TRANSPORTATION OF CRIMINALS.

THE question of the disposal of our more heinous and hardened criminals—that class especially which is usually distinguished as "convicts"—continues to excite more anxious attention than any other matter of domestic policy. The people having had ample proof that the constituted authorities cannot safely be intrusted either with the elucidation of the theoretical problem or with the practical administration of the actual law, are still busying themselves with the inquiry as one which comes very close home to their business and bosoms. Nor has the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate and report upon the matter done much to allay anxiety, to restore confidence, or to check amateur discussion. Nor, indeed, was it in the least degree calculated to produce any such effect; for, in the first place, the delegation to a specially constituted Board of a question which lay within the most defined and ordinary functions of the Executive Government, and in reference to which that Government had already as ample information and as much accumulated experience as a Commission could amass in several years, merely betrayed the incapacity and feebleness of that Home Office to which we officially trust for our protection; and, in the second place, the composition of the Commission was especially disheartening. It was impossible to hope much even from eminent and able men who, however wise, were no longer young and active, and had plenty of other business to attend to. No one who desired a searching investigation and a philosophical report would have assigned the task to two venerable ex-Chancellors, three ex-Secretaries of State, two judges, and the O'Conor Don.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a numerous and intelligent assembly should have met on Tuesday evening at Burlington House to discuss that suggestion of the revival of transportation, which was a short time since so recklessly put forward by some leading journals, and which was suspected to have been listened to even by some members of Government in a few transient moments of perplexity and collapse. The subject was ably handled; and, though nothing new was said, much that has long been known was said well. It was gratifying to see that not a single voice was raised in defence of the revival of transportation as a systematic punishment, and as a conclusive and satisfactory mode of getting rid of our criminals, and solving the difficulty which is besetting us. Every speaker who had any claim to speak at all concurred in condemning the proposal as one which could not for a moment be entertained by any nation which knew what it was doing or had any lingering respect for decency or justice. The only exceptions to the general unanimity were two or three gentlemen connected with Western Australia, who pleaded, with much earnestness and some plausibility, that, whatever decision might be come to with regard to transportation in the abstract, on a great scale, and as a sufficing solution, this country was bound to continue to send to the colony they represented as many convicts as it could conveniently absorb, at all events for some years to come; inasmuch as the Government had deliberately engaged to do so, when, about the year 1850, the mother country was thrown into a state of grievous embarrassment by the refusal of every other colony to receive any more convicts. At that period of perplexity and danger, Western Australia had stepped forward and offered to accept and prepare for a large amount of convict labour, and several gentlemen had involved capital and contracted engagements on the faith of the arrangement then entered into. The plea was a fair one, though beside the general question; and the colonists have a fair ground of claim for damages against the Colonial Office for not having kept faith with them, and may have a still stronger claim if no more convicts are to be sent. But, as these speakers were very properly reminded, the colonists are not willing even now to welcome the special class of convicts whom we are most anxious to get rid of, viz., our most desperate and dangerous villains; and, moreover, it is certain that, whatever might be their wants and feelings *now*, in a very few years they would follow in the steps of every other colony, and would find the presence of the convict population among decent emigrants and in a thriving settlement so utterly demoralizing and unendurable, that they would insist upon being relieved from the consequences of their own rash demand.

The most singular speech of the evening was Lord Alfred Churchill's. Rising to argue in favour of transportation from a colonial point of view, he brought forth the most telling arguments against it from the metropolitan point of view. Transportation now, and transportation to Western Australia, he assured the meeting, was a very different thing from transportation as it had formerly been managed in the older colonies. The convicts were admirably well off there. They were received by the respectable settlers with open arms. They were no longer "white slaves," "assigned" to harsh masters, as used to be the case in New South Wales and Tasmania. They worked for wages like free labourers, and wages were high because labour was in brisk demand. They soon became landholders. They often married the daughters of free emigrants. No one was allowed to call them bad names, or even to reproach them with having left their country for their country's good. Any such want of courtesy or kind feeling was forbidden by an Act of the Colonial Legislature. All was *couleur de rose*. As to wives for them, there would be no difficulty; for even if there were not enough of settlers' daughters for both free and convict claimants, it was proposed to send out considerable numbers of "Irish girls"—those blue-eyed daughters of Erin not having the same prejudice against exiled burglars and garotters as is unfortunately sometimes found to exist among Anglo-Saxon females. This attractive picture was gravely and vividly drawn by the colonial advocate. The natural question in reply was:—"If all this be so, what becomes of transportation as our most severe secondary punishment? Is a home at the Antipodes, compounded of rich and cheap land, high wages, a fine climate, and an Irish wife, so terrible a picture that it can be regarded as the next worst penalty to death? Could any actual or potential criminal who had listened to

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Lord Alfred Churchill have been deterred from evil courses by the hearing? Would not such a prospect, with the vista of gold fields in the distance, be enough to clench the design of any hesitating and debating ruffian to garotte even Lord Alfred?"

Sir Walter Crofton spoke most admirably, hitting every nail on the head with a strength, brevity, and precision that was strangely refreshing after the verbiage in which some previous speakers had indulged. But the most interesting and valuable remarks made during the evening were probably those of Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Adderley. They both gave emphatic utterance to the feeling which arises in the minds of all persons in the slightest degree acquainted with the subject—a feeling, that is, of the profoundest surprise and scorn that the matter should be once more under discussion. Over and over again it has been explained that every foreign spot to which convicts can be sent must be either a populous colony or a penal settlement; that every such colony has refused to receive one single fresh convict under menace of rebellion, and that no Government would dream of forcing any upon them; that every penal settlement must become a Port Arthur or a Norfolk Island, and no man, who has the faintest idea of what those places were, would ever lay upon his soul the sin of creating or suggesting another. Respecting those penal settlements, things are in evidence which cannot be printed here. Those awful dens of misery and violence and vice had to be guarded by soldiers—and the soldiers sent there, it was found, were virtually punished as severely and were soon demoralised almost as completely as the criminals; and the criminals committed fresh crimes and worse crimes merely that they might go back to Sydney or Hobart Town—and be hanged. Transportation to a colony, in fine, is no punishment, and ought not to be revived, even if it were possible,—which happily it is not. Transportation to a mere penal settlement would be the costliest and the most cruel mode we could adopt for disposing of our convicts, and would be a sin of the deepest dye, even if it were cheap and humane. Lastly, transportation is only brought up again in these days that we may have one chance more of lazily evading a difficulty and shrinking like cowards from a solemn obligation.

PRUSSIAN ALLIANCES.

M. VON BISMARCK has at last discovered a congenial enterprise, by which he may turn the attention of those who dislike his domestic system of *Thorough*, from the deadlock in the Chamber to the spirited policy of the Foreign Office. Poland is once more in arms against her cruel oppressors. In England there is not a friend of liberty, nay, there is not a friend of humanity, whose sympathies are not with the unhappiest of modern nations in her hopeless struggle against unheard-of wrongs. Italy, in the midst of her own half-finished labours, has a thought of kindness for her less fortunate sister; and France feels herself bound to the cause of Poland by ties of religion and historical remembrances which the nephew of Napoleon I. will not dare to disregard. Meanwhile, the Prussian Government welcomes the Cossacks over the frontier, and sends them back refreshed and re-armed. The Russian troops are afforded every facility for transport through the Prussian territory, and measures have been or are being concerted at St. Petersburg for ultimate joint action on the part of the two Powers. The first-fruits of the compact, if report speaks true, are to consist in a kind of fugitive white slave law, according to which the Russian bloodhounds may track their victims on Prussian soil. A preliminary insult has been offered to Prussian Poland by a most offensive proclamation, countersigned by the Commander-in-chief of the province. While her rival is thus actively engaged in the amenities of a Russian offensive alliance, Austria is conciliating that goodwill of free nations, which the subject of an angry note from one of the Czar's diplomatists rarely fails to obtain.

The Prussian Ministry may have considered that a decisive policy against Poland was not certain to be unpopular in Prussia. The deep-seated antipathy between the German and Polish nationalities is, unfortunately, only too well authenticated a fact. The readers of Gustav Freytag's successful novel of "Debit and Credit" may call to mind how much capital the author, himself a very advanced German Liberal, makes out of this feeling. The Polish Deputies in the Berlin Chamber occupy a position not unlike that of the Irish Brigade in the House of Commons, except that the former have real and the latter very shadowy grievances. The interests of their own nationality and religion are, naturally enough, the only care of the Polish members. "What do we care," bitterly exclaimed one of the most eloquent of their body in the late debate on the Address at Berlin; "what do we care for the momentous constitutional struggle in which you tell us you are engaged? Whether you triumph or succumb in it, our nation will remain unhappy and oppressed." But as there is no honest Prussian who does not feel that the partition of Poland is a blot on his country's history, and that Posen is the dimmest gem in his sovereign's "divinely-bestowed" Crown, we cannot believe that a generous and high-souled people will submit to be attached by its rulers to the wheels of the car of despotism as they again pass over unhappy Poland. The *Cologne Gazette* has already expressed what every true man in Prussia must feel; and we can only hope that other papers, whose tendencies are less notoriously Catholic and French, have ere now added their voices to the protest. Some of the Liberal Deputies have already begun to move in the matter.

If the debates at Berlin do not furnish enough scope for M. von Bismarck's mental activity; if he is content to leave Lord Russell to settle the Schleswig-Holstein question, which raises a blush on every Prussian cheek and a pang in every Prussian heart; why does he not devote his superfluous energies to a study of *Vaterländische Geschichte*, which is a part of every German schoolboy's course? There, if he has eyes, he would see that the meaning has long passed away from that usage of Prussian politicians, of always taking the contrary course to that adopted by Austria. This time-honoured tradition enabled Napoleon I. to take the two Powers singly, and singly for the time to annihilate them. The alliance of the peoples, sanctified by the bloody day of Leipzig, soon shrunk into the holy alliance of the sovereigns. It collapsed, and Prussia and Austria returned to their familiar attitude of mutual defiance. M. von Vincke's "white horse of Bronzell" was, it is true, the only Prussian subject who fell a victim to the ancient tradition; but the Czar Nicholas was able to reckon on Prussia at all events lagging ere she took up arms with Austria to repress his revolt against the peace of Europe. Louis Napoleon well knew that before Prussia had made up her mind to march her troops to the defence of her rival, he might tear from the latter a province, and concluded the peace of Villafranca while Frederick William IV. was still engaged in "mobilising" his army. And thus matters continue to the present day. At Frankfort, Prussia's feeble Liberalism is checkmated by Austria, as at Dresden, Manteuffel was worsted by Schwarzenberg. The tariffs of the two nations are irreconcileable. Prussia has been coquetting with the Tempter of the Tuileries and is now concluding military treaties with Russia; while the Double Eagle of Vienna is attempting his first flight in constitutionalism at home, and even showing a desire to extend his wings over the poor Polish fugitives.

A Russian alliance for Prussia is sure to bring along with it the contempt of Europe. Those whom the Czar honours with his friendship must sacrifice their liberty of action on its altar. A French alliance, on the other hand, is an idea which deserved strangling in its birth. Whatever value Louis Napoleon, in imitation of the Czar Nicholas, may attach to his eagerly sought personal interviews, the days are past for Sovereigns or Cabinets to make holy or unholy alliances without their peoples. And the feelings of a people like the Prussians should be the first consideration of its rulers. Prussia is entitled to the rank of a great Power solely in virtue of her army; and her army is her people. A writer in the *Saturday Review* was much mistaken the other day, in stating that the Prussian army is chiefly officered by the nobility. By far the greater number of officers, except in the Guards and the cavalry regiments, are without the *Von;* nor does it at all follow that every *Von* belongs to the arrogant faction of the *Junkers*. The rank and file of the Prussian army are drawn from all classes of the best educated people in Europe. They are the descendants of the soldiers who made their country a great Power by their enthusiastic personal devotion to Frederic the Great; and the sons of the Volunteers who restored Prussia to her place among nations at the call of the king, just fifty years ago. But no alliance which the people abhors, no design of which it is ashamed, will succeed in driving this people's army to slaughter or be slaughtered, like savage Zouaves or fanatical Muscovites.

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A firm and permanent alliance between Prussia and Austria will not be the work of a day. Both Powers have much to learn and to unlearn. Prussia has to cease from flirting with France, and cringing to the Czar; and has, by honest constitutional government at home, to assure herself of that hegemony over North Germany, at least, to which her power and the wishes of the inhabitants of the smaller states entitle her. But, above all, she has to beware of continuing the policy of weak cunning, which is worse than no policy at all. For this it is necessary that, in the words of sagacious old Knebel, the present holders of power should consent to abdicate *themselves*. When Frederick William III. abdicated his traditions, his policy, and his prejudices, he enabled Stein to raise Prussia from the dust. With regard to a resignation by the present King, the wishes of some of his lieges go somewhat farther; but he will not do ill for his people's honour, if he will resign Count Bismarck and his colleagues, and consent to abandon a policy which is made up of a quarrelsome jealousy of Austria, an unsteady admiration of his neighbour on the Rhine, and an unmanly obsequiousness to the oppressor of suffering Poland.

DISPUTED LIFE POLICIES.

A VERY important decision was pronounced a few days ago, by the Court of Queen's Bench, in the matter of a disputed life policy. The question arose on a policy in the International Life Office, which that company refused to pay; and the point in issue was the nature of the interest which a person must have in the life of another to enable him to effect a valid assurance on the life of that other. The importance of the decision arises from the fact that it will govern a numerous class of existing policies, and will, if acted on by insurance companies generally, affect an important branch of their business. There is no doubt that there are at the present moment hundreds of policies which stand pretty nearly on the same grounds as the one which the International has just successfully disputed. It is equally certain, that most of them were effected with the most perfect honesty and good faith on the part of the persons assured, and in complete ignorance that such policies were not valid in law. All of them are, by the recent decision, placed in a most precarious position, and the persons assured are, in fact, quite at the mercy of the insurance companies. The question touches the interests of so many persons that it is desirable that the facts of this case, and the law relating to policies effected by one person on the life of another, should be brought prominently before the public.

At the first establishment of insurance companies the law placed no restriction whatever on the nature of their business. Any person might effect a policy on the life of any other person or upon any event, whether he had any interest therein or not. No policy was invalid merely because it was a wager or a speculation on the part of the person effecting it, and was not intended to make a provision against some loss or risk. Very early, however, in their history the Legislature conceived that this freedom led to what they called a "mischievous kind of gaming." And accordingly an Act was passed in the reign of George III. which enacted that no insurance should be made on the life of another person wherein the person making it had no interest. The nature of the interest requisite to make the insurance valid was not defined by the Act, but it may be easily gathered from another section, which declares that, even when the insured had an interest, no greater sum should be recovered than the value of that interest. The judges have inferred from this, reasonably enough, that the interest must be a pecuniary one. This being the state of the law, it is evident that a person who proposes to make an assurance upon the life of another should first ascertain whether he has that sort of interest therein which is requisite to make the policy valid. But the public generally are either wholly unaware of the law on this subject, or, if they happen to know that some interest is required, they trust for guidance in the matter to the insurance companies, to whom they make the proposal. These societies deal with hundreds of such cases, and, if they took the trouble of inquiring, could readily ascertain whether the actual interest of the proposed insurer was sufficient. Their ordinary practice is simply to inquire if he has an interest in the proposed life, without asking any particulars. There is a manifest advantage to the Company in this mode of proceeding. If the life happens to fall soon, so that the insurance was an unprofitable one, the Company, having in the meantime received the premiums, has the opportunity of refusing to perform its part of the contract, and of showing before a court of law, as the International has just done, that the policy was invalid from the beginning from the want of a sufficient interest in the insured. It is just to say that the great majority of respectable offices, when they have once granted a policy to any person on the life of another without inquiring specifically into the nature of the interest, or with the knowledge that it was insufficient, consider themselves, as they manifestly are in fact, bound in honour to pay the policy without raising any question.

The facts of the case which has given rise to these remarks, were as follows:—Mr. Hebdon, the plaintiff, who was an old and esteemed clerk in a banking firm, had become indebted to the firm to the amount of nearly £5,000. Having the confidence of the firm, he was engaged in 1855 for a period of seven years at a salary of £650 a year, and he was assured at the same time by one of the partners, named Pedder, that during his life he should not be asked for payment of the debt. Being aware that he should be pressed for payment on the death of Pedder, Hebdon insured Pedder's life for the sum of £5,000 in the "Glasgow" Life Office, and two years afterwards, the debt having in the meantime increased, he made a further insurance on the same life for £2,500 in the "International." Pedder having died some time afterwards, the "Glasgow" Office paid their policy, but the "International" refused to pay on two grounds: first, that Hebdon had not an insurable interest in the life of Pedder; and next, that even if there was any interest, it was more than covered by the payment of the other policy. The effect of the decision was, that there was no insurable interest in respect of the promise of Pedder not to enforce the debt during his life, inasmuch as the promise was not legally binding. With respect to the engagement to employ the plaintiff for a fixed period of seven years, there was an insurable interest; but as more than the amount was paid under the other policy, the plaintiff could not recover anything on the present policy.

It is not our intention to offer any criticism on this decision, but merely to call attention to the unsatisfactory state in which the law now stands. It is manifest that Mr. Hebdon had a real and substantial interest, though it might not be a legal one, in the life of Mr. Pedder. He incurred the risk of being pressed for payment of the debt immediately on Pedder's death, and against this it was the duty of a prudent man to provide. As far as the mere question of prudence goes, the insurance in this instance was as legitimate as the ordinary case of a person insuring his own life for the benefit of his family. Many similar instances could be quoted in which the whole income of an individual depends on the life of another. Nothing can be a more proper case for the application of the principle of insurance; and yet, if this interest happens, as is often the case, to be not legally binding, then, however certain the loss which will fall upon this individual and his family from the death of his patron or employer, the law prevents him from using the best means of making provision against it, by declaring that a policy, effected on the life of the person, on whom he is dependent, shall not be valid. Thus, the effect of the statute of George III., and the decisions upon it, is to place a bar in the way of prudence, and to check a considerable branch of insurance business. This, however, might be endured, if, on the other hand, it prevented any evil practices. But the mischief against which the statute was directed is wholly an imaginary one. Its object was to prevent gaming. But it is obvious that there is a very slight temptation to gaming by means of life policies. The process is too slow. Insurance offices offer poor facilities for gambling compared with the Stock Exchange. Time bargains in stock and shares are far better suited to the restlessness of speculative minds than life policies. In forbidding the latter, while allowing the former, the Legislature is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

The late supporters of the Act have, however, discovered another ground of defence. There would be danger in repealing it. A person might insure another person's life, and then poison him. To give weight to the argument, an instance mentioned in Mr. Justice Talfourd's "Life of Lamb" is generally quoted to show that the danger is not imaginary. So there have been instances in which a person has been poisoned by an expectant heir, but we have

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never heard that it has been proposed on that account to alter the laws of inheritance. But let us be consistent. Under the Act in question, a person may insure the life of his debtor. That has been held to be an insurable interest. But if the debtor lives long, the creditor may have to pay more than the amount of the debt in premiums, and it is his interest that the debtor should die as soon as possible. The creditor has everything to gain by that event and nothing to lose. The temptation, therefore, to poisoning is much greater in those cases which the law allows than in those which it forbids. In the meantime it is probable that the majority of insurance companies will find it for their own interests not to take advantage of this decision. It is, however, desirable that in a question of such great and general importance, the state of the law should be generally known. Although insurance offices will probably continue to grant policies in such cases, it will at any time be open to an unscrupulous company to resist payment on the ground of an insufficient interest. In the present state of the law care should be taken to select a company on the honourable conduct of which reliance can be placed.

THE CASSANDRA OF ITALY.

THE Marquis of Normanby, like his counterpart in the French Senate, the Marquis de Boissy, claims to be the possessor of the only true information with respect to foreign affairs. The latter has been good enough to make our own country his especial study; while the former keeps a very searching eye on the darkest corners of the Italian peninsula. The Marquis de Boissy has seen, with amazing satisfaction, the development of our Volunteer movement, for the time will soon come when the Volunteers, conscious of their own strength, will inaugurate a revolution which may throw into the shade the horrors and confusion of the French Revolution; and this the Marquis knows, as he told the Senate, because he has lived in England, and thoroughly understands our national character. So, too, Lord Normanby has lived in Italy, and knows the Italians a great deal better than they know themselves. The credulous public, ever choosing falsehood when truth is within their reach, persist in thinking that the new Italian kingdom is the fruit of a great national movement, than which none more unanimous and enthusiastic is recorded in history. And they believe, moreover, that the Italians, far from desiring to retrace their steps, chafe only at the obstacles which hinder them from attaining the goal and consummation of the course they have followed hitherto. But there are more things in Italy than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the public; and Lord Normanby, having lived there, can tell us that the rule of Victor Emmanuel beyond the borders of Piedmont is merely a foreign yoke laid by force and fraud on reluctant populations,—that the princes whom it dispossessed were justly endeared to their subjects,—and that the Neapolitans look wistfully back to the days of Bomba and his son Bombalino. Hard was the lot of Cassandra; but harder is that of Lord Normanby. Where Cassandra asked for faith in her prophecies, Lord Normanby only requires us to accept a true report of what is already under our very noses. He alone sees by the pure, clear light of the day, where a glamour light betrays the vision of others. He has, therefore, a solemn duty to fulfil, and even if he would, he may not be silent: he must cry aloud, and spare not, though his voice should fall on the ears of men as the cry of an owl in the desert.

Lord Russell, in his simplicity, was at a loss to understand "the exact object" which Lord Normanby had in view, when he made his speech on Tuesday night. But Lord Russell ought to have known that his "noble friend" was in reality speaking for the edification of a strange constituency in foreign parts, composed of deposed princes, dispossessed placemen and courtiers, and intriguing ladies, whose aristocratic society he enjoyed in the good old times, and who now undertake to supply him with the only trustworthy information on the state of Italy and the wishes of its inhabitants. Besides, it is well for the King of Italy that, in the hour of his exaltation, some one should be found to discharge for him the functions of the slave in the triumphal car of a Roman conqueror; and while Lord Normanby lives, he will never want a monitor to remind him not only that he is mortal, but also that he is a very sinful and detestable mortal. It must, however, be admitted, that on this last occasion Lord Normanby has been compelled to go rather far a-field in search of a pretext for addressing his constituents from his place in the English Parliament. In one of the recently-published despatches relating to the occupation of Rome, Lord Russell has declared that the acquiescence of the English Government in the French occupation of Rome, when it was first undertaken, "did not imply approbation; still less would approbation then imply approbation now." *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* Hence flows Lord Normanby's freshest sorrow. He will have it that in 1849 Lord Russell, who was then Prime Minister, and Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, looked on at the occupation of Rome by French troops, not merely acquiescing therein, but actually approving it. For his proofs he cites the testimony of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who, however, more candid than Lord Normanby, expressly admitted that "he did not mean to contend that their acquiescence had not been accompanied with expressions of deep regret, or that her Majesty's Government would not have preferred other means to secure the Pope's authority than the employment of force; still less did he desire to quote the policy of her Majesty's Government in those days as binding upon them now." Lord Normanby has gone, moreover, to the great magazine of *argumenta ad hominem*, Hansard's Debates, and carefully armed himself with such extracts as suited his purpose. But, whether it be from want of candour or inattention we know not, he somehow makes no allusion to a discussion in the House of Lords on the 15th of June, 1849, when Lord Aberdeen brought against the Government this very same charge of approving, and not only acquiescing in the occupation of Rome; and when Lord Lansdowne met the charge with an emphatic denial, affirming that the Government had not even assented to French intervention in arms, and that they had done no more than refrain from raising any obstacle to the sailing of the expedition. And a few days after, Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, refused to express any opinion for or against those proceedings of a foreign government, to which the British Government had declined altogether to be a party.

The doctrine of non-intervention probably forms no part of Lord Normanby's political creed; and it was not set down in his brief that he should condemn Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell for their supposed approbation of the French occupation. His business for the evening was merely to establish, if he could, that Lord Russell stated what was not true, when he said the other day that the English Government in 1849 acquiesced, and no more, in the French expedition to Rome. But, looking beyond the narrow limits to which the discussion was confined by Lord Normanby, we might naturally wonder at the passive attitude of the English Government in the presence of an expedition which was supremely repugnant to the spirit and traditions of our policy since the Treaties of 1815. The key to the riddle is furnished by the exceptional circumstances of the hour. At that time Louis Napoleon, still insecure in his seat as President of the Republic, was engaged in a desperate contest with the Radical party, led by Ledru Rollin. Failing to carry through the Assembly a bill of impeachment against the President and his Ministers for this very occupation of Rome, they attempted a revolution out of doors, which was, however, suppressed at once by the vigour of General Changarnier. This Radical party, whose programme included the "propaganda of ideas," the cancelling of the Treaties of 1815, and armed intervention in behalf of oppressed nationalities, was the terror of the English Government; and therefore their sympathies were with the President in his struggle against them. The English Ministry avowed that they did not press the French Government on the subject of the occupation of Rome, as they would otherwise have done, for fear of weakening that Government in presence of its internal enemies. And to the latter at that time they could have given no better support than public remonstrances against the occupation of Rome. It must be remembered, too, that if the Pope had not been restored to the Vatican by the French, he would assuredly have been restored by the united arms of Austria, Spain, and Naples. Piedmont could offer no resistance, having been hopelessly crushed at Novara; the cities of Rome and Venice alone held all that was left of Italian independence. The Pope at Gaeta had summoned the Catholic powers to his aid, and Austria had already resolved to march upon Rome, when France stepped in

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in advance and took to herself the little glory and the long reproach of that occupation which has lasted to the present day. The restoration of the Pope to Rome by force of arms was, therefore, sorrowfully accepted by the English Government as a political necessity. Having only a choice of evils before them, they probably preferred French intervention to Austrian and Neapolitan intervention. Austria and Naples made no secret of their intention to restore the Pope's authority purely and simply, with all its tyranny and abuses; but the French republic was bound by its own origin and nature to respect popular rights, and to press reforms and liberal measures upon the Pope, to whom it gave its moral and material support.

Though Lord Normanby has utterly failed to make out his case—that Lord Palmerston more than acquiesced in the French occupation of Rome,—he quotes from the blue-books more successfully with reference to the Pope's temporal power being the guarantee of his independence. It is written down in black and white; and there can be no doubt that, fourteen years ago, the leading statesmen of either party thought that a certain amount of territorial dominion was necessary to secure the Pope's spiritual independence. Upon this Lord Aberdeen, Lord Brougham, and Lord Palmerston were all agreed. But of late years we have been taught many lessons in foreign politics, and now we know that the temporal power of the Popes has been a heavy shackle on their spiritual power, and that their necessities as temporal rulers have been made the means of wringing from them spiritual concessions. Only by a surrender of temporal dominion, and the acceptance of Cavour's offer of a "free church in a free state," can they recover true spiritual independence. Small, then, was the result of the discussion which Lord Normanby brought on; but wherefore should we grudge him this pastime? The time of the Lords is not valuable, for they complain that they have nothing to do; and Lord Normanby serves, at least, for a living proof of the fairness of an English assembly. They manage these things differently in France. Lord Normanby and Sir G. Bowyer, pleading, night after night, the cause of men and principles the most hateful to the English nation, secure a patient and respectful hearing; when so accomplished an orator as M. Jules Favre, pleading for freedom, justice, and honour, is hooted by the cowardly sycophants who claim to be the representatives of the French people.

THE ARMY AND NAVY ESTIMATES.

THE defeat of the Government candidate at Devonport, and the estimates for the military, but more especially for the naval service of the country, which have just been laid upon the table of the House of Commons, are possibly more closely connected with each other than might at first be supposed. It is generally rumoured that some reduction in expenditure upon our dockyards or some unusual instance of promotion has offended the traditional loyalty of the Devonport voters. There is no more resolute opponent of jobbery and corruption than the Duke who now presides at the Board of Admiralty; and if his appointments and proposed reductions have been made in the spirit which generally actuates him, Government is entitled to claim the Devonport defeat as a triumph and deserves the thanks of the country.

Upon looking at the estimates themselves, Ministers certainly deserve credit for having made very considerable reductions. The decrease in the vote for the army will be £1,000,113, and that for the navy will be £1,058,273; so that, upon the whole, there will be a diminution of more than two millions. In both cases the saving is to be effected in the same manner. In the case of the army, it is due to a reduction in the manufacturing departments; in the case of the navy, it is due to the item of naval stores. The meaning of this is, that the amount of money expended in stores for military buildings, for the construction of ships, for arms and ammunition, is to be considerably diminished. At the same time it is important to observe that no material diminution is to take place in the number of sailors or in the number of soldiers, although there is a slight decrease in the number of ships. In the army the number of men is 147,118 this year, against 150,980 last year, without including the British army in India, which amounts to 72,676 men. In the navy the number of men is 57,000, nearly identical with that of last year.

With respect to the £10,736,032 required for the navy, it is not probable that there will be any very serious discussion. But with respect to the £15,060,237 required for the army, it is not improbable that this vote will provoke criticism. No doubt the chief cause why the amount is so large arises from the fact that the British treasury is obliged to supply our numerous and distant colonies with an army. Late events have proved that those communities profoundly appreciate the advantages of their connection with this country, and are willing to make considerable sacrifices to retain that connection. At the same time it must be obvious to them that the people of this country are quite resolved not to contribute more towards the defence of the outlying parts of the empire than they ought fairly to be called upon to contribute. The people of this country offer no objection to aid our colonists in defending themselves against invaders by land, but they very properly insist that the force sent from this country shall be merely supplementary. The colonists must themselves be responsible primarily for their own security. New Zealand has lately remonstrated against being taxed to pay for the British troops; on the other hand it is said that neither the Governor, Sir George Grey, nor the officer in command of the troops, General Cameron, will consent to remain in that colony unless they are supported by a large additional force. It remains for the colonists to determine how far they are willing to contribute towards supplying this demand. There are undoubtedly some special reasons in favour of the British treasury assisting the colony in the present emergency, for the British Government has in some sort brought matters to the present pass. The discussion of this subject, and of other matters connected with it, will no doubt occupy to some extent the attention of members during the ensuing debates.

Although there will not be much difficulty in obtaining the assent of Parliament to the Navy estimates, there is one point which must be met and discussed in a few days. It is well known that Sir John Hay and Sir James Elphinstone have drawn out a scheme for increasing the efficiency of the navy, which is looked upon with great interest by the officers and men of that service. It is equally well known that the present Government exerted themselves to put a stop to the efforts of Sir John Hay and his friends, and it was only by the determined and laborious exertions of that gallant officer that the evidence was obtained upon which the proposed changes are based. It is notorious that the Navy List is encumbered with a crowd of old officers who are quite unfit for service,—that the pay of captains, commanders, and lieutenants is quite inadequate to meet the necessary expenses to which they are put,—that, in fact, many active and intelligent officers are prevented, by their poverty, from taking the command of a ship, whilst a host of lieutenants pine away their best days upon a miserable pittance without employment, and without the hope of distinguishing themselves. Lastly, it is equally certain that the position of warrant and petty officers is so unsatisfactory, that it is difficult to obtain a supply of the best men for such duties. It may be added, that the position of the masters is scarcely more satisfactory, and that many of these officers, although most accomplished seamen, are denied the promotion to higher ranks which they fairly deserve.

Now the object of Sir John Hay and his friends is to remedy these evils, and to remedy them without ultimately increasing the demands upon the public treasury. It appears that no fewer than 1,200 officers on the active lists of all ranks, and many officers on the reserved and retired lists, have been consulted by Sir John Hay, and his plan is the result arrived at after considering those opinions. The general object of the plan is to secure an active list of efficient and zealous naval officers and a steady flow of promotion, by establishing certain definite rules of promotion and retirement, and by securing a scale of pay which, whilst it is sufficient, is also to be regulated by the amount of past services. In the first place, therefore, a period of compulsory retirement is to be fixed. Every officer in the navy is to be obliged to retire at a certain age, and to have the option of retiring at an earlier age than that fixed. The period of sea service below the rank of captain is to be increased. Instead of the principle of selecting officers for command being general, *one-third* of the promotions in the rank of commander, lieutenant, and sub-lieutenant are to be given to officers according to length of sea-service. This regulation will, no doubt, prevent to some extent meritorious officers who have no friends in high quarters

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being passed over. The pay is to be increased, in order, as the memorandum says, "to enable officers to serve their country without incurring debt, and to retire with a fair remuneration for their services." Again, there is to be a reduction of the number on the active list, so as to insure the efficiency of the officers by frequent employment. What is the use of sending an admiral to sea who has been engaged for the best part of his life in sitting at his desk or in farming his paternal acres? The active list is therefore to be reduced from 1,754 to 1,313. And now comes perhaps the most important proposal in the whole plan. The entry of cadets is to be regulated according to the vacancies which may have occurred during the preceding year on the active list of lieutenants, and no cadet is to go to sea under sixteen years of age. The result of this will be that the cadets will go better prepared to sea. And whilst the whole number of officers in the navy will be diminished, the present numerous reserved and retired list of officers will be reduced. It is calculated that although there will be a present increase of about £120,000, this increase will be cancelled in seven years, and there will be an ultimate saving of £200,000 a year.

It is unnecessary to discuss the proposition for providing suitable barrack accommodation, or for improving the position of the warrant and petty officers. These are matters the importance of which is admitted. But if the calculations of Sir John Hay are correct, the temporary increase is a matter comparatively trifling. When it is considered that by all admirals and vice-admirals retiring at seventy, and rear-admirals at sixty-five years of age, the present active list would be reduced from one hundred to sixty-three, and that the number of captains and lieutenants would be reduced in similar proportions, it is obvious that some great change is required. Nor are we disposed to quarrel with the concluding paragraph of the memorandum, which asserts that no serious objection can be raised to the temporary increase of expenditure which the adoption of this plan would entail, provided, at least, Sir John Hay and his friends succeed in showing that it will cause a just and permanent settlement of many crying grievances, promote the efficiency of the naval service, and effect, at no distant period, a large reduction in the cost of the navy.

THE ART OF FINANCE.

LAST Friday, the Archimage of Finance exhibited to a bewildered House of Commons a novel mode of assailing the sacred citadel of the Three per Cents. The effect was all the more overwhelming because it was quite unexpected. Without forewarning, and in the absence of details, the House was asked to resolve, and, in fact, did resolve, that it was expedient to effect an act of transformation in a portion of the public funds. It is well known that the great enchanter, or, to call him by the name by which he generally goes amongst mortals, Mr. Gladstone, has a pet scheme, which has now been some little time in operation, for the establishment of Post-office savings-banks. The scheme, though excellent in spirit, is scarcely so simple as it might be; and it was, therefore, little matter of surprise, that Mr. Gladstone should give notice of a resolution as a preliminary to the introduction of a bill relating to these banks. Nor did the first part of his speech contain anything to stimulate the attention of the House. It appeared that the trustees and managers of some of the old savings-banks, established before the introduction of the Post-office banks, were desirous of winding up their affairs, but found it impossible to do so; they were unable to call upon all their depositors to withdraw their deposits, and they had no means of divesting themselves of their responsibilities. This inability arose, in some cases, from the fact that the depositors could not be ascertained, or would not present themselves; in others, from the fact that they were minors, and unable to give a valid receipt for their deposits. Mr. Gladstone has, therefore, proposed to come to the assistance of these savings-banks by introducing a bill to enable the trustees and managers to hand over the funds to the Post-office savings-banks, subject to the claims of the depositors upon them. So far his proposition was extremely simple, and but little open to comment; but at this point a grand transformation effect ensued. We must all of us have seen at one time or another a simple, soft-spoken gentleman, full of candour and artlessness, whose only desire was to explain every difficulty and remove every illusion; but who, after leading us through a few easy passages, has suddenly dazzled our eyes, worn out our attention, and generally stunned our faculties by producing yards of ribbon from his mouth, taking dozens of eggs out of an empty bag, and turning an omelette out of our neighbour's hat. Some such phenomenon was visible on Friday. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proceeded to explain the second part of his bill, and we at once encounter a second pet scheme of his authorship. The establishment of Post-office savings-banks was a good deed, but the reduction of the interest on Consols from 3 to 2¾ per cent. would perhaps be better. An attempt at this reduction was made in 1853, but untoward events, not wholly, according to Mr. Kinglake, beyond Mr. Gladstone's control, prevented its success. What if, in happier hour, the reduction could be begun through the agency of the Post-office savings-banks, and both Post-office banks and a reduction bless a grateful country? The bill is not yet printed, but we will endeavour to explain the *modus operandi*, so far as it can be gathered from the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The moneys deposited in the Post-office savings-banks are remitted to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, and by them invested in the purchase of Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities; the Commissioners are liable to the depositors for the sums deposited, and for interest upon them at the rate of 2¼ per cent. per annum, and to provide for this liability they have the funds they have purchased. The amount deposited at the banks is now between £1,000,000 and £1,500,000, and the proposed operation of the Chancellor will be better understood, if we suppose it to be carried out with respect to £1,000,000 Consols held by the Commissioners for Reduction of the National Debt. What he proposes is shortly this: suppose the Commissioners to hold £1,000,000 Three per Cent. Consols, he would change that charge upon the Imperial revenue into £1,000,000 Two-and-a-half per Cent. Perpetual Annuities; and to make up the difference in value between the two funds, he would also grant the Commissioners adequate terminable annuities for twenty or thirty years certain. The process would affect the Exchequer in this way: as long as the terminable annuities last, the annual charge for the National Debt would be increased by the difference between 3 per cent. on £1,000,000 and 2½ per cent. on £1,000,000, plus the terminable annuities; but after the cessation of the terminable annuities, the charge would be diminished by the difference between 3 per cent. and 2½ per cent. on £1,000,000. The ability of the Commissioners of the National Debt to meet their engagements, and consequently the security of depositors, will be unaltered, because the Commissioners will every year re-invest in the funds such parts of the terminable annuities received by them as have not been absorbed in the payment of the interest of depositors.

It may appear that the operation of the scheme, so far as it has been pointed out, must be very limited; but it must be remembered that the deposits in the Post-office savings-banks will probably largely increase, and, again, that the operation may be annually repeated on the available balances of the terminable annuities; and, lastly, we shall presently see that there is no reason why the scheme should not be extended to the moneys in the hands of the Commissioners of the National Debt belonging to the old savings-banks. As it was, however, the speech of Mr. Gladstone seemed to want his accustomed lucidity, and to leave the House in a state of embarrassed ignorance. Sir Stafford Northcote, as becomes a writer on finance and possible Chancellor of the Exchequer, opined that it was an attempt to convert Consols into Two-and-a-half per Cents. Sir Henry Willoughby thought it "extremely inconvenient to be suddenly called upon to pronounce an opinion on a subject so complicated;" but having had all his life a well-grounded jealousy of the interference of Chancellors of the Exchequer with savings-bank balances, distrusted any increase of their power. The inevitable Mr. Ayrton was afraid that the result of Mr. Gladstone's manipulation would be that the funds of the depositors would disappear altogether; and Mr. Henley thought it an odd way of reducing one debt to incur two.

We have said that there is no reason why the proposed scheme, if good, should not be extended to the balances of the old savings-banks in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners. The distinction Mr. Gladstone drew between the cases of the old and the Post-office savings-banks was that the State was directly responsible to every depositor in

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a Post-office bank for the amount of his deposits and interest, but that it was not responsible to the depositors in an ordinary savings-bank. The distinction is just, but affords no ground for a different action with respect to the balances held by the Commissioners. The Commissioners are, indeed, not responsible to the depositors in old savings-banks; but they are responsible to the trustees and managers of these banks for the balances the trustees and managers have handed over. The balances may not amount to one-half the deposits received; but whatever they may be with respect to these, the Commissioners are under precisely the same liability towards the trustees and managers that they are under towards depositors in Post-office savings-banks; and if it be desirable to convert the funds held by the Commissioners in the one case, it seems equally desirable to do so in the other. Some idea of the extent to which this would increase the operation of the scheme may be gathered from the fact that the average amount of the balances of the old savings-banks has been nearly forty millions.

If we analyze Mr. Gladstone's scheme, we shall find it contains two perfectly separable elements. It is, in fact, a proposal to convert a portion of the Three per Cents. into an equivalent consisting of a like sum of Two-and-a-half per Cents., and of certain terminable annuities. It would be quite possible for Mr. Gladstone to convert the whole of the Three per Cents. on which he proposes to operate, either into terminable annuities or into Two-and-a-half per Cents. of increased nominal capital, but carrying the same annual income; but he has preferred to combine the two operations in one scheme. The advantages of a conversion of stock into terminable annuities are pretty generally allowed, and the only obstacle to such a conversion has been the impossibility of introducing any large amount of terminable annuities into the market. Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity has discovered in the National Debt Commissioners a customer, and it would perhaps have been well if he had contented himself with carrying out this part of his scheme. We know from experience what portion of the funds in the hands of the Commissioners will, in all probability, never be required of them, and to that extent a conversion might have been effected into terminable annuities. If, for example, we assume, as we may safely do, that the balances in the hands of the Commissioners will never go below £30,000,000, we might convert that sum in the Three per Cents. into annuities for twenty or thirty years. Or, if this be too bold a step for the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone might have confined himself to a creation of terminable annuities within the limits he now proposes, and have suffered the balance to remain in the old form of Three per Cents. instead of effecting a nominal reduction, *i. e.*, instead of changing £100 Three per Cents. into £100 Two-and-a-half per Cents. and a terminable annuity, he might have changed the £100 Three per Cents. into the same annuity and £83⅓ Three per Cents. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is, however, bent on the creation of Two-and-a-half per Cents., and the second part of his scheme is devoted to this end. The policy of a conversion into stocks of a lower denomination, unaccompanied by any real reduction of interest, is, to say the least, doubtful. No one would approve of a change of every £100 Three per Cents. into £120 Two-and-a-half per Cents., but this is the operation, in fact, proposed by Mr. Gladstone. The operation is disguised because there appears to be no increase of the nominal capital of the funds, but the prevention of a decrease is the same as the creation of an increase. Mr. Gladstone, as we have shown, prefers the existence of £100 Two-and-a-half per Cents. to £83⅓ Three per Cents., which is clearly the same as transforming £100 Three per Cents. into £120 Two-and-a-half per Cents. Mr. Gladstone's preference may perhaps be justified as a step towards a *real* reduction of interest on the main body of Consols, but it must be remembered that when two stocks of different denominations are in the market the stock of the higher denomination is always depreciated. A real reduction can only take place through a fall in the current rate of interest below the nominal interest in the funds, and there are not wanting plausible arguments to show that the rate of interest cannot be permanently low for many years to come. If we add to this consideration what we have already stated, that the existence of Two-and-a-half per Cents. must tend to depreciate the price of Consols, the policy of creating Two-and-a-half per Cents. will appear doubtful.

There are several points connected with Mr. Gladstone's scheme which require close scrutiny, and we hope the plan will be jealously watched by the House of Commons. It is important, with reference to the solvency of the National Debt Commissioners, to consider the rate of interest which should be made the basis of the creation of the terminable annuities. It is still more important that the power of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to rig the stock market should be strictly limited. Experience has taught us the danger of investing him with such a power, and on no account should it be increased.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

If notoriety be any criterion of merit, nothing can be more complete than the success of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War." It is on everybody's table, in everybody's hands, in everybody's mouth. All the bad passions which were rife during that evil time have been revived by its appearance. The elders of the Senior United Service Club are corresponding and sending "friends" to each other on all sides; and although we are assured by Mr. Kinglake, in his preface, that he has for some years been in close personal correspondence with our statesmen, our admirals, and our generals on the business of the war, it is most curious to observe how earnestly every English statesman, admiral, and general in society disclaims having had anything to do with the deplorable book before us, condemns its tone, and questions its facts. In our opinion the portion of it which is most reprehensible is that which deals with our allies the French. The prejudices of Mr. Kinglake against Louis Napoleon and his adherents actually appear to deprive that gentleman of his reasoning faculties; when in presence of Frenchmen of the Second Empire, his sense of decency and of justice utterly desert him; he raves; he denounces the miscreants as mere vermin to be decried and destroyed by any and by all means, and towards whom it would be absurd to observe the usages of fair-play or of civilized literary warfare.

The bulk of the English public, however, have already found ample grounds for dissenting from the extreme views of this passionate historian. They at once perceive how ready he is to convict a Frenchman of any crime on any evidence, and often on no evidence at all; they are startled and shocked at the introduction into English literature of the disgusting American process of publicly dissecting the private affairs and characters of public men. It is probable, therefore, that, notwithstanding the brilliant word-painting, and the cold-drawn scoffing sarcasm, with which Mr. Kinglake's book abounds, it will produce a result precisely opposite to that which it is intended to produce; that nobody will think much the worse of the French army, because a sarcastic literary lawyer has thought fit to erect himself into a dictatorial military critic; or much the better of the English army, because Mr. Kinglake has been minded to rhapsodize in exorbitantly tall terms about Lord Raglan, that glorious compound of "Man the Hunter and Man the Savage;" about his horse "Shadrach," a fire-proof animal as results proved, and as might have been prophesied from the animal's Scriptural name; and about "the swooping crest" of Sir Richard Airey; and the "prim" array of the "too majestic Bearskins."

As Mr. Kinglake does not support his statements by reference to the military authorities from which they are derived, and requires us to accept them upon the mere assertion of one "who had good means of knowing the truth"—viz., himself—we have no other mode of testing their accuracy, than by comparing his narrative of the war with the other narratives of the war which have preceded the publication of his book. And in order to enable our readers to do the same, we invite their attention to the account given by five different writers of the share which our allies took in the battle of the Alma; of the manner and spirit in which they did their work; and of the influence which their achievements had upon the fortunes of the day.

The first authority to which we shall have recourse is no less a person than the English Commander-in-Chief himself. Writing to the Minister of War on the 23rd of September, Lord Raglan said:—

"I will not attempt to describe the movements of the French army—that will be done by an abler hand; but it is due to them to say that their operations were eminently successful, and that, under the guidance of their distinguished commander, Marshal St. Arnaud, they manifested the utmost gallantry, the greatest ardour for the attack, and the high military qualities for which they are so famed."

We will next cite a passage from Prince Menschikoff's journal, dated Sept. 20th, 1854:—

"The enemy advanced towards the Alma about noon, and attacked our position with great vigour. His right wing was composed of the

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French, supported by the Turks, the left wing of the English. Both wings advanced with great steadiness, and deployed in line, having a close chain of skirmishers in front. Our *tirailleurs* received the enemy with a well-directed fire, and thus a hot skirmish soon opened along the entire front. From the very commencement of the action, the enemy's riflemen did great injury with their conical balls. Several of our commanders were the first to fall, and this greatly influenced the future course of events. After the enemy had got possession of the vineyards, he re-formed into column, and crossed the river in that order, notwithstanding the heavy artillery fire we directed upon him. . . . . During the time that this severe contest occurred at our centre and right wing, the left wing, notwithstanding its great distance from the sea, was greatly disturbed by the fire of the allied fleets. Under the protection of this fire, a French column, with Zouaves and African troops at its head, crossed the Alma near the sea, and climbed up the steep slope of the cliffs by a small foot-path. The moment the troops appeared, threatening our flank and almost taking us in rear, Prince Menschikoff ordered the regiments Minsk and Moscow, of the reserve, with some squadrons of hussars, to advance upon them; but ere these troops could arrive, the French had placed on these heights a battery in position, *and by their rapid fire compelled our advancing columns to retreat. The left wing having thus been turned, it became impossible to maintain for any length of time the position of our centre and right wing, where heavy losses had already occurred. The troops, therefore, commenced to retreat towards the Katcha.*"

We will now call Mr. William Russell, of the *Times*, into court. Mr. Russell says:—

"At one o'clock we saw the French columns struggling up the hills, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, whose fire seemed most deadly. Once, at sight of a threatening mass of Russian infantry, in a commanding position above them, who fired rapid volleys amongst them, the French paused; but it was only to collect their skirmishers, for, as soon as they had formed, *they ran up the hill at the pas de charge, and broke up the Russians at once, who fled in disorder, with loss, up the hill. We could see men dropping on both sides, and the wounded rolling down the steep*"—(p. 180, vol. i.)

We have shown in a former article how flatly Colonel Hamley, of the Artillery, contradicts Mr. Kinglake as to the reality of the fight between the Russians and the French at the Telegraph-tower; and we have pointed out that Mr. Kinglake in his history has cited Colonel Hamley as an intelligent and reliable witness. We will therefore conclude our list of authorities by an extract from Colonel Adye's "History of the Crimean War," privately printed in 1859 at Calcutta:—

"It was about noon. The enemy, taken by surprise at an attack on their left, where they had least expected it, and where they had considered the ground impracticable, detached at once several batteries and other troops from their centre to meet it, and Bosquet's artillery became heavily engaged, but not at very close range. St. Arnaud, taking advantage of the success of this manœuvre, and in order to prevent General Bosquet from being overpowered, on the firing of the first gun ordered the columns of General Canrobert and Prince Napoleon to attack in their front. In advancing, they were warmly received at the river by the Russian skirmishers, and *by their infantry on the slopes.* The French artillery was brought into action, the batteries of Prince Napoleon being placed on the right of the village of Bourliowk. The French columns soon forced the passage of the river, and began to swarm up the heights, *the enemy gradually retiring before them, but disputing every inch of ground.* It was about two P.M. when the French gained the crest, and Canrobert then found himself face to face with the left centre of the Russian army, consisting of powerful columns, concentrated near an unfinished telegraph tower. His own artillery had been obliged to make a detour to gain the heights, and had not joined him; that of the enemy, hitherto engaged with Bosquet, now turned and concentrated their fire upon his columns. *The Prince Napoleon, on his left, also met with equal opposition.* St. Arnaud then ordered forward General Forey's two brigades of the reserve. Arriving with their artillery, they gave timely support to General Canrobert and the Prince Napoleon; at the same time Bosquet continued to advance along the heights and threaten the Russian left, which enabled Canrobert to order an attack to the front; *and the enemy were then driven back, retreating with heavy loss.*

"*Thus far the battle in this direction was gained, the French having accomplished a most difficult and gallant advance, for which their activity and dashing qualities were well suited.*"

The officers from whose writings we have made these extracts, were all present at the battle; two of them were in supreme command, four of them were Englishmen. Every one of them contradicts Mr. Kinglake on almost every point on which he has assailed the military character of the French.

Against these five authorities, who speak so distinctly as to the skill and gallantry of our allies, and as to the important share which they bore in the glorious results of the battle, Mr. Kinglake opposes the testimony of but one man—and that man is himself. According to him, the French commanders, paralysed probably by remorse at their conduct in December, 1851, handled their troops without skill, shrunk from close conflict with the enemy, clung to their artillery as frightened children cling to their nurses, perversely hung back when urged on by the British, and mainly occupied themselves in wasting their ammunition on imaginary enemies in order to make Mr. Kinglake and other spectators believe that they were really fighting. Forey, to whose timely support Colonel Adye attributes the successes of Prince Napoleon and Canrobert, is described by Mr. Kinglake as having "marched off to the peaceful sea shore" in company with Bouat and Lourmel, where the guilty trio remained "null in the battle," brooding over their political crimes; and as to Marshal St. Arnaud, we are gravely informed that, beyond committing one or two glaring blunders, Mr. Kinglake has "not been able to perceive that his mind at all touched the battle." "In fact," says Mr. Kinglake, "the Marshal did not place himself in a part of the field from which a general could hope to govern events." And such, no doubt, is Mr. Kinglake's opinion.

We will not do Mr. Kinglake the injustice to suppose that he desires it to be believed that he has found materials for his attacks on the conduct of the French at the battle of the Alma amongst Lord Raglan's papers. It would be painful, indeed, to learn that his lordship—a man so quixotically truthful as to be unwilling to employ a spy or to resort the ordinary *ruses de guerre*—whilst praising in his public despatches the activity and gallantry of his allies, should have stigmatized them in private memoranda, to be made use of after his death, as *fainéants* and poltroons. We are certain that Mr. Kinglake does not mean to imply this; and we suspect that the damning censures which he so unhesitatingly passes on the military tactics and behaviour of the French at the battle of the Alma are worth just as much and no more than Marshal St. Arnaud's and General Bosquet's opinions would be as to the Chancery practice of the English bar.

Entertaining this suspicion, we feel that we have a right to submit our severe military censor to the same sort of ordeal as that to which he has mercilessly subjected so many great reputations, living and dead, and to inquire how far Mr. Kinglake's own antecedents and moral and physical qualities fit him for the office which he has thus arrogated to himself. We offer no apology for the liberty which we are about to take with him—the peculiar circumstances of the case rendering it unnecessary that we should do so. Vivisection, as applied to contemporary history, is, we admit, an entirely new practice, at least, on this side of the Atlantic. It is, at all times and under all circumstances, a dangerous and a painful operation both to the feelings of the patient and for the reputation of the operator; it is, therefore, one to which we certainly should not have had recourse without urgent necessity. As it is, we shall try and handle the dissecting-knife with a gentle firmness, inflicting no unnecessary pain on the feelings of the living, and showing all proper respect for the memory of the dead; and we shall carefully abstain from mangling and mutilating Mr. Kinglake, as he has unnecessarily mangled and mutilated all those who have been subjected to his discursive scalpel.

William Alexander Kinglake, at the breaking out of the Crimean War, was practising as a chancery barrister in London. About twenty years before he had travelled in the East, and about ten years after his return home he had published in one small volume an account of his travels, which, from the playful and sub-sarcastic style in which sacred topics were therein dealt with, and the carefully-elaborated sarcasm in which the book abounded, obtained a marvellous success. Since the publication of that work,—which Mr. Kinglake with dubious scholarship had called Eöthen,—he had retired upon his easily-earned laurels and had remained a silent and apparently an indolent member of society. He was of a shy, silent, studious habit; not addicted either to field-sports or athletic exercises; and remarkably short-sighted. When war was declared, Mr. Kinglake chanced to be spending his summer vacation abroad, and directed his steps to the East with the view of witnessing the operations of the allied armies. He accompanied the expedition to the Crimea, landed at Old Fort, and on the morning of the battle of the Alma rode on to the field of action. He was probably the first man who fell on it. His pony, not being itself much accustomed to the saddle, on discovering, possibly, that its rider was in the same predicament, ran away with him, and deposited him on the ground almost at the feet of Lord Raglan. The kind old soldier, on learning the name of the distinguished writer who had thus singularly introduced himself to his notice, repressed the smiles of his aides-de-camp, rendered him what assistance he could in his calamity, allowed him to accompany his staff throughout the action, and finally invited him to dinner when the battle was won. To judge from Mr. Kinglake's obviously exaggerated account of the dangers to which he was exposed during the fight (see pp. 264 to 266, vol. ii.), he cannot be said to have been in a frame of mind very favourable to calm observation, even if he had not been physically disqualified by his defective eyesight for the task. In saying this we by no means desire to insinuate anything derogatory to Mr. Kinglake's personal courage, which we are convinced is of the

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very highest order. We wish he was not so ready to impute cowardice to others. We only mean to imply that the obvious personal interest which he appears from his narrative to have taken in the artillery practice of the Russian gunners was not particularly calculated to render him a reliable eye-witness of the general conduct of the battle by which he was surrounded. He himself points out the disadvantage which resulted to the Light Division from the defective sight of its three leaders; and accounts for the shortcomings of Prince Gortschakoff, by "the concussion of a fall" which that general had had from his horse, and which, according to Mr. Kinglake's suggestion, may possibly "have clouded his judgment,"—without seeing that the arguments which he uses to account for the errors of others may with perfect fairness be turned against his own claims to accuracy.

Mr. Kinglake, then, being such a man as we have described him, rode on to the field of the Alma, with the avowedly preconceived notion that every French officer who held high command amongst our allies was a hardened ruffian, ready enough to murder peaceful citizens in the streets of Paris, but, when opposed to the Russians on the ridges of the Crimea, a confused and half-repentant weakling, paralyzed by the recollections of his former crimes. This seeming anomaly he accounts for in the following sentence: "There was a salient point of difference between the boulevards of Paris and the hill-sides of the Alma. The Russians were armed!"

It is scarcely necessary, after what we have here written, to explain any further why we decline to accept Mr. Kinglake's impassioned work as history, or as anything like history; or why we prefer the united testimony of the five authorities, whom we have quoted in this article, to the evidence of the single literary lawyer who has so angrily undertaken to prove them to be in the wrong.

POLITE CRITICISM.

An indignant gentleman, who has probably suffered under the evil of which he complains, has forwarded to us a lamentation and a doleful tale of wrong, in the form of a little pamphlet called "The *Athenæum* Exposed." Its object is to "expose and caution the public against the coarseness and offensiveness of the leading literary journal of England." The attack begins with a series of quotations from various criticisms on works of art, which it must be confessed are rather hard to read, especially as from motives of humanity the names of the victims are all suppressed. After some pages of comment these extracts are followed by others, selected in the same way, from reviews of books. As the author of the pamphlet rightly considers it likely to be rather dull work to read all this evidence without knowing against whom the charge is brought, he considerately skims the cream a second time, and thus presents us with the *crême de la crême* of the criticisms of the *Athenæum* in a neat and compendious form. The effect is certainly amusing enough. This is what our friend says is "the *Athenæum* style for artists":—

"The abominations of colour...the coarseness of her taste...pretentious and false...varnishy and common...inartistic and vulgar...miserably failed...tawdry mass of colour...coarse, heavy, and ugly...feverish without power...less dirty than usual...as ill drawn as ever...a horrid conglomeration...pretentious and meretricious...coarse, dauby, and staring...revolting in theme...Irish rags...a vulgar rule of colour...the world wearies of them...suitable for scrap-books and albums...sacks of potatoes...grimy ruggedness...ugly, mean-faced...wretched...vulgarities to which he is prone...a sanctimonious smirk of the most offensive order...truly dishonest...atrociously 'scamped'...opaque and vulgar...incidents almost brutal...poorly and flashily painted...thin, careless, and even vulgar...coarse in colour...discreditable to his reputation...coarse, blunt, tawdry...workmanship coarse...coarseness and vulgarity of feeling...coarseness of the flesh tints and vulgar tawdriness of colour...vulgar and ill painted...worn-out tricks...as expressionless and empty-headed as ever...stale, and dull, and pallid...weak and washy...horribly murky."

The *Athenæum's* style for authors is thus exemplified:—

"Runnings and dish-washings...rubbish without mitigation...clumsiest sort of botching...a pair of scissors and a paste-brush...execrable illustrations...mawkish, silly...an essential vulgarity in the tone...stupid as well as trashy...diseased imagination and bad taste...the lowest grade of composition...trashy, secondhand sentimentalism...rude ignorance...clumsy and unimpressive...double-distilled nonsense...inane, bombastic, and absurd...foolish, ill-contrived, ill-written...ridiculous...stupid...mass of rubbish...the style is vulgar...jargon...just rubbish...weak, sentimental, sickly...inane and feeble...below mediocrity...a flatter, drearier level of mediocrity...stupid nonsense...a miserable work...very bad and very pretentious...crude and silly...extremely foolish...stilted sentiment...flimsy when not flippant...deplorable...dreary waste of verbiage...vague generalities and commonplaces...platitudes and stupidities...extremely meagre...resembling a file of trade circulars...dry, prosy, and stupid...a curiosity of dryness and dulness...the roughest bit of material...common-place and conceit."

These specimens are followed by bitter complaints of the injury done to the unhappy persons so criticised. The gist of them is summed up in a few lines near the beginning of the pamphlet.

"The *Athenæum* has most unnecessarily wounded the feelings and recklessly injured the reputation and property of hundreds (nay, almost thousands, in its long career), who had given the writers and editors no offence, very many of whom deserved far different treatment; the worst of whom were guilty of no crime but that of having mistaken their own powers, and would have been amply punished by being consigned, unnoticed, to oblivion; and almost all of whom were painstaking, industrious, meritorious persons, labouring honestly in their several spheres for a means of subsistence."

In a word, if you cannot puff us, why not let us alone? The pamphlet concludes with a recommendation that anonymous authorship should be forbidden by law, and also with a recommendation so entirely original and so remarkable in itself that it must be given in the author's own words:—

"In a free country such as ours, with institutions that effectually insure so much real liberty and power for the redress of wrongs, an Inspectorship of the Press could be conceived, that might be of immense service in checking the licence of the Press, without impairing its usefulness. No doubt there would be a tremendous outcry against this; but it is difficult to imagine that any disadvantages connected with it would be at all to be compared to the evils which it could prevent.

"The establishment of 'the Press' as a profession, and the institution of an examination and diploma (not to be compulsory), would, as recently with teachers, do much to elevate the tone of the Press, and raise the characters and accomplishments of its members. Law, Physic, Divinity, Engineering, Life Assurance, Education, the Army and Navy, and the Civil Service, have their examinations and diplomas, and why not the Public Press?"

In order to do justice to this singular little pamphlet, we have given the author the benefit of his own language upon all the points which he presses most strongly. Some of them require no observation at all. The suggestion for an Inspectorship of the Press to protect second-rate artists and fourth-rate authors from being told that their work is "atrociously scamped," and that their books are "runnings and dish-washings," is a curiosity in its way. Imagine for a moment the position of the unhappy Inspector. He would be a veteran critic, sitting in a public office—say in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—like a judge at chambers. To him would enter a transcendental essayist and an *Athenæum* critic. The essayist would complain that the critic had called his "Soul Harmonies" "runnings and dish-washings," and would apply for an order to amend the review by striking out the offensive words. The critic would reply that they were runnings, and might be properly compared to dish-washings; he would cite authorities as to the use of these metaphors, and might offer to supply the plaintiff with further and better particulars, setting forth in detail the points of resemblance between particular passages of the "Soul Harmonies" and dish-washings. The Inspector might probably make an order that the editor of the *Athenæum* should insert in his next number a notification that, though the book in question might be described as "runnings," the word "dish-washings" was rather too strong. He might force him to repeat the famous apology of the midshipman in "Peter Simple," and to express his sincere regret that he had ever doubted the fitness of the complainant to "carry guts to a bear."

The pamphleteer has, however, undoubtedly got hold of one very curious point. Apart from the special phrases and the practice of the particular journal which moves his bile so deeply, what is to be said of the practice of exposing the baseness of bad books and bad works of art? Can it fairly be said, that very inferior artists and authors are to be looked upon like other weak or sickly labourers in lawful callings, and protected rather than rebuked? If a man writes a very bad book and a critic says in a more or less pungent manner, "This book is very bad," has the author a right to answer, "I never said it was anything else; why should you do me an injury by hurting the sale of my book and spoiling my market for my productions, when I never hurt you?" No doubt, if authorship or art are mere trades by which money is earned, those who carry them on have a right to say this. Suppose a poor old governess made a little money by drawing feeble water-colours, or by translating little French tales for children, it would be in the last degree cruel and unmanly to point out all the faults of the one work or the other; and there are a certain number of books which undoubtedly deserve the same sort of protection. This, however, is not often the case. The number of writers who would be content to place themselves in such a position, and to claim immunity from criticism on such grounds, is small indeed. A certain number might no doubt be found amongst the drudges of booksellers or newspaper proprietors, but they must be very few. Almost every book and every work of art, which

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rises above the level of a printshop, claims a higher position. By the mere fact of writing the writer says in substance to his readers, "I am your superior and instructor in this particular matter; this work is intended to give you information or to open your eyes to observations on men and on the world in which you live, which were unknown to you before; and I claim, accordingly, to be recognized as a person entitled to such superiority as may be involved in the admission of that claim." As an answer to claims of this kind, it is perfectly fair and relevant to show that a picture is a wretched daub, or that a book is mere runnings and dishwashings. So true is this that the law of the land was thus laid down by Lord Ellenborough, who was certainly not disposed to overrate popular prejudices: in a well-known case upon the subject, he says:—

"One writer in exposing the follies and errors of another may make use of ridicule, however poignant. . . . If the reputation or pecuniary interest of the person ridiculed suffer, it is *damnum absque injuriâ*. Where is the liberty of the press, if an action can be maintained on such principles? Perhaps the plaintiff's *Tour through Scotland* is now unsaleable; but is he to be indemnified by receiving a compensation in damages from the person who may have opened the eyes of the public to the bad taste and inanity of his compositions?"—"Every man who publishes a book commits himself to the judgment of the public, and every one may comment on his performance. The critic does a great service to the public, who writes down any vapid or useless publication, such as ought never to have appeared. He checks the dissemination of bad taste, and prevents people from wasting both their time and money upon trash."

This is as vigorous sense as it is sound law. It really is important that bad books should not be written, and that people should not make a living either by art or literature, unless they do something considerable for their money. The probability is that three-fifths of the books published had much better have never been published at all. They are simply bad and idle, and though it may not be very polite to call them runnings and dish-washings, it is highly desirable to show that they are so if the assertion is true. It may be said the authors in question have done no harm, but this is not the fact. They have done harm, they have occupied attention and spent time uselessly, which might have been well employed. They have, as Lord Ellenborough puts it, led the public to waste both time and money upon trash, and they ought to be made to feel and know it.

One important reason for this is that there is no class of people in the world who are so apt to mistake their true position as authors and artists. When kicked and horsewhipped, they are apt enough to turn softhearted and say, "Why do you injure the prospects of a poor fellow who has a wife and children to support by his pen; can't you let me sell my little wares without telling all your readers that I am an ignorant blockhead?" But this humble mood is only put on under terror. A little prosperity turns their silly heads. They plume themselves on being the substantial masters of the world. Some ten years ago everybody who could write a popular novel or insert an article in a newspaper looked down as from a superior position on the prosaic part of the world, but of late years the tide has turned. The most popular critical papers of the day have been written by men whose sympathies were against the professional literary man, and in favour of the commonplace part of the community. The consequence has been that the light comic writers, novelists, and other small fry of authorship have been beaten with their own weapons and chastised into a very poor-spirited form of humility. Of course, the process was not pleasant for them, but it has been a great gain to the public.

We must not be understood to defend the *Athenæum* in its choice of language or phraseology. In the absence of the names of the persons attainted it is impossible to judge whether or not the criticisms complained of are fair. A savage phrase or two may or may not be backed up by argument and evidence. It is the mere crack of the whip, which is harmless if it does not accompany a strong and well-directed blow, and justifiable if it does. Hard words by themselves break no bones, and, where that word is broken by the hard blow, the hard word does no great harm. "What can it matter to a man to be called Holofernes?" said Dr. Johnson, with considerable truth. *Primâ facie*, and as they stand, the *Athenæum* criticisms certainly look more like blunt and clumsy abuse than anything else. People must know very little of the world if they attach any importance to such language, or suppose that any one else does. Can any one really care whether or not the *Athenæum* calls his picture "as expressionless and empty-headed as ever," or his book a "dreary waste of verbiage"? The influence of criticism lies in its evidence; and so long as a newspaper calls names, the person abused can always say, "You're another," if he thinks it worth while. The public will pay about the same amount of attention to each.

DUTCH NOTES.—No. II.

Holland, which had been so closely connected with our own country during the end of the seventeenth and the earlier part of the eighteenth century, passed gradually from our sight as the years wore on, and we now hardly remember that one of the episodes of our American struggle was a war with the Dutch. Since that period it has only now and then been talked of in England; and although the relations between our merchants and those of Rotterdam and Amsterdam are still very close, we were not surprised to hear recently that a Dutch gentleman in London was asked by a person of some position the name of the existing Stadtholder.

In 1795 the French, under Pichegru, entered Amsterdam. Their advent was hailed by all the enemies of the ruling party as a national deliverance. William V. embarked for England, and the Batavian Republic was proclaimed. The Constitution of 1795 lasted for six years, but was altered in 1801, and re-altered in 1805. In 1806 Louis Bonaparte became King; and in 1810 Holland, "the alluvium of French rivers," was incorporated with the Empire. In 1813, the son of the fugitive Stadtholder returned, and assumed, in March, 1815, the title of King of the United Netherlands. The ill-assorted union with Belgium did not outlast the reign of even one monarch, and the fruitless struggle to retain an uncongenial people under his sovereignty, as well as financial and other embarrassments, troubled the closing years of his rule. In 1840 he abdicated in favour of his son, the Prince of Orange, who was so well known in England, and who distinguished himself in the Peninsula, as well as in the campaign of the Hundred Days. He was at the helm when the storm of 1848 broke over Europe, and had steered his country through the worst of it before he was called away, in 1849, and was succeeded by his son, the present King. The new Dutch Constitution dates from the 3rd of November, 1848. By it, the Upper House ceased to be a mere assembly of peers appointed for life by the Crown, and became pretty much what the Lower House had been formerly—a representation of the provincial assemblies, and thus substantially of the wealthiest and most largely taxed portion of the community, while the lower re-appeared as a true popular assembly, the result of direct election. The same spirit influenced the provincial and communal legislation, and the new constitution of the Church, which already in 1795 had been separated from the State.

The great and peaceful change which took place at this time was owing chiefly to the wisdom and ability of one man; although much credit is due to the behaviour of the royal family, to the serious and somewhat phlegmatic spirit of the people, and to the moderation and good sense of most Dutch politicians. Johann Rudolph Thorbecke was born in the year 1796, at Zwolle, a town which is endeared to Christendom as the dwelling-place of the person who first made widely known, although he certainly did not write, "The Imitation of Christ." He graduated at Leyden in 1820, and then passed two years in Germany, somewhat in the position of a "travelling bachelor." He applied himself to the study of German philosophy, and when he returned to his own country, found that he had been living in an atmosphere so alien to Dutch "practicality" that he frightened his countrymen, and could get no place as a professor. So to Germany he returned, and acted for a time as *privat-docent* at Giessen and at Göttingen. At last he obtained a chair at Ghent, where he lectured on history, statistics, and political economy, till the Belgian revolution drove him over the border. Established as professor at Leyden, he lectured first on Roman and commercial law and then on the constitutional history of the Netherlands and the fundamental law of 1815. The principles which he developed had ready listeners, and he gradually found himself at the head of the advanced Liberal party. In 1840 he entered Parliament, and was the leader of the Reform movement which culminated in 1848. On the 18th March in that year, the King made him president of the commission that elaborated the Constitution, which, as we have seen, was proclaimed on the 3rd November in that year. M. Thorbecke is a tall, thin, austere-looking man, whom Dutch caricaturists love to represent as an infallible pontiff laying down the law with raised fore-finger. His manner of speaking in debate recals the lecture-room. His enemies accuse him of being too much of a *doctrinaire*, too absolute in carrying out his theories, and too regardless of the weaknesses of humanity, as well as of the influence of time and place; but there can be no doubt that if he had a large country at his back, he would be one of the most eminent men in Europe. Imagine England under the guidance of Sir George Lewis or Mr. John Stuart Mill, not hampered by innumerable interests and prejudices which must be conciliated or consulted, but steadily and unflinch-

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ingly carrying out their opinions in Church and State, and we have—making allowances for the smallness of the stage—a picture of Holland under Thorbecke.

Sometimes, as in the years that immediately followed the revolution, and as at the present moment, subject to his direct guidance, always more or less controlled by his powerful intellect, the Netherlands have advanced under the impulse of a steady and consequent liberalism. They have followed the example of England and got rid of their exclusive navigation laws. The Dutch tariff is one of the freest in the world. In 1851, the *coup d'état* which incited so many Continental monarchs to pursue with ever-increasing boldness a reactionary course, had no such effect in Holland. The King remained loyal to the Constitution, and the people took the example of their neighbours to heart, and eschewed all unnecessary opposition to government and excessive violence in political debate. In 1853, the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the Netherlands, on the footing which it had occupied before 1702, in which year Holland became a "mission," brought about a storm even more furious than that which raged in England at the time of the so-called "Papal aggression." The proceedings of the Court of Rome, in themselves perfectly in accordance with the constitution of the Netherlands, were put in an invidious light by the inflated and absurd language in which they were announced. The slumbering historical recollections of a nation, which had good cause to loathe the very name of Rome, were roused. Reason was for a time overborne, and M. Thorbecke ceased to rule. The agitation, however, gradually calmed itself, and everything went on smoothly. Great changes in the financial system, terrible inundations, and the maintenance of a strict neutrality, occupied the Dutch during the Russian war. The counsels of the King of Holland were not wanting to his Imperial relative, when there seemed a chance of putting an end to that terrible contest. The great educational debates to which we shall refer in a future paper, were the leading features of 1857; and the completion of the network of railways, the abolition of slavery in their West Indian dependencies, with the ever-interesting questions, "How are we to make the two ends meet?" and "What are we to do in the Eastern Archipelago?" have been since that period the chief anxieties of the Dutch.

At present there may be said to be three political parties: the Liberals, the Liberal-Conservatives, and the "historical-reformed," or high Tory party. The *question brûlante* of the hour, however—that relating to the Colonies—divides the legislature and the country into sections by no means exactly corresponding to these divisions. For some time, nevertheless, they will continue to exist, and we may therefore devote a short space to characterising them. The three parties grew up during the period which intervened between the close of the great war, and the year 1848. The high Tory party answers to the section which was represented in France by the Ministers who signed the *ordonnances* of 1830; in Piedmont by the once famous name of Count Solar della Margherita; in Prussia by Savigny and Eichhorn. They represent, in short, those thinkers who, horrified by the excesses of the French revolution, and detesting even what was good in it, decry the whole movement of the eighteenth century, of which that revolution was only one amongst many results—a convulsive spasm, as it were, occurring in one member of the European body, which threw back those parts of the system in which the cure was proceeding favourably. The Italian *Codini* have, however, ceased to count in their ranks men of thought and culture. The French Legitimists of 1863 number few men of ability; and in Prussia the leadership of the party of the "ancient and historical right" seems to be slipping into the hands of a minister who is willing to adopt what is worst in Imperialism. The Dutch Tories, however, if not so numerous, are still as respectable as they ever were. They owe their position, chiefly, to the high character of several of their leaders, of whom the most celebrated is M. Groen van Prinsterer, eminent alike as an historian and an orator. He, and the party which he leads, are strong Calvinists, and believe that the present condition of the Church of Holland—which is pretty much the same as that of the Church of England would be, if, with the entire sympathy of the bulk of its members, Professor Jowett were installed at Lambeth, Canon Stanley at Fulham, and Bishop Colenso at York—is highly detrimental to the interests of religion and good government. They are content to acquiesce in the Constitution of 1848 as an inevitable dispensation, but they fought hard and long against it. They opposed most fiercely the school legislation of 1857, and would fain overthrow it, if the country could be induced to support them in that wild enterprise. They are deeply attached to the Orange dynasty, and seem, if we may be excused the expression, to consider that there resides in it a sort of sacramental efficacy; and that it is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace, which descends to the nation from the days when it stood in the fore-front of the battle against the tyranny of Rome.

The Liberal Conservatives, or Conservative Liberals, have been in power several times under various leaders since 1848; but their typical man is, perhaps, M. van Hall, a sort of Dutch Palmerston, a politician of shifts and expedients, whose ability all acknowledge, but who has not somehow contrived to become surrounded with that halo of respect which, oddly enough, in these last years, has gathered round the head of the English Premier. This section, and that which is at present in power, are the only "possible" ruling parties in the Netherlands; and the function of M. van Hall and his friends would appear to be to clap on the drag whenever the Thorbeckians go too quick for the taste of their sober countrymen.

We have, in describing the character of their chief, sufficiently indicated the aims and wishes of the Dutch Liberals. There are, of course, a few who would wish to give to the Constitution a more democratic character, but they have but little influence; and as there are no real grievances which call for violent remedies, there seems no probability of their ever being able to make themselves formidable in a state, of which it may with perfect justice be said, that it is a republic under monarchical forms.

EPIGRAMS.

The age of wit and epigrams is gone, and that of figures and journalism has succeeded. Persons not yet old can remember the time when the wits were the lords, or, at least, the lions of society; and a satirical poem might ruin an individual and seriously damage a ministry. But the practice of literary amenity has established itself, ministries rest on a broader basis, and the art of epigram, cut off from its most important subjects, has become extinct, with Tories, and duelling, and political corruption. It was perfected in an age when manners were formal and society was an art, when the classics were the staple of education and the models of composition, and when the antithetical poetry of Dryden and Pope had made an epigrammatic style easy and fashionable. We read less of Pope, and do not imitate the classics. Our literature is directed to the useful, and exciting personalities are not tolerated. Party views are not now strongly enough contrasted for the purposes of indignant lampoons, nor are anti-ministerial opinions any longer a disqualification for a public career at the Bar or in the Church. The consequence of all this is, that by a process of natural selection or adaptation, our venom-bags have become absorbed, and we begin to be born without them. Similar causes have made antiquated other forms of epigram, not political. Occasionally, it is true, hybrid specimens appear in *Punch*, or flower in the backward season and classical air of the universities, but they have lost their true flavour, and degenerate into vehicles for jokes and puns. We have even ceased to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the genuine epigrams of our ancestors. They are essentially things of the day which gave birth to them, only to be perfectly appreciated by those who took part in the social and political contests which were their occasion. Their violence seems often excessive, their views of society are coloured with a curious classical conventionality, and their smartness may be better or worse, but is certainly different from ours.

The exact characteristics of an epigram are not very easy to define. It differs from a joke in this, that a joke is wit of words, and cannot therefore generally be translated into another language, whereas an epigram is wit of ideas, and is commonly translateable. Like aphorisms, songs, and sonnets, it is occupied with some single point, small and manageable; but whilst a song conveys a sentiment, a sonnet a poetical, and an aphorism a scientific idea, an epigram expresses a contrast. Its chief requisites are elegance and brevity, easy and adroit versification with an obvious cadence, and a happy ending or sting in its tail. These elements are common to all times, but different nations have manipulated them in different ways. For instance, whilst smartness and a surprise at the end are the great virtues of a modern specimen, Greek epigrammatists aimed only at perfect literary finish and simplicity. They were perfectly satisfied with saying in exquisite language, "Here lies Aristeides, son of Demodocus, who fought for Greece at Marathon," or "Nemo lies here on the beach, after having crossed the Ægæan in safety;" but a modern epigram leads up to an unexpected turn, and leaves the reader *planté là*, too breathless and surprised to consider how he got there or to question the conclusion. A good history or well arranged collection illustrating such

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differences in various ages would be extremely valuable and interesting. Mr. Booth has published a volume of ancient and modern specimens, which is a mere catacomb of promiscuous pieces good and bad, without any selection or chronological arrangement, but which will furnish specimens of some of the various kinds. The first thing which strikes us on looking into this, as into any other collection, is the great preponderance of pieces which turn on the follies of certain set and customary characters, looked at from certain conventional points of view. Women who paint themselves and women who scold, soporific sermons, lawyers' rapacity, and Death's imprudence in carrying off doctors, are sure to fill more than half the space; partly because they are the natural and obvious commonplace of epigram, and partly because these generalities, appropriate to no one particular age, are longer preserved and understood than political or other squibs, which depend on a momentary attitude of society. The second most striking thing is the enormous advantage which modern epigrammatists possess in rhyme, which far outweighs the superior definiteness and more measured rhythm of the ancient metres. Each couplet in an ancient epigram is more complete in itself, but is less connected with the rest: rhyme, skilfully used, leads the whole by a network of similar sounds up to the point of the conclusion without pause or break. A history of modern epigrams would be chiefly the history of the gradual substitution of contrasts of rhyme for other less literal artifices. The most important of these artifices is surprise; that is, the sudden addition of a new and unexpected application to some seemingly unimportant phrase. An epigram on a fat doctor will serve as a specimen:—

"When Tadloe treads the streets, the paviors cry
'God bless you, Sir!' and lay their rammers by."

So in the following one, point is given to intentionally pointless lines by the check which takes us unawares at the last:—

"What is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in driest weather.
What's lighter than the dust, I pray?
The wind that wafts it far away.
What is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
And what is lighter than the last?
Nay! now, my friend, you have me fast."

The best machinery for surprise is the amœbæic poem, or question and answer, as in the dialogue of the traveller and the clergyman:—

"*C.* I've lost my portmanteau.
T. I pity your grief.
C. All my sermons are in it.
T. I pity the thief;

or in this, which however was not originally amœbæic, and is hardly more than a pun:—

"In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal-barges are moored at its base;
Fly, honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
There's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

Why should honesty seek any safer retreat,
From the lawyers, or barges, odd rot 'em?
For the lawyers are just at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom."

Surely punning epigrams are hardly epigrams at all, but they are the most amusing and the most plentiful. In this kind, at least, the ancients are distanced. The episcopal *jeux d'esprit* on the elective affinities of the Bishop of Durham are probably the best in existence. Three of them we copy from Mr. Booth's book:—

"I.

Apollos was mighty in doctrine, we're told,
When doctrine was sound in the good days of old;
But there's doctrine more mitey in Shaftesbury's sees,
For it's bred by corruption and comes from a cheese.

II.

Says Cheesy to Soapy, 'Your chaplains are Popey,
Who knocks at my door other vouchers must bring.'
Says Soapy to Cheesy, 'Your ethics are easy,
You hold that promotion should come with a ring.'

III.

'Prithee, my Lord, from your new Cheese,
Some scanty parings take,
And our poor pastors' bread therewith
More palatable make.'

Said Villiers, 'Nothing can be spared
For these three pious men:
The Cheese that's with my daughter pair'd,
Must not be pared again.'"

Yet, good as these are, they explain why collections are filled with generalities infinitely inferior to them. To us, who remember the events and the feelings of the time, they are full of sting and happy appropriateness; but to the next generation they will have no value but the jingle of the words, which is not in itself exceptionally striking, but only in its application to present things. They will be outlived by the more general and miscellaneous kind which rests entirely on the completeness of the verbal pun. On this principle, that the permanence of the interest of a social or political epigram depends on the permanence of the custom or idea which gave rise to it, the probable longevity of the next specimen cannot at present be calculated.

"A way to dress
In the mode, I guess,
Picks a husband's bones quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt
Must cry 'No fat,'
And his wife will *cri-no-line*."

This artifice of parody in epigrams is entirely a modern invention. It may be a very poor trick, but it doubles the surprise, and therefore the efficiency. We subjoin a few more instances of puns which deserve to be quoted whenever epigrams are in question. The first is Erskine's well-known one:—

"The French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without;
For Nature, that to them gave goût,
To us gave only gout."

The next is inspired by Moore. It is extremely neat.

"When Limerick once in idle whim
Moore, as her member, gaily courted,
The boys, for fun's sake, asked of him
To state what party he supported:
When thus to them the answer ran,
'I'm of no party as a man,
But as a poet, *am-a-tory*.'"

Theodore Hook's inimitable improvisation may close this division of epigrams.

"Here comes Mr. Winter, surveyor of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
And that, too, without any nonsense or flummery,
For though his name's Winter his actions are summary."

Next in order of number and excellence to punning epigrams generally come epigrams which turn on names. These have been favourites in all times and a few of them are amusing. Dr. I. Lettsom's principles of medicine deserve to lead the way, for its pith and unpretentious stoicism which does its duty and takes the consequences.

"If any body comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If, after that, they like to die,
Why, what care I?
I. Lettsom."

In the next there seems to be a reminiscence of the devil and the monk, only with a farther complication.

"Who the dickens 'Boz' could be,
Puzzled many a learned elf:
Till time unveiled the mystery,
And 'Boz' appeared as Dickens' self."

The Latin of Dr. Scott—

"Cum Sapiente Pius nostras juravit in aras:
Impius heu! Sapiens, desipiensque Pius—

is an improvement on the English cited by Mr. Booth:—

"With Pius, Wiseman tries
To lay us under ban:
O Pius, man unwise;
O impious Wise-man!"

Last, and perhaps best, is the philosophical epigram on Charlotte Ness.

"Say what is 'abstract,' what 'concrete?'
Their difference define."
"They both in one fair person meet,
And that, dear maid, is thine."

"How so? The riddle pray undo."
"I thus your wish express;
For while I lovely Charlotte view,
I then view loveli-Ness."

Epigrams, undeserving of the name, which turn merely on rhymes, have grown up in the last few years, apparently modelled on the nursery jingle of the "Old Man of Tobago," but already constitute a literature by themselves. None of these appear in Mr. Booth's book, but he gives a poetical criticism on Moore, which depends on the same principle.

"Lalla-Rookh
Is a naughty book,
By Tommy Moore,
Who has written four;

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Each warmer
Than the former,
So the most recent
Is the least decent."

We have somewhere heard a similar one on Milton, which is more terse and more questionable.

"If you except Il Penseroso,
The rest of Milton is but so-so."

If these are products of a debased art, epigrams of syllables and letters hold a still lower rank and are still further removed from the true kind. The best of them is Porson's gerundial elegy.

"When Dido mourn'd, Æneas would not come,
She wept in silence and was Di-do-dumb."

Not that this is an historically exact account of Dido or her actions, but then we gain in comprehension what we lose in facts. Two more instances of this sort exhaust the list of tolerable examples.

"A correspondent, something new
Transmitting, sign'd himself X. Q.
The editor his letter read,
And begged he might be X. Q. Z."

"It seems as if Nature had curiously planned
That men's names with their trades should agree;
There's Twining, the Teaman, who lives in the Strand,
Would be whining, if robbed of his T."

We shall conclude with three compositions, which, though not strictly epigrams in our sense of the word, are included by Mr. Booth in his collection. The first two are remarkable for their brevity, the last for its pathos.

I.

"This corpse
Is Tommy Thorpe's. (First idea)."

Revised edition.

"Thorpe's
Corpse."

II.—"*On a Smuggler.*

Here I lies
Killed by the XIS."

III.—"*On a Locomotive.*

"Collisions four
Or five she bore;
The signals were in vain;
Grown old and rusted,
Her biler busted,
And smashed the excursion train."

Thus, *Punch* has taken the place of Callimachus and Pope, and the art of epigram is well-nigh lost. Formal grace gives way to vigorous vulgarity, wit to humour, and the race of fine gentlemen to a prosaic generation, which has neither the skill nor the patience for the laborious trifling with which our grandfathers fatigued themselves and amused one another.

THE HOSPITALS.

The question of a future site for St. Thomas's Hospital is not settled by the offer of a new site for Bethlem, the price of which is to be given to a third institution. A donation of £21,000 to the City of London Hospital would in itself be very well bestowed; none of our hospitals is better managed, or more useful, to the extent of its means. Its enlargement is justified by the wants of a poor and populous district, if it be not preferable to make room in the existing wards, by establishing, in the open country, a branch hospital for so many of the patients as can bear the journey. But since a gentleman wishes to grant, for hospitals, "seventy-three acres of land on the southern slope of one of the finest hills in Surrey," he might either give its price directly to the London Hospital, or give the land for the site of a rural House of Recovery, for such inmates of the London Hospital and St. Thomas's as can be safely and beneficially removed. The medical officers of St. Thomas's have recorded their opinion in favour of a convalescent establishment. This would relieve both the present hospitals of a large number of their patients, if it were designed, not only for the convalescents, but for that class of the sick who can in the first instance be carried without injury eight or ten miles out of town; leaving the 450 beds at St. Thomas's, and about the same number at Whitechapel, to receive the urgent cases.

As a boon, however, in any shape, to the London Hospital, a deserving and not wealthy institution, this gift is very acceptable. But it is a matter for much consideration, whether the interests either of St. Thomas's or of Bethlem are served by an arrangement which displaces the one, to erect the other upon its site.

It cannot be expected that the governors of Bethlem, because in 1807, by a grant from the Corporation of London, they got their present site in St. George's-fields, without money payment, but in exchange for their ancient site in Finsbury, shall now, in mere exchange for a site at Croydon, give up, with no pecuniary consideration, their Southwark estate. They would never, as trustees of the property committed to them, overlook its present commercial value, in their negotiation with St. Thomas's governors. Now, the eleven acres which they possess in Southwark are worth in the market a great deal more than six times that quantity of land among the Surrey hills. It was, indeed, estimated by the valuers for St. Thomas's, last month, that the purchase of the Bethlem site, involving the cost of a new building for Bethlem, would come to £160,000; and at the meeting of St. Thomas's governors, on the 20th of January, Mr. Tite spoke of this objection as fatal to the choice of the Bethlem site. By the arrangement now proposed, the sum of £21,000, to be given to the London Hospital by the Bethlem governors, in consideration of the land at Croydon to be given to them, will not be any deduction from the £160,000 which, according to the estimate taken on behalf of the St. Thomas's governors, would be the cost of the Bethlem site to them; so that the St. Thomas's governors would save not a penny in their bargain, nor would Bethlem gain a penny by it. It is clear, therefore, that if, at their meeting last month, the St. Thomas's governors thought the Bethlem site unattainable on account of its cost, the offer announced by the Secretary of the London Hospital, in his letter of February 3rd, has done nothing to remove that obstacle.

To build St. Thomas's, however, upon the Bethlem site, the present buildings of Bethlem Hospital must be destroyed. They cannot by any ingenuity be adapted for the accommodation of sick and accidental cases. The internal structure of the lunatic hospital, where all the patients sleep in their separate little bedrooms, with the corridors fitted up like saloons for places of recreation and a social promenade, differs essentially from that of an ordinary sick and accident hospital, in which a number of beds are placed together in each of the spacious wards, so that the surgeons and nurses may pass from one bed to another without disturbance.

As for the amount that has actually been laid out upon Bethlem, we learn from the reports of 1815, when the modern hospital in St. George's-fields was opened, that £122,572 was spent on that building alone, for the accommodation of only 200 patients; and there is now accommodation for about 400. Since that time, more than £25,000 has been spent in various improvements and extensions, including £19,000 for the wards of the criminal lunatics, paid for by the Government. These are about to be removed to the new State Asylum at Bagshot Heath, described in the *London Review* some months ago; and the space which their wards have occupied may be converted into new airing and recreation grounds. In the last ten years, the period of Dr. Hood's management, from 1852 to 1862, £8,000 was laid out in building new kitchens and offices, infirmaries, and amusement-rooms; in fitting all the windows with an iron framework for the panes of glass, instead of the prison-like bars; and in making the place altogether suitable for his humane system of treatment, which Dr. Helps, his successor, efficiently continues. Such is Bethlem Hospital at present, and such has been its cost; the St. Thomas's governors would have to knock it down, and they could not do that for nothing; nor could a new Bethlem, as convenient for its purpose, be very cheaply built.

Looking, then, in the first place, to the welfare of St. Thomas's itself, we see that the Bethlem site is not recommended by economy; nor is it, compared with others, the fittest site. Mr. Tite remarked that, for one-fifth of the price of that site, the governors might obtain thirty acres, adjoining the Camberwell New-road, with railways close at hand, and large open roads in every direction. Alderman Lawrence preferred an open plot of twenty-five acres at the back of Newington Church, with a frontage on the Kennington-road; and this nearly adjoins the grounds of Bethlem. But the suggestion of the Chief Commissioner of Works, that St. Thomas's Hospital should be built at Stangate, at the end of Westminster Bridge, upon an elevated terrace overlooking the Thames, along the projected southern embankment opposite the Houses of Parliament, has much to be said for it. As the main drainage works are likely to be completed before the new hospital can be finished for the reception of patients, we may hope that, by that time, our noble river will be freed from poisonous effluvia, while the tracts of noisome mud, now visible at low tide, will have given place to handsome stone quays or

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terraces on either bank; so that the stream will run strong, fresh, and pure between them. The bone-boiling nuisance is already abated; and no place in London enjoys a freer current of air than sweeps over the broad piece of water between the Lambeth and Millbank shores, while the river fogs can seldom rise above the surface to the height of thirty or forty feet, at which the basement floor of the hospital should be laid. Among the advantages of this site are, its airy openness, its sunny south-westerly aspect, and the cheerful view from the front windows, or from glazed balconies, which might afford to the convalescents many an hour of diversion in watching the boats upon the river or passengers upon the bridge. But its chief advantage is that of easy access by water-carriage for the great number of patients supplied by accidents among the river-side population lower down. A sailor or dock-labourer, for instance, at Blackwall, having got his leg crushed by the fall of a cask or a spar, might easily be placed in a barge fitted up with a suitable litter, and conveyed by the smoothest and quietest road to a little dock beneath the hospital, where the litter, with the man undisturbed upon it, might be hoisted by simple machinery to an upper floor. The new St. Thomas's Hospital, with these features, might not only be made peculiarly useful for a large class of cases, but would form a striking ornament to the metropolis, viewed together with the fine architectural group of the Westminster Palace, the Abbey, and the bridge. To many Londoners, we doubt not, the stately towers of imperial Thames are quite as pleasant and inspiring a sight as the dreary waste of Wandsworth Common or the bleak bare downs of Surrey.

This brings us to the fancied necessity for removing the lunatic patients of Bethlem to a distance from town,—the only remaining plea. It is founded upon nothing but the supposed unhealthiness of town air, which, as an assertion thus broadly stated, both professional and popular experience deny. The medical officers of St. Thomas's lately observed that, if the rate of mortality is usually higher in a town than a rustic population, its causes are, the over-crowding of the poor in close courts and alleys, the dirtiness of their houses, bad drainage, bad water, the unwholesome habits and occupations of some classes of the people. None of these pernicious influences exist in Bethlem Hospital, which, standing far apart from other houses, in the midst of its own spacious grounds, and supplied with the sweetest water from a deep Artesian well, is a perfect oasis of salubrity on the borders of Lambeth and Southwark. The cholera has never been admitted within its gates; and the average mortality of its inmates, about 5½ per cent., is a very low rate for a lunatic asylum. Even this mortality, as one-third of the deaths occur within a month of the patients' admission, is partly owing to their state when admitted, or to their exhaustion from the excitement of acute mania; the average rate in county asylums is 8 per cent. The per-centage of cures in Bethlem, which has ranged as high as 66 per cent., is equalled by few other asylums. The late officer of health for Southwark, Mr. Rendle, reported that one cause tending greatly to the salubrity of his district was the open space about Bethlem and the other large establishments in its neighbourhood, which he spoke of as "the lungs" of that district.

On the other hand, there are some reasons for keeping Bethlem where it is. The patients, in their town mansion, though furnished with all its domestic comforts, ornaments, and means of recreation, with books, pictures, music, ball-rooms, and billiard tables, for in-door pastime, with aviaries, aquariums, and wide open gardens stocked with an abundance of plants and flowers, are not too closely shut up there. They have, besides the gardens comprised in the eleven acres of Bethlem, two acres more, the adjacent gardens of King Edward's School, for healthful out-door employment. They often walk out in small parties, escorted by their attendants, to amuse themselves with what is passing in the streets, to call upon their friends in London, to do their own little shopping, to attend their own places of worship, or to visit such places as the Crystal Palace, the Great Exhibition, or the Cattle Show. Dr. Hood, the late Resident Physician, while stating, in his report for 1860, that more than 150 of them had enjoyed this indulgence, some of them sixty or seventy times in the year, observed that it was very beneficial to them, "by supplying objects of interest to their minds." Now let it be remembered that not one-third, as Mr. James Ellis says in his letter to the *Times*, but five to three of the Bethlem patients are Londoners (582 to 352 in the last five years), or belong at least to the metropolitan district. Will these Londoners, transported to "the slope of one of the finest hills in Surrey," remote from the cheerful sights and sounds of human neighbourhood, find that salutary diversion for the perceptive faculties which London affords them? And will not that sense of utter isolation and banishment, which is one of the most painful experiences of insanity, be enhanced by knowing that they are separated from their families by an actual railway journey, though it be a short one; and that the visits of friends and kindred will be rare? Such visits, we believe, are never discouraged by the authorities of Bethlem, except in some peculiar cases where an access of excitement might ensue; it sometimes even happens that the friends are expressly sent for, to soothe a patient and comfort him in illness. These are the reasons for the patients dwelling within an easy walk of their old homes in London, with the occasional enjoyment of those lively scenes which a city displays, and hearing still the well remembered sounds of St. Paul's and Westminster clocks, or the Sunday morning chimes. There is no difficulty in sending parties of them to stay for two or three weeks by the sea-side, or in the country, during fine weather, for a change of scene; last summer, we believe, some of them went to Brighton; and in future seasons they may have a country-house of their own to go to. Meanwhile, it seems undesirable that the establishment in London should be broken up, that Bethlem should be removed to Croydon, and St. Thomas's fixed in St. George's-fields. We trust that the governors will not be driven by any clamour to a hasty adoption of this plan.

THE PAST WEEK.

On Friday week in the House of Lords Lord Ellenborough presented petitions from Indian officers, complaining of the loss of certain advantages guaranteed to them by Parliament, and, as an act of justice, insisting upon the fulfilment of engagements that had been entered into. One ground of complaint, the greatest, was the formation of a staff corps, which the petitioners thought unjustly interfered with general promotion. The Duke of Argyle did not think there was any cause for the complaint that the guarantees of the Act of Parliament had been violated. Parliament had guaranteed that the condition of the Indian officers should not be made worse, but had not made an engagement that it should be improved. The fears of the petitioners his Grace considered groundless. The Duke of Cambridge believed no Indian officer of the local service had suffered by the recent changes. Mr. Peacocke moved in the House of Commons an address to her Majesty to give directions that no sales to facilitate inclosures be made of Crown lands or Crown forestal rights within fifteen miles of the metropolis. Various instances were adduced where the Crown interests in large portions of land had been disposed of for most inadequate compensation, and he (the hon. gentleman) urged the preservation of some open spaces of ground, considering the increasing population. The motion having been seconded, Mr. F. Peel explained the value of the forestal rights of the Crown, and observed that the sale of those rights would not affect the inclosures. Sir G. Grey and other members having spoken, Mr. Peacocke's motion was put and carried, the Government sustaining a defeat by the division. In committee on the Post-office and other savings' banks, the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved a resolution to authorize the bringing in a bill relating to these banks. The legislative object of the new bill was to enable the old savings' banks to wind up. Another provision was intended to facilitate the transfer of deposits of minors from one savings' bank to another. Agreed to. The Chancellor of the Exchequer next moved resolutions charging a reduced scale of duties of Customs upon the different kinds of manufactured tobacco. One object he had in view was to authorize the conversion of unmanufactured tobacco in bond into cavendish or negro-head, to be subject to a lower rate of duty than such tobacco manufactured and imported. The resolutions were agreed to. Mr. W. Martin and Mr. A. Smith had permission given them to introduce bills—the former to prevent frauds on innkeepers, and the latter to amend the mode of taking votes at municipal elections. Lord Derby on Monday, after commenting on the want of business before the House, condemned the conduct of Mr. Christie in the Brazils, and wanted to know whether it met the approbation of Ministers. Lord Granville said a bill against the pollution of rivers by noxious gases would soon be introduced; and that papers relating to the Brazils would be speedily laid before Parliament. In the Commons the reports on the Post-office savings' banks and on the Customs Acts (tobacco duties) were agreed to. Mr. Cowper moved for leave to introduce a bill to make a new street from Blackfriars to the Mansion House, in connection with the embankment of the Thames on the north side of the river. He pointed out the necessity of forming a new distinct thoroughfare to relieve the amount of traffic in the city from various converging points almost impeding locomotion. The money for what he proposed could be drawn from the Thames Embankment funds, which could be replenished by giving the Board of Works power to borrow money upon the security of the coal duties. The Lord Mayor was of opinion that the Corporation funds were not in a position to bear the expense of the proposed works, and he was averse to placing the business in the hands of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Several members having addressed the House, Lord Palmerston said Mr. Cowper only asked permission to bring in the bill to enable the House to determine whether it was desirable to have the new work performed. The work was entirely for the benefit of London, and it should bear the cost. Leave was given to bring in the bill. The Chancellor of the Ex-

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chequer obtained leave to bring in a bill relating to malt credits, the object of which was to give increased credit to maltsters when they chose to avail themselves of it. Earl Russell on Tuesday gave explanations drawn forth by Earl Derby's remarks on the previous evening, relating to our dispute with the Brazilians. The Lord Chancellor brought up a message from the Queen on the Royal marriage, asking their lordships to concur in making suitable provision for the Prince of Wales and his bride. An address to the Queen was adopted in reply. The Marquis of Normanby made a speech on the affairs of Rome, which elicited observations from Earl Russell and the Earl of Ellenborough. The South-Eastern Railway bill was rejected on Tuesday, in the House of Commons, on the motion for second reading. Lord Palmerston replied to a question by Mr. Bentinck, touching the blockade of Charleston, and said the Government had no other information than that in the telegrams. He declined to offer an opinion as to whether the blockade had been legally raised. The noble lord also brought up a message from the Queen respecting suitable provision for the Prince of Wales. Notice was given for a motion on the subject for Thursday. Mr. S. Fitzgerald drew attention to the nature of commercial treaties. Government only, he complained, obtained treaties with foreign countries after France had secured them, and then we merely obtained the same conditions as those obtained by France. A discussion ensued on the subject. Mr. Horsfall obtained the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the practicability of consolidating the Boards of Inland Revenue and Customs. Sir George Grey obtained leave to bring in a bill relating to the religious instruction of prisoners in county and borough prisons in England and Scotland.

The House of Lords did not meet on Wednesday.—Mr. Hadfield, in the Commons, moved the second reading of the Qualification for Offices Abolition Bill, which was carried against an amendment by Mr. Newdegate.—The second reading of the Aggravated Assaults on Women and Children Bill was moved by Lord Raynham, who said that all persons would admit that the crimes of which he complained should be suppressed, and he proposed to inflict corporal punishment upon a person when thrice convicted. He was prepared to give up, however, that part of the bill which related to flogging, if the other provisions were adopted. The Attorney-General resisted the introduction of the bill; it was better to adhere to the law, when placed on a satisfactory footing, as it was in 1861. Mr. Bentinck having supported the second reading, a division took place, when the bill was rejected by 153 to 43.

A new amendment has been proposed in the French Corps Législatif, affirming that freedom of election will be impracticable if the Ministers of the Interior persist in requiring from the principal editors of journals secret treaties and blank regulations, which have the effect of placing them at the mercy of the Government. The names of the promoters of the amendment were given,—Jules Favre, Emile Ollivier, Henon, Darimon, and Ernest Picard. M. Picard, in a bold speech, detailed the history of the recent transactions in the office of the *Constitutionnel*, and said such transactions virtually proved that the editing of the papers was carried on in the office of the Minister of the Interior; the debate brought to light the fact that, in sanctioning the appointment of a *gérant* to certain papers, the Minister stipulated for a written but undated resignation of the office to be placed in his hands. When the attitude of a journal displeased, the editor received from the Minister the resignation dated, and found himself dismissed! The Minister replied, no one was obliged to become an editor; and if any one subscribed to the terms he ought not to complain of his dismissal. M. Picard said he complained in the name of free discussion and of public morality. The amendment was negatived by a large majority. The Emperor has received the deputation from the Corps Legislatif charged to present him with the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. The Emperor was brief in his reply, and expressed the satisfaction he felt at finding a new proof of the concord existing between the Representative Chamber and the Government; such concord was most opportune at the present moment, considering how much other countries were now agitated.

The Polish insurgents have captured Jarnogrod, and 39 out of 200 Cossacks garrisoning the place have been killed. Hubeszow, evacuated by the Russians, has been taken by the insurgents. A state of siege, if requisite, has been ordered by the Emperor in the provinces of Podolia and Volhynia. The Pope has sent instructions to the Bishops of Gallicia to exert their influence over the people there to respect Austria as a Catholic power. The *Ost Zeitung* of the 14th has the following news:—The insurgents have taken a courier bearing despatches to the Russian ambassadors of Paris and Berlin, respecting the attitude of Prussia and Austria regarding the insurrection. Letters addressed by the Grand Duke Constantine to a foreign princess and the Count d'Aquila, expressing surprise at the outbreak of the Poles, have been taken by the insurgents. The convention referring to the insurrection, between Prussia and Russia, was signed on the 8th instant. A Vienna letter says M. Cievzewski, the editor of a Polish paper published in Lemberg, has been condemned to three years' imprisonment for being guilty of high treason. The preliminary examination of the unhappy editor lasted thirteen months. This is an unwelcome specimen of Austrian law. Wuschock has been retaken by the insurgents, 5,000 of whom were posted on the 13th near Slupze, under the command of Langiewicz. The Russian troops, driven by the insurgents to take refuge upon Prussian territory, have marched from Glenvitz, fully equipped.

In the sitting of the Berlin Chamber of Deputies, Herr von Bismarck Schönhausen, in reply to questions put to him by Polish members, said the aim of the Polish movement was the re-establishment of Poland, as far as possible, to the former extent of the kingdom. The insurrection affected the political interest of Prussia, as, from official information, a similar movement in the Prussian territory was contemplated at a suitable time. The Government trusted to the fidelity of the majority of the Polish subjects of the Crown, and was obliged to protect them against the compulsion which had in Russian Poland been exercised upon the citizens and peasantry by emigrants, the gentry, and a portion of the clergy. The Government was determined to take energetic measures to ensure the public safety whenever it was imperilled. The *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* says an actual invasion of Polish territory was not intended by Prussia. Such a step would call for a convention between Prussia and Russia, which has not been heard of. The inhabitants of Warsaw are forbidden to keep arms or revolutionary writings. Any house is to be pulled down from which the military have been fired upon. A circular of the chief of police of Breslau requests editors of newspapers not to publish any statement in reference to military measures or the transport of troops. The military authorities of Posen have sent forth an arrogant proclamation stating that the penalty of high treason is destined for any one who may give encouragement to the Poles of Russia. It is said that the Prussian Poles look forward with interest to some manifestation in their behalf from the Government of England that may compel the Prussian Cabinet to relinquish its arrangement with Russia.

A meeting has taken place at Genoa to express sympathy with Poland. A speaker counselled the Italians to aid the Poles, when the police ordered the dissolution of the meeting. The speeches generally were moderate. A meeting advertised to take place at Naples in favour of Poland was not held on the 14th. A few persons assembled in the streets, and shouted "Poland for ever!" but they were quickly dispersed. From Spain, it is stated that Marshal Narvaez is organizing a new union of all sections of the moderate Liberals. From Shanghai *vid* Suez news comes of the abandonment of the siege of Nankin, and that the Russian fleet will remain at Manilla. Garibaldi has sent a letter to the Italian papers addressed to the people of England, whom he asks to support Poland; he hopes Englishmen will not allow Poland to perish under the knout—under the lance of the Cossacks. The Poles are fighting, he says, for the independence of their country and for liberty. By proffering their hands to Poland, Englishmen would resuscitate the country. There is but little doubt that the Prussian and Russian Governments have agreed secretly to co-operate in action should the Polish insurrection continue to spread. This belief has produced great surprise. It is said that a free passage is offered to Russian troops across Prussian soil. A remonstrance is said to be in preparation by France to the Prussian Cabinet against such a violation of the principle of non-intervention. The Italian Minister of Finance has laid his financial report before the Turin Chamber, which exhibits a deficit of three hundred millions of francs. An equilibrium is proposed to be established in four years by the sale of crown lands, the consolidated conversion of a large number of mortgaged estates, increased land-tax, a loan of nearly seven hundred millions of francs, and other matters. No opposition was manifested to the proposals, and leave was accorded the Minister to bring in a bill authorising the loan. The semi-official *General Correspondenz* says the leaders of the Venetian revolutionary committee have been tracked by the police, and arrested; a prosecution has been commenced against them.

We have news from New York respecting the progress of events between the Northern and Southern belligerents to the 8th instant. The Federals, at Vicksburg, number 80,000. The journals of the South assert that the British steamer *Spitfire* sunk the Federal steamer *Hatteras* off Galveston. The House of Representatives has passed a bill to arm negroes. No slaves of loyal owners are to be thus employed. The Confederates retreated towards Franklin after the engagement between Generals Corcoran and Pryor near Suffolk. In an interview which Jefferson Davis has had with the governor of North Carolina, the latter insisted upon the recall of a sufficient number of troops to guard the State. A despatch is published from Charleston by the Southern journals stating that the Federal gunboat *P. Smith* surrendered unconditionally to the Confederates at Stone River. The *Richmond Whig* says that the British steamer *Princess Royal*, with a cargo of guns and powder, was captured while attempting to enter Charleston. The bombardment of Galveston by the Federals has commenced, and General Magender has declared Galveston open to the trade of all friendly nations. It is asserted that President Lincoln has offered to General Butler the command at New Orleans, but the General hesitated about accepting the post. Under date February 4, from New York, it is rumoured by the Richmond papers containing Charleston despatches, that two Confederate iron-clad gunboats, attended by three steamers, went from Charleston on the 31st ult., and attacked the blockading squadron. The Confederate gunboats succeeded in sinking the Federal gunboat *Mercedita* and another gunboat, name unknown. The Federal steamer *Quaker City* was disabled, and escaped with the loss of one wheel; four Federal vessels were set on fire by the Confederates. When the Confederate gunboats returned to Charleston, they were received with demonstrations of approval. General Beauregard issued a proclamation that the Confederate fleet had attacked the blockading squadron off Charleston, and he

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formally declared that the blockade of Charleston by the United States was raised by the superior force of the Confederates from and after January 31st. General Beauregard placed at the disposal of the foreign consuls steamers to see for themselves that no blockade existed, and it is said the British consul went on board the *Petrel* five miles beyond the usual anchorage of the blockaders, but saw nothing of them. Foreign consuls in Charleston, at a meeting, were of opinion that the blockade had been legally raised. From New York, February 5, it is reported that the Confederate Secretary of State has notified to the British and French consuls that he has received official information of the opening of the Charleston blockade, and the *Richmond Dispatch* says the blockade cannot be renewed by the Federals until sixty days' previous notice has been given to the neutral governments. The same paper observes that Earl Russell will not insist on a notification if the Federals restore the blockade without notice. Northern papers consider the Southern accounts of the Charleston affair exaggerated. General Foster's expedition from Beaufort is supposed to number 70,000 men, destined for an attack on Charleston. An attack has been made on Fort Donnelson by the Confederates, who captured one battery, but lost it again: the repulse of the Confederates, with great loss, is reported. General Grant has reached Vicksburg. Washington accounts regard the Charleston encounter as unduly magnified: no interruption of the blockade, it is said, has occurred. A telegram from Fortress Monroe mentions the receipt there of news from Charleston of the 3rd instant, when the port was completely blockaded, the Federal iron-clads lying inside the wooden vessels. The Federal attack upon Charleston was momentarily expected. Details have been published of the conduct of the Confederates in dealing with negroes caught on board Federal vessels on the Cumberland river. Without any trial, they were taken to an open field and shot down. Two negroes got out of sight of their pursuers for a time, being in the water and holding their heads out of water by clinging to the rudder of a vessel. When discovered they were instantly shot.

A rumour is current that Mr. Serjeant Shee is to be elevated to the judicial bench whenever another vacancy occurs. The brig *Sceptre*, lying at single anchor on the Thames, has been run into by the screw steamer *Scotia*. The brig sank, and three of the crew, asleep in the forecastle, went down with her, and were drowned. The route of the Princess Alexandra from the Bricklayer's Arms station, on the 7th proximo, has been officially made known, and will be along the Old Kent-road and the Borough, over London-bridge, down King William-street, past the Mansion House, through St. Paul's-churchyard, Fleet-street, the Strand, Trafalgar-square, along Pall Mall, St. James's-street, and Piccadilly, to Hyde Park-corner, thence through the park to the Marble Arch, along Edgeware-road and the Grand Junction-road, past the Great Western Hotel, to the station. Mr. Windham has again appeared —this time in the Court of Common Pleas—as a defendant in an action brought against him by Mr. Llewellyn with whom he had lodged in Duke-street, St. James's. The amount sued for was over £100, for necessaries supplied and for rent. A question arose as to whether the eccentric Mr. Windham was a yearly or a weekly tenant. The jury were of opinion that defendant was a yearly tenant, and gave a verdict for the plaintiff. Mr. Windham's experience of law is now rather extensive. In the Upper House of Convocation it has been decided, in consequence of a request from the Lower House, to appoint a committee to examine Bishop Colenso's book. The Bishops of London and St. David's were opposed to the request of the Lower House. A rather singular story has been started regarding the Roupell forgeries. A witness, it is said, has been found, who says he saw old Mr. Roupell sign the deed of gift of his estate to William Roupell. This testimony is very different from the voluntary statement of the ex-M.P., who is now under sentence of penal servitude—namely, that he forged the deed of gift. Should the evidence of the witness now found prove correct, the case will be in a singular position as between the mortgagees and the present claimants to the property. Fresh curiosity will be created as to the motives of the convict Roupell. A fire, doing damage to the extent of £30,000, has broken out in premises in Newcastle-on-Tyne. The fire originated in a cluster of leather-dressers' warehouses, and there being a scarcity of water, much valuable property was destroyed. Lord George Manners, brother of the Duke of Rutland, has been elected M.P. for Cambridgeshire, unopposed, in the room of Mr. Ball, resigned. The case of Collingwood against Mr. Henry Berkeley and others, directors of the British Columbia Overland Transit Company, has been tried. The point in dispute was whether defendants had given their consent to act as directors of the company, of which Colonel Sleigh acted as manager. The jury were of opinion that defendants had agreed to act as directors, excepting Mr. Fenner, and awarded £160 to the plaintiff. In all probability, this result will have a salutary effect in preventing members of Parliament and other persons of influence from allowing their names to be used in the prospectuses of certain companies whose stability may be doubtful. A melancholy case of suicide through a love disappointment has taken place at New to a'am. It seems that Miss Jane Herbert formed an attachment her choicer named Jupp, but her father strongly disapproved of chased two "his preyed heavily on the girl's mind, and she purcontaining str[illegible]s of "Butler's Vermin Killer," a composition place soon after[illegible] part of which she swallowed, death taking lying with her arm[illegible] Fuller found the unfortunate deceased of the joints, sympto[illegible] hands clenched, and great rigidity [illegible]cating the effects of strychnine.

At the weekly meeting in Manchester of the Central Executive Relief Committee, Mr. Farnall read his report, from which it appeared that on the 7th instant there was a decrease in the number of persons receiving parochial relief in the twenty-seven unions of the cotton districts, as compared with the number relieved in the previous week, of 5,918. Since December the 6th there has been a decrease of 49,877. The general health of the distressed localities is favourable. The Kidderminster railway station and refreshment rooms have been destroyed by fire. The books and papers of Messrs. Smith & Sons were consumed, and the telegraph wires were rendered worthless, as well as the telegraph office. The surplus talked about in the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to have numerous claimants. The malt duty is asked to be repealed by the farmers. The Central Malt Duty Repeal Association have had a meeting at the Bridge House Hotel, London-bridge. Speeches and resolutions were numerous, urging the necessity of repealing the malt duty. The Navy estimates have been issued, and amount to £10,736,032. Last year the sum asked for was £11,794,305; therefore, the reduction is upwards of a million. The Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, of which the Prince of Wales is Master, intend celebrating the marriage of his Royal Highness on the 10th of March by giving a grand dinner to the members of the Inn in their ancient hall.

A report prevails that a fresh investigation of the circumstances connected with the mysterious murder at Road will shortly begin. Another suicide has taken place from London Bridge. A young woman, apparently about nineteen years of age, was seen loitering on the bridge, and ultimately to mount a parapet. Before any one had time to reach her she had plunged into the river and was drowned. The ladies of Poland have presented Mr. Pope Hennessy with a screen of heavy black velvet, framed in carved oak, bearing the arms of Poland wrought in needlework of silk and gold, with the initials of the hon. member, surmounted by a Polish coronet. Another meeting, under the auspices of the Emancipation Society, has been held in St. James's Hall. The policy of the Federal Government was warmly commended. Mr. Thompson, one of the speakers, dwelt on the recent entertainment at the Mansion House of the author of the Fugitive Slave Law. The denunciations of the South met with a few opponents, who were soon ejected from the audience. The Hon. W. W. Addington has been elected M.P. for Devizes in the room of the late Captain Gladstone. Mr. H. W. Langton has been elected M.P., without opposition, for West Somerset. Serjeant Tozer has issued an address to the electors of Cambridge, announcing his intention of becoming a candidate, as a Liberal, at the next general election.

The *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* states that the negotiations between Prussia and Russia had reference only to the Polish insurrection, and not to any settlement of the Polish question. No negotiations whatever have taken place between Prussia and Austria. The *Patrie* reports that the insurrection is spreading through all parts of the Polish kingdom. The military commanders of the provinces of Lithuania and Volhynia have refused to send the reinforcements demanded from them by the authorities in Poland, seeing that they may soon have to defend their own provinces. Minchow has been set on fire after the insurgents were repulsed in attacking it. A body of insurgents entered Gema in Austrian Poland unresisted, when being pursued by the Russians. 300 insurgents were killed, and the same number wounded in the attack on Minchow. In the Berlin Chamber of Deputies, the Minister has declined to answer the question whether Prussia had concluded a convention with Russia engaging itself to give assistance to that power in suppressing the Polish insurrection. The Liberals in the Chamber have submitted a resolution that the interests of Prussia demand that the Government should not favour any party on the Polish question, and that neither of the contending parties should enter Prussian territory without being disarmed.

Lord Carnarvon, in the House of Lords, gave notice that he should move for a select committee to inquire into the subject of prison discipline. Lord Palmerston eloquently, in the House of Commons, proposed resolutions making a provision for the establishment of the Prince of Wales. Formerly the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall were added to the available income of the Crown; in the present reign those revenues, with accumulations, had been set apart for the Prince of Wales when he should come of age. After all deductions, the income of the Duchy of Cornwall would probably amount to £60,000 a year. Parliament was asked to grant an additional £40,000 a year out of the Consolidated Fund for the use of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a separate allowance of £10,000 for the Princess. The noble lord proposed also that a jointure of £30,000 a year be secured to the Princess in the event of her surviving her husband. The resolutions were agreed to. The second reading of the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill was carried. The Union Relief Aid Act (1862) Continuance Bill was read a second time; as were the Telegraphs Bill and the Malt Duty Bill.

News of much importance has come to hand from America. The Federals have sustained three naval defeats,—one off Fort M'Allister, another in Stone River, and a third on the Blackwater River. Commander Watkins, of the Confederates, has officially reported the engagement at Galveston, with the loss of a Federal ship and schooner of eleven guns, the taking of 100 prisoners, and the defeat of the Federals. In anticipation of an attack on Richmond, the Confederates are forming earthworks. The Confederates have been repulsed in attacking Fort Donnelson, on the

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3rd, 250 killed and wounded. The gunboat *New Era* has been attacked by the Confederates near Island 10, on the Mississippi, but they were compelled to retire. The Federal cavalry in Tennessee surprised the encamped Confederates at Middletown and Franklin, on the road, and took Major Douglas and his officers prisoners; their camp equipage, horses, waggons, &c., were captured. General Loan, Federal, commanding the central district of Missouri, has ordered that all bush-wackers, guerillas found in irregular warfare against the United States, shall be summarily executed. In the New Jersey legislature on the 4th a series of resolutions was introduced calling on President Lincoln to return to his original policy and to revoke his emancipation proclamation. Commander Bell, of the Federal navy, has issued a counter proclamation to the declaration of General Magruder that the port of Galveston should be open to the commerce of the world, declaring Galveston, Sabine Pass, and the whole coast of Texas, to be under blockade. A rumour is current that General Butler will replace General Halleck. The attack on Charleston and Savannah is said to have commenced.

From Posen it is reported that the Polish insurgents, on the night of the 17th, captured Konin, and that the Russians garrisoning the town were surprised and dispersed. The Chief of the Revolutionary Committee at Warsaw has issued an order forbidding the inhabitants of the city from making demonstrations. When the moment for insurrection in Warsaw arrives, the people will be solemnly exhorted to combine for its success. Intelligence received at New York from Vera Cruz says that General Mejia has defeated General Doblado and taken a large sum of money. There is no confirmation of the reported defeat of the French by the garrison of Puebla. The Mexicans at Tampico and Jalapa are hanging people who had aided the French. A Ministerial crisis in Spain is now no longer apprehended. A telegram from Malta reports Prince Alfred as having left that place in the *St. George*, suffering from fever.

Reviews of Books.

EARTHQUAKES.*

To the ambitious student of nature, eager for fame and the applause of the multitude, nothing can be more discouraging than the present condition of scientific inquiry. The age of Crichtonism and encyclopædic knowledge in these matters has passed away, and each great division of natural science has, by reason of its own rapid advance, been subjected to such infinite subdivisions, that no man can hope to leave behind him the impress of his work, who is not content to restrict his labours to a field so minute and so special, as to the world at large to be almost inappreciable. Thus the book before us, to the great mass of the reading public, ushers in a new science, which claims to rank with mineralogy, lithology, conchology, comparative anatomy, and so forth, as an integral part of the great science of geology, taken in its most comprehensive acceptation. It has also this additional interest, that it introduces us to the successful application of methodical investigation to a class of phenomena, which, to a greater extent than any other, appear to repudiate the ideas of system, law, and order. Eclipses, thunderstorms, and such like, have long ago succumbed; but earthquakes have been hitherto assumed to be unassailable by calculation, and to defy the efforts alike of the mathematician and the inductive philosopher to subject them to the bondage of geometrical and arithmetical laws. This position they no longer occupy, and it is to such careful observers as Mr. Mallet that their subjection to science is attributable. He would appear to be continually on the watch for them. The earthquake which forms the subject of the present volume happened on the 17th of December, and he wrote as early as the 28th of the same month to the President of the Royal Society, offering to devote a month or five weeks of his time to a journey to the shaken regions. The result was a report to the society, presented in May, 1860, containing an account of numerous and careful observations, and illustrated by a great number of photographs of very considerable intrinsic value, and five elaborate and well executed maps. This report has just been published in the volumes now before us, with the liberal aid of £200 from the Society. Most of the photographs are contained in them, and a great many additional diagrams; and conclusions have been arrived at, which, by their definite and exhaustive character, cannot fail to interest and astonish, even where the reasonings by which they are established do not command the full assent which has been accorded them by the energetic and sanguine mind of Mr. Mallet.

That our readers may have some chance of understanding and being interested in this reasoning and these conclusions, we will beg leave to premise a few introductory remarks upon the general theory. The great difficulty is, as we have said, to import something like law and order into our conceptions of phenomena which appear at first sight so hopelessly exceptional and irregular; but let us consider some other and more familiar cases of laws underlying apparent chaos. Nothing can be more suggestive of disorder and confusion than the rolling in of the sea waves upon a shore under a heavy gale, and nothing more unlike the aspect of the same sea during a gentle breeze; and yet the two cases have one feature, and that a most important one, in common, namely, that the waves themselves, however much they may differ in size during calm and rough weather respectively, advance towards the shore with the same velocity in both cases. Again, imagine a calm lake of uniform depth throughout, and let a body of any shape and size, only not too large, be thrown into the lake with any velocity whatever, it will be found that under all circumstances a circular wave will spread from the point of impact, the radius of which increases at an uniform rate, and that quite independent of the shape, size, and impinging velocity of the body. Or to take a somewhat different case: suppose an iron bar, many thousand feet long, to receive a blow at one extremity in the direction of its length, it will be found always to take the same time before a point at any given distance from that extremity becomes affected, an additional interval of one second being occupied in traversing every 11,090 feet of the bar, however great or small the original pull, push, or blow may have been. In fact, the velocity with which a disturbance of any nature whatever spreads throughout a body of given constitution, is independent of the circumstances of the original shock. Nor is this all, but the same invariable law is true of the *direction* in which each disturbed point moves as the shock reaches it. For example, if the shaken substance be ordinary atmospheric air, and the consequent disturbance that which communicates itself to the ear and constitutes sound, in this case it will be found that, however the original shock is produced, not only does it always take the same time to reach a particle of air at the same distance, but the direction in which this particle is disturbed is always in the line in which the shock reaches it, or, in the language of mathematicians, the vibrations are always longitudinal. Again, if a string be stretched and any point disturbed, the consequent displacement of any other particle may be either along the string or at right angles to it, according to the direction of the original disturbance; but in the former case the disturbance travels at one rate and in the latter at another rate, each of these velocities being perfectly determinate, and dependent, in the one case upon the force with which the string is stretched, and in the other upon its elasticity. In all cases of the transmission of such a disturbance through a mass, the particles which at any time are out of their position of rest are said to constitute a *wave;* and this is called longitudinal or transversal, according to the direction of displacement of the particles; and it is beyond all things necessary to observe, that there is no necessary relation whatever between the actual velocity which is impressed upon any disturbed particle and that with which the disturbance or wave moves through the mass; nor again between the *amplitude* of the wave, or the space through which any particle is actually moved, and the *length* of the wave, or the distance measured along its line of propagation between the two particles, of which one is just beginning to move and the other is just returning to rest.

With the help of these rather tedious preliminaries the special treatment of our subject becomes easy. However originating, an earthquake, as its name denotes, is a shock in the earth's mass, and any one point being thus shaken, implies the spread of a disturbance to other points with a velocity dependent only upon the nature of the earth's constitution. To render the subject at all capable of manageable treatment, it is assumed, with what amount of probability we leave our readers to conjecture, that the earth's mass is sufficiently homogeneous, at any rate throughout the portion of it subjected to investigation, to justify us in regarding the rate of propagation as the same in all directions; and the wave consequently, spherical in form, having its centre at the initial point of disturbance, it is further assumed that the transversal vibrations are very small in comparison with the longitudinal vibrations, and that they need not therefore enter into our consideration. Hence it follows, that if we could infer, from indications at any part of the earth's surface, the direction in which that point was first displaced, we need only produce this direction backwards, and we get a line passing through the point of original disturbance, called here the "seismic focus;" two lines thus drawn give us by their intersection the actual position of this focus, or rather they would do so, did the original disturbance really emanate from a single point; but generally this original disturbance occupies a space of some extent, which is estimated in the present instance as a thin cavity some nine miles long and three broad. Again, the position of the seismic focus having been ascertained, and the times of shock at two places also determined, the actual rate of propagation may be easily determined, and the mean of Mr. Mallet's observations would appear to place this at something like 800 feet a second, or ten miles a minute.

In arriving at these conclusions, our author professes to be guided by strict attention to mathematical formulæ and exact reasoning throughout. It is instructive and amusing to observe his vigorous freshness and confidence in his principles and his methods. No task is too difficult for him—no obstacles deter him, but he plunges fearlessly into problems of the most appalling intricacy, and drags his results to light by means of an analysis which appears ludicrously inadequate to the task entrusted to it. Indeed, the great success of the work, and of Mr. Mallet as observer, is, we believe, mainly due to this dashing, reckless A sounder and more accomplished mathematician would daunted by obstacles which present no difficulties ical prepara- Such a man would have wasted his energies on deprived of the tion of his implements, and we should have on and intelligent really valuable compilation of accurate ob These observations deduction which these two volumes c

* Great Neapolitan Earthquake of 1857. The First Principles of Observational Seismology, as developed in the Report to the Royal Society of London of the Expedition made by command of the Society into the Interior of the Kingdom of Naples to investigate the circumstances of the Great Earthquake of December, 1857. By Robert Mallet, C.E., F.R.S., F.G.S., M.R.I.A., &c. &c.

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consist mainly in the investigation of the appearances presented by the shaken and fractured buildings, the measurement and comparison of the magnitude and direction of their principal fissures, and of the distances and lines of flight of the projected fragments. It would be idle to attempt to give here anything like a detailed account of the different cases which have been worked out by Mr. Mallet, nor do we believe that a mind less sanguine than his would be satisfied with the conclusiveness of the reasoning, except in its most general aspect. Some idea, however, may be derived from a consideration of particular cases. Thus, suppose a man to be standing facing the north, and in this position to experience a shock travelling from east to west—which we will further suppose to be horizontal, although it is clear from geometrical considerations that this can never be accurately true—it is obvious that he will begin to topple over towards his right side, and that he will most probably fall upon this side; it may, however, happen that the recoil, or second half of the shock, takes place in time to give him a rotation towards the west, sufficient to set him upright upon his feet again. Imagine, next, that the man is situated vertically over the seismic focus; in this case the wave emerges in a vertical direction, and the man is lifted up and let down again, standing erect throughout. If we replace the man by a building whose walls face the points of the compass, it is easy to see that something similar will happen to it; but there is this difference, that the walls of the building being fixed to the base, and this again sunk into the ground, it may very readily happen that the building does not topple over bodily towards the east, but that the east wall alone is fissured along its base, or that it draws away the ends of the north and south walls, producing vertical fissures in these near to their eastern extremity, while similar, but, for certain reasons, less marked appearances, occur at the western end through the recoil. Conversely, therefore, from these appearances in a shaken building, we may infer that it was subjected to a wave such as we have supposed, while after vertical emergence hardly any perceptible result is to be observed. For the intermediate and more ordinary cases of shocks oblique to the horizon and to the walls, we shall have intermediate results in the obliquity of the fissures, and the magnitude and shape of the fractured masses. The magnitude of the shock and the total amount of displacement may also be inferred from the work done, as manifested by the width of the fissures and the weight of the masses dislodged. As we have frequently said, it does not appear to us that our author's reasoning and principles are very clear in the working out of many of these cases; and we would especially refer to his investigation of the projected fragments at the beginning of the eighteenth chapter of the first volume. Nevertheless we have considerable confidence in many of his main results, especially in his determination of the position of the focus of disturbance. This he places, from the mean of sixteen observations, about 5¾ miles vertically under Caggiano, a village 60 miles south-east of Naples. One pencil of waves traced by him is very interesting. It appears to have proceeded in an unbroken line for a distance of nearly forty miles to the north-west, where it impinged upon the range of Monte St. Angelo. Here it was refracted and reflected, and after another course of some fifteen miles to the south-west, it again proceeded nearly due north across the Bay of Naples, inflicting a very subdued shock upon that city.

After this we have many speculations, of great interest as stimulating thought and investigation on most important matters, but so extremely uncertain, in spite of the imposing formulæ in which they are involved, that they can only be regarded as vague and indefinite conjectures. Such are the temperature of the focal cavity, estimated from an almost random guess at the temperature of the "foyer" of Vesuvius to be something like 2000° Fahrenheit, the pressure of steam in such a cavity, and the consequent work done by the first disturbance, whence the maximum displacement at the earth's surface is calculated. Both from this calculation and independent observation, the extent of this displacement appears to have been very much smaller than is generally supposed, and not to have exceeded a few inches; whence Mr. Mallet concludes that the idea which regards earthquakes as instruments of elevation is erroneous, however true it may be that they occur along with, and as part of a train of circumstances, which do produce such elevation; as, for instance, in the great earthquake in India, in the district of Cutch, in the year 1829, when a tract of country, more than fifty miles long and sixteen broad, was suddenly raised ten feet above its former level, with innumerable other cases of the same kind. Such investigations have necessarily a large element of uncertainty, and need to be received with a judicious scepticism; Mr. Mallet seems to us occasionally, as we have hinted, somewhat too courageous, but his volume may be recommended as, in the main, dependible, and we are sure that no person interested in questions of geology or physical geography can fail to derive much interest and instruction from its perusal.

ST. BERNARD.*

THE so-called *Dark Ages* of former days should no longer continue to receive that appellation. Their importance in the sally of the best portion of the human race is now univer- and thoroughly acknowledged. Much has been done to illustrate them, [illegible]idation which they have received at the hands of modern writers has been of the greatest historical importance. They belong, indeed, to a period rather of development than of growth. It was their character to be of a provisional nature. Many institutions of essential use in a state of transition and preparation may have afterwards lost their value and significance, but were not the less needed as organs in the obscure and gradual progress of change, which led through various stages from the rudiments of European civilization to an advanced condition of social maturity. Chief among these were the monastic orders and the Papal power—the one securing the special education of the clergy; while the temporary sovereignty of the Popes protected their independence among the secular dominions by which they were surrounded. The writer the least prejudiced by any religious convictions has done the amplest justice to the supreme importance of the mission of Catholicism in the Middle Ages. It is Auguste Comte who has indicated the Church as the cradle of modern civilized life; who has shown how favourable its principles were to human development; and who has acknowledged with gratitude that the source of social science is to be found in the remote ages of history to which the designation of "dark" has been so constantly but so inappropriately applied.

One of the greatest, if not the greatest, figure in those ages of extraordinary ecclesiastic domination and activity was that of St. Bernard—the great Apostle of the West—the maker of popes—the champion of orthodoxy—the preacher of crusades—the latest Father of the Church—the monk, *par excellence*, of whom Luther could say "he was the best monk, whom I love above all the rest"—the mighty disciplinarian of the monasteries—the general arbiter of disputes—the enemy of all evil and corruption—the simple Abbot of Clairvaux, yet far above the popes and emperors whom he moved at his will. His was one of those striking personal characters which seem most effectually to refute the notion that the events of history have been evolved under the pressure of some supposed force of circumstances, and have not in great measure depended on the individual direction of powerful minds, and on the energetic agencies of the wisest and strongest of their time and country. He was the soul of the Church during a considerable part of the twelfth century, and the Church was itself then the soul of history.

In selecting the life and times of St. Bernard as his subject, Mr. Morison has undertaken no ordinary theme. If he has not always risen to the heights, or sounded the depths to which he might have been led by it—if he has not added much of novelty to what is already written and easily accessible in the works of others on the same period, he deserves commendation for the selection of such a topic, and for the industry with which original authorities have been collected together, and placed before the English reader. Every man who now writes a serious book on a subject requiring thought, and in such a way as to make it interesting, and to suggest earnest inquiry, does a service worthy of praise. It is not given to all to treat ecclesiastical annals with the fascinating powers of a Milman or a Stanley; but there is room for the labours of all, and the lore of many a monkish chronicler still remains to be reproduced and circulated under the auspices of the modern subscription library.

St. Bernard is said to have worked more miracles in his life than are recorded in the whole of Scripture. In some of these the grotesque humour of the age is curiously exemplified:—

"When he came to the dedication of the Church of Foigny, it happened that an incredible multitude of flies filled the place, and their noise and flying about became an intolerable nuisance to those who entered. As no remedy seemed at hand, the Saint said, 'I excommunicate them;' and in the morning they were all found dead. They covered the whole pavement, and were shovelled out with spades, and so the church was rid of them. This miracle was so known and celebrated, that among the neighbours—a large concourse of whom had been present at the dedication—the cursing of the Foigny flies passed into a proverb."

On another occasion, Beelzebub himself—the lord of flies—was made to cut a very ridiculous figure:—

"In the spring of the year 1137, Bernard, accompanied by his brother Gerard, set out for Italy. The devil, we are told, had a particular objection to this journey. He foresaw and hated what was to come of it. Therefore, when Bernard was passing along the Alps, the demon broke the wheel of the carriage in which the abbot travelled, in order to hinder him as much as possible, or even pitch him over a precipice. The saint took a saintly and yet a fearful vengeance on his enemy. Careless and contemptuous of the intended injury, he ordered Satan himself to become a wheel, and replace the broken one. The fallen angel obeyed the words of the holy man; the carriage moved on as before; and the worsted and rotatory fiend, amid scorn and laughter, carried Bernard in safety to his destination."

In order to give full effect to Bernard's position, it is necessary to show by what elements of secular life he was encompassed, and this part of Mr. Morison's task has been well executed. The baronial wars, the sieges, the murders and cruelties of the time, are described with much life and vigour. It was among the actors in such scenes that the work of civilization had to be carried on, and no adequate justice can be done to the labours of the clergy, without always keeping in view the condition and manners of the people from whom they were taken and among whom they lived.

In a life of St. Bernard, it was natural that prominence should be given to Abelard, in that character at least of arch-heretic in which he came into destructive collision with the great champion of the Catholic faith. But it was hardly necessary to present us with a

* The Life and [illegible] James Cotter Morison, M.A. 1863. Pp. 498. St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, A.D. 1091—1153. By [illegible] Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Chapman & Hall.

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detailed life so long as to occupy a tenth of the whole volume. The old story, however, it must be admitted, is forcibly told, and for the hundredth time we have been interested in the persons and in the events with which all are so familiar. In one matter, indeed, Mr. Morison attempts novelty, and endeavours to discredit general tradition and the language of the latest historians, by expressing doubts on the supposed great beauty of Heloise. Perhaps the words of Dean Milman, that she "was no less distinguished for her *surpassing* beauty than for her wonderful talents and knowledge," may not be justified by the passage of Abelard, which must be taken as the best evidence on the subject. But the passage is obviously intended rather to exalt her intellectual accomplishments, than to disparage her personal attractions; and it is clear that Heloise must have had charms of no common order, or she would never have been the heroine of the strange and disgraceful romance by means of which her name has acquired so questionable a celebrity.

Bernard and Abelard met at the Council of Sens. The heresies of the great dialectician were submitted to the Council, but he abruptly refused to abide by their adjudication, and at once appealed to Rome. His friends circulated their own version of what followed after his departure.

"After dinner Peter's book was brought in, and somebody was told to read it in a loud voice. The fellow, full of hatred to Peter, watered by the vine—not of Him who said 'I am the true vine,' but of that which cast the patriarch naked on the ground—bellowed out louder than he was asked to do. Presently you saw the pontiffs insult him (*i.e.* Peter), applaud with their feet, laugh, and play the fool, so that anyone might see they were paying their vows not to Christ, but to Bacchus. Then the cups were saluted, the goblets filled, the wine praised, the episcopal throats moistened. Horace's recommendation,—

'Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus,'—

was executed from memory. But their potations of the sleepy fluid had already drowned the hearts of the pontiffs. When, during the reading, anything subtle or divine, but unusual to pontifical ears, was heard, they were all of them cut to the heart, and gnashed their teeth at Peter; and these moles, judging a philosopher, exclaimed, 'Shall we suffer this wretch to live?' Wagging their heads, as did the Jews, they said, 'Ah! behold him who destroyeth the temple of God.' So did the blind judge words of light; so did drunkards condemn a sober man; so did eloquent wine-cups attack the organ of the Trinity. . . . These great philosophers had filled with wine their barrels of throats. The fumes of it had so invaded their brains, that the eyes of all were drooping from sleep. Still the reader droned on; the assembly snored.

"One rested on his elbow, another procured a cushion, a third took his nap with his head upon his knees. So when the reader came upon some thorn-bush in Peter's field, he exclaimed to the deaf ears of the bishops, 'Damnatis, do you damn this?' Hardly awake at the last syllable, in a drowsy voice, and with hanging heads, they muttered 'Damnamus.' Others, however, roused by the noise of the damners, decapitated the word, and said . . . 'namus.'"

Ample specimens are given by Mr. Morison of the writings of St. Bernard. The funeral sermon on the death of his brother Gerard may be specially mentioned as full of sad and tender beauty. The power he exercised over the minds of his hearers when addressing them, is well described in a passage relating to a later period of Bernard's life, when he appeared at Vezelai at Easter in 1146 to preach the second Crusade:—

"Easter came, and multitudes flocked to Vezelai at the united bidding of the Pope and king. The town could not contain the ever-gathering throng. On the declivity of the hill which overlooks the plain of Vezelai, the people were assembled. The king and his knights were there, the beautiful and haughty Eleanor was there, the crowd of poor hard-worked peasants were there, each grade by its dress and bearing showing to what class of society it belonged. But now, nobles and courtiers, even the young king and his queen, have ceased to be the centre to which all eyes were turned, for Bernard of Clairvaux has come. Pale and attenuated to a degree which seemed almost supernatural, his contemporaries discovered something in the mere glance of his eyes which filled them with wonder and awe. That he was kept alive at all appeared to them a perpetual miracle; but when the light from that thin calm face fell upon them, when the voice flew from those firm lips, and words of love, aspiration, and sublime self-sacrifice reached their ears, they were no longer masters of themselves or their feelings. This occurred whenever Bernard preached to great numbers, and the meeting at Vezelai was not an exception. At the top of the hill a machine of wood had been erected, and on this platform Bernard, attended by the king, appeared. Raised thus high above the crowd, he could be seen, if not heard, from all parts of the vast concourse. He spoke; the mere sound of his voice was grateful to the loving admiration which surrounded him. Presently rose a murmur from the sea of faces, which rapidly swelled into a shout of 'crosses, crosses;' and Bernard began to scatter broadcast among the people, the large sheaf of them which had been brought for that purpose. They were soon exhausted. He was obliged to tear up his monk's cowl to satisfy the demand. He did nothing else but make crosses as long as he remained in the town."

Vigorous as was Bernard's zeal for the Church, stern as was his denunciation of heresy, he rose above the common spirit of religious persecution. Working what Mr. Morison rightly terms "a miracle of Christian love and fortitude," he interfered with true charity in favour of the degraded and down-trodden race against whom every man's hand was lifted during the frantic enthusiasm of the Crusades. He came forward to defend the Jews from the cruelties which it was considered a virtue to exercise upon them. A Jewish contemporary writes, "Had not the tender mercy of the Lord sent that priest (Bernard), none would have survived."

Of the deep humility of character which existed in the man who had so many claims to greatness, a convincing anecdote is given:—

"A certain regular clerk one day came to Clairvaux, and asked with some importunity to be admitted as a monk. The abbot exhorted him to return to his church, and refused to receive him. 'Why then,' said the clerk, 'have you in your books given such praises to a perfect life, if you refuse your help to one who wishes to lead it?' and, working himself up to a great passion, he continued:—'If I had those books here, I would tear them in pieces.' Bernard quietly answered, 'I do not think you will find it anywhere asserted in my writings that you could not be perfect in your own cloister. If I remember rightly, I have everywhere in my books advised a change of manners, not a change of abode.' Upon this the clerk rushed at him, and hit him a violent blow on the cheek, causing a severe bruise. Those present were ready to seize the culprit with some degree of violence. But Bernard restrained them, and forbade any one to touch him. He merely gave orders that he should be safely and carefully led out, and that no hurt should be done him. The poor wretch, overcome by Bernard's gentleness, was taken away trembling with horror and amazement."

Mr. Morison has exhibited the character and actions of St. Bernard with faithfulness and affection. He betrays no spirit of partiality; but has executed his task most conscientiously, and with abundant reference to original authorities. Indeed we should have been glad to have had more of Mr. Morison's own work, and less of the unwrought materials which, although carefully prepared and arranged, are perhaps somewhat more copious than general readers will find either necessary or convenient.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY.*

A MAN who undertakes the translation of a great author undertakes a very serious and noble work. He ought not to attempt such a task without being fully aware of the responsibility which he incurs. If by an ignorant and careless travesty he degrades and misrepresents the book which he is professing to reproduce, he deserves the indignation of those who feel bound to vindicate the honour of any writer who has earned a high place in their love and gratitude. Fortunately, however, translation is a task of such acknowledged difficulty, and requires so much care and patience, that men do not often take it up lightly or inconsiderately. Making full allowance for the arduous labour which must be spent on such a task, critics are usually inclined to receive a new translation with leniency and even with favour. It is almost inevitable that every translation should be, when strictly judged, more or less of a failure. For this every candid critic will make full allowance; but at the same time we have a right to expect that every new translator should, in *some* points at any rate, prove himself superior to those who have preceded him in his immediate task. If he has not done this, his translation is wholly useless.

Chapman, Pope, Cowper, and most other translators of Homer, have prefaced their labours by some observations of great dignity and beauty; and they have evidently been anxious to show how much they felt the importance and difficulty of the task they had undertaken. We regret to find that in this, as well as in many other respects, Mr. Norgate differs from them. In a meagre, flippant, and poorly-written preface, he tells us that he mainly aimed at "closeness and freedom;" that he determined "to sacrifice rhyme to reason," in order "*to hover the more closely to* the wit and sense of Homer, as they appeared to him;" and that he thinks rhyme well-adapted for "short compositions, such as ballads, sonnets, *or ingenious advertisements for puffing the sale of wares, &c.*," but "intolerably wearisome in a long poem." At the end of the book, we therefore find that "the translator, *in* laying down his pen, *here* indulgeth *in* a puff, not from weariness, but in accordance with the custom of the age." We are not going to quote this "puff," except to agree with the elegant remark,—

"Ah, might the old bard but see thee as Here (*sic*),
Sure would he be clean frighted!"

In one respect, however, this "puff" is valuable, as throwing some light on Mr. Norgate's views in coming forward as a translator; for he says:—

"Yet may'st thou ease a schoolboy's pains,
And prove to Him (*sic*) a treasure,
For ready change of Homer's coin,
Valued at English measure."

The last two lines we do not profess to understand, any more than we understand what is meant when Mr. Norgate tells us of his page, that—

"*He'll* serve, e'en as *he* is able,
And tell in English tongue the *tale*
Of Homer's wondrous *fable*."

This, we presume, is intended for wit; but if Mr. Norgate really had no higher object in view than to provide schoolboys with "crib" to the "Odyssey," we think that he has failed conspicuously, and that he cannot for one moment contend with the ordinary Mr. translator of Bohn's classical series. Be that as it may, and Norgate wishes any scholar to take the trouble of

F. S. Norgate.

* Homer's Odyssey, reproduced in Dramatic Blank V-

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criticizing his version, we recommend him to re-write his preface, and, out of respect for Homer, if not from regard to his own interests, to expunge this intolerable doggrel, as well as the eight lines of nonsense which he substitutes for the one word "Errata." They only serve to prejudice the reader against his labours, unless, indeed, they were meant to illustrate the merciful deliverance we have had in being spared a translation in Mr. Norgate's rhyme.

We fear that the vagaries which we have noticed display a sort of vulgarity which goes far to prove that Mr. Norgate is not qualified to take his place among the honourable ranks of great Homeric translators. It is true that he has been engaged, he tells us, upon this work since February, 1858. But if this fact is mentioned in order to prove that he has taken an extraordinary amount of pains, Mr. Norgate under-estimates the nature of his duties. Pope's translation of the "Iliad" occupied the unremitting labour of at least seven years (1713—1720), and his "Odyssey," although confessedly a hasty and poor performance, of which Browne and Fenton wrote twelve books, yet required three years for its completion. Cowper's translation also took up "many thousand hours" during a period of seven or eight years; and though both Pope and Cowper may be ultimately superseded, yet Mr. Norgate, so far from equalling the least of their merits, does not in any respect approach them; he is not even "proximus longo intervallo." Archdeacon Hare may be right in saying that "neither the epigrams of Pope, nor the anti-Homeric Miltonism of Cowper," at all reproduce the force, the freshness, the simple passionate truthfulness of Homer; but they succeed, at any rate, as Chapman also succeeds, in presenting their readers with poems which have sufficient fire and beauty to create something of the same kind of impression which Homer himself may have been supposed to create in the minds of his countrymen. If their matter is sometimes inaccurate, they compensate for it by their beauty of form; they are translations of a true poet by true poets, and they never degrade Homer if they never equal him. And of these Cowper is certainly as accurate as Mr. Norgate,—we suspect that he was a far better scholar,—while he is incomparably more beautiful and readable.—His Miltonic stiffness may fail to represent Homer's youthful vigour and vernal grace, but it is far preferable to the jerky and uncouth gambols of Mr. Norgate, and to the ricketty, knock-kneed lines which he complacently designates "dramatic blank verse." Most of our readers may be supposed to know the commencement of the "Odyssey":—

"'Ανδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα, πολύτροπον," κ.τ.λ.

How do they like this version of it?

"The *travelled* man of *many a turn*,—driven *far*,
Far wandering when he had sacked Troy's sacred town;
Tell me, O Muse, his tale; how *too* he *conned*
The manners of *mankind*," &c., &c.

As this is certainly not poetry, we should greatly have preferred honest prose to so hybrid a measure. For Mr. Norgate, little as he seems capable of appreciating Homer, or entering into his grandeur and sweetness, at least tries to be accurate. He even attempts to reproduce, though not very happily, the play on the name Odysseus, in the sixty-second line of the first book, which most translators overlook. After having tested his translation by a few of the most difficult passages in the "Odyssey," we find that he has fairly given the general sense of the original. Perhaps, if he had discarded his dramatic blank verse, he might have produced a prose translation which would serve as a tolerable guide to "the schoolboy" whom he has had in view.

But we must give a few more specimens of Mr. Norgate, in order that our readers may judge of his value for themselves. All who have written on the translation of Homer have insisted upon the necessity of *harmony* and *energy* in the version; but our readers will, we fear, agree with us that Mr. Norgate is rarely energetic, and never by any chance harmonious. Let us take a few passages at random. Here, for instance, is the grand description of Athene arming herself:—

"So saying, she *forthwith* bound upon her feet
Her *comely* sandals, golden, *all* ambrosial,
Wonted to bear her swift as gale of wind,
Whether upon the boundless land or sea.
Then seized her spear, made sharp with brazen point,
Of *weighty size and solid strength*: wherewith
This daughter of a mighty sire subdues
Ranks of *bold* chiefs with whom *she's haply* wroth."

Compare this with Cowper's (in the Iliad):—

"and her spear
Seized, ponderous, huge, wherewith the goddess sprung
From an almighty father levels ranks
Of heroes against whom her anger burns."

Again, compare Mr. Norgate's translation of the passage about Hercules,—

"On every side about him was there screaming
Of the fear-bewildered dead, e'en as of birds;
And he the while, as black as midnight, grimly
Looking about, with uncased bow in hand,
And arrow upon the string, *seemed ever aiming*;"

with Cowper's:—

"Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead
Swarmed turbulent: he, gloomy-browed as night,
With uncased bow and arrow on the string,
Peer'd terrible from side to side, as one
Ever in act to shoot."

The latter is in every case at least as accurate as the former, and there can be no question which is the truer and finer in taste. Nor is the case much improved if we place Mr. Norgate side by side with some translator who has chosen the heroic couplet as his metre. Does the reader, for instance, prefer Mr. Norgate's,—

"*Indeed now* praise *not death, not death*, to me:
Much rather would I be upon the glebe,
A hireling labourer to some needy swain,—
Whose *means of livelihood* were *not abundant*,
Than to be lord over all the dead deceased;"

to Broome's translation of the same passage, free as it is,—

"Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.
Rather I choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead"?

It will, we think, be seen from these specimens, that Mr. Norgate also lacks that nobility of style which is another most indispensable qualification for any one who wishes to render Homer into English. Few passages in the whole range of ancient and modern literature are more overwhelmingly magnificent than the opening of the twenty-second book of the "Odyssey," where Odysseus, bared of his rags, bounds upon the vast threshold, and empties the quiverful of swift arrows before his feet, and pierces the throat of Antinous as he lifts the goblet to his lips. So vivid is the passage, that Plato asks whether, in reading it, a man is in his senses or beside himself! Here, if ever, the most creeping translator would at least *try* to soar, yet Mr. Norgate can find us no better expressions than that "Odusseus, *ever ready*," aimed his arrow "*right* at Antinous," who was *fingering* a goblet.

"At him, *howe'er*, Odusseus
Aimed, and with arrow *hit him in the gullet*,
And the point *went right clean* through his tender throat,
* * * * * * *
Sharp then he struck *with foot*, and kicked away
His table from him, scattering *all* the viands
To the floor. And bread, and roast, *and all* were smutched."

Mr. Norgate may fancy that this is literal, but it does not convey the faintest conception of Homer's awfulness and vigour, and so fails in the chief essential of a faithful reproduction. It is an ungracious task to find fault, and we have no desire to do so. If we had such a desire, a little more detail in criticism would have obliged us to modify very considerably the praise of accuracy which we have bestowed on this version; for some of the renderings which we have observed prove that Mr. Norgate's scholarship is not of the highest kind. We have, however, said enough to show that it is an unsuccessful effort, and will only add that it is peculiarly unfortunate in appearing at the same time as the exquisitely melodious and poetical translation of Mr. Philip Worsley.

THE CAPITAL OF THE TYCOON.*

Upon the same day that papers on affairs relating to Japan were laid before Parliament, Sir Rutherford Alcock, at present her Majesty's Minister to the Court of the Tycoon, laid his book upon the same country before the public. It will save people a great deal of trouble. A blue book is a thing unattainable practically to the general reader. He must feel specially interested in a subject before he makes the effort necessary to procure the unwieldy volume, and wade through the dry and formal correspondence which conceals here and there a plum. Every Member of Parliament either can, or should be able to, show piles of blue books stacked in presses, each of which as it came out he glanced wearily through, and hastily forming an opinion on its contents, satisfied his conscience, and voted confidently ever after. As it is the habit of the Foreign Office to extract from blue books those more secret and important items of information which usually form the key to a policy, but which are very properly kept back from the public, it happens that our Member almost invariably arrives at wrong conclusions, and that blue books are for the most part little more than gigantic snares forced from an unwilling government, by a public who prefer rather to be entrapped than not to trespass at all. The Japanese blue book, however, is probably an exception to this rule. Our relations with his Majesty the Tycoon require no concealment, and Sir Rutherford Alcock has done us the favour to gild the pill, and to dress up the contents of the official papers in two interesting volumes, which actually in these days of high-pressure literature we might designate as a record of "sensation diplomacy." The daily events of life in the British Legation at Japan are quite as thrilling as those which usually mark the careers of heroes in novels, and to judge from a picture facing the title-page, called "the village beauty," our diplomatic heroes are not necessarily deprived of heroines.

To give the reader an epitome of the various exciting incidents with which these pages abound would be as unfair upon the author

* The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan. Longman.

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as to condense the plot of a novel, a process at once easy and damaging. To tell him that his interest will be sustained at concert pitch throughout, would be no less unfair upon the reader, who must make up his mind either to study and digest sundry weighty questions incidental to our relations in those distant regions which must needs be dry, or to skip them. If he be in either House of Parliament, we trust he will adopt the former course. Some important questions, affecting the conditions under which our future intercourse with Japan is to be conducted, will probably come before Parliament at an early date, and if the information possessed by honourable members is limited to their knowledge of the fact, that the population bathe naked in the streets, they are not so likely to judge correctly on the proper course to be pursued, as if they make themselves acquainted with those interesting particulars bearing upon the administrative system of Japan which Sir Rutherford has been the first to give us. We would recommend them to form some definite idea as to what a "Daimio" is. It is not a curious old specimen from Yedo, for sale at Christie & Manson's, nor is it to be found in the Zoological Gardens, though the animal is peculiar to Japan. Then a "Yaconin" is a creature of singular habits, and in the work before us we are furnished with illustrations of his instincts and propensities, important in a natural history point of view.

We quite sympathize in the difficulties which any Member so laudably industrious will experience in his endeavour to remember the native names of the various political forces at work: and the fact that some of these are European introductions does not facilitate the matter. The word "Tycoon" itself, for instance, was not known to the Japanese before the foreigner visited his empire. The Americans assert that they were the first to introduce it; but we doubt that they would go to China for a word, when they have such a rich vocabulary of their own to draw upon. The Japanese call the Tycoon by two or three different terms among themselves, but never by that of Tycoon. Our author gives us a curious account of the ceremonials attending his interview with his temporal Majesty, how he was obliged to count the number of mats he traversed between each bow, and how the attendant courtiers crawled about in the imperial presence on their hands and knees; but he throws no light upon the mysterious being who theoretically lives in celestial regions, but who is stated by the Japanese to reside at Miako, whose functions, while he is in this sublunary sphere, seem to be nearly allied to those of a spirit medium, but who, for all we know of a certainty, may not exist at all, but be a mere "Mrs. Harris" under spirit influence, useful only as a reference to the Mrs. Gamp whose bodily presence is known to us at Yedo in the form of the Tycoon.

Like the celebrated legal firm in which the invisible partner always thwarted the amicable weaknesses of his good-natured colleague, the Tycoon throws all the odium of his obstructive policy upon the spiritual shoulders of the Mikado. Thus, upon one occasion Sir Rutherford, in the course of a most interesting overland journey from Nagasaki to Yedo, arrives at a point about thirty miles from Miaco, and at last looks forward to gaining some information with reference to its mysterious inhabitants; but his hopes are cruelly nipped in the bud: a deputation arrives from the Government at Yedo to put a veto on his further progress, though, according to treaty, he had a perfect right to visit the city. As usual, the Mikado was the stumbling-block:—

"The information had reference to some negotiations going on for the marriage of the Tycoon with a daughter of the Mikado, and the healing of some differences which had disturbed the councils of the empire; for something of rivalry and antagonism still exists, it would appear, between the sovereign *de jure* and the Tycoon, who governs *de facto*. It was difficult to avoid some suspicion that the whole thing was merely a get up—seeing the impossibility of turning us back, by menace of personal risk, in the hope that serious danger to the Government, and political considerations would furnish an argument of greater cogency. Nor, if these were their tactics, were they far wrong, as under all the circumstances neither Mr. De Wit nor I felt justified in taking it for granted that the whole history of the relations of the Tycoon or Mikado was a mere invention to serve the end; or, assuming the reality of such complications, to disregard wholly the representations of the Government to which we were accredited. We consented, therefore, to avoid Miaco in our route to Yedo, the point on which the council had evidently felt most anxious."

So Sir Rutherford has had to leave Japan at the end of three years, not much wiser so far as the spiritual emperor is concerned than when he went there; not that even a visit to the sacred capital would have done much to enlighten him. Those Dutch who have passed through it like squirrels in a cage have told us little we did not know before, and we trust that our author may yet have the satisfaction of being the first to throw some light on this interesting subject.

But it is not merely the politician who will derive benefit from the perusal of the work before us; it is varied enough in its contents for all classes. There are chapters of amusing exploratory travel; notes on the flora and fauna for naturalists; statistics of trade for merchants; and plenty of minute life-painting. All the varied incidents, political, tragical, and social, which befel the Mission during three years are recorded at length,—scarcely a week is unaccounted for, and yet there is no monotony.

But, like many a work of fiction which we read with interest, we may follow the fortunes of the hero on paper with amusement, while we do not envy him the trials he underwent; it seems hard to be engaged all day in a diplomatic struggle with the most deceitful and obstructive ministry in the world, only to vary the excitement by a hand-to-hand fight with a band of assassins at night; to outmanœuvre in the one case, and escape with life in the other, only to be abused by all your countrymen on the spot, in whose behalf the trouble and risks are incurred. To bear an exile under these circumstances with unruffled temper, it would be necessary to share with the Mikado some of his spiritual nature. Sir Rutherford has grievances both against the naval authorities on the station and the lawyers at Hong Kong; and as one of the merits of his book is the candour and absence of official reserve displayed throughout, he takes us into his confidence, and claims our sympathy in these as in his other trials. After so long a period of isolation and banishment, an occasional indulgence in personal garrulity may be easily forgiven; and if the author himself comes out in somewhat strong relief, we must make allowances for the effect likely to be produced upon the mind by a position necessarily in some degree antagonistic to the influences which surround it, and in which the faculties are subjected to a tension so unnatural and sustained.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.*

THE author of "Lower Brittany and the Bible There," says that if the Bible does not occupy the whole of his book, the fault is not his; for, unfortunately, it occupies as yet but a small space in Brittany. When Mr. George Borrow wrote his "Bible in Spain," full of romantic personal adventures and picturesque scenes of gipsy life, the manliness and cleverness of his story at once gained favour with the world, but the patrons of the Bible Society thought it was rather too boisterous a work for one of their accredited agents to produce. Mr. Bromfield, though not a philological and pugilistic genius like Mr. Borrow, has a fair share of that enterprising and inquiring spirit, which the business of distributing Bibles among a priest-ridden foreign population demands. He was not, indeed, an itinerant agent of the Bible Society, but resided for some years with his wife and family in a chateau which he had hired near Morlaix, and occupied himself with agriculture and sporting, as well as with the affairs of the "Society for the General Interests of Protestantism in Lower Brittany," of which he was an active member. The opportunities which he had of becoming acquainted with local society were greater than a wandering missionary could have enjoyed. His pages bristle with opinions which, though sometimes rudely and arrogantly expressed, are generally in accordance with those of most Protestant Englishmen who have closely watched the social effects of the political and religious institutions across the Channel.

It was but natural that Mr. Bromfield's attention should especially be directed to the vexatious conduct of the administration with regard to the liberty of worship, the liberty of teaching, and the liberty of printing, in the case of persons whose doctrines are obnoxious to the Roman Catholic priesthood. Many instances are related in which the local authorities have stretched the law most unjustifiably for the purpose of annoying or suppressing the evangelical congregations, and of preventing the sale of Protestant versions of the Scriptures, or other religious books. The préfet of Finisterre, thus, forbade at one time the publication of the *Bulletin Evangélique*, edited by M. Le Fourdrey, the pastor at Brest; and when, by virtue of a clause in the new press law, which limited the Préfet's power to political journals, the *Bulletin* had been started, it was visited with a penal warning for extracting, in its second number, a paragraph from the *Record*, stating that five persons at Edinburgh had "abjured the errors of Catholicism;" this notice being regarded by the préfet as "showing a tendency to attack the religion of the majority" in France, and as likely to provoke a "dangerous controversy." Again, one of the *colporteurs*, with a regular licence, employed in selling copies of the Bible at Quimperlé, was stopped by the gendarmes, deprived of his papers, and ordered to cease from his avocation; but the Minister at Paris, having been appealed to, decided that he might continue to sell the Scriptures if he chose.

In the same intolerant spirit, the meetings for Protestant worship in a schoolroom at Fresnoy le Grand, in the department of the Aisne, were prohibited as "likely to affect the public peace;" in justification of this decree, it was alleged that there were no Protestants in the commune; and when, upon an inquiry before the juge de paix, no less than forty-one heads of families, representing two hundred persons, declared themselves Protestants, the préfet refused to forward to Paris the petition which they had signed, alleging that he did not believe they were "animated by any sincere religious sentiments," and calumniating them *en masse* as "persons of bad reputation and men without morality or conduct." In that case, however, the result at length was, that the opening of the chapel has since been allowed. At Estissac, where there were about seven hundred professed Protestants, the mayor one day entered their place, with his gendarmes, while divine service was going on, turned the preacher and congregation out of doors, and M. Recordon, the minister, was prosecuted before the tribunal at Troyes, and punished with a fine and costs, for having presided over an unauthorized religious assembly. At Trouville, near Havre, more than a hundred and fifty Protestants being found among the frequenters of that watering-place in the summer, a chapel was built by M. Grelley for their use, and before it was ready for opening, an official notice from the mayor was stuck upon its doors,

* Lower Brittanny and the Bible There: its Priests and People. By James Bromfield. Longmans.

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forbidding anybody to worship there. The préfet of Calvados, who was applied to for redress, told the congregation that they might worship anywhere else if they pleased, but not in that building, because its proprietor had been pointed out to the police as a man of dangerous character; the sole offence of poor M. Grelley, as it seems, being that he had sold Bibles and Testaments. Another case mentioned by Mr. Bromfield, whose complaints are by no means confined to those provinces where he has himself resided, is the forcible dissolution of a school at St. Maurice, by order of a colonel of lancers, while the department of the Yonne was under military command.

The most offensive instances, however, are these. At Cugaud, in La Vendée, the friends of a Protestant gentleman who had died there having wished him to be buried there by the pastor of Nantes, the mayor gave order that his corpse should be laid in a corner of the cemetery allotted to criminals and suicides, but that the coffin should be carried in through a breach in the cemetery wall, instead of through the gate, and that the Protestant minister should not accompany the procession. The person whose sepulture was thus to be inhumanly degraded had been one of the most respectable inhabitants of the commune, had himself filled the office of mayor for five or six years, had made gifts and benefactions to the local charities, even to the Roman Catholic church at Cugaud, and had entertained the bishop, with several priests, at his table. On this occasion, the Government overruled the petty tyranny of the local authorities, and directed that the funeral might take place honourably; but then ecclesiastical powers, in default of the civil, were exerted to trouble the repose of the grave. A sort of excommunication being laid upon the place, the grand mass was forbidden to be said in the church of that parish, or any further burials to be performed; and the fanaticism of the peasantry was so much excited, that it was requisite to station a body of soldiers there to prevent them from burning the dead man's house, or tearing his body from the tomb. An order was even obtained, by urgent solicitation, for digging up the coffin, but its execution having been delayed, the matter was finally allowed to rest.

Several instances of a somewhat similar character are narrated in this volume. It certainly appears, from the very text of the official documents which Mr. Bromfield presents to us, that the French provincial administration, from the prefectures downwards, is guilty of the most arbitrary and insolent treatment of French Protestants. The common trick, in order to cover with a pretext of legality the prohibition of Protestant worship, is to deny the existence of any Protestants in the commune; but when their existence cannot be denied, they are slandered, as in the department of the Var, where the opening of a school at Cannes was refused, on the ground that "the means employed for propagating the Protestant religion have been and always are immoral."

Now, there are about two million Protestants actually in France at this time, and although it is often falsely alleged, as one ground for the suppression of their religious meetings, that they are held to conspire against the Government, the Emperor cannot quite shut his eyes to the impolicy of permitting these freaks of intolerance, in the subordinate official potentates, to rouse a spirit of disaffection in so numerous a body of citizens. Mr. Bromfield assures us, indeed, that Napoleon III. sympathizes with Protestants on many points; though, says our author, "I fear he does not care much for the religious value of either Romanism or Protestantism, for he is not a religious man." We recollect, however, that the progress of his court though Brittany, three or four years ago, assumed the air of a devout pilgrimage when he approached the notable shrines of popular enthusiasm in that believing province. This may indeed have been a stroke of State policy not much more inexcusable than the visits of King Victor Emmanuel to the Holy House at Loretto and St. Januarius at Naples; and since the jovial Henri Quatre, whose historic popularity Louis Napoleon would fain eclipse, remarked in his day that *Paris vaut bien une messe*, we must not scrutinize too closely the traditional practice, by French rulers, of an official species of piety. The anecdote here told of the visit of Louis Napoleon to Nismes, while he was Prince President, when he met a deputation of eighty-three pastors from one Department, and after having publicly replied to them, that he would maintain religious liberty, next day put off laying the first stone of a Catholic Church, on purpose that he might have time for a long private interview with the President of the Protestant Consistory, is still dwelt upon by Mr. Bromfield with satisfaction, though after ten years' such experience of his government as we have seen.

Mr. Bromfield is very much disposed throughout to make great allowances for the difficulties with which the Emperor has to contend, in governing such a nation as the French, who, in Mr. Bromfield's opinion, are not fit at present for self-government; and therefore, while he has a thorough contempt for the farce of universal suffrage, and an Englishman's dislike of the system of gagging political discussion, Mr. Bromfield would be content to tolerate the Imperial *régime* if the Bible had fair play in France. We have said enough of his book to show the general purport and nature of its contents. The discursive reflections in which he has indulged concerning French politics, society, and manners, though neither original nor profound, are worthy of being received as the natural impressions left upon an ordinary English mind after some observation of native life in Brittany; while his descriptions of a few places, such as Brest, where the convict-prison especially attracted his notice, may be glanced at for the little information which they contain.

SHORT NOTICES.

Mr. Hughes, while conducting one of the evening classes at King's College, for the study of English history and geography, found the want of such a book* as he has since compiled. Historical geography, as that term is here applied by him to this branch of knowledge, includes not only a description of the situation, the climate, the natural features and products, the minerals, plants, and animals of a country, but an account of its races of people, and of the process by which they have been moulded into a distinct nation. Beyond this he does not, in the present volume, attempt to narrate the events of the social and political history of England, but only to furnish a geographical, or rather a topographical commentary upon those incidents, as for instance the battles, which are associated with the particular places where they occurred. In addition to these local notices, he gives much information of a kind which belongs to the statics of history, such as the distribution of the population, their condition and industrial employments, the amount of wealth and trade in the country, and other matters forming the substratum of those passing interests and agencies, chiefly personal, by which political history is made up. This plan of a schoolbook on the subject of England, or indeed the whole British empire, treating its geography, in the widest sense, as the ground upon which its history is to stand, appears likely to aid much in the improvement of the old system of instruction, by which those two sciences, being unnaturally disjoined from each other, became less attractive and less valuable than they are when combined.

The sound and very serviceable series† of rudimentary treatises on the useful arts, long published under the name of "Weale's," has lately been extended by adding to it several new manuals of important practical subjects, with regard to which it is enough for us to observe, that we may rely upon a certain degree of special knowledge, guaranteed by the previous reputations of their authors. Mr. Robert Scott Burn, as a writer upon agriculture, is commended by several of his former works. In this first part of his "Outlines of Modern Farming," he treats of soils, manures, and crops; his second part is occupied with the breeding, rearing, and fattening of cattle, horses, and sheep; the third canto of his prosaic, but not less useful Georgics, will sing of the management of the dairy, poultry, and pigs. The "Rudimentary Treatise on Architectural Design," by Mr. E. L. Garbett, may prove of much service to pupils of his own profession, leaving to more accomplished connoisseurs the discussion of his theories of taste, in relation to that noble art.

As we should not advise a sick patient or his friends to rely upon their own reading of a Manual of Domestic Medicine for the treatment of a serious disease, we certainly should not encourage any man threatened with litigation to save his attorney's fees by consulting a "Handy-book of the Principles of Law and Equity,"‡ when a writ or a summons may overtake him at any hour. Professional counsels are not to be safely dispensed with, in any case where the inroads of those mischiefs, which lawyers and physicians alone understand, have actually begun, or menace an instant attack upon our bodies or estates. Yet as the perusal of a book of sanitary admonitions may teach the unlearned, with common care and prudence, to avoid the causes of disease, the volume before us, if it be correct in points of detail, which we have not leisure here to test, may instruct him how to perform, in a strictly legal manner, the every-day transactions of life, such as contracts and agreements of every kind, buying and selling different species of property, leasing and hiring, the duties of a testator, a trustee, a partner, a juryman, a prosecutor, a churchwarden, or any other public officer; and, by a general acquaintance with the rights and wrongs of persons and of property, to avoid the fines, costs, and penalties of the law, which no man wishes to have for his foe.

The danger of buying a horse, without knowing, at sight, a good one from a bad one, is a stock joke, as old and quite as well-founded as the jocular proverb, that "the man who wish to be his own lawyer must have a fool for his client." Mr. Peter Howden's little book§ on "Horse Warranty" may find, therefore, no less justification in the real need which it is meant to supply, than either of the technical treatises we have just noticed. It is compactly arranged, in brief pithy paragraphs, under distinct headings, to which there is a convenient index; and a vein of humour pervading the sententious utterance of its practical advice to horse-buyers, who are so liable themselves to be "horribly sold," even makes it somewhat amusing to other readers, as well as useful to these.

A very diminutive volume,‖ containing the precise definitions of a great many big words, is the Vest-Pocket Lexicon, which Mr. Jabez Jenkins first composed in America, and which Mr. Bromley has re-edited, adapting it, as he says, for popular use on this side of the Atlantic. This, we presume, he has done by the omission of a multitude of phrases which bear, in the English of the western hemisphere, a peculiar signification unknown to ourselves. Yet there will always remain, besides those scientific and technical terms, whose obvious derivation from the Greek or Latin

* The Geography of British History. By William Hughes. Longmans.

† Rudimentary Treatises: Outlines of Modern Farming. By Robert Scott Burn.—The Principles of Design in Architecture. By E. L. Garbett. Virtue, Brothers, & Co.

‡ Every Man's Own Lawyer: a Handybook of the Principles of Law and Equity. Lockwood & Co.

§ Horse Warranty: a Plain and Comprehensive Guide. By Peter Howden. R. Hardwicke.

‖ Jenkins' Vest Pocket Lexicon: an English Dictionary of Scientific and Technical Terms. Trübner & Co.

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reveals their meaning at once to every classical scholar, a great number which, having been formed by the usages of a trade or a "craft," are a "mystery" to the uninitiated reader. This tiny book is a key to all such curious and useful verbal knowledge.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—MR. BALFE'S "ARMOURER OF NANTES."

IT is now some eight and twenty years since Mr. Balfe started into sudden popularity by the production (at Drury Lane Theatre) of the "Siege of Rochelle;" an opera which, as the work of a young man, gave promise of a composer who might do much to raise English dramatic music from the unimportance into which it had fallen. With his Italian training, it was not surprising that Mr. Balfe's early works were a reflection of that school in which he had chiefly studied; any distinct nationality or individuality of style could only be expected from the further development of his powers, and under those influences of language and temperament from which he had been for some time estranged. During the interval between the "Siege of Rochelle" and the "Armourer of Nantes," some twenty operas, more or less, have been produced by Mr. Balfe; some of which were not only popular here, but also achieved success in France, Italy, and Germany; but, so far as nationality or individuality of style are concerned, Mr. Balfe is no more an English composer now than he was eight and twenty years since. The chief modifications to which he has been subject were alternations between the styles of Rossini and Auber, with an occasional incorporation of the two; and, later (as in his present opera), an imitation of Meyerbeer and of Verdi. Every young author or artist must commence by imitation. As Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory." In other words, invention is development rather than creation. The greatest men, whether in poetry, painting, or music, have always reflected, in their early works, the models on which they have founded their style. But the individuality of genius soon becomes apparent, and manifests itself by some "new combination" which displays its principal attribute, originality. The disciple developes into the master, and from the scholar becomes the teacher. Thus Spohr and Beethoven both show, in their first productions, that Mozart was the models of their early choice; while in their matured style, they became the most dissimilar of composers. Andreas Romberg, again, also commenced by imitating Mozart; but, as he remained to the last a mere imitator, without any individuality of style, neither his name nor his works are often heard in association with those of the great composers, although he has produced compositions of considerable merit in nearly every form of the art. The instances mentioned, however, are those of a consistent imitation of one pure model. In Meyerbeer we see the result of a restless vacillation between various and opposite styles. At first an imitator of Rossini, afterwards inclining to his own national school, the German, with an admixture of the French style, Meyerbeer's mature works present a triple compound, resulting in a species of musical eclecticism which, however admirable as the music of theatrical effect, will never found a distinct school or afford a safe model for imitation. Verdi again—originally imitating the sparkling brilliancy of Rossini and the sensuous melody of Bellini—strove to create an original style by violent effects and crude attempts at German profundity, which occasionally render his music spasmodic and incoherent, notwithstanding the flashes of real genius which frequently shine forth. Meyerbeer and Verdi therefore—neither of them possessing what may be called a pure style, or belonging to a distinct school—are perhaps the most unsafe models for imitation that could be named; and as Mr. Balfe's latest influences seem to have been derived from these sources, we presume we must renounce the hope formerly entertained of his attaining an individual style, or infusing anything like nationality into the music of the English stage. The composer and his work therefore remain to be considered irrespective of country or language; and the general merits of Mr. Balfe may be said to consist in considerable knowledge of stage effect, and power in working his concerted music up to points of climax—admirable vocal writing by which each individual voice is displayed in its best aspect—a thorough command of orchestral effect, especially in the brilliant styles of Rossini and Auber, and great skill in those minute and fanciful details in the accompaniments by which variety and contrast are obtained. Neither the composer nor the author (Mr. Bridgeman), can be congratulated on their choice of Victor Hugo's "Marie Tudor," as the subject of their libretto. Those intense melodramatic effects in which M. Hugo so delights, are well enough when passing in rapid action and clothed in the brilliant dialogue of the French dramatist. But when turned into English rhyme, occasionally varied by colloquial prose, and constantly halting, as such incidents must do, for the requirements of recitative, air, or concerted piece; the dramatic illusion is almost destroyed, and we cannot help feeling, as a witty Frenchman once remarked, that "the opera is a concert for which the drama is merely a pretext." An opera book cannot be too simple and intelligible in its action; the mere theatrical success of the work depending much more on the drama than on the music. Those who are startled by this proposition we would remind that Mozart's "Zauberflöte" never did, as it never will, keep the stage; some of its composer's finest music being killed, theatrically, by the stupid absurdity of the drama. From a similar cause, Weber's "Euryanthe" is but seldom represented, although, musically, quite worthy of the composer of "Der Freyschütz." The book of the same composer's "Oberon," although written with poetic grace and elegance, from its want of stage interest keeps out of the theatre some of Weber's most imaginative music. In the case of the "Armourer of Nantes," the fault is not in deficiency of stage interest, but in a complication of melodramatic incident, which is unfitted for, and evaporates in, musical treatment. Mr. Bridgeman has transferred the scene of the drama from England to France, and changed the British Queen Mary into the Duchess of Brittany, whose love for an unworthy court favourite, Count Fabiani, with the wrongs inflicted by the latter on Raoul, the Armourer of Nantes, and his betrothed, the orphan Marie, the punishment of Fabiani, and triumph of Raoul and of Marie, who proves to be the lost heiress of a wealthy noble. These incidents, including political plots and the murder of a Jew who refuses to give up to the count the papers which prove Marie's birthright, form the basis of the drama on which Mr. Balfe has wrought. Although some exception might be urged against the liberties taken with Victor Hugo's play, Mr. Bridgeman's task is otherwise fairly well executed. The text is mostly in verse, but in one or two instances drops into colloquial prose, which, being given as spoken dialogue, has a very disjointed and rude effect in the midst of a work mainly consisting of continuous music in the shape of airs, concerted pieces, and accompanied recitative.

The opera has no overture, but is preceded by a very few bars of instrumental prelude, in which the brass instruments are freely used, *à la* Meyerbeer. We are now so accustomed to expect an overture, that a feeling of abruptness is experienced when an opera commences with a mere flourish of instruments instead of that elaborate preparation which we look for in a work of any pretension. As it has been well said of books, "a work with a poor preface, like a person who comes with an indifferent recommendation, must display uncommon merit to master our prejudices and to please, as it were, in spite of ourselves." The long concerted introduction contains much bold and effective choral writing, with some characteristic contrasts between the music of the nobles and that of the people, several phrases reminding us strongly of Meyerbeer; while the employment of the chorus in unison at the passage "Yes, we'll help you," is entirely in Verdi's manner.

One of the best pieces in the first act is Marie's cavatina, "Oh, would that my heart," a very graceful and expressive melody, well suited to Miss Louisa Pyne's refined vocalization, and sung by her with exquisite finish of style. Raoul's ballad, "Jaded, parched, athirst, and drooping," is evidently written with a view to Mr. Harrison's energetic delivery, and intended to be one of the "hits" of the opera. Although an agreeable and flowing melody, it is not sufficiently striking to win that popularity which so many of Mr. Balfe's tunes have obtained. The duet between Raoul and Marie, "Were all the earth's vast treasure," is founded on a tune in waltz time which would suffice for dance purposes, but is quite beneath the dramatic situation. Fabiani's barcarolle, sung by Mr. Santley behind the scenes to a harp accompaniment, possesses little novelty of character, unless being in a minor key be so considered. The hunting chorus, which opens the second act, is of much too boisterous and rollicking a character for the situation, and would be more suitable for fox-hunters of the last century than for nobles and courtiers of any century. A duet of no special character, a rather graceful ballad for the Duchess (Miss Anna Hiles), and an aria for the same, lead to Marie's ballad "There's one who rear'd me," much of the effect produced by which must be ascribed to Miss Pyne's exquisite singing, since there is little novelty of phrase to distinguish this among a multitude of ballads. It certainly, however, was one of the chief successes of the opera. Fabiani's ballad "What joy to listen" is a *suave* melody in the true Italian style, and written with that consummate knowledge of vocalization which lends a grace to Mr. Balfe's music even in its weakest portions. The strong situation of the drama occurs at the close of the second act, and gives occasion for the most elaborate concerted piece of the opera, a long *finale* in which contending passions and various emotions have to be expressed, with the contrasted effects of solos and chorus. As a piece of dramatic composition, this is by far the best portion of Mr. Balfe's work. He deals with the manifold materials of orchestra, chorus, and solo singers, with the skill of a practised musician; and carries the musical interest to a point of excitement that forms a strong and effective climax. The third act is a prison scene, in which we are introduced to a genial gaoler, somewhat after the pattern of Rocco in "Fidelio." This personage, represented by Mr. Aynsley Cook, has a characteristic song, which is followed by a sentimental ballad for Raoul, "O love, thou'rt like a reed," a flowing and agreeable melody, but not destined to come down to the barrel organ,—that ultimate test of popularity. The invocation, "O heavenly power," sung by Miss Pyne, is very delicately accompanied by stringed instruments, *pizzicato*, contrasted with the sustained sounds of wind instruments. A long and elaborate duet, "Once more my heart," between Raoul and Marie, contains much passionate and dramatic expression, although ultra-Italian in the employment of the voices in unison at the close. The *finale* to the whole opera contains some effective writing, but is not equal in musical interest to the *finale* to the second act. There is some incidental ballet music in the course of the opera, which is vivacious and brilliant, but of no special character. It is impossible to avoid feeling that Mr. Balfe is more in his element in works of the *opéra-comique* kind, to which his light and brilliant style is so peculiarly suited, than in the grand opera which deals with the tragic, the romantic,

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and the picturesque; characteristics requiring the genius at least of a Meyerbeer for their musical illustration.

The production of the "Armourer of Nantes," on Thursday week, was in every respect remarkable as a first performance of so elaborate a work. The readiness and efficiency of all concerned speaks highly in favour of individual artists and the superintending direction. To Miss Pyne must be awarded the chief praise for her exquisitely finished singing, which was worthy of any musical stage in Europe. Mr. Weiss, as De Villefranche, the French envoy, was dignified and impressive, both in his bearing and his singing—indeed, the cast of the opera was greatly strengthened by including two such excellent artists as Mr. Weiss and Mr. Santley, the best of English basses and barytones. Mr. Harrison sang his ballads with that distinctness of utterance for which he is celebrated, and by which every note and syllable has its emphasis. The small parts of the Jew and the Gaoler were carefully acted and sung by Mr. H. Corrie and Mr. Aynsley Cook; the still smaller part of Dame Bertha being adequately filled by Mrs. Aynsley Cook. The chorus had evidently been well and thoroughly trained; and the orchestra, under its energetic and careful conductor, Mr. Mellon, was certain in execution and bright and resonant in quality. On the first night there were numerous encores and calls for composer, author, singers, and conductor; prolonging the performance to a duration of some four hours and a half. With the compression and closeness which naturally follow with repetition, the opera will materially gain in effect. Still, with all the practised skill and ambitious labour which Mr. Balfe has unquestionably manifested, we should prefer to see his really great talent bestowed on a higher subject than that of the "Armourer of Nantes."

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

In the Friday evening course of the Royal Institution, Mr. Glaisher, F.R.S., has delivered a very able lecture "On Scientific Ballooning," before a very large audience. In his concluding remarks he expressed a hope to have the honour on a future occasion of laying before the Institution the results of a second series of observations.

Last week Dr. Frankland lectured on "Artificial Illumination." Ten years ago he gave a sketch of this subject as it was at that time; since then there had been important advances—as, for instance, in the electric light—in the various kinds of light used for domestic purposes, and now, indeed, there had been obtained a new agent, which was likely to produce a revolution in artificial illumination, almost equal to the introduction of gas itself—paraffin oil. In the electric light, increased steadiness had been obtained by better methods of manufacturing the carbon points, and the mechanical means of adjustment for keeping them at the requisite distance apart. Various methods had been devised for obtaining the required electricity; and thirty years ago, Faraday, in his experiments with the permanent magnet, had given forth the germ of the latest and most important method of "grinding out" the electricity by means of the rotation of magnets on a wheel against a soft iron armature. In this way, the combustion of coal gave rise to mechanical power; which, in its turn, gave way to the development of electricity. The electric light maintained by this process had been on trial for two years at the South Foreland lighthouse, and must be regarded as completely successful. For ordinary purposes the cost was too great, but for lighthouse work, where the value of the light was of the utmost consequence, the cost was but a secondary consideration. Dr. Way's method of completing the circuit of ordinary galvanic batteries by a thin stream of mercury, was experimentally exhibited. In this method the heat of the current raises the mercury of the falling stream into vapour, and the circuit being thus broken, the electric current leaps across the interval, which is but momentary, as contact is rapidly re-made by the stream, again to be momentarily broken in the same way; so that this light presents but a brilliant flickering, and has not yet been made steady enough for any practical purposes. The light, too, is much less intense than that obtainable from carbon points.

Gas, as a light-giving material, is undoubtedly unequalled in the qualities of cleanliness, utility, and ease of application. The sulphur compounds, however, which ten years ago had been a source of annoyance, still remained in the gas supplied for commercial purposes, but recently the Rev. Bowditch, of Wakefield, had shown experimentally that bisulphide of carbon and the sulphur-organic compounds, which, in the burning of ordinary gas, by generating sulphurous acid, were a source of discomfort, although they could not be got rid off in the ordinary processes for purifying coal-gas, became, nevertheless, amenable to those processes after the heating of the gas with hydrate of lime to the extent of 400° Fah. Ordinary gas contained from 10 to 20 up to 40 grains per 100 cubic feet of those sulphur compounds which the Bowditch process reduced at most to two or three grains per thousand. It remained, however, to be seen if the process could be applied practically. During the decade which had passed since his previous lecture a new compound had been discovered in coal-gas by the French chemist, Berthelot—acetylene, and for the production of which, unlike all other hydrocarbons, an intense heat was requisite. Dr. Odling had made important observations on this substance. The object hitherto had been to produce coal gas at a low temperature, but now the question was how far the production of this acetylene on a large scale could be carried on. The question was still in embryo, but if successful results were obtained the influence on the future manufacture of gas must be great.

Dr. Frankland then exhibited the light of the new gas produced by adding to acetylide of copper dilute hydrochloric acid, and, although only the smallest of jets, its intense brilliancy was decisively apparent. This substance was also not devoid of interest in the ordinary manufacture of gas as one of the causes of explosion in gas-metres, pipes, &c. When copper had been employed it was generated spontaneously, and by accidental friction, heat, or percussion there was no doubt it had been a source of some of those mysterious explosions which had been occasionally recorded.

In respect to the ordinary illuminative vegetable and animal oils little or no improvements had been made, but there had been in the manufacture and more general use of paraffin and paraffin oil manufactured from bituminous minerals. The rock-oil lately introduced was exerting much influence in the matter of artificial illumination. Already, in spite of the disfavour created by accidents arising in the earliest stages of its trials from imperfect purification from the lighter oils and ethers associated with the burning fluid, it was acquiring a great sale, and was being introduced in the manufacture of gas. From Canada alone, 180,000,000 gallons had been exported and rock-oil has now taken its place as one of the staples of America. For economy, brilliancy, and intensity of light, and the least deteriorating amount of heat and carbonic acid, the paraffin and rock-oils take the first place, as will be seen from the following tables exhibited by Dr. Frankland:—

I. Illuminating Equivalents.—Paraffin oil, 1 gallon; American rock oil, 1·26; Paraffin candles, 18·6 lbs.; Sperm candles, 22·9; Wax candles, 27·6; Composite, 29·5; Tallow, 39·0.

II. Comparative Cost of Light equal to 20 Sperm candles, each burning for 10 hours, at the rate of 120 grains per hour.—Wax, 7s. 2½d.; Spermacetti, 6s. 8d.; Tallow, 2s. 8d.; Sperm oil, 1s. 10d.; Coal gas, 4½d.; Cannel gas, 3d.; Paraffin candles, 3s. 10d.; Paraffin oil, 6d.; Rock oil, 7½d.

III. Carbonic Acid and Heat generated per hour by various illuminating agents, each giving the light of 20 Sperm candles:—

	Carbonic Acid.		Heat.
Tallow	10·1	Cubic feet	100
Wax and Spermacetti	8·3	,,	82
Paraffin Candles	6·7	,,	66
Coal Gas	5·0	,,	47
Cannel Gas	4·0	,,	32
Paraffin Oil or Rock Oil	3·0	,,	29

The heating of bodies to incandescence was essential for the production of light, and gases and vapours required more intense heat than liquids or solids to bring them to this condition. Indeed, it was to carbon, or other solid particles in the flame, that the intensity of the light was mainly due. High pressure of the atmosphere, therefore, by producing more of these particles in flame, was a source of increased luminosity. Thus, for example, when the barometer fell from 30 inches to 29, every source of light was reduced in intensity; and so on, at the rate of 5 per cent. for every inch. Some loss of light also occurred in the ordinary methods of burning oil and gas, by the loss of heat on the contact of the cold atmosphere with the flame. Dr. Frankland exhibited his modification of the ordinary burners—namely, the application of an outside cylinder in which the air became heated, and in turn heated the pipe conveying the oil or gas so that the atmosphere and burning-fluid or gas met at comparatively high temperatures. A great saving in the consumption of material, and a greater amount of light, were thus obtained. This difference in the lamp used was thus shown:—the light being equal to thirteen sperm candles, the gas consumed was, with cold air, 3·3, with heated air 2·2; thus giving the same amount of light with a saving of one-third of gas; or, from the same amount of gas, obtaining 62 per cent. more light. This adaptation was some time since made known by Dr. Frankland, but we are not aware of its public application.

Dr. Frankland then pointed out the essential constitution of a good artificial light, and showed experimentally, by the electric and other familiar lights, that it must contain all the spectral coloured rays. The electric light was even more perfect than sun-light, and showed a continuous spectrum; whereas the solar spectrum was interrupted by numerous breaks or dark lines, the cause of which has been fully explained in our previous articles on the recent discoveries of Kirchoff, Dr. Miller, and others. On this point Dr. Frankland introduced some novel and pleasing experiments. Stripes of coloured paper, illuminated by gas-light or electric light, showed all the prismatic colours distinctly; but the same stripes showed *only* the *yellow* band when illuminated by a sodium flame. Again, when the spectrum of the electric light was thrown on the screen, a sheet of red paper held in the red space glowed with those beams; but when it was passed into the yellow, blue, or green spaces it reflected no light, but appeared intensely black. If, therefore, an artificial light did not contain all the spectral rays, some colours would be invisible by it; and so with respect to sun-light there were some colours it could not exhibit. If, for example, we had a pigment of the exact hue of the double sodium line shown in the spectrum of sodium, such a colour could not be seen by sunlight at all.

The light of the sun was superior to all artificial lights in the small amount of heat it contained. Heat in any light was of no advantage whatever in respect to vision. On the contrary, it had to be absorbed by the humours of the eye, and was one source of the fatigue of the eye experienced in viewing objects by artificial illumination. In the modern magneto-electric light by the intermediate transferences of one kind of force into another, there was a great loss of power; amounting to nine-tenths, indeed, of the original force. Thermo-electricity led to the hope that a direct transference of the heat of coal into electricity and light might some day be effected. The men of science placed their experiments on record; but it was the duty of the men of the world, to seize those truths and to apply them practically.

The Archæological Congress will be held this year at Rochester, under the presidency of Marquis Camden, K.G. The Sections of History, Architecture, and Mediæval Antiquities, will be presided over respectively by the Very Reverend Dean Hook, F.R.S., Professor Willis, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and Lord Talbot de Malahide. The Meeting will commence on the last Tuesday in July.

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LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 23RD FEBRUARY.

ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. "On Artificial Stone, and the Principles of its Production." By Mr. R. Kerr.

GEOGRAPHICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On the Discharge of Water from the Interior of Greenland, through Springs Underneath the Ice." By Dr. H. Rink, of Greenland. 2. "On Rupert Land." By Captain H. Synge, R.E.

ACTUARIES—At 7 P.M.

MEDICAL—At 8½ P.M. "On the Diseases of the Osseous System, and on Tumours, &c." By Mr. Thomas Bryant.

TUESDAY, 24TH FEBRUARY.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. 1. "On American Timber Bridges." By J. R. Morse, C.E. 2. "On the Reconstruction of the Dinting and Mottram Viaducts." By W. Fairbairn, C.E.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Marshall, "On Animal Mechanics."

ANTHROPOLOGICAL—At 7½ P.M. Inaugural Address, "On the Study of Anthropology." By the President, Dr. James Hunt.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On Two Cases of Kelis." By Deputy-Inspector-General Langmore. 2. "On the Extent to which Human Life has been Prolonged or Abridged by Ovariotomy." By Dr. Robert Lee.

ZOOLOGICAL—At 9 P.M. 1. "On a New Musk Rat from British Columbia." By Mr. Lord. 2. "On a New American Bat." By Mr. R. T. Tomes. 3. "On Hatching and Rearing Salmon and Trout by Artificial Means." By Mr. Frank Buckland.

WEDNESDAY, 25TH FEBRUARY.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On the Recent Discovery of Ancient British Remains in the Isle of Wight." By Rev. E. Kell. 2. "On Ancient Nielli." By Mr. Syer Cuming.

ROYAL LITERATURE—At 4½ P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Warm-Blooded Vertebrata." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Best Means for Promoting the Growth and Improving the Quality of Cotton." By Mr. John Cheetham.

THURSDAY, 26TH FEBRUARY.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On the Effect of Temperature on the Secretion of Urea." By Dr. Becher. 2. "On Clinant Geometry." By Mr. A. J. Ellis. 3. "On the Spectra of the Stars." By Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller.

ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Dr. Frankland, "On Chemical Affinity."

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS—At 8 P.M.

FRIDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Ancient Lake Habitations of Switzerland." By John Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S.

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor Field.

SATURDAY, 28TH FEBRUARY.

BOTANIC—At 3½ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Prof. Max Müller, "On Languages."

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1 Gravy Spoon	0 6 6	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
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FOUL weather seems to be gathering in the Continental sky. The French nation gives signs of awakened interest in the tragedy which is passing in Poland. A panic has fallen on the Bourse; for, from the various Parisian journals of the day, the loud but well-known roll of the war-drum is beginning to be heard. M. de La Guerronière mutters about the mission of France and the autonomy of Poland in a tone that reminds us of his ill-boding cry four years ago when the mission of France and the autonomy of Lombardy were in question. Nor can we wonder at the stir. A gallant, excitable, and overbearing people might have brought themselves to hold their breath so long as it was merely a matter of Russian absolutism in Poland. It has been reserved for a senseless Prussian Ministry to revive before the eyes of eager France the hateful recollections of a Holy Alliance, and to kindle her indignation with the sight of a monarchy, ridiculous at home, trampling on the prostrate Polish race abroad. The name of Prussia is a name which awakens no pleasant or friendly feelings in the hearts of the French masses. In stretching her arms towards the Rhine, the French Empire would at any time have gratified not merely an acquisitive instinct, but a national and deep-seated animosity. The friendship between England and Prussia has been till lately an insuperable obstacle to a move in that direction. The Prussian Premier has at last succeeded in placing his country in the one position where she can hope for no self-restraint on the part of the French nation, and no sympathy on the part of England.

Europe at this moment—the symptoms are unmistakable—is drifting towards a desperate political complication. The resignation of M. Bismarck Schönhausen may mitigate, but it cannot altogether undo the harm that that feeble and inefficient statesman has done. By this time a note has doubtless been despatched to St. Petersburg, which, whatever its courtesy and frankness, still must wear, to a jealous northern eye, the semblance, if not of a menace, at least of an intervention. What will be the result, it is impossible to say. But there can be little doubt that the French Empire is acting wisely in heading the movement of indignation that agitates the whole of the liberals of the Continent. To tear still further the treaties of 1815—to complete the restoration of oppressed nationalities which he has begun—to distract the minds of the revolutionists of Europe from the Roman question—to make France forget Mexico—to unite compactly around him the Catholic and the Liberal sections of the French people, and with all this to gratify French vanity with the wild hope of some happy windfall on the frontier of the Rhine,—is an opportunity which falls to few but the Napoleons. Were the Emperor ten years younger, he would probably not hesitate a week. But hearts grow less chivalrous as hairs grow grey. To push once more into the maze of Europeon revolution requires a cool brain and a confident hand. Ten years ago there might have been something to gain. To-day the Empire seems to be so secure that there is nothing left for it to win. Yet those who know France best, know that the Empire must preserve an Imperial attitude if it wishes to be entirely secure. It will be difficult for Louis Napoleon to pretend to be indifferent to the dying groans of Poland. Besides all this, there is another reason why Louis Napoleon is less likely than most men of his years and station to shut his ears against that sound. It is that with all his cold reserve, with all his saturnine and ironical silence, with all his diplomatic and Imperial airs of mystery, the French Emperor is at times a generous man and an enthusiast.

It is curious and instructive to observe how, upon the mass of contemporary history, the like causes produce the like effects. A political position, which is caused by a permanent evil, reproduces and repeats itself. A little cycle of summers passes by, and we have once more the same groups of figures in the same attitude and in the same inextricable difficulty. Only the actors change, or, rather, they do not change—they merely change places. Russia to-day stands where Austria stood yesterday; and Austria crosses over to her rival's place. It is the same problem, but those who have to work it out are different. The Polish nation of 1863 excites the same admiration and sympathy as the Italy of 1858 and 1859. Prussia and Russia in Warsaw and in Posen are what Austria was at Milan and upon the Po. France again assumes the dazzling form of an avenging angel, destined, perhaps, to set the weary free from their oppressor. Nor is the position of this country dissimilar to its position at that time. England is perfectly aware of the injustice of many of the arrangements made at the great Congress, and the chronic dangers to which it gives rise in Europe. Yet she has a material interest in seeing that France does not swamp altogether the Conservative Powers of the Continent. It is true that the Poles have a moral right to their independence: but it is also true that France ought not to have the Rhine. Great Britain, therefore, seems likely to return with some annoyance to the perplexing and anxious attitude of universal dissatisfaction, which it fell to her lot to occupy during the campaign of Lombardy. If next month the French eagles cross the Prussian frontier to assist Poland, what is Great Britain to do? Every generous instinct will be on the side of the Poles and France. Yet prudence, the regard for treaties, and our constitutional habit of distrusting the French empire, will perhaps tend to paralyze our mind. We do not wish once again to play the

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part that was played in the last war. It was an undignified, unhappy, unquiet part. It was the part played by Austria in the Crimean war, the part played by Prussia in the Italian. Now that it is over, and that we breathe again, we may confess that it was not the part Englishmen love to play. Let us hope that it is not coming back to us. Every English statesman of character will feel that the first thing he has to do is to preserve us from so painful a necessity.

We drifted into the Crimean conflict; and we allowed Austria and Sardinia to drift into the Italian. Our fault in both cases was the same: we were not resolute betimes: nor did we see the worst that was before us. Sincerely is it to be hoped that we are not drifting again for a third time. A quiet retrospect of the beginning of the contest between Austria and Italy, now that excitement and pride are dead, will show us that our political course was one of blunder and mistake. Lord Malmesbury was at the helm. Mr. Disraeli inspired the crew. The spirit of Lord Normanby perhaps reigned supreme over the tactics of the vessel. Yet the passage and the character of the vessel itself were not such that they should have been committed at such a time to such keeping. England at the immediate moment of contact betweeen the contending interests was neither Conservative nor Liberal. She paused and hoped, and feared and doubted, blaming both parties and influencing neither. Vigorous action either in one direction or the other would have stopped the war, or else prevented it from becoming glorious to France alone. Had this country joined the French Emperor at first, Austria would perhaps have given in, and certainly Savoy would never have been annexed. This time we should be careful to profit by the lesson. It will be, as usual, disastrous to the influence of this country and to the balance of power in Europe, should France be left alone to prosecute a missionary war, and to raise the Fiery Cross of Polish liberty and independence. If she is to act, England and Austria must act with her. The interests of European peace demand that on so serious an emergency there should be no want of unity on the part of all these Governments. We regard the state of Poland as a calamity and a danger to the civilized world. We do not want to go to war with Russia, far less with Prussia. It would be a terrible misfortune to be driven into it. Let us, therefore, be wise in time, and deal with the Polish question as befits a generous and powerful country, which is not insensible to the voice of Polish distress, which will not allow a Berlin autocrat to plunge Europe into war, and which is equally sensible to the great blessings of peace, and to the demands of national honour.

To the generosity of the Russian Emperor we look for a solution of the difficulty into which Europe has been brought. At Berlin it is idle to expect more than has been extorted from the King by fear of France. A monarch who has not shrunk from attempting to play the absolutist with Europe, as he might have played it with his facile and long-suffering subjects, is not likely to contribute much to the final settlement of the problem. The air of St. Petersburg, monarchical as it is, is less stifling just at present than the air of Berlin. The lips that have bestowed freedom on the serf should be capable at least of granting reforms, and, if necessary, independence to Poland. Nor is the attitude of Austria without promise. Is it impossible that the Great Powers should seize this crisis for undoing in a friendly spirit the knots which it will take years of bloodshed and misery to cut by the sword? To keep Poland and Italy as they are, is but to defer an evil day. Material interests are at stake, and regal, no less than national prejudices, have to be consulted. The vanity of more than one great Power forbids us to speak of tearing the old documents which are the title-deeds of absolutism; yet the state of Europe requires undoubtedly that they should be reformed.

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

THE loving worship of nature, as the world once knew it, is dead and gone, without the hope of resurrection. That bright stream, fresh from the heart of man, has long been dried at its source. It was a joyous, unexacting faith that satisfied the gay and careless youth of mankind; but the world is now too old and sad, too conscious of its guilt and misery, not to crave for stronger meat than the milk that supported babes. Knowledge and care, ever marching hand in hand, have rubbed and worn away the fine edge of that magic sympathy, by which men once could find feelings and passions akin to their own in everything upon the face of the earth, in the heaven above the earth, and in the sea under the earth. If we could think again, with the simple men of early times, that the sun looks down with varied emotions, as he visits the nations in turn, entering into their joy and sorrow, turning away in horror from sights of sin and shame, and gladdened by all that is good and happy here below,—we might, then, fondly hope that the ruler of the day would be tempted to linger over "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England." As he travels from East to West, from the Old to the New World, each in turn receives him with the grim and ghastly spectacle of desperate warfare. While in America thousands are perishing for they know not what cause,—while the Poles fall, one by one, fighting with no weapons save what are supplied by the terrible armoury of despair,—and while the King of Prussia is fast filling the cup of his wicked follies,—we here in England, catching merely the distant echoes of wars and rumours of wars, are thinking only of how we best may welcome the gracious presence of a young girl amongst us. With but little learning we can easily imagine the things that would have been sung, said, and done on such an occasion in the bygone times. Courtly poets would have elaborated courtly odes, promising the immediate presence of Venus and Cupid and all the hierarchy of heaven. The courtly painters would have vied with the poets, and have put forth all their skill in picturing the passage of the barque that bore the royal bride across the seas, with Neptune calming the billows before her, Æolus filling the silken sails, and the Tritons playing around in the highest spirits; and then, its one great service over, the happy vessel might have been translated to the skies, to be a constellation for evermore. But such sentiments as these no one now, except a schoolboy writing Latin verses, could express on paper or canvas with a grave face. They belong to habits of thought and feeling with which we, in this nineteenth century, have but little in common; and so we can do no more than hope very fervently, in our dull, prosaic way, that youth, and care, and medical skill may very quickly banish the cold from which the Princess Alexandra has been suffering, and that she may have two fine days for her passage across the Channel and her tedious progress through London.

Whatever may be wanting in fancy and poetry to our welcome of the Princess, nothing, we may be sure, will be wanting in hearty enthusiasm and loyal affection. Though we no longer believe in the divine right of kings, and have ceased to talk the language of courtiers, we are not a whit less loyal than our forefathers were; and the strong, silent heart of the English people is powerfully stirred in its secret depths by such events as the coming of the Princess and her marriage with our future King. These move both old and young, both men and women. They give to all alike a common ground of interest; and, by awakening common desires and hopes, they bring home to every unit of many millions that sense of a distinct national existence, which, with the love of the native earth we tread, makes the broad, secure foundation-stone of patriotism. Too rare, indeed, are the public events which draw to themselves the thoughts and feelings of women equally with those of men. Most Englishwomen care no more for foreign politics than for the politics of the moon; and it is the hearts of Englishmen, far more than Englishwomen, which now bleed for the cruel wrongs and sufferings of the Poles. And whatever interest women may take in home politics attaches itself to men, and very rarely to measures or principles. They do not much care for the principles of the Constitution, and their loyalty is altogether a personal feeling. For them the glitter and the pomp of Royalty have charms; but that on which their loyalty seeks to fasten is the purely human and common side of the lives of kings and queens. Both men and women, but especially women, cherish the thought that the old simple feelings of human nature are the same in the palace and the cottage. They cherish the thought that the mutual love of youthful man and woman, which lends a transient grace to the rudest peasant, goes gaily down the old, familiar path, even when the lovers are princes and princesses. If this belief is dear to men and women everywhere, especially dear is it to English men and women; and it is to those deep domestic instincts, which we possess beyond all other nations, that the Princess Alexandra makes an irresistible appeal. We have been told on the

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highest authority that this is purely a love-marriage, and nothing more is wanted to stir the wildest enthusiasm; for our people honestly believe that love-marriages are the Palladium of our national virtues and greatness.

Assuredly the English people have excellent reasons for wishing to see the throne shared only by those whom a true love has joined together. Not only does the national heart recoil from the worse than Mezentian torture of forcibly binding in the closest and most indissoluble of earthly ties two reluctant human beings, with their awful capacities for joy and grief, for pain and pleasure; but in these matters we are not without a salutary warning and a bright example, both bequeathed to us by the recent history of our own country. The shame and humiliation of one Royal marriage are still fresh in the memory of living men; and we are still reaping the priceless fruits of another Royal marriage. No one who has ever read the Diaries and Correspondence of the first Earl of Malmesbury can have forgotten the account of his mission to demand the hand of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick for the then Prince of Wales; and, read by the light of subsequent events, a melancholy record it is. There, by the hand of the English nobleman who came in an evil hour to take her from her father's house, is drawn a minute picture of the ill-fated Princess, then a good-tempered, happy, ignorant, gossiping girl, elated at the brilliant prospect before her, but disquieted by stories of the Prince's amours, and yet hoping to wean him from them, and to induce him to go to church on a Sunday. There, too, are recorded Lord Malmesbury's own solemnly grotesque admonitions,—his rebukes of the Princess's free manners and her uncleanly habits, her dirty stockings and her dirty petticoats,—and his startling threats of the extreme penalty with which the English law visited the guilty loves of queens and princesses. And there, lastly, are described, by the single eye-witness of the scene, the bitter disappointment and the cruel insult she suffered at her first meeting with the bridegroom, than whose nature no baser ever defiled the English throne. More than forty years after this ill-omened meeting there was another wedding of the highest lady in the land; and this time it was the bridegroom that came a stranger to our shore. He brought neither wealth nor dominion, nor even much dynastic influence abroad; and to the great position which he came to fill he had no claims except what were given him by a handsome person, a powerful mind, a pure heart, and the love of a young Queen which he had won by these rare and gracious gifts. This, then, was a love-marriage. Death came too soon to sever the earthly bond; but, while the union endured, it fulfilled, in a degree never surpassed, every good and blessed purpose for which the marriage of man and woman was instituted. And now the English people, having watched the experiment of a real love-marriage in the loftiest place, are abundantly well pleased with its results.

In reply to a question from that sombre pillar of the Protestant religion, Mr. Newdegate, the Prime Minister has declared that, when the time came for seeking a wife for the Prince of Wales, it was deemed essential, "first of all, that she should be young; next, that she should be handsome; further, that she should be agreeable, and that she should be amiable in her disposition; that she should be well brought up; and lastly, that she should be a Protestant." This rare and precious combination of natural and acquired qualities has been found in the Princess Alexandra; and she is, moreover, the daughter of a brave, seafaring race of men, in whom there is much that is akin to our own race. Great dynastic alliances we do not want, for we are strong enough to do without them; but what we desire our future Queen to bring are those gifts of body, heart, and soul, which shall keep a husband's love constant and unchanging till the end, and make her household the best and purest in the realm. To the Queen and the late Prince Consort we owe a heavy debt of gratitude for that never-failing constitutional spirit in which they performed their public duties; but even more, perhaps, we owe to them for the blameless way in which they ruled the daily tenour of their private life. All we ask and hope of the Prince and Princess is that they, in their turn, should hand down to later generations the same bright and wholesome example. When the Princess comes to be the foremost lady of the English Court, may she, like our Queen, keep her assemblies undisgraced by golden sandals and bare feet, by fancy dresses made convenient for the display of much that native modesty should veil, and by the spirit of female levity, of which such devices are the outward and visible sign! If she will do this excellent service for us and our children, her throne will be set in the warm heart of the British race, and neither time nor chance shall prevail against it. Her hopes and fears, her joys and sorrows, her subjects will, as far as may be, love to share; her least desires they will seek to anticipate; and her wrongs (*quod absit omen*) they will be quick and stern to resent, making her quarrel all their own. Let her but fulfil the promise of her young, honest, innocent face, and they shall never cease to bless the auspicious day when first they greeted her as a daughter of England.

THE NEW CHAMPION OF ORTHODOXY.

THERE is no fact which the history of religious opinion more clearly establishes than this, that a certain amount of unwise and intolerant opposition is essentially necessary for the successful propagation of a new creed. So familiar to us is this idea, that we consider the strongest claim to our respect and affection possessed by our own Church, lies in the fact that it has been sealed by the blood of martyrs. We cling with reverence to opinions for which men have fought and died, and the corner-stone of that faith which has taken the strongest hold upon the heart of civilized humanity was laid when its great founder fell a victim to the violence of Jewish persecution. And when the purity and simplicity of his teaching had become degraded, by a designing priesthood, to a political system calculated to impose upon the ignorant masses, and to fetter the intellects of the educated classes, it needed yet another struggle on the part of some heroic men—the fathers of the Reformation—who fell, beating down the barriers erected against freedom of thought, and who allowed once more that flood-light of a pure Christianity to pour in upon the world, which has shed more particularly upon our own country its reviving influence. Humanly speaking, then, it has been to persecutions by the Jews in the one instance, and by Roman Catholics in another, that we owe the inestimable gift of a true and reformed religion; but unfortunately, if we have had reason to bless a bigotry which has been so beneficial in educing and confirming pure and comforting doctrines, other nations have had cause to curse the power of this mighty engine for proselytism. It matters not whether the dogmas sought to be promulgated be true or false, they cannot become popular unless salted by persecution. Had Mahomet not been hunted to the death, his followers would never have bled for his creed, and the Mormons would be deprived of the proudest monument to their faith had Joe Smith never been murdered at Nauvoo.

We should be sorry for it to be supposed that we mean to compare the Bishop of Natal to the Prophet of Arabia, or Professor Jowett to the great Latter-day Saint; if we place them in one category, it is only because we dissent in opinion widely from all, and because, with the experience of the effects of persecution in the cases we have cited before our eyes, we are too sincerely interested in the cause of real evangelical religion to stand by and see it imperilled by the injudicious and puerile procedure of the director-general of Miss Sellon's Devonport sisterhood. If we wish to preserve amongst us in all their simple purity those doctrines which have afforded hope and consolation to mankind, we must not merely profit by the evidence of history, but of our common sense. If persecution has, in darker ages, failed to extinguish thought even when erroneous, it most assuredly cannot succeed in this more enlightened time, when the tortures of the rack are represented by the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford. The manifest effect of any combination to attack heterodoxy will be an organization to defend it, and to the lovers of, and believers in, the simple truths of Christianity will belong the honour of creating an opposition most dangerous to its best interests. There is an old proverb about giving a dog rope enough. If we have confidence in the truths of the religion we profess, they will hold their own without Dr. Pusey's protection. Indeed, the only redeeming feature in this prosecution of Professor Jowett is, that it should have been taken up by a man who represents an extreme and not very popular party in the Church, and who is likely to bring ridicule and discredit upon any cause he adopts. As he is not in a position to espouse the cause of orthodoxy, we consider him simply as the representative of religious intolerance in this country, and we may be permitted to hope that the small band of bigots who follow him may never have a more dangerous leader.

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In order to show that we are not actuated by any hostile feeling towards Dr. Pusey himself, and are not writing at random, we shall take the liberty of quoting a few passages from a small work opportunely published by Miss Margaret Goodman on the Sisterhoods of England. As this lady was under the spiritual directorship of Dr. Pusey, it may be presumed that the illustrations with which she favours us of the mode in which he is in the habit of exercising his spiritual authority, and enforcing his religious opinions, are authentic. He does not hesitate to insist, for instance, that young women are bound to refuse obedience to their parents when he enjoins rebellion, and on one occasion—

"A young lady had left Miss Sellon's at the wish of her relatives; but Dr. Pusey, her confessor, wrote to urge her to return, declaring that if she failed to do so, he could no longer remain her spiritual director,—a threat which involved his refusal again to grant her absolution. This so weighed upon her mind that she eventually returned, but not until some time after a day which Miss Sellon had fixed as the utmost limits of her visit home. For this act of disobedience to her spiritual mother she was, on her return, desired to take the lowest place in the Devonport household, where the position of the inmates, unless lost by misconduct, goes by seniority; the culprit was forbidden any intercourse with the other novices, and during her penance, which lasted more than twelve months, she passed the time allowed for recreation each day alone in a small room; and as there is to be silence in the house, except during recreation, she was thus reduced to almost perpetual silence. . . . The punishment seemed greater than the mind of poor A. was able to bear. She was weeping nearly all day, and, I may add, nearly all night; for her sleeping-place at this time was only divided from mine by a curtain, and whenever I was awake I could hear her half-repressed sobs."

Dr. Pusey's discipline ultimately induced this girl to endeavour to starve herself to death during Lent. "She did not distinguish the difference between starving herself to death because this life was wretched, and starving herself to death during Lent to obtain the favour of a heavenly Father."

That the teaching of the Doctor among these trembling women was rather severe and terrible, perhaps the following anecdote, taken from one of his private discourses to them, will testify. He was teaching that they must feel assured that, even if their eternal salvation were not forfeited by a sin, the sin must inevitably bring upon them expiatory fires. "I was," says the reverend Doctor, "passing down a somewhat crowded street in Oxford, when I was surprised to perceive at my elbow a man whom I believed at the time unable to leave his bed. He said, 'Dr. Pusey, I have been in hell the last hour for that lie I told you.' (Dr. Pusey's listeners understood of the lie, that it had been told at the confessional, which would of course add to the enormity of the sin.) I turned round," the Doctor went on to say, "to ask an explanation; but the people pressed upon me, and I lost sight of the figure of the man who accosted me. In great surprise I hastened to his residence, and learnt at the door that he had been dead about an hour."

It seems to have been part of Dr. Pusey's system to prepare his auditory for the terrifying effect of such simple illustrations of the pains to come, by keeping them on as low a diet as possible. "To show," says Miss Goodman, "how minute was the Doctor's oversight, I may mention that, on one occasion, in making a tour of the house, he even stopped to remove the lid of a saucepan in which some potatoes were boiling, saying gravely, 'These potatoes are too large; not according to holy poverty.'" Unless Dr. Pusey has prepared Professor Jowett for the terrors of the Vice Chancellor's Court by a course of small potatoes, we doubt whether he will succeed as easily in frightening that learned divine as the novices in Miss Sellon's establishment; but the above quotations afford us some idea of the nature of the persecution which those poor young ladies underwent at his hands, and which he would willingly extend to all persons differing with him on religious subjects. We give him credit for perfect sincerity, and will do him the justice to say that the character of his mind would fit him admirably for the office of Inquisitor; but it certainly does not qualify him to be considered the champion of orthodoxy in the Church.

We have already expressed our profound regret that the deplorable publication of unsound and agitating speculations on the part of a section of the clergy of the Church of England should have rendered any such championship necessary; but it is just because we believe the Bible to be true, that we deprecate a course so damaging to the best and holiest cause. Its first and immediate result has been to fill the columns of our daily contemporaries with bitter letters, signed by clergymen, who discuss for the most part not points of doctrine, but of character. It is impossible to suppose that the scandal which is already being caused can be compensated for even by the expulsion of Professor Jowett from his chair at the University. Such a result would be the severest blow that could be inflicted on the Church, for it would enlist the sympathies of that large class who are influenced not so much by theological opinions as by hatred of persecution. The fair way of dealing with Mr. Jowett and those who agree with him, if it be impossible to leave them alone, is by the humble but fearless expression of our honest convictions. It is only when believers in the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible are animated by personal and unworthy feelings, that we tremble for the consequences. So long as those interested in the maintenance of a pure religion defend it in the spirit of its great founder, they will have no need to seek the countenance or support of any court established by man.

SIR JOHN HAY AND THE ADMIRALTY.

THE defeat of the Government at Devonport has already borne fruit. It is well known that Sir F. Grey, the first Sea Lord, was pressed to give his sanction to the scheme of retirement and promotion advocated in Sir John Hay's letter to the Duke of Somerset, and that having refused to do so, the naval electors of Devonport refused to vote for him. This victory has been followed up by another attack in Parliament, and Lord Palmerston, in order to avoid a second defeat, has consented to the appointment of a select committee to consider the present system of promotion and retirement in the Royal Navy. The Duke of Somerset, in his memorandum of the 13th of February last, declared that "combinations amongst officers (in order to obtain an increase of pay), who, from their social position, can exercise great influence in the British Parliament, may be justly blamed as open to grave constitutional objections, and tending to establish a precedent injurious to the public service." And the Prime Minister repeated the same thing from the Treasury Bench. There is, no doubt, much truth in this observation, but, unfortunately, it is not the first time that such combinations amongst the servants of the Crown have succeeded in compelling the Government to grant their demands. Only the other day the Civil servants combined to compel the Treasury to grant them additional advantages in the way of superannuation. Nor is it improbable that, if the Government continue to yield, these combinations will increase to an alarming extent. There is only one mode of putting a stop to such proceedings. The Government should either prove the demand to be unjust, and stake their existence upon the correctness of their opinion, or admit the grievances complained of, and devise the proper remedy.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the Secretary of the Admiralty should carry so little weight in the House of Commons and among the officers of the navy. Excellent as he is in debate, it must be admitted that he indulges in a laxity of assertion which tends to excite considerable suspicion of his general accuracy. Considering the history of the struggles of the naval officers to get their grievances attended to, it is amusing to hear Lord Clarence Paget tell his brother officers that they have only to come to the Admiralty and to represent their alleged wrongs in order to have them attended to. Indeed, he seemed almost to complain that the naval officers had never thought fit to make their grievances known at head-quarters. But how stand the facts? In 1859 a petition was presented to the First Lord of the Admiralty signed by 500 lieutenants. No notice was taken of this publicly, though privately a polite answer was returned to the memorialists. In 1860 a petition was presented to the Admiralty, signed by 64 lieutenants of the Channel Fleet, and approved by the captains of the ships, by the junior admirals, and by Sir Charles Fremantle. No notice was taken of this except by a Circular, which pointed out that any combination of officers to bring about a change in the regulations of the navy was forbidden, as contrary to usage and subversive of discipline. At length, the member for Portsmouth obtained the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the grievances; but this Committee, after being forced upon the Government, was got rid of by a side-wind. This, in fact, is the Committee which is now about to sit again; and it is to be hoped that it will be selected with more regard to impartiality than it was two years ago. It is idle, therefore, to contend that the naval officers have not attempted

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to obtain a hearing for their complaints, and it is equally idle to contend that the Government have not done what lay in their power to stifle these complaints. No officer, either in the army or in the navy, willingly sets himself up against his superior; and the very fact that 1,200 officers on the active list have aided Sir John Hay in drawing up his scheme, proves conclusively that their representations deserve a patient hearing. Unfortunately, the officers of the Navy have learnt from the history of the naval surgeons, that the Admiralty only act by compulsion; and as the surgeons were successful, the other naval officers hope to achieve the same result. It is to be hoped, however, that the 1,200 officers who have assisted Sir John Hay will not refuse to come before the Committee which is about to assemble. For the officers of the Navy may rely upon the fact, that, whilst the public are quite ready to do them justice, there must be ample evidence to justify any increase in the estimates.

We stated last week the principal features of the plan propounded by Sir John Hay and his twelve hundred friends. Its chief object is to facilitate retirement, to quicken promotion, and to increase the pay in the naval service. It is not our purpose at present to discuss the details of this plan. They must be reserved for a future occasion when the Committee have made their report. But it must be admitted that even according to the Duke of Somerset there are many questions connected with the pay and position of officers in the Navy deserving further consideration, and Lord Palmerston himself admits that the pay of a naval officer is lower than that of a military officer in a corresponding rank. It is true that military officers in our service must purchase their promotion, and therefore part of their pay must be looked upon as interest for the capital they have expended. If all naval officers are supposed to possess private means, no doubt their pay ought to be lower than that of their military comrades. But, on the other hand, if the Navy is to be open to all—whether rich or poor,—it is obvious that the possession of private fortune ought to have no influence in determining the amount of the pay in that service. But the cardinal point to which the Committee, which is about to be selected, ought to direct its attention, is connected with the question whether the pay in the Navy is sufficient to attract the best men. It is undoubtedly true that the demand for naval cadetships is very large. But the boys who thus enter are only thirteen years and a half old. They probably have little choice in the matter. At all events opinions formed at so early an age are not to be depended upon. On the other hand, it is admitted by the Duke of Somerset that the number of lieutenants during the last six years has been steadily decreasing. How is this? Lord Clarence Paget declares that "the whole navy is governed by the lieutenants; they are as it were the pivot of the system, and in my opinion we should have a thousand of them." Nevertheless, it appears that there were only 807 on the active list. The entries of cadets are numerous enough—the lieutenants are insufficient. What becomes of the young officers between the time they enter the navy and the time they reach the rank of lieutenant? The explanation is simple enough—they leave the profession. Here, then, is a grave difficulty. The pivot of the whole Navy is in danger of giving way. The matter is serious and deserves the careful attention of the Admiralty and the House of Commons.

MEDIATION IN AMERICA.

THE French Emperor's offer to mediate between the rival Federations in America has been refused by the North. In reply to the note of M. Drouyn de l'Huys, dated January the 9th, Mr. Seward declines to entertain the propositions of any foreign Power with regard to the conduct of American domestic affairs. The opinion which we expressed two months ago, that our own Government had behaved discreetly in holding itself aloof from the attempted mediation, is confirmed by this event. England has at least been spared an abrupt and mortifying rejection of her friendly counsels. It has, ever since the unhappy conflict broke out, been the unanimous resolve of this country to do no act that even American jealousy might have misconstrued, as though it were meant to embarrass the Federal policy. Warned, by much endurance, of the unfair and hostile interpretations which the journals and leading politicians of America are always sure to put upon our conduct, we have held our peace even from good, lest our good should be taken for evil; and we have suggested no steps towards a pacification, that we might not be accused of favouring Secession as a fact accomplished. For any mediation between the North and South, involving the recognition of Southern independence, must have prejudiced the imperial claims of Mr. Lincoln, who treats the South as a rebellious province to be subdued.

As no such formal mediation could be accepted by the Government of Washington, without a virtual abandonment of the former Union, it was suggested by France, as an alternative, that Northern and Southern Commissioners should have a conference upon neutral ground, to discuss the means of a reconciliation. But if a conference of this sort had been held under the auspices of a foreign Power, it would have amounted to making that Power the arbitrator of their dispute. The dignity of that impartial office requires that it should be tendered spontaneously by the parties concerned, and not solicited too anxiously by the one who is to be appointed. His arbitration would have less chance of being efficacious, if the eagerness with which he volunteered to preside over their agreement should expose him to the imputation of leaning towards whichever party showed the most readiness to confer that distinguished mark of confidence upon him. In such cases, an attitude of watchful reserve is the best preparation for assisting, when the proper time shall arrive, in the amicable settlement of their quarrel.

Again, the subject-matter of the deliberations, as well as the form in which they would have to be instituted, would, in the present state of the military operations, be presumed to imply an abandonment of Northern claims. In a war like this, for dominion and territory, the ground of any plausible overtures towards restoring peace must be the actual results which have been attained at the time. Friendly and disinterested parties can recommend no settlement of such a contest, except upon something like the basis of *uti possidetis*; for it is obvious that either of the belligerents would naturally resent the proposal, from a third party, that it should give up the substantial acquisitions which its arms have gained, or the possessions of which its enemy has failed to deprive it. If, therefore, the time had arrived when England and France could jointly offer their mediation between the two Federal Governments of North America, as between two Powers alike independent, the outline of any plan which might have been recommended by their good advice must have been determined by the stations of the hostile armies, or by the strategical advantages probably within their immediate reach.

Since we can scarcely believe that any man still dreams of the forcible subjugation of the South, the time is approaching when, if the war be carried on any longer, its avowed object will not be the restoration of the Union as it was, but only to secure a convenient frontier, and to restrain the future extension of the Slave State Confederacy over the western territories. But that time has not yet arrived. So long as the ostensible design of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet is to compel the Southern States to return to their former allegiance, the Federal Secretary must refuse, "while engaged," as he says, "in suppressing an armed insurrection, with the purpose of maintaining the constitutional national authority, to enter into diplomatic discussion upon the question whether that authority shall not be renounced." These airs of imperial sovereignty must be abated, before any European peacemaker can have a chance of success.

Whenever the pretensions of the Government at Washington shall have been so moderated by the ill-success of its mad enterprise of conquest, that it shall renounce the despotic claim to an indefeasible empire, and seek only to obtain guarantees for the safety of that which remains of the Union, with as large share as it can secure of the unoccupied portions of America, it may become expedient for the European Powers to have a voice in the final arrangements for peace. It would be for their interest, despite the Monroe doctrine, as well in the Western as in the Eastern hemisphere, to guard betimes against the dangerous aggrandizement of a new Power that might some day be troublesome to the general welfare. It would, for example, be a fair occasion for the use of their diplomatic influence, if there were any likelihood of the rise of a Southern Power so formidable as to threaten any of their West Indian possessions; or to command the transit between the Mexican Gulf and the Pacific Ocean; or even to close, at its pleasure, the entrance of that great highway of the Mis-

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sissippi which gives access to vast and fertile regions, destined to be the abode of a hundred millions of our race and a granary for all the world. It would perhaps be advisable that, in recognizing the Southern States as an independent Confederacy, and in promoting the establishment of pacific relations between them and their Northern neighbours, specific treaty obligations, with a view to prevent a revival of the African slave trade, should, as the price of our favourable countenance, be laid upon them.

But the prospect of our taking part in negotiations for peace, which might give us an opportunity of thus providing for the general interests and our own, so far as they are concerned in the political reconstruction of America, is still remote. It is probable, indeed, that no mediation of France, England, or Russia may be required. The overthrow of President Lincoln's Government by the growing strength of the Democratic party, by the wide dissatisfaction of the Western States, by the ruin of Federal finance and collapse of the monetary system, by the exposure of administrative corruption and incompetence, by the humiliating defeat of successive armies and the impossibility of creating them anew, may very soon dispose the North to some terms of accommodation. In the meantime, we read once more the haughty style in which a people who have, with as much right and as much spirit as those insurgents by whom the Union was founded, made good their separate national existence, are denounced by Mr. Seward as mere rebels, to be crushed without a word of parley. And we find in this tyrannical language a fresh proof of the true character of the Federal policy, combining the most rigid theories of imperial despotism with the mingled profligacy and fanaticism of the French Republican Directory, and with a cynical contempt for "human life, liberty, and happiness," the protection of which is pronounced by the very declaration of American independence to be the true object of all government whatever.

THE ROUPELL FORGERIES.

WE have not heard the last of Mr. William Roupell and his forgeries. The trial at Guildford directly involved only one of the estates which belonged to the late Richard Palmer Roupell,—but a small part of the property which, during that gentleman's later years and after his death, was the subject of his son William's operations. It could hardly have been expected that every capitalist who had given his money to William Roupell should be satisfied with the result of the trial; and statements, widely circulated of late, have made it known that, as regards one of the principal estates dealt with by him, his brother's claims are seriously disputed. It is alleged by the opposing parties that William Roupell, in accusing himself of forging a deed of gift to the Roupell Park estate, has done himself an injustice that he might do his brother a benefit; and that in mortgaging that estate he did but deal lawfully with a property of which he was the owner. By a respectable contemporary the evidence upon which this allegation rests has been characterized as "an idle tale;" but this appears to be a hasty decision upon a matter the time for judgment upon which has certainly not arrived. For ourselves, it will not in any degree surprise us to find a man who stands confessed of both perjury and forgery, proved to have done a little more of the one and a little less of the other than it would at present suit him to acknowledge. Be it remembered that according to his description of himself, given at the Central Criminal Court, William Roupell is "a living paradox." There can be no certainty that in his anxiety to make restitution—at the expense of others—to his brother, he has not in some measure exceeded the line of justice.

In the proceedings now pending large interests are involved. At the Guildford trial William Roupell stated the present value of the Roupell Park estate to be £200,000, and the amount of the mortgages which he contracted upon it to be £135,000. The mortgages were contracted by means of a deed of gift purporting to be granted by old Mr. Roupell, with concurrence of his wife (necessary we presume in respect of her dower), to his son William, dated in 1853. Armed with this document, William had raised £70,000 upon the estate before his father's death in 1856. When, at the trial, he declared the deed of gift a forgery, and the mortgages obtained upon it fraudulent, he offered a plausible explanation of the fact that for the last three years of his father's life he had dealt with the property as his own. In 1853, he said, he had led his father to believe that he had become a trustee of the Unity Fire Insurance Company, in respect of a sum of £50,000 set aside for building investments. He had shown his father a deed (forged of course) constituting him a trustee of the company, and had, as on behalf of the company, taken a lease of the Roupell Park estate from his father, at a rent of £2,750 a year. So, while dealing with capitalists as proprietor of the estate, he dealt with his father as tenant on behalf of the company. The will which he suppressed did not leave Roupell Park to him, and to cover his fraudulent operations upon this and other estates, he was driven, so he said, to forge a will. There is nothing very improbable in this story; if an invention it is indeed a creditable exercise of ingenuity; and while it stood alone it was perfectly natural that it should be accepted as true. But now the mortgagees (or their representatives) bring testimony to contradict it, to show that the deed of gift said to be forged is authentic—the evidence, namely, of an attesting witness; and this is corroborated to some extent by that of the surviving grantor of the deed, the widow of the late Mr. Roupell.

The attesting witness adduced to support the deed—by name Alfred Douglas Harwood—was, in 1853, a clerk in the office of Mr. Rees, old Mr. Roupell's solicitor. William Roupell was then an articled clerk in the same office. Harwood has sworn before an examiner in Chancery that, in the long vacation of 1853, William Roupell asked him to recommend him to a conveyancer; that he named Mr. Emly, the conveyancer usually employed by Mr. Rees, adding, however, that he had better go to another, as if he went to Mr. Emly, Mr. Rees might hear of it; and that Roupell said that he did not mind, or that he would rather like, that Mr. Rees should know of it. That some time after he went with William Roupell to his father's house in Cross-street, Blackfriars, to witness old Mr. Roupell's signature to a deed; that he saw Mr. Roupell sign the deed, after spending some time in examining it; and that he also at the same time saw Mrs. Roupell sign it. The deed was handed over to Harwood, who took it home with him, and who, on examining it next morning, found it to be a deed of gift of the Roupell Park estate to William Roupell. He had delivered it forthwith to William Roupell; and he identified the deed of gift produced in this case as the document of which he had witnessed the signature. A lengthened and searching cross-examination failed utterly in shaking Harwood's testimony (which was given with much detail), while several facts were proved in corroboration of it. Thus, it was shown that when William Roupell was first a candidate for Lambeth, Harwood had told a friend of his, an elector of Lambeth—who was doubtful about voting for Roupell because he thought he had no property—exactly what he has now sworn as to the deed of gift of Roupell Park. He was at Guildford during the trial, and identified Mrs. Roupell in Court as the lady who signed the deed in 1853, he having never seen her previously, according to his statement, except on the occasion of the signature. Mrs. Roupell, however, does not dispute her signature. She has stated that she signed the deed of gift towards the end of 1853, in presence of Harwood; and that in October, 1853, she acknowledged it before a Judge—a fact otherwise proved by the Judge's certificate. It need scarcely be said that it is the duty of the Judge, when a married woman thus acknowledges a deed before him, to make her perfectly aware what she is doing; and, therefore, it is absolutely beyond doubt that Mrs. Roupell knew that her son, by gift from his father and herself—supposing the deed a sound one—became proprietor of Roupell Park in October, 1853. She cannot have failed to see that if her consent and signature were necessary to the deed, still more were her husband's. Here, however, comes the most extraordinary part of this new Roupell case. Mrs. Roupell makes the statement that her husband never signed that deed. She is thus at issue with Harwood upon the vital fact of the case. Which to believe—the detailed statement of Harwood, or the bare negation of Mrs. Roupell? That is a matter not for us at present, but for a court of law, to pronounce upon; but, plainly, Harwood's statement cannot be pooh-poohed as a mere "idle tale;" and, plainly, Mrs. Roupell's evidence, on the other side, is not free from serious perplexities.

That Harwood was not brought forward at the Guildford trial was, no doubt, greatly—perhaps entirely—owing to the

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fact that his evidence had no direct bearing upon the case of the Kingston estate, the matter then under litigation. Of course it would have been most important for the defendant in that trial to have been able to contradict William Roupell upon any considerable point of his self-accusations, for doubt would thus have been cast upon every part of them. But, on the other hand, Roupell's evidence had obviously made a strong impression upon the jury—an impression almost too strong to be hopefully struggled against, even supposing that Harwood's evidence was available for the defendant in that action. Without attempting to appreciate this evidence we may remark that Harwood's previous statement about the deed—proved before the examiner in Chancery to have been made—is a strong proof of his good faith in the matter. It may be added that Mrs. Roupell's evidence, in the vital matter where it conflicts so seriously with that of Harwood, is capable, so far as words go, of being resolved in two ways. When she went before the Judge in 1853, either she believed that the signature attached to the deed of gift, purporting to be her husband's, was really his—in which case she must now believe that she was then imposed upon; or she then knew that the signature was not her husband's. We have no right whatever to entertain any supposition injurious to Mrs. Roupell, and, indeed, it is not credible that she made her statement in a sense which would represent her as the partner of her son in a fraud upon her husband. But the reading of her evidence which is the more favourable to her, is, obviously, not the more favourable to the maintenance of her son Richard's title to Roupell Park. If her denial that her husband signed the deed show nothing but her present belief, that in some way or other there was something wrong about the signature, can that denial go for very much?

THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.

THE necessity of making a parliamentary provision for the Prince of Wales has involved a discussion on the Duchy of Cornwall, and has revealed the existence of great ignorance of its affairs. The subject is confessedly somewhat complicated, and we may, perhaps, pardon even such authorities as Mr. Gladstone, the *Times*, and Sir John Trelawny, when we find them all imperfectly informed upon it; no one, indeed, would venture to dogmatize on a subject on which neither the financial knowledge of the first, the omniscience of the second, nor the local opportunities of the third authority sufficed to prevent mistakes.

The Earldom of Cornwall, which preceded the Duchy, may be said to be coeval with the Conquest. Earl Robert of Mortaigne, the half-brother of the King, is returned in Domesday Book as the holder of nearly all the county, the Church lands and a few manors held by the King himself excepted. The rapacious Earl had even stolen some of the Church lands (*hanc terram abstulit comes ecclesiæ S. Michaelis*, says the record). The Earldom was always in the hands of the King, or of some prince of the blood, down to the time of the creation of the Duchy by Edward III., but its possessions were squandered by the profuse grants of successive holders. In the reign of Henry III., however, the revenue of the Earldom was so large, as to prove formidable to English liberties; in the struggles between the King and De Montfort, the King's brother Richard, the King of the Romans, devoted his wealth to the pay of German mercenaries, and there are manors in Cornwall whose names still show that they were once held by the free-lances who fought at the battles of Lewes and Evesham. Edward III., as is well known, created the Duchy of Cornwall in the person of his son the Black Prince, and upon the true interpretation of the words of the gift, "Eidem Duci et ipsius et hæredum suorum regum Angliæ filiis primogenitis et dicti loci ducibus in regno Angliæ hereditarie successuris," depends the controversy between Mr. Gladstone, Mr. A. Smith, and Sir John Trelawny. Luckily we are not called upon to interpret the limitation anew, as its meaning has been settled by several precedents. The first question upon it arose upon the death of the Black Prince in the lifetime of his father, leaving a son, afterwards Richard II., and it was decided that Richard did not succeed to the Duchy because he was not the first-born son of a King of England. This precedent would be perhaps out of date, had it not been followed upon the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in the lifetime of George II., when an Act of Parliament (33 Geo. II., c. 10) was passed, which declared the King to be Duke of Cornwall, and gave him a power of leasing the possessions of the Duchy. Mr. Augustus Smith was, therefore, quite right last week when he said that on the death of a Prince of Wales leaving a son, the Duchy reverted to the Crown; and although Mr. Gladstone's statement in reply was correct in its facts, it had no bearing on the argument. Mr. Gladstone's facts were an answer to the second question—whether on the death of a Prince of Wales without issue, but leaving a second brother, the Dukedom would pass to that brother; and it is clear that in such a case it would. The second son fulfils the condition of being a King's son, which the son of the Prince would not be; and although it might be thought that he was not *primogenitus*, yet it has been settled that this word is not restricted to the son actually first-born, but includes the first-born surviving son. This was decided upon the death of Arthur, the eldest brother of Henry VIII., and upon the death of Henry, the eldest brother of Charles I., and was acted upon in the case of the deaths of the infant children of Henry VIII., and the infant eldest brother of Charles II. Coke, indeed, reports differently in the Prince's case; but his report on this point was declared by the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who presided at the trial of the case, to be erroneous, and it was disapproved of in the last century by Lord Hardwicke. Sir John Trelawny was, therefore, wrong in denying that a second son of the King would succeed to the Duchy of Cornwall upon the death, in the lifetime of the father, of the first son without issue, and we may perhaps correctly and succinctly describe the qualifications of the Duke of Cornwall, when we say he must be the son and heir-apparent of the reigning Sovereign; and if there be no such person, the Duchy is, *pro tempore*, merged in the Crown.

Upon the accession of her Majesty the management of the estates of the Duchy had, perhaps, reached its worst condition. Burke had fifty years before denounced the system, which provided "the apparatus of a kingdom for the government of a private estate—the formality and charge of the Exchequer of Great Britain for collecting the rents of a country squire;" but things had become, in the interim, worse instead of better. The expenses of management were enormous, and yet the property was so neglected that rents were lost, encroachments were suffered, and adverse claims were permitted to mature into rights. In the names in the rent-book, indeed, might be still seen not only the manors granted by Edward III., but the timely additions to the property of the Duchy made upon the dissolution of the monasteries and upon the attainder of the Marquis of Exeter; but the rents of these were reduced to a trifling sum through the improvident system of granting leases upon fines. The most profitable source of income was open to the grave objection that it was derived through an exceptional tax on an important branch of industry. The feudal Earls of Cornwall claimed and exercised a right of pre-emption over all the tin raised within the Stannaries, which had, however, been long ago commuted into a uniform duty. The Cornish tinners were compelled to bring their produce to a few "coinage" towns within the Duchy, for the purpose of assessment and payment. The income from this source, which, in the reign of Elizabeth, in 1574, had been returned as £1,600, and in 1688 had grown to £6,218, had, on an average of ten years preceding her Majesty's accession, amounted to £16,216. This tax was so objectionable that in the first year of the reign it was abolished; and to compensate the Duchy for the loss, an annual sum of £16,216 was granted to it, payable out of the Consolidated Fund. This was a first step in the reform of the affairs of the Duchy, and it is probable that amelioration would have been in any case gradually effected in its management. But whatever might have been otherwise effected, the rapid and enormous change in the condition of the affairs of the Duchy is unquestionably due to the influence of the Prince Consort. It is only necessary to point to the comparatively stagnant condition of the Duchy Palatine of Lancaster to show the difference attributable to the care and attention of his Royal Highness. The Council of the Duchy, in their recent Report to her Majesty, have expressed in fitting words their sense of their obligations to him: "To his just mind and clear judgment, his quick perception of what was right, his singular discretion, his remarkable aptitude for the conduct of affairs, we never looked in vain for guidance and advice on any occasion of difficulty. The soundness of his opinions in all our deliberations was rendered more apparent

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by the toleration with which he listened and was always ready to defer to those of others. He never lost sight of the improvement of the condition of the tenant and the labourer, whilst anxiously seeking to restore the property of the Duchy to a state of prosperity; and to him, we may truly say, it is mainly due that the Prince of Wales will now enter into possession of an estate greatly increased in value, and free from nearly all the disputes with neighbouring proprietors and others, which at one time prevailed." It is not often that the language of royal panegyric is couched in words which may be unreservedly accepted by those who are possessed of a thorough acquaintance with the facts of history; but no one who is at all aware of the change in condition of the Duchy of Cornwall will hesitate to endorse the language of the retiring Council. Figures, indeed, speak for themselves and cannot be twisted into flattery. An accumulation of half a million is only one item of the prosperity which awaits the Prince of Wales: the income of the Duchy has been raised from £25,000 to upwards of £60,000 per annum, and, indeed, will shortly be more than £65,000, whilst the expenses of management have been diminished from £11,000 to something less than £[illegible]000. Outlying portions of the Duchy have been sold, and the proceeds have been invested in the purchase of property contiguous to the principal estates of the Duke. The vexed question of foreshores, which Mr. Smith did his best to make notorious, has been settled in almost every case of importance; whilst upwards of £40,000 has been spent in the erection and improvement of farm-houses and buildings, drainage, planting, and other expenses incident to a great estate. These are not the only circumstances in the management of the Duchy which deserve approbation; the Prince Consort and the Council of the Duke felt that the Heir to the Crown was something more than a large landed proprietor: they initiated or lent their aid to the support of several Acts of Parliament, designed for the welfare of the inhabitants of the Duchy. They carried, for example, a Bill for the Abolition of the Deanery of St. Burian, which, dear to antiquarians as a monument of the energy of Athelstan in reducing the Land's End to the Saxon sway, had degenerated into a fearful abuse. A more important measure was the Act for Improving the Procedure in the Stannaries Court. So far from the jurisdiction of this court being abolished, as stated by a writer in the *Times*, it has been confirmed and extended. In many cases its jurisdiction is exclusive, and the plaints arising from causes within the Stannaries, which come before the Courts at Westminster, are remarkably few. The Vice-Warden holds regular sittings, and disposes of a considerable amount of business—and indeed his Court and the Palatine Court of Lancaster are examples of the itinerant Courts of Equity, which are perhaps the improvement most needed in our administration of justice. There are indeed two blots in the administration of the affairs of the Duchy, to which an economist may point, but which English feeling will be slow to condemn. If any one will take the trouble to walk from the gate of Lambeth Palace to Vauxhall-bridge, he will perhaps see a dreary row of buildings, whose blistered fronts bear awful witness to the noxious vapours of that insalubrious neighbourhood. They were erected at the expense of the Duchy, and form, it need scarcely be said, a very unprofitable part of its possessions: an expenditure of £16,000 is repaid with an income of barely £300. The other instance is of a similar character: when some large mines in Cornwall were about to be abandoned as worthless, the Council worked them for two or three years at a considerable loss, for the sake of giving employment to the miners engaged upon them. Both instances attest the Prince Consort's care for the condition of the labourer, to which the Council of the Duchy bear witness.

It must not be concealed that the ameliorated condition of the Duchy of Cornwall may hereafter be a source of anxiety. The proposal to charge the jointure of the Princess Alexandra upon its revenues, to the principle of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer half assented, could not, it is plain, be entertained without an infringement not only of the private rights of the Queen, but of those of the possible future dukes, the younger brethren of the Prince. On the other hand, an accumulation, under present circumstances, of the revenues of the Duchy during a minority co-existent with that of the Prince of Wales, would produce two millions of money, and render the heir to the Crown virtually independent of Parliament. The danger may be to us imaginary, but it remains possible, and its existence should be remembered.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

About a year ago, we chanced to see, at one of the minor theatres in Paris, a piece called *La Prise de Pekin*. Its author, indulging in an unusual dramatic licence, had introduced the present editor of the *Times* upon the stage. That well-known gentleman was represented as accompanying the French army to China, in order to supply the journal which he so ably directs with reliable information concerning the progress of the allied arms. He appeared as a tall, lithe, fair-haired, good-looking man, wearing the long drooping whiskers familiarly known as "Piccadilly weepers;" clad in a neat suit of Nicoll's dust-coloured alpaca, with a low-crowned straw hat on his head, a green veil over his face, a tax-gatherer's ink-horn at his button-hole, and a camp-stool and a blotting-book slung across his shoulders. He lived chiefly with the *sous officiers* of a Zouave regiment, with whom he seemed to be very popular; and whenever their corps went into action, the editor of the *Times* accompanied them. The affection they bore him induced them on more than one trying occasion to press him to withdraw from the front; but his national pride and his strong sense of duty invariably prompted him to resist their friendly importunities; and wherever the enemy's fire waxed hottest, there did the editor of the *Times* pitch his camp-stool, observing, with an atrocious Fleet-street accent, "Nong, je ne voo pas me rétirer; il fo que je fasse mon correspondance pour mon journal." When a fragment of a shell carried off the crown of his straw hat, he philosophically observed, "Hooroosement il ne fait pas froid;" and when a rifle-bullet twitched his pen from betwixt his fingers, he quietly said, "C'est egal, j'ai un autre dans mon poche," and, producing it, concluded his letter in time for the home mail.

The audience, composed entirely of the middle and lower classes, were charmed with the English editor's coolness and pluck. When, after his capture by the Chinese, he persisted, in the intervals of torture, in explaining at considerable length to his tormentors that "L'Angleterre était la première pays du monde," the *bravos* were deafening; and when, towards the end of the fifth act, he paused, on his way to execution, to sing with a manly voice a couple of stanzas of "God Save the Queen," the admiration of the house broke out in thunders of applause, such as we never before heard in any theatre.

It was very pleasant for English eyes to see and for English ears to hear all this; the fun the Parisians made of us was so fair and so good-natured, and the praise they awarded to our slow but steadfast courage was so hearty and unreserved. Recalling to mind the stupid, brutal, boozy "Goddams," the stage Englishmen of the Boulevards in former days, and comparing them with the brave, intelligent, well-favoured gentleman who, in 1861, represented our nation on the French stage in their stead, we fondly imagined that France and England were at length beginning to appreciate and understand one another; that the *entente cordiale* was becoming something more than an ironical phrase; and that the best blood of the two nations had not been commingled in vain on the stony ridges of the Crimea, and in the muddy waters of the Peiho.

We need not, therefore, attempt to describe the amount of surprise and pain with which we have beheld the stage Frenchman whom Mr. Kinglake, with a dramatic licence far bolder than that indulged in by the author of the *Prise de Pekin*, gravely proposes that history should accept as a faithful delineation of the soldier and the statesman of the Second Empire. The character he draws is not, indeed, new to us. We have seen it in trashy caricatures published some sixty years ago, representing "Bony" as "the Corsican monster," a sallow, shivering suppliant on his knees to the chivalrous and burly King of England; we have read of it in the ignoble libels with which hired literary hacks used to assail the First Napoleon and his Marshals. The wild pamphlets of Red Republicans and the spiteful gossip of exiled Orleanists have, we all know, done their best to reproduce and adapt to the present Emperor of the French and his adherents the same forms of ridicule and calumny; and it is not suprising that they should employ their forced leisure in doing so; but we must confess that we are sincerely grieved to find that such a man as Mr. Kinglake should have been so simple as to permit himself to be made their cat's-paw on this occasion.

History tells us that successful revolutions have seldom been planned in the open face of day, and that they are as seldom con-

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summated *à l'eau de rose*; a certain amount of double dealing, and pledge breaking, and bloodshed, is usually inevitable during their progress, and the vanquished invariably denounce their victors—as soon as they can do so from a safe harbour of refuge—as conspirators, traitors, and murderers, of the deepest dye. As the Orleanist *salons* in Paris are said by Mr. Kinglake to have privily spoken of "Monsieur de Morny's Lawgiver" and of "his henchman, Achille St. Arnaud, more properly Jacques Le Roy," when Lord Raglan visited Paris in April, 1854; so spake of their enemies, seventy years before, the French nobles who fled to England from the great revolution of 1789; so spake the Carlists of the House of Orleans in 1830; so have the defeated party ever spoken of those by whom they have been worsted, in every revolution in which "the divine right of kings" has been in any degree shaken or damaged. The *cafés* and *estaminets* of Paris were crowded during the cold winter of 1861-2 with black-bearded, bright-eyed men, muffled up in cloaks and *caches-nez*, refugee Neapolitan nobles, who had loyally fled with their king from Garibaldi and the eleven followers with whom that adventurer invaded Naples; and their song was precisely the same as that which Mr. Kinglake tells us (pp. 22—24, Vol. II.) was the song of the Orleanist *frondeurs* of the Faubourg in 1854. Garibaldi, according to them, was "*une canaille*," to whom they denied even the vulgar attribute of courage, affirming that had not their statesmen and generals been previously corrupted, and had not their troops run away, Garibaldi would never have dared to attack them. His followers they denounced as low-born ruffians, with whom no person "in society" would willingly associate; and they abounded in horrible details of murders, robberies, rapes, and sacrileges—very much like Mr. Kinglake's edition of the Parisian terrific register of 1851—perpetrated by the cowardly felons before whom they, the best blood of the South, abandoning their king and their country, had fled without striking a blow. As for Victor Emmanuel and his creature Cavour, no invective was too strong for them; the only consolation of these exiled railers appeared to be that their Holy Father at the Vatican would take good care that that precious pair should have no luck in this world, and in the world to come, a remarkably warm corner.

It is, we repeat, with unfeigned pain that we have seen Mr. Kinglake trepanned—as he evidently has been—by the Orleanist party in France and by the aristocratic party in England. His first volume is devoted to the indirect service of the one; his second volume to the rehabilitation of the other. He finds it judicious to admit from time to time that there may be somewhere in France, truthful gentlemen and brave soldiers—though not so many as he believes there are in England and in Austria,—but he explains that they are just now in a torpid and comatose state—chloroformed, as it were, by the wiles of Napoleon III., and that it is in vain to look for such men amongst the fillibusters with whom we are just now unhappily allied; by whose side we have had the misfortune to fight and to conquer in the Crimea and in China.

And Lord Raglan, according to Mr. Kinglake, appears to have entirely coincided with his historian. The public has hitherto been given to understand, in general terms, that the maintenance of the *entente cordiale* with our allies was entirely due to the tact and temper of the English General; but the revelations which Mr. Kinglake now makes clearly show that if we did keep on good terms with the French at that time, the fact was entirely due to St. Arnaud's good sense and good humour under very trying circumstances. Lord Raglan, looking upon the officer with whom he was directed to co-operate as a base-born, bragging, shifty, and unprincipled adventurer, is stated by Mr. Kinglake to have dealt with him as haughtily as *un vrai gentilhomme Anglais* ought to deal with such an unworthy ally. With the powerful aid of Lord Stratford, he is said to have snubbed him on every occasion; whatever St. Arnaud proposed Lord Raglan systematically opposed; on all the French Marshal's words and deeds the English nobleman invariably put the very worst construction; he would discuss no plans of operations with him; he would intrust him with no knowledge of the probable movements of the English; he invariably "dismissed him from his presence" "cowed and pressed down," shrinking "under the majesty of the great Elchi's Canning brow and tight, merciless lips," and under the "stern reproofs" which the English General considered it advisable to administer, from time to time, to his ally, a Marshal of France, commanding 30,000 men. Nay, a reference to pages 241 and 251 of Mr. Kinglake's second volume will show that up to the middle of the day on which the battle of the Alma was fought, Lord Raglan, "thinking it to be a clear gain to be able to avoid entrusting the Marshal with a knowledge of what our army would be likely to undertake," had deliberately withheld from St. Arnaud the part which he intended the English should play in the opening action!

In reading all this we are indeed struck with wonder—not at Lord Raglan's dexterity in preserving the alliance—for he seems to have done all that man could do to imperil it—but at the marvellous sense and temper with which the French Marshal appears to have borne the caprices and insults of his English colleague. Although we have far too high an opinion of Mr. Kinglake's integrity to suppose that he does not sincerely believe every word that he has written, we can believe but little of it. We clearly perceive that, although the words are indubitably the brilliant words of the accomplished author of "Eothen," the sentiments are not his; they are the sentiments of one or two spiteful *salons* of the Faubourg, and of that incapable gang of relatives and intimate personal friends with whom it pleased Lord Raglan to surround himself in the Crimea—whose acquaintance we made at the Chelsea Inquiry—pleasant fellows, no doubt, and skilful riders to hounds, but no more capable of aiding their chief in ministering to the wants of an army in difficulties than would have been Allan Macdonough or Jem Mason. When Mr. Kinglake affirms that the reputation of the French had fallen below zero after the battle of the Alma with the English army, he probably only intends to say that the young staff officers and Guardsmen with whom he lived so pleasantly at the British Head Quarters in the Crimea, knowing little of and caring nothing for their profession, and soured at having been entrapped into a serious and severe campaign when they believed they were merely joining in a brief, brilliant, and bloodless *promenade militaire*, were in the habit of adopting over their cigars that disparaging and insulting tone towards our allies, which the historian has somewhat innocently incorporated as the opinion of the whole British army, into the two thick volumes now offered to the world as the first instalment of "the only correct card" of the Crimean war.

THE PERILS OF THE FACULTY.

When Mr. Pickwick learned the conclusion to which a British jury had come as to his relations with the Widow Bardell, we do not learn that his behaviour was characterized by the submission or equanimity which might have been expected in so eminent a philosopher. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that that great man's mind was very considerably thrown off its balance; and his boldly announced resolution to spend the rest of his existence in prison sooner than comply with the requisition of justice, bespoke just the degree of irritation which an innocent and well-intentioned gentleman is likely to experience when he has been worried with a tedious trial, badgered by hostile counsel, closeted with attorneys, stared at by the crowd, criticized in the papers, and at last rewarded by a verdict that is at once an outrage upon common sense, and the gravest possible injury to his reputation. Mr. Adams, whose ill-fortune recently placed him a few few weeks ago in a somewhat similar predicament before the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, had nearly equal reason to complain of the decision arrived at, but he has adopted a far more efficacious remedy than his great prototype's attitude of passive resistance. There were not, indeed, in his case, any damages to pay; but the stupidity, inattention, or want of principle of some member or members of the jury, resulted in a verdict which every one who heard the trial, or who carefully examined the evidence, must have felt to fall infinitely short of what Mr. Adams had a right to expect. Mr. Lush, in his subsequent letter to his client, merely echoed the general opinion in telling him that "he was the victim of a foul conspiracy." Two Irish adventuresses, old hands apparently at this infamous trade, had contrived to build up an ingeniously wicked fabrication, by which the good-natured and charitable services of a doctor to a young woman were tortured into supporting a pretended expression of personal attachment and promise of marriage. Notwithstanding the hardihood of the principal witness, and the practised cleverness with which she defended the weak points of her position, the structure was too utterly weak and baseless to stand a critical examination, and collapsed disgracefully before a few searching questions. At an early stage of the proceedings, all candid lookers-on and the rational portion of the jury were completely satisfied that they had to do with an impudent imposture, a blameless defendant, and a plaintiff, unprincipled, ready, and ingenious beyond the ordinary level of feminine wickedness or ability. The mental or moral obliquity, however, of certain members of the jury necessitated a protracted examination, and qualified the verdict in favour of Mr. Adams with such a disagreeable suggestion of uncertainty, that he and his friends very wisely determined on securing some more decisive, complete, and respectable affirmation of his innocence. A meeting was summoned at the Freemasons' Hall, and a number of gentlemen, principally of course belonging to Mr. Adams' own

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profession, assembled to make common cause with him in his misfortune, to express their thorough-going conviction of his uprightness, and to deliberate as to the most effectual measures by which not only doctors, but clergymen, artists, and lawyers, may protect themselves from similar accusations. Nobody would be inclined to question the high-flown encomium which Dr. Lankester pronounced upon doctors in general, as "the pioneers of science," or upon Mr. Adams in particular, as a philanthropist, a writer, and a man. "All classes of society," so ran the abstract resolution which formed the leading principle of the occasion, "are interested in supporting those who incur great trouble, annoyance, and expense, by resisting and exposing any attempt to injure their character by false charges." It is far more doubtful, however, whether anything could be made of the proposal which followed, namely, for an association "which should have for its object the defence of those who might unhappily have charges made against them, and who might not have sufficient moral courage to repel any such attacks." These are precisely the sort of occasions when a little intrepidity and manliness are imperatively necessary, as the best evidence of an innocent purpose and honest character. It is a real misfortune, doubtless, for any one to have such a charge brought against him; but it is a misfortune which a man must be courageous enough to bear for himself, and which is reduced to a minimum by being boldly and at once confronted. No association could possibly under such circumstances supply the place of "moral courage" on the part of the accused, or convince a jury or the public at large that a man who was nervous enough to shrink from inquiry had not something discreditable in the background. With this and every other false charge the only safe policy is a resolute and a high-handed determination to drag the whole matter to the light, and to bring the culprit within reach of the law. An association is the wrong machinery for this, though it might be of use at a subsequent stage of the proceedings. In the present case, for example, if it be the fact, as Mr. Lush affirms and as even the Chief Baron seems obscurely to imply, that the defendant has "been the victim of a foul conspiracy," any association that would undertake the expense of setting a prosecution for conspiracy on foot, and of collecting the evidence necessary for the indictment, would be of real service both to the defendant and to the public at large, and might serve, at any rate, to warn medical practitioners against similar impositions for the future.

The numbers who attended the meeting, and the general enthusiasm displayed, seem to show that the profession in general are alive to the danger, and feel it to be a real and formidable one to themselves. The ministrations of a doctor, like those of a clergyman, are, of course, peculiarly liable to uncharitable misconstruction. It is necessary to be interested in the patient, to be tender in inquiries, ready with sympathy and consolation, watchful in alleviating pain, or devising enjoyment. The patient, circumscribed in thought to the range of a sick room, and awaiting the doctor's verdict from day to day with watchful trepidation, often comes naturally enough to regard him with something like affection. He seems almost to hold the issues of life and death, and recovery always involves a debt of gratitude to the man by whom it is brought about. On his side, pity is akin to love; and if it is human nature to hate those whom one has injured, it is equally natural to regard the objects of one's benevolence with a solicitude which may easily ripen into some more interesting and less legitimate sentiment. The opportunities for familiar and unrestricted intercourse are frequent, and the man must be either more or less than mortal, on whom some interesting invalid, sunk in

> "Becoming woe,
> Wrapped in a gown for sickness or for show,"

has not, at some moment or other, left the impression of her romantic affection. Nor are other professions altogether exempt. The readers of "Orley Farm" will recollect the perilous admiration with which Mr. Furnival regarded his client, the necessary but half-illicit interviews at Lincoln's Inn, and the domestic disturbances which resulted thereupon. Clergymen are still more dangerously situated. Fair aspirants to saintship beset them with pretty difficulties, or invite their decision upon the nicely-poised claims of sentimental casuistry. Some lovely enthusiast, wearied of worldly pleasure, places her soul in his keeping, and begs him to direct her path, criticise her motive, and rebuke her shortcoming. Eloise, no doubt, consulted Abelard as to her state of mind, and when picturesque penitents lay bare their woes, "Devotion's self will steal a thought from heaven," and the curate forgets his official horror of the sin in his personal admiration for the sinner. To one and all, however, the same caution may be addressed, and the same method of defence prescribed,—caution in the first instance, courage when the moment of danger has announced itself, a sedulous abstinence from that equivocal politeness upon which foolish or malicious persons can place a wrong interpretation, and prompt recourse to a public tribunal whenever the first symptom of impending intimidation makes itself apparent. We must be prepared for occasional cases of imposture as long as there are shameless and unprincipled women at large in society, resolved to make a livelihood by their wits. But no harm is done, when, as in Mr. Adams' case, not a single indiscretion or impropriety can be proved against the defendant, and a story, incoherently improbable in the first instance, is demonstrated, by a few pertinent inquiries, to have no other origin than the fertile imagination of an Hibernian "campaigner," prompted at once by the most pressing of maternal necessities, a husband for her daughter, and a livelihood for herself.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF METALLURGY.

ANOTHER advance has just been made in that excellent direction, the first step in which was taken when the School of Mines, in Jermyn-street, was founded. The establishment of the new "School of Practical Science and Metallurgy," in Sheffield, supplies an old and crying want—a want, indeed, so long confessed, so importunate in its need, that it is surprising it should not have been satisfied long ago. The dingy "metropolis of steel" has plenty of schools, colleges, and literary and philosophical institutes of all kinds, save, until now, just the very one which is required to teach the youth and manhood of the towns what, in a worldly sense, it most concerns them to know—the science of that craft by which they win their daily bread, and which has made Sheffield rich and famous. The absence of such an institution is the greater wonder, when we consider the money value of the interest at stake. From the early days when the tin of Cornwall tempted the Romans to bring their arts and culture to our barbarous shores, the mineral deposits of Britain have constituted one of the chief elements in her prosperity. To them we can trace the origin of our commerce, the beginning of our civilization, the source of our wealth. There is no other country so fortunately endowed in this respect. It is not only that we possess more or less of almost every mineral, but that they are presented to us in so convenient a form for our use. Norway, for instance, has finer iron, but then she has no coal. France has iron as good as we have, and coal too, but then they are situated at a distance from each other. In England alone do we find iron, lime, and coal in close contiguity; so that the ore, the flux, and the fuel can be worked side by side. The total annual value of our minerals and coals is estimated at nearly £27,000,000, and the value of our metals (derived from the minerals) and coals at £37,000,000. And every year this enormous revenue is being augmented by the increasing demand for metal, especially iron, to the application of which there seems to be no limit in this iron age.

Yet, with all our abundance of material, we have allowed other nations, less favourably circumstanced, to distance us in various branches of metallurgy. Certain French and Belgian firms are able to bring rolled bars and girders, manufactured out of English iron, into our markets on terms at which our producers cannot compete with them. Sheffield still maintains her pre-eminence in cutlery; but Mr. Roebuck's prediction that his constituency would look "exceedingly small" by the side of some of the Continental exhibitors in the Exhibition of 1862, proved true in regard to heavy castings and large masses of steel. None of the Sheffield houses had anything to show which could match, or even approach in dimensions, Kruppe's 21-ton ingot. This result is naturally mortifying to our national pride. But how has it been brought about? It is very much like the race between the hare and the tortoise over again. Confiding in our immense natural resources, and in the rapidity and cheapness of production which we have been enabled to attain, we have fallen asleep over our work. All the while, however, the slow, patient German has been plodding away with his experiments, till at length his shout of exultation over the success of his labours has roused us from slumber to a sense of defeat. In some degree, our backwardness is owing to that sacrifice of quality to cheapness which is the besetting sin of English industry. But in a greater degree it has been due to our disregard of scientific method.

At the meeting held in Sheffield last year to start this school, the Mayor declared that, in the case of his own firm, they "experienced some serious disadvantage or suffered some serious loss almost every day from the ignorance of men to whom they were compelled to entrust work requiring a knowledge of metallurgy. In truth," he added, "the rule of thumb is too much adopted." That is the real secret of our failure. We have been walking in the dark.

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We have been trusting to empirical routine under circumstances vastly different from those by which the routine was built up, and to which only it could be applied. Some new use is continually being found for iron, and some new or modified process required to bring the metal into the proper condition. The rule of thumb is, of course, worse than useless in such a case, yet any rule of another kind not only the workmen but even the foremen in our forges appear, generally speaking, to be incapable of applying. The interest which is taken in the development of the steel manufacture is evinced by the fact that 127 patents on the subject have been sealed during the last ten years. But the same figures equally prove the incompetency of the experimentalists, for only one of the patents has been turned to any practical account. In the mines, too, matters are even worse in this respect. Dr. Percy complains bitterly of the barbarous manner in which the South Staffordshire coal-bed has been treated by incompetent managers. The pits, he tells us, have generally been worked by contractors, called "butties," under the superintendence of viewers, called "ground bailiffs." In consequence of the ignorance, combined with the rascality of many of these men, an enormous amount of coal has been lost to the country. Even at the present time, he says, the South Staffordshire colliery viewers are frequently very imperfectly educated for their responsible duties, and the system of colliery mismanagement which prevails in this part of the country is a "disgrace to the age." These are strong words, but they are only too true.

The proper remedy for this defect is, of course, scientific education, to supply comprehensive principles instead of loose scraps of narrow experience, knowledge instead of guessing, and system instead of rule of thumb. And this education the new School of Metallurgy undertakes, and, as there is every reason to believe, will be able to supply. It will afford a complete scientific and practical education to students who are destined to become civil, mechanical, or mining engineers, or manufacturers in any branch of metallurgy, and will discipline them thoroughly in the principles of those sciences upon which their professional operations will depend. The school starts under the best auspices. It has arisen from an avowed sense of deficiency on the part of the manufacturers themselves. It has the success of the Jermyn-street institution to encourage and its experience to guide it. Its chairs are understood to be well filled, and the names of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Wharncliffe, Sir D. Brewster, Sir R. Murchison, Dr. Percy, Mr. W. Fairbairn, and Mr. Robert Hunt, give distinction to its presidency. An important mission is before it, which we hope it will achieve.

A PIGMY WEDDING.

"Married, February 10, at Grace Church, New York, by the Rev. Dr. Willey, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Mr. Charles S. Stratton, of Bridgeport, to Miss Lavinia Warren. European papers please copy. No cards."

Let us suppose that we had found, in our last-arrived copy of the *New York World*, this simple announcement. What should we have made of it? It would have been quite enough to provoke, in the minds of feminine readers, some fond inquiries, in reply to which our best information is at their service. They will probably have remarked, at the beginning, that Charles and Lavinia are both romantic names; and secondly, that Lavinia Stratton is a prettier name than Lavinia Warren,—at least, it does not sound so common. While harping on her name, we may assure them that this lovely young Lavinia, unlike her forlorn namesake who "once had friends," has daily or weekly thousands of admiring visitors, and one friend, certainly, to whom she has been worth, perhaps, her weight in gold. The husband of her choice, we are glad to say, is worthy of her in every respect. A glance at them will show, in this case, that events have brought about a perfectly suitable match. Behold this handsome youthful pair. "He has a fair complexion, light hair, rosy cheeks, dark eyes, and expressive face, and wears a pretty little moustache. She has abundant dark hair, braided back from her face in very becoming style; her complexion is good, her forehead rather broad than high; her smile is sweet and expressive, and a pair of bright dark eyes light up her countenance, especially in conversation." Such are the portraits of this happily assorted couple. The lady is twenty-one last birthday, and the gentleman is twenty-five. The fair reader's imagination must furnish the bridal attire, with the aid of plenty of dollars and the most fashionable taste. The nearest bridesmaid is Miss Minnie Warren, sister to the bride; the bridegroom is accompanied by his gallant friend, Commodore Nutt. They have been staying at the Metropolitan Hotel, to which they are to return after the nuptial ceremony, to receive visits of congratulation for two hours. It is understood that they will leave town, on Thursday, for the residence of Mr. Stratton's family, and they will shortly embark for Europe. "She has a great desire to see all the treasures of art and taste which the Old World can display; and, his fortune being ample, he can afford to gratify her desires in this respect."

Here, then, we surely find all the desirable outward conditions of a marriage *comme il faut*. There is but one thing about it that disturbs our usual notions of the interesting scene where two persons solemnly enter the holy state of matrimony. It is the very diminutive stature of the bride and bridegroom, as well as of the bridesmaid and groomsman; the tallest of the four being only thirty-two inches in height. As they ascend a little platform, erected for them in front of "the hymeneal altar," they are placed in full view of a large congregation of spectators, who have come to Grace Church, as to a show, that they may see Tom Thumb's marriage. Mr. Charles Stratton, in fact, is no other than the renowned little General, who came, was seen, and conquered, a few years ago, throughout the Old World, as he did before in America, though latterly, we believe, he has led a comparatively quiet life. Miss Lavinia Warren, just an inch taller than himself, has been for some time past exhibited in Barnum's Museum.

The marriage of these two small persons, if we may believe the account given by the *New York World*, has been their own deliberate act. Mr. Barnum, it seems, though he had taken care to spread a report that the miniature lady in his museum was destined to become the wife of General Tom Thumb, never expected or intended that their union should really take place. The wily showman had calculated that this rumour would greatly enhance the interest that was felt in the little woman by those who crowded her levées, but not that he should really be obliged to give her up to the custody of a husband. We are glad, however, to hear that Tom Thumb has a manly spirit of his own, and was not to be so trifled with. He had a mind to be married in earnest. There is, in an anti-Malthusian country like America, a certain odium of selfishness attached to the bachelor state, against which the great heart of Tom, brooding over the duties of his calling as a man and a citizen, rose up indignant. Whatever be his political party, he at least does not despair of the future of the Great Republic, and will contribute his part by setting an example of those domestic virtues which go to perpetuate its race and institutions. We are even informed that, before he was introduced to Miss Warren, "he had paid his addresses to several young ladies in need of a protector, but rather from a sense of duty than because his heart was interested." It is, indeed, satisfactory to learn that, if he has more than once already felt the mortification of a refusal, the wound has been but skin-deep; his affections have not been fatally compromised; there has been no disappointment of that peculiar kind which leaves a Blighted Being, a monument of female cruelty, to wail in despairing sonnets the rejection of his suit. Tom Thumb has been spared that experience of unhappy lovers, since he has never, till now, sincerely entertained the tender passion. He has indeed, for reasons of state, or upon the grounds of a general human obligation, been disposed to confer his hand and fortune upon one or another of the large and not unlovely women of his acquaintance; but they were too much for him, and his obvious destiny—if that incomparable she could be found—was to marry one of his own size. It is, therefore, not surprising that when Mr. Barnum had taken the liberty of advertising Miss Lavinia Warren, an inmate of his Museum, as the affianced bride of General Tom Thumb, the General, finding her a charming little person, should have viewed this project seriously, and that, since the lady's coming of age, he should have insisted upon its being carried out. He would, indeed, have been less than man if he had suffered their intriguing patron, the proprietor of the Museum, to use the announcement of their betrothal as a mere bait for vulgar curiosity, and to forbid its consummation after all. Miss Warren herself, on the other hand, seems to have had a will of her own in the matter. She is described as a clever little woman, with "a Yankee quickness of comprehension and expression, which makes her good at repartee." One would like to know whether Mr. Barnum has been favoured with the scolding that he has deserved for attempting to mock her with a mere rumour of marriage, and designing to keep her in the cheerless state of old maidenhood so long as his Museum continues to pay. Not that she has been in any way dependent upon him; on the contrary, before he engaged her presence at the Museum she held levées on her own account at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and was preparing a visit to Europe when Mr. Barnum succeeded, by much persuasion and a large pecuniary offer, in gaining her for his house of wonders. It was then, or soon afterwards, that he hit upon the notion of announcing her intended

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marriage with General Tom Thumb, who no longer belongs to the exhibition, but whose personal notoriety, being as great as ever, might be most profitably associated with the lady actually upon view. The story is that Mr. Barnum, as we have said, when he first spoke of this match in a half-jocular tone, did not think either of the little creatures would take it up as a serious proposal; but that he has been out-manœuvred by the General, who now carries off his bride, leaving the Museum at New York bereft of its smallest object and greatest attraction. It is possible, however, that the place now made vacant by Mrs. Stratton's departure may be occupied by her sister, Miss Minnie Warren, who is the tiniest of the whole party, being, at sixteen years of age, probably full-grown, and but twenty-five inches high; her weight is said to be only nineteen pounds. Commodore Nutt, a lively, talkative little fellow, is also shorter than either Mr. or Mrs. Stratton, who may thus, if they please, retire into private life upon the ample fortune they have earned, leaving another pair of still rarer dimensions to succeed them in popular esteem.

The description of this whimsical affair given by the *New Yoxk World* is a curiosity of literature in itself. It combines a half-ironical magniloquence, of the tallest American style, with the usual American prolixity of details. We have an inventory of the furniture of a suite of apartments, fitted up at the Metropolitan Hotel expressly for the use of the bridal pair,—even to "an elegant little velvet cushioned stool," by the aid of which they are to climb up into bed. The proceedings at breakfast are minutely related. It appears that the happy couple partook of broiled ham, chicken, toast, coffee, sweetmeats, and pullets' eggs. They enjoyed themselves amazingly, and Miss Warren, handling a specially small tea-service of exquisite porcelain, did the honours of the table in a very dignified manner. The finest part, however, is the account of the popular excitement out of doors on the auspicious morning. As might have been expected on such an occasion, there was a great crowd gathering about the church, as well as about the hotel, and in that part of Broadway through which the carriage, with the four dwarfs in it, was to pass. By way of leading up to the mention of this circumstance, we are told that "the pavements began to feel the tread of an unusual multitude at half-past nine o'clock." It is to be inferred from this report, on the best local authority, that New York affords an exception to the proverbial insensibility of stones. The strain of narrative rises to a higher pitch in describing how "the densely-packed thousands" waited in Broadway till past noon. Not merely upon those oppressed and unhappy pavements, which were mercilessly thronged, but upon seats piled amphitheatrically in the windows of Stewart's great haberdashery shore, and at the windows or upon the roofs of all the neighbouring houses, as well as on the tops of omnibuses, or other carriages, and the backs of frightened horses in the streets, "a hydra host looked southward, with handkerchiefs in hand and a great cheer ready on its tongue." The horses might well be frightened. A stranger from Europe, suddenly dropped into that scene, would have been puzzled to know for what the hydra host was looking southward, and preparing such demonstrations of welcome. He might have thought it was for a triumphal return of the army of the Potomac after its latest defeat. It could not have been for the return of sober good sense to the American public mind. The crowd, however, was thickest, as we are told, about the church door. When the carriage drove up, hundreds of policemen tried to clear the way, or rather, to quote this report, "essayed to regulate the pressure." They "essayed a miracle," and failed of course. The jam got worse; and whereas, a moment before, "the murmur of the throng was Memnonian," it is now compared to the hubbub of Babel,—an acoustic effect of extreme pressure upon the chests and throats of the multitude. The deplorable confusion that ensued is thus forcibly brought before us:—

"The whole vast host, overcoming the terrors of officers' batons, and horses' hoofs, or driven by a resistless rearward pressure, plunged madly toward the church entrance. For several minutes this human ocean, above which tossed a vari-coloured surf of crying babies, dilapidated hats and bonnets, and lost handkerchiefs, filled the area of the thoroughfares hundreds of yards around. The shouts of the men were not louder than the shrieks of the women. Against the latter, the blue-coats exerted themselves for some time in vain. Amazonian arms were around their necks, fingers vengeful as Miranda's clutched at their shirt-collars. The crackling of hoops, and the ripping of dresses, were instigators of an ire that transformed the gentler portion of the crowd into belligerents."

It is a pity that policemen should get their faces scratched by interfering more than is necessary with the emancipated sex, in such a "law-abiding and orderly community" as that of New York. The ladies inside the church, comfortably enclosed in the pews, wore their evening dress, as in boxes at the opera, and enjoyed, without molestation or "belligerent" exploits, a convenient view of the wedding ceremony. After its performance, during which all the dwarfs behaved with strict propriety, and the bride, like "a self-possessed little lady" as she was, uttered the irrevocable vows in a firm and musical voice (let us hope without mental reserves), they went back to the Metropolitan Hotel. It certainly does seem that everything had so far gone on in the ordinary course, and the parties had sufficient intelligence to know what they were about. The barbarous rule, however, of their commercial existence, as articles for show, interfered with the tender sanctities of that moment which immediately follows the fastening of the nuptial knot. Mr. and Mrs. Stratton were compelled, from one till three o'clock, to stand upon a platform, surrounded by the articles of the bridal *trousseau* and a quantity of wedding gifts displayed in glass cases, and there to shake hands with many hundreds of distinguished people, including "merchants, doctors, lawyers, artists, authors, actors, and actresses," the most brilliant members of New York society, who hastened to pay them a visit. As each of these deposited a small pecuniary offering at the shrine of Hymen as he passed the door, it is probable that the ordeal so undergone by the newly-wedded pair was attended with large compensations. It is also to be remembered that they had eaten the wedding breakfast before they went to church. Still, we cannot wonder at his impatience if, when the clock struck three, the little General, while handing down his bride from the platform, was heard to exclaim, "Here! I've had had enough of this; I want my dinner!" We hope that he enjoyed the repast so fairly earned; and, with our best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, in their private and domestic relations, we wish them a long enjoyment of connubial prosperity, and, if possible, a family of children somewhat nearer to the ordinary stature of mankind. The race of Tom Thumb need not be transmitted with his littleness to the next generation. It would be a pity if anybody's posterity in America should run on to eternal Lilliputians. But we have our fears, when we see how the vast nation which whips creation musters so many dwarfs. "Un peuple de nains nous efface," would be a sorry lament for a country whose ambitions are so big.

"THE WINNING SUIT."

THE production of a new play in blank verse was an experiment auguring something like hardihood both in author and manager. Nothing less hopeful could well be proposed for the amusement of a generation which has recognized in the writers of burlesques and sensation dramas its favourite caterers, and which prefers to the master-pieces of Shakespere the "Colleen Bawn," with Mr. Boucicault's "tremendous header," or the "Peep o' Day," in which Mrs. J. D. Power runs about screaming in a gravel-pit, followed by Mr. Selby, flourishing a pickaxe, till she is rescued by Mr. Hermann Vezin, who takes a "tremendous heeler" into the pit on the bough of a tree. Little probability was there of a drama succeeding which depended for its attraction on the development of thought and feeling, when the only use to which recent playwrights have been able to turn these qualities, has been to ridicule whatever is noble in the one or pathetic in the other. When Shakespere was no longer tolerable on the stage except in the form of a travestie; when the boards on which the greatest actors in the greatest dramas had delighted our fathers were given up to military spectacles and Beni-Zoug-Zoug Arabs; and when London was going mad after the exhibition of a fop in a miserable farce, courageous must the author have been who could think of giving up his time to write a play of literary merit in the hope of finding a manager venturous enough to risk the fortunes of his theatre on its production. But the experiment has been made, and, what is stranger still, has succeeded. Without the aid of any fashionable monstrosity, without aiming at striking situations, or even at legitimate effects of plot or any strong development of passion, Mr. Lewis Filmore's "Winning Suit" has passed muster. It owes nothing to scenery, not much even to acting. With the exception of a single scene, nothing could be more unfavourable than the setting of his play. With the exception of Miss Sedgwick's performance, there was little to remind one of the palmy days of the drama. But in spite of these disadvantages from within and the difficulty of a demoralized taste from without, the play has made an impression upon the public mind; has proved that there are yet playgoers who can relish what is chaste in expression and natural in emotion.

The story is of a Princess Orelia, niece to the King of Castile, who rejects the suit of the King of Arragon because she is determined that her hand shall not be made a commodity of political merchandise, but shall be given only to a husband to whom she can also give her heart. This self-willed lady has, however, a

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cousin Roderic who is resolved upon the marriage, and who, as the first step towards its accomplishment, compromises her by appearing masqued behind the arras of her chamber. She is thrown into a dungeon, from which he effects her escape on condition that she shall fly in disguise to a village inn in the kingdom of Arragon. Here, resenting an attempt of two soldier guests to kiss her in the dark, she throws a bottle of wine at their heads and allows them to decamp without paying for their supper. The incensed landlady is only appeased by a gold chain which her barmaid takes from her neck and hands to her in lieu of the unpaid reckoning, but which is restored to her by Pedro, a goldsmith, who enters in time to put an end to the *imbroglio* by paying the unsettled score himself. He prevails on the Princess, who, in her disguise of barmaid, passes by the name of Lauretta, to depart with him, on his promise to place her in a convent. But on their way thither they are stopped by Sebastian, an officer of the King of Castile, who has authority, countersigned by the King of Arragon, to search for the missing princess within his territory. From this dilemma Pedro rescues her by pretending that she is not the princess, but a peasant whom he is about to espouse. To further his device, he persuades Lauretta to consent to a mock marriage. The church is at hand, the peal of the organ is heard, bridemaids in wedding attire issue from the porch, and Lauretta, veiled as a bride, enters the church, from which presently she comes forth to be told that the marriage is a real marriage, and that she is truly the goldsmith's wife. For a time she resents the deceit practised upon her; but, touched by Pedro's love for the apparent barmaid, and by his promise to conduct her to the convent and then set her free by taking back the wedding-ring, she confesses that he is worthy of her heart, and resolves to abide by her contract. Thus closes the third act, as the play was first represented; but now the second, in consequence of the judicious curtailment and amalgamation of the original first and second acts. To the fourth is left the discovery that Pedro, the goldsmith, and the King of Arragon are one and the same person; and that Cousin Roderic is the contriver who, conspiring with his Majesty of Arragon, has enabled Orelia to find in the possessor of a crown all the virtues to which she had vowed her heart.

There is a great deal of improbability in all this, even beyond the license of the playwright's craft; and the story is so slight that one wonders for a time what it is that interests us. There are defects, too, in the preservation of Orelia's character, which denote an imperfect conception. As the barmaid in the village inn, every trace of the princess is lost. She serves the soldiers with wine, makes up the landlady's reckoning, wipes down the table, and enters into the specialities of her position with a perfect familiarity, as if to the manner born. Again, it is anything but natural that she should consent to leave the inn where she has found refuge, and accompany a stranger whom she has but just seen, on no better assurance of his honour than that he has spoken kindly to her, and ransomed her gold chain by paying a few crowns for her. Probability is still more severely taxed in the scene which follows, when, without surprise or suspicion, she sees the procession of bridemaids issue from the church, and accompanies them to the altar, as she believes, for a mock ceremony. More unnatural yet is the facility with which she accepts the goldsmith for her husband when she is told that the marriage is real. The revulsion of feeling on this discovery is feebly traced, and far too suddenly abandoned. What could be made out of a similar situation Sir Bulwer Lytton has shown in his "Lady of Lyons;" and perhaps it was the fear of venturing upon ground already so ably occupied which turned Mr. Filmore aside from his opportunity. It was possible, however, to have made much more of it without hazarding a dangerous comparison. As it is, the sentiment of the situation is only touched; gracefully, indeed, but so slightly as to indicate timidity of handling if not an absence of power. The same remark applies to Orelia's final discovery that the husband she loves as the goldsmith is indeed the king. The opportunity is admirable. Her uncle of Castile finds her married, as he believes, to Pedro the goldsmith, and determines to annul the marriage, even at the cost of depriving Pedro of his head, which he demands from the King of Arragon as one of those slight favours which one monarch ought not to deny to another. Orelia refuses to give up her wedded lord, and says she will appeal to the King, who on this day has chosen to hold his court in the goldsmith's house. It would have been easy to heighten her anxiety by making her believe that his Majesty had consented to her uncle's request, and was coming to dissolve the marriage and to consign Pedro to annihilation. But even the simple expedient of announcing the King's approach, and giving some show of surprise to the discovery that he is Pedro, is missed. He is walking about among the guests. Orelia addresses him as the goldsmith. They tell her he is the King of Arragon; and the mystery is tamely at an end.

With all these defects, however, the play interests, because a genuine feeling pervades it. We are pleased at the sight of a princess who is, above all, a woman, who will marry only where she loves, and who, even under the most unlikely cirumstances, gives her heart to the right man. It is much in his favour that Mr. Filmore has been able to surmount the defects of his play by the prominence he has given to this leading trait of his heroine; and it may be that the very defects we speak of, have been occasioned by the unpopularity of his experiment, which may have withheld him from working thoroughly out the sentiment of his play, fearful, possibly, that the public, accustomed to trivialities and to a rapid succession of incident, would not patiently follow an elaboration of feeling. If this was a mistake in one sense, he has gained by it in variety. Since the condensation and union of the first and second acts, the action no longer flags, and the characters he has grouped around the Princess and the King lighten the serious interest of the play with considerable liveliness. The hostess puzzled over her accounts, the rogueries of her son Josef, the alarm of the Polish nobleman for the safety of his head, and Francesca's scorn for the Goldsmith, and shrewish love of Sebastian, indicate a vein of pleasant comedy. Of the writing we can speak with all praise. The blank verse, in which we failed to trace the pseudo-Elizabethanism which some of our contemporaries have discovered, is chaste and unstrained; and the prose with which the play is interspersed, is fit—an unworthy clap-trap about the popularity of the Princess's Theatre excepted—to keep company with its poetic sister.

Much of the play's success is due to Miss Sedgwick's acting. The race of actors and actresses who can speak blank verse has almost died out. Miss Sedgwick possesses this power, and displays it with effect in the part of Orelia. More at home in the arch-smartness of the barmaid, she still fully maintained the devotion of the Princess, and infused into the character a true womanly heart which won and held the sympathies of the audience throughout. Such a personation would give us hope for the revival of the intellectual drama, if the system of starring could be put an end to, and if authors could be sure when they created a character of importance, that there would be an actress at hand to embody it. Mr. Lindus, the manager of the Princess's, would do well to consider this. For the rest of the acting a few words will suffice. Mr. H. Marston, as the goldsmith, was courtly, polite, and passionless. Miss Murray filled the sketch of Francesca with point and life. No one could tell from Mr. Hermann Vezin's acting that he was engaged in a playful conspiracy. The impression he conveyed was rather that he had some deep and villanous design on foot. This fault apart, he played well. But how Mr. W. H. Stephens came to be cast for the King of Castile passes our comprehension. Had his part been that of a goldsmith, or rather a blacksmith, in the disguise of a king, he might have been in character. To his utter incapacity to fill his *rôle* must be attributed much of the tameness of the final *éclaircissement*. Mr. Belmore, as Josef, was an excellent clown.

THE PAST WEEK.

Lord Ellenborough, in the House of Lords, has asked for papers from the Consul-General of Warsaw relating to the immediate origin of the Polish insurrection, and for communications from the Prussian and Russian Governments. From the spirit of conciliation recently exhibited by Russia, he had hoped that a good feeling had sprung up towards Poland, but the conduct of the Russian police had destroyed his expectations. The people whose political opinions were distasteful to Russia had been seized ruthlessly in their homes on the 21st of January, and pressed into military servitude. That was the cause of the outbreak; and he hoped Her Majesty's Government would notify to the Russian Government that such was their opinion. He strongly denounced the conduct of Prussia in the arrangement she had entered into with Russia for ending the insurrection. He had a hope that a constitutional Government would yet be formed in Poland. Earl Russell could not give what was asked for, nor did he agree with Lord Ellenborough that the outbreak was entirely unexpected. There were three sections of Polish society,—the landed aristocracy, the middle classes, and the peasants, differing from each other in their wishes and aims. The aristocracy had asked for a constitutional government, and the middle classes, taking a despairing view from the past, had formed secret societies. Instead of conciliation on the part of the Emperor of Russia, he had recourse to a conscription, which might well displease an unhappy people. He had told the Russian Minister it was an unjust step to take. From

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the Prussian Ambassador he learnt that Prussian soldiers would be allowed to pursue Polish insurgents within the Prussian frontier, and he had stated that Prussia thereby had made herself responsible for the conscriptive measures adopted. Mr. Griffith has asked, in the Commons, whether her Majesty's Government would support Ismail Pasha in his attempt to abolish forced labour in Egypt. Lord Palmerston said that as far as possible the Government would express a belief that the Pasha's intentions were humane and proper. Sir L. Palk called attention to the distress in the manufacturing districts; he blamed the Government for not having promoted cotton culture not only in India but in Queensland, Jamaica, and other British dependencies; and should move an address to her Majesty praying that a Royal Commission may be issued to consider the best mode of obtaining a plentiful supply of cotton. The motion, after remarks from Mr. Milner Gibson, was withdrawn. Mr. Lewis called attention to the number of railway schemes affecting the metropolis introduced during the present session, and asked what protection was afforded to the public interests thereby. Mr. Massey agreed that the interests of the public should be protected, but did not see how the Government could interfere. Sir G. Grey thought the suggestion that the Metropolitan Board of Works should be allowed to appear before the committees on behalf of the public was deserving of consideration. Copies of reports on the subject were ordered. Leave was given to bring in a bill for further continuing and appropriating the London coal and wine duties. The debate on the second reading of the Great Eastern Railway (New Metropolitan Station and Branches) Bill, has been postponed in the House of Lords for a fortnight. Previous to the adjournment of the debate, the propriety of insuring the convenience and ornamentation of London through the various railway projects was strongly urged. In the Commons Lord C. Paget replied to a charge made against him by Lord R. Montagu, of unconstitutional proceedings, with a view of influencing the Chatham electors. Sir H. Willoughby, on the order for the second reading of the Prince and Princess of Wales Annuities Bill, again objected to the House being asked to agree to a resolution on the annuities, prior to the papers relating to the Duchy of Cornwall being produced; yet he deemed the proposition for the Prince's establishment a reasonable one. A question arose as to whether, on the death of a Duke of Cornwall, the revenues of the duchy reverted to the Crown, and as to the application and amount of the estates during the minority of the Prince of Wales, Lord Palmerston stated that the amount was £540,000. The bill went through a second reading. Mr. Buxton drew attention to the purchase and deportation from Egypt of a negro regiment by the French Emperor. Lord Palmerston observed that the transaction was an irregular one on the part of the Egyptian Government, and he thought the French Government would feel that the act was as cruel as that which had occurred at Warsaw. Mr. Bentinck adverted to the proposed reduction in the naval estimates, and expressed an opinion that, in the event of a panic, Government would be compelled to spend five times more money than the sum requisite to maintain the navy in proper efficiency. He pointed to what was going forward in the French dockyards, where vessels were in course of construction that could only be intended to be used in an invasion of England. The House having gone into committee on the navy estimates, Lord C. Paget observed that the naval force was in an efficient state. The money vote proposed for 1863-64 was £10,736,032, which was £1,058,273 less than the previous vote. The number of armour-clad vessels under construction or at sea was 21. Ten of that number, including one small vessel, were at sea, or would be ready at the end of the year. The number of seamen and marines was, as last year, 76,000, and after reading an account of the strength of the naval force and its distribution, he moved the first vote of the number of men above named. Sir J. Pakington spoke approvingly of the proposition of Lord C. Paget, and Mr. Baxter, after complaining of Mr. Bentinck's remarks about invasion, said he thought the Government was earnest in adopting the principle of retrenchment. Mr. Cobden was in favour of an efficient navy; but efficiency did not depend upon a certain number of men, but upon science and skill. He objected to employing 76,000 men, because he defied the Government to employ them in the ships they had so as to be of use to the country. The whole expenditure of the navy he was opposed to, for the conduct of the Government in shipbuilding had been insane. Could the country afford to plunge into all those novelties on a grand scale of iron-clad broadsides? Were we sure that they might not in a few years become like the sailing line-of-battle ships? He called on the Admiralty to suspend the construction of monster broadsides until the plan of Captain Cowper Coles had been tried. The vote, with a few others, was agreed to. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in moving the second reading of the Tobacco Duties Bill, was met by an amendment from Mr. Ayrton, that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of altering the laws for raising a revenue on tobacco. The motion was rejected, but the debate was adjourned. The English Church Service in Wales Bill has been read a second time in the House of Lords. The object of the bill is to permit services to be given in English in places in Wales where they are now given in Welsh. Mr. Layard has stated in the House of Commons that no convention has been entered into with the Italian Government for the extradition of persons charged with having committed offences in Italy and resident in Malta. It had been agreed that an ordinance should be issued by the Maltese authorities for the extradition of Italian offenders, but not to apply to political refugees. Sir J. Hay moved that in the opinion of the House the position of the officers of the navy in respect of promotion and retirement was unsatisfactory and ought to be improved; and that with a view of improving naval efficiency and meeting the fair expectations of officers with respect to promotion, it was expedient to adopt the principle of retirement by age; and that the pay of officers ought to be adjusted so as to enable them to maintain consistently the rank they hold. Lord Palmerston objected to the course taken by Sir J. Hay in wishing to convert officers of the service into deliberative committees, whose motive was to raise discontent against the rules of the service; such conduct was dangerous to discipline and opposed to the principles on which armies and navies were governed. It was doubtful whether the House should entertain the motion brought forward, for it was an attempt to place the administration of the details of a branch of the service, for a time, in the hands of the House. As an amendment, he moved that a select committee be appointed to investigate the present system of promotion and retirement in the navy. The observations of Lord Palmerston drew forth remarks from several members of the Opposition—Mr. B. Cochrane, Sir J. Pakington, and the newly-elected member for Devonport, Mr. Ferrand. Sir J. Pakington felt bound to defend Sir J. Hay from Lord Palmerston's strictures, and then to state that when he was at the Admiralty he found the navy in a state quite unsatisfactory, that he had prepared a plan of promotion similar to that now proposed. Mr. Ferrand wanted to know what naval officers were to do if they were debarred from naming their grievances. Fresh from a naval borough, he had witnessed the cowed spirit of the naval officers, and even the men in the dockyards, under the influence of the Admiralty. Lord Palmerston's amendment was agreed to. Mr. Adderley obtained leave to bring in a bill, the object of which is a good one — to extend corporal punishment to certain felonious offenders. Lord Palmerston stated that it was made a condition of the marriage treaty of the Prince of Wales that the Princess Alexandra should be a Protestant.

Resolutions have been introduced in the Illinois Legislature declaring President Lincoln's policy unconstitutional, and denouncing the taxation of States for the purchase of negroes. The President is accused by the same body of having "pandered" to New England in not using the means at his disposal to open the Mississippi; the Morrill Tariff is denounced by which the East is enriched at the expense of the West; and a convention is recommended at Louisville to obtain an armistice and the cessation of hostilities. In many counties of Illinois much disaffection towards the Government exists. Details have been brought of the Confederate attack on the Federal fleet off Charleston which show there was no ground for the assumption by the Confederates that the Charleston blockade was ever raised by the departure of the Federal fleet. Two vessels only out of eight or ten were disabled. The *Australasian* from New York has brought news to the 11th of February. The military news is not of very much importance. Two Confederate iron-clads are reported to have come out of Charleston on the 31st ult., and made an attack on the blockading squadron. The steamer *Mercedita* was disabled, and the captain surrendered. The Confederates also attacked the steamer *Keystone State*, and inflicted much damage upon her, but she was ultimately towed off by three Federal vessels who went to her assistance. General Foster's expedition has arrived at Port Royal, and was expected to leave Charleston immediately. A Federal regiment of coloured volunteers have made several expeditions from Beaufort into Georgia, Florida, and up St. Mary's River, and were successful in several encounters with the Confederates. A reconnaissance has been made upon the right wing of the army of the Potomac; and an attack on Port Hudson was contemplated at New Orleans. A mutinous spirit has been manifested among the troops at Ship Island, owing to the entrance there of a coloured regiment; an Illinois regiment has been put under arrest for refusing to fight under the emancipation proclamation. Despatches from Charleston of the 3rd, say that a great formidable land and naval expedition was about to attack Charleston. The Federal gunboat *Morning Light* has been destroyed by the Confederates, and the capture of Sabine Pass has been confirmed. General Butler is shortly to head an expedition against Texas. Lebanon, Tennessee, has been entered by the Federals, who took 600 men prisoners. The ram, *Queen of the West*, belonging to the Federals, has gone down the Mississippi, destroying everything on her way. In the Senate, Mr. Sumner has introduced a bill to enrol 300,000 negro soldiers. The steamer *Ella Warley* has been sunk by collision off Sandy Hook. By the *City of Manchester*, Inman steamer, news from New York of the 13th and 14th inst. has been received. Mr. Seward has denied in Congress that he ever communicated with the Confederate authorities at Richmond through the French Ministry concerning an offer of mediation, and the French proposal that the Northern and Southern Commissioners should meet on neutral ground for discussion without the cessation of hostilities. Mr. Seward is averse to entertaining any proposition from any foreign power concerning American domestic affairs. Richmond papers affirm that the results of the naval engagements off Charleston were not so substantial as supposed. At Charleston an impression is general that Savannah will be first attacked. Pecuniary aid has been granted by the Senate to Missouri for the emancipation of slaves. 35,000 men detached from the Potomac army, to be commanded by General Burnside, are to proceed to Suffolk, Virginia, by way of Fortress Monroe. The *Queen of the West* has returned from her Mississippi expedition, and ran under the Confederate batteries at Port Hudson, drawing their fire without sustaining harm. She destroyed three Confederate provision steamers, and took fifty-six

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prisoners. Reinforcements are being hurried to Vicksburg by the Confederates. The Federals have cut the levees on the Mississippi side of the Mississippi river below Helena, and on the Louisiana side opposite Lake Providence, for the purpose of flooding the country and opening a communication for steamboats to a point in the rear of Vicksburg, and to reach the Yazoo river. The Federal victory recently at Fort Donnelson was a close one, for when the gunboats arrived the Federals had fired their last round of ammunition. In the New Jersey Legislature a resolution has been introduced to send Commissioners to Richmond to ascertain if the South will consent to adhere to the Union again; if not, under what terms amicable relations can be brought about under one Government. By an order of the Senate, bank circulation is to be taxed 1 per cent. for two years, and afterwards 2 per cent.

The French Government is said to be contemplating interfering in favour of Poland diplomatically. This rumour has gained currency in the *Opinion Nationale* "under reserve." The *Constitutionnel* has reprobated the conduct of the Prussian Government in respect to the Polish insurrection. Europe, it says, disapproves of it, and the convention with Russia has been productive of disquietude. It may be doubted, adds the same paper, whether Europe may not be reminded of the old name of Poland, "and, instead of an insurrection of subjects against their Government, see a reclaiming of nationality." In Paris it is asserted that the Minister of Foreign Affairs has been ordered to pen a despatch to the French ambassador at Berlin for transmission to the Prussian Government, that the Emperor was dissatisfied with the convention Prussia had entered into with Russia, as it is a violation of the principle of non-intervention. From Berne, a rumour has come forth that a part of the Polish refugees, reckoning on the re-establishment of a throne in Poland, have determined to offer it to Count Walewski. The Count is of Polish origin, and through his wife is related to the family of the last King of Poland. Doubts are entertained whether the Poles, having the opportunity of selecting a king, would look to the French Minister. The Prussian Ministry treat the House of Representatives with what may be called supreme contempt. A meeting has been convened by the Committee of the Chamber to discuss the Polish affairs, but there was an absence of Ministers and Royal Commissioners. The Liberals carried a proposition repudiating any intervention in Polish affairs on the part of Russia. The *Patrie* reports that a despatch has been forwarded by the French Government to the Duc de Talleyrand Perigord, French Ambassador at Berlin, pointing out that Prussia, by trying to crush the Polish insurrection, would be likely to arouse the aspirations of other populations of Polish origin who might make common cause with the insurgents. *La France* believes that Austria is disposed to join the policy of France and England regarding Poland. The *Constitutionnel* of the 23rd inst. says the French Government has not done anything beyond entering into communication with the Cabinet of London as to what steps should be taken. *La France* has an article observing that an enslaved Poland would not only be a violation of moral right, but would also be opposed to the understanding and all the conditions upon which the political existence of all great states is based. The same organ does not consider that a general war will arise from the Polish question, unless the absolute independence of Poland should be insisted on. M. Emile de Girardin calls upon the Emperor of Russia, in an article in the *Presse*, to fulfil the promises made by Alexander I., and to re-establish Poland. The *Constitutionnel* hopes the convention between Prussia and Russia will be abandoned. The *Opinion Nationale*, "with all reserve," states that a rumour had gained currency on the Bourse that the Prussian Cabinet had declined positively to yield to the representations offered by the French Ambassador. M. Saint Marc Girardin has presented a petition, bearing 2,000 signatures, in favour of Poland.

Count Bismarck, President of the Berlin Council, has resigned, because Eulenberg and Mühler declared in a Cabinet Council against the Russian convention and the attitude of Prussia in Polish affairs. The Prussian Government is said to be desirous of negotiating a loan on a scale that leads to the supposition that it is intended for war expenses. This is affirmed by a French paper, and may perhaps be unfounded. The *Moniteur* has made a significant announcement, in commenting on the obstinacy of the struggle in Poland, which it declares to be established by reliable accounts. The French Government is disinclined to accept the official accounts from Warsaw of the insurrection, which is represented as all but quelled. The *Moniteur* alludes to the condemnation of Prussia by Austria, and publishes reports of the savagery of the Russian soldiers in the rebellious Polish districts. The dread of a European war is sought to be calmed by the *Constitutionnel*, in an article setting forth that peace is guaranteed by the triple alliance of England, France, and Austria. The Princess Alexandra has left Copenhagen, accompanied by her father and a numerous suite.

The news from Poland continues to show unabated activity on the part of the insurgents. English interest seems to increase daily in their favour, but fears exist that ultimately the movement will be crushed, and that the Poles will endure a severer rule than they are seeking to destroy. Two bands of the insurgents, we learn from Warsaw on the 20th, were defeated near Budka, on the Bug; 400 were killed, and a quantity of correspondence taken. The railway communication between Warsaw and Cracow has been interrupted. Langiewicz is said to have cut off the retreat, near Stobnica, of the Russians, and to be hurrying towards the Austrian frontier. The prevalence of a report that the insurgents would arrive at the Russian frontier town of Dobrzn, opposite the Prussian frontier town of Gollub, caused the Prussian artillery to occupy it for eight hours. In official quarters in Warsaw it is said that Mieroslawski has been defeated, that he is a fugitive, and that his correspondence has been seized. Numerous Polish families driven before the Russian troops have arrived at Kaltowitz. Kuroski, one of the insurgent chiefs, has committed suicide. Fifteen hundred well-armed insurgents are posted near Opoczno. From Berlin we learn that the police of the city has seized 300 hand grenades in the possession of Polish inhabitants; the people who had them have been arrested, and the public prosecutor has been instructed to begin a judicial inquiry. On the Warsaw railway some bridges have been destroyed by the insurgents, and they are said to have inflicted defeat on the Russians near Dubienka, taking from them two cannon. The intelligence, however, during the week of the proceedings of the insurgents has been scanty, the telegrams being very brief. There can be no doubt about the cruelty of the Russians at Tomaszow and Miechow. The fire which was consuming the town the Russians would not allow to be extinguished, and the consequence was, that the whole place nearly was reduced to ashes. The insurgents having retired, murder and pillage began, the burgomaster was killed, and women and children were lying about barbarously slaughtered. The cause of this atrocious cruelty was said to be the fact of certain houses having been opened to the insurgents, and that soldiers had been shot from them; this is contradicted, for it is alleged that the insurgents did not enter one of the buildings. In other parts sickening outrages have been perpetrated, the knowledge of which can only excite wider sympathy for Poland and intenser hatred of Russian tyranny. Forty wounded men who were being conveyed from Miechow to Cracow were savagely murdered by the Russians.

Intelligence received at Kattowitz speaks of an engagement near Kutno, between the Russians and the insurgents, lasting eight hours, in which the former sustained a defeat, and took refuge on Prussian territory.

At Lisbon, two new commercial banks, under English supervision and partly supported by English capital, are about to be established. More than £550 was collected for the Lancashire operatives. The Lisbon merchants promoted the movement actively. The law of entail is shortly to undergo modification. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* says it is asserted that the Bavarian Minister for Foreign Affairs has sent forth a circular note inviting the other States of the Zollverein, in the event of that union being dissolved, to form a special Zollverein, in which Austria should be included. The Turks are said to be alarmed at a projected expedition fostered by Prince Scanderbeg into Albania. The expedition is to consist of 6,000 men, to be led by the Prince, and M. Alexandre Dumas is to be its historiographer. No secrecy in making preparations is observed, and the middle of March has been fixed upon as the time to give force to the movement. From Copenhagen, we learn that the Princess Alexandra is suffering from a severe cold; her Royal Highness has been presented by the King of Denmark with a wedding gift specially purchased by his Majesty. There is an end to the Provisional Government of Athens, owing to a demonstration assisted by a part of the garrison. President Moraitini has been invested by the Assembly with executive powers for a time. A new form of Government is being discussed by the Assembly. An imperial hatt has been published at Constantinople, where the new Viceroy of Egypt has arrived, announcing that the Sultan will in future surrender 20 per cent. of the revenues allotted for the civil list, ordering the reduction of official salaries and the dismissal of all superfluous *employés*.

Liverpool has held a large meeting, at which the policy of the Northern States of America was warmly advocated. Bishop Colenso has been repudiated by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. A formal resolution has been passed that his name should be omitted as one of the vice-presidents of the society. This amounts to a vote of censure. Mr. John Abel Smith, Liberal, has been elected M.P. for Chichester without opposition. A severe contest has taken place for a seat in Parliament at Lisburn. There were two candidates, Mr. Verner, Conservative, and Mr. Barbour, Liberal. The Liberal was elected by a majority of six votes only. The Conservatives have lost a seat in the House of Commons by this result. Another coal-pit catastrophe has occurred at Wednesbury, by which three men have lost their lives. Suddenly a pit, called Steer's Meadow Pit, was flooded by a brook which runs near the workings, and in which were three men and a boy. The flow of the water into the pit, after great exertion, was impeded, and search was made for the missing colliers, who were found dead; the boy luckily survived. Henry Houlton, a saddler, of Bagshot, has been found drowned in the Basingstoke Canal, at Aldershot, under circumstances that lead to the supposition that he has been murdered. The bridesmaids to the Princess Alexandra have been chosen and are, Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of Lord Elgin; Lady Victoria Hare, sister of Lord Listowel; Lady Georgiana Susan Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn; Lady Agneta Yorke, daughter of Lord Hardwicke; Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of Lord Clarendon; Lady Victoria Campbell, Lady Theodora Grosvenor, Lady Ernestine Mount-Edgcumbe, and Lady F. Wellesley. The Board of Trade returns for December have been issued. The total declared value of our exportations was £10,807,033, or nearly 11 per cent. in excess of those of the corresponding month of 1861; compared with December, there has been a falling off of rather more

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than 11 per cent. The total exportations of 1862 amounted to £124,137,812, being the same within about ¾ per cent. as those of 1861, and £11,753,415, or 8½ per cent. less than those of 1860. An intimation has been given that any country Volunteers will be permitted to assemble with the metropolitan Volunteers in Hyde Park on the 7th proximo, the day of the Princess Alexandra's entry into London. Applications are to be made to the Secretary at War through the lords lieutenant of counties. A meeting has been held at York in favour of negro emancipation. English aid for the Confederates was warmly objected to, and a belief expressed that the Southerners were desirous of forming a great slave-holding Confederacy. The North in its labours to stem slavery was commended, and the relief given by the North for the Lancashire operatives was gratefully acknowledged in a resolution. An adjourned meeting of the Galway Harbour Board has been held for the purpose of conferring with Lord Dunkellin and Mr. Gregory, M.P., on the packet station. Lord Dunkellin stated that he believed in the success of the company, and he hoped to be able when he next met the Galway people, to congratulate them on their success in securing a loan for forming the necessary works. The Crown Princess of Prussia is now at Windsor Castle, having arrived there on Monday. Her Royal Highness disembarked at Gravesend from the royal yacht *Osborne*, and appeared in excellent health. She led her youthful son along the pier to the royal carriages, and was greeted with the cheers of the spectators. The usual weekly meeting of the General Central Relief Committee at Manchester has been held, when Mr. Farnall reported that since the 6th of December the number of applicants for relief had decreased 53,617. The sum of money received for distribution in the previous week was £22,303. 11s. 9d. The total balance in the bank was £432,095. 17s. 8d. A terrible explosion of a boiler at Hanley, the property of Earl Granville, has taken place. Eight dead persons were picked up from the *débris*, and over thirty were discovered mutilated in a fearful manner. The boiler, when it exploded, shot a great height in the air, and fell about 200 yards from where it rose. A young man, at Hudddersfield, named Armitage, who was to have been married on Saturday, was taken out of the New Bridge mill-dam dead. The young woman to whom deceased was to be wedded became uneasy at his non-appearance, and her search and inquiries led to the painful sequel. An idea of the smoking and drinking propensities of the country may be formed from parliamentary returns just issued. The tobacco duties last year produced £5,714,448, only £157,708 being paid on manufactured tobacco and snuff. The duty on spirits for the same period amounted to £6,201,243; and the wine duty to £1,123,605. Independent of the excise duty on malt, or the licences for the sale of beer, we have a total of £13,039,296 of taxation from smoking and drinking. The money derived from drinking may almost dishearten the teetotallers in their labours. A banquet in commemoration of the birthday of George Washington has been held in St. James's Hall. Many persons of influence attended, and his Excellency the American Minister, the Hon. C. F. Adams, responded to the toast of "The Union." The Union, he observed, was as much the work of Washington as of any other single person. For years he had worked to bring about the result, and when it came he crowned it by accepting the duty of organizing the Government that gave completeness to the work. Those who affirmed that Washington, were he living, would take part with the rebels, had no true conception of his character; he would not oppose the authority he had ever prized. The motive that stimulated the rebel movement was to extend slavery. The South had abandoned all the glorious associations of the Revolution; they had opened to themselves a new career—whether for glory or shame posterity would determine. The past was a pledge for the extension of freedom, the future of the South was a pledge for the extension of slavery. Prince Alfred, we are happy to record, has recovered from his recent attack of fever. Mr. D. W. Harvey, formerly M.P. for Colchester, and afterwards for Southwark, has just died, aged eighty years. The Associated Chambers of Commerce have had meetings at the Westminster Palace Hotel. A resolution was passed suggesting some alteration in the Patent laws. The Bankruptcy Act of 1861 was deemed capable of amendment; a resolution was passed condemning the expense of legislation by private bill. In the Court of Queen's Bench a rather curious case has been heard. Dr. G. N. Epps sued for the sum of £127 from Mr. Morris for attending Mrs. Morris medically. The defence was a startling one—that the lady was not Mrs. Morris. When Mr. Morris was married to the lady in 1846 she had a husband living. The first husband hearing of her re-marriage, obtained a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, but the House of Lords had not been solicited to sever the nuptial knot. The verdict was given against the plaintiff.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been staying with Earl Spencer of Althorp Park, Northamptonshire. On two occasions the Prince accompanied the Pytchley pack of hounds, and the meet on the second day was such as has not before been witnessed in the county. The people of Northampton on the Prince passing through the town testified their loyalty by loudly cheering; the houses were decorated with flags, evergreens, and various mottoes, and the warmest respect for His Royal Highness was evinced by the whole of the inhabitants. His Royal Highness has held a levee at St. James's Palace, which was most numerously and brilliantly attended. It was the first that has been held for a long time, and more than ordinary interest attached to it as being the first occasion on which His Royal Highness has assumed the honours of the Court. A meeting has been held at the Whittington Club to compliment Mr. George Thompson, and to present him with an address for his past labours in the cause of human progress; Lord Teynham occupied the chair. Another female impostor, the counterpart of the notorious Alice Grey, has fallen into trouble at Wolverhampton. The custom of the woman was to travel from town to town by railway, and to be found lying on the bottom of a carriage, (an empty one always being chosen), in an apparently insensible state. She had, it seems, some partiality for restoratives, and when consciousness dawned upon her she told a sad tale to her attendants of having been drugged and robbed. From benevolent persons she extracted cash for pity. Wolverhampton has proved an unlucky town for the impostor, where she was recognised; and the magistrates have sent her to prison for three months.

Earl Russell, on Thursday, in reply to Lord Normanby, said the despatches omitted from the Italian correspondence would be produced if moved for. It was untrue, as stated in German newspapers, that Mr. Odo Russell had been ordered to again offer the Pope an asylum. In the Commons the Prince and Princess of Wales' Annuities Bill was read a third time and passed. Mr. H. J. Baillie moved a resolution, the effect of which was that the terms of the Royal proclamation of November 1, 1858, to the princes and people of India, should be fulfilled, and the treaties properly observed. The motion was rejected on a division. The consideration of the Navy Estimates was then proceeded with, and various votes were agreed to. After an explanation by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the scope of the Post-office Savings Bank Bill, it was read a second time. Mr. Reed, chief constructor of the navy, has been ordered to attend at the bar of the House, he having written a letter to Sir F. Smith, charging him with having in his place in Parliament made a false and libellous statement against him.

A contradiction is given from Warsaw to the report that General Mierolawski had taken flight across the frontier. Langiewicz has crossed the Vistula and is operating in the vicinity of Lublin. A band of insurgents hastening to join General Mierolawski has been dispersed, 100 having been killed and 82 taken prisoners. From Cracow of the 26th instant, two engagements are said to have occurred between the Russians and insurgents; in one near Kutno the Russians were defeated. A telegram of the 26th says that though rumours of a Ministerial crisis in Berlin were rife, they had not been confirmed. Marshal O'Donnell and all the other Ministers at Madrid have resigned, as we learn by telegram; and the reason assigned is that the Queen refused her signature to the decree for dissolving the Cortes. A rumour prevails in Paris that the Emperor of Russia has written to the Emperor Napoleon, offering the Polish question to his arbitration. This may prove merely a Bourse rumour. Mr. Bernard, Conservative, has been returned M.P. for Bandon. Two cases in the law courts have commenced, of some interest, but were not concluded on Thursday; one an action by Dr. Campbell, for libel, against the *Saturday Review*, for imputing to him a desire to obtain money on false pretences, and the other the case of Mr. Serjeant Glover against M. Persigny and M. Billault, for not paying him the hire of his paper, the *Morning Chronicle*. The trial had been postponed until the defendants had been examined in Paris by commission. The convict Roupell's forgeries have been again the subject of scrutiny. The Master of the Rolls has had the case taken before him. The trustees of Lord Manvers are desirous to foreclose a mortgage held on the Roupell estate for money advanced, and they maintain the genuine character of the deed of gift from old Mr. Roupell, which the notorious convict declared he had forged. The veracity of the convict's confession will now be thoroughly investigated. The Volunteers of the City of London, to whom authority has been given to be under arms on the 7th proximo, are to be at the stations assigned to them at one o'clock precisely. The order of formation for each corps will be named hereafter to its commanding officer.

Reviews of Books.

SIR MORTON PETO ON TAXATION.*

Sir S. Morton Peto presses close on the heels of Sir Stafford Northcote. The "Financial Policy" of the Devonshire baronet is followed by this "Inquiry into our Financial Policy" by the member for Finsbury; and, as if to provoke comparison between the two volumes, the second makes its appearance with the same toned paper and antique type which made the former look like a gift-book. The contents of the two volumes differ, however, materially. Beyond the lament over our increased expenditure and recurring deficits which must be the burden of all contemporary writers on finance, they have little in common. The member for Stamford took a survey of the financial history of the past twenty years, and traced our wanderings from that course of economical reform which Sir Robert Peel introduced; Sir S. Morton Peto is content, for the most part, with a review of our present position; he examines the sources of our income and the distribution of our expenditure, and complains of waste in collecting, and waste and folly in spending, the national revenue. "Taxation," wrote

* Taxation; its Levy and Expenditure. Being an Enquiry into our Financial Policy. By Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. for Finsbury. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.

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Hamilton, in the *Federalist*, "tasks the highest powers of the statesman;" and the thoughtful amongst his countrymen must daily grow more and more impressed with the truth of the dictum. If Sir Stafford Northcote's work failed to impress us with the belief that he was master of finance, Sir S. Morton Peto's volume must place him in a still lower position; indeed, it is difficult to see why he published it at all. It is a handsome volume, and its contents show some diligence; a small part is perhaps of real value, but, properly speaking, it is not a book at all; it is a huge swollen newspaper-article, abounding in commonplace remarks, sometimes just, sometimes erroneous, and sometimes requiring qualification by considerations which do not seem to have occurred to the writer. The only portions with respect to which we feel that a reader would find instruction by their perusal, are those dedicated to such subjects as the management of our dockyards, in which the writer is possessed of special information. These parts are too trifling to allow us to suppose that Sir S. Morton Peto felt the burden laid on himself of publishing them to the world; and this sudden freak of authorship on the part of the honourable baronet remains a mystery. It is, however, fair to add, that if a reader were utterly ignorant of our financial system, he would be able to obtain from this volume a tolerably accurate notion of the sources and magnitude of our national revenue, and of the objects on which it is spent; and though the same information might perhaps be derived from the sixpenny Statistical Abstract, it is there presented in too indigestible a form for ordinary readers.

It is so commonly admitted that our present expenditure is excessive, that the Government has prudently determined to reduce it. The decreased expenditure will, of course, leave us a surplus which will probably be absorbed by a corresponding reduction of taxation. Such a course is by no means necessary: a wise impatience of expenditure need not be accompanied by an ignorant impatience of taxation, although it may be doubted whether many would feel concern at our wasteful expenses were they not called upon to contribute their quota towards them. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will endeavour to save some portion of the probable surplus, and that such members as Sir S. Morton Peto will have the fortitude to support him, however unpopular such a cause may be with constituents clamouring for the remission of taxes. The experience of the last four years should have taught us the danger of providing too narrow a margin over our ascertained expenditure. A Chancellor of the Exchequer occupies no dignified position when he has to excuse a deficiency in the past year on the ground that some unforeseen cause of expenditure has arisen; and his plea provokes the obvious remark that in the affairs of a nation like our own, some unexpected drain will almost always occur. No prudent housekeeper would arrange his expenditure so as to leave no balance to provide for casualties. We have other reasons for hoping that taxes will not be remitted to an extent commensurate with the probable reduction of expenditure. Unsatisfactory as the annual balance-sheets have been of late, they have only attained a semblance of decency by the expedient of renewing obligations which should have been met and discharged; instead of paying our bills when they became due, we have in some cases renewed them, and in others converted them into permanent mortgages. It would seem that no solemnity of engagement can bind Parliament to the performance of its promises: the opposition, whether Whig or Tory, is always ready to join with the "popular" members in a loot upon the Treasury.

As we are to have a reduction of taxation it becomes important to inquire in what direction the remission should take place. Sir S. Morton Peto will give us but little assistance in this inquiry; though he reviews, as we have said, every source of income, and points out the disadvantages incident to each, we find no comparison made between them. The conclusion at which a reader would arrive is, that all taxation is injurious; but as it is unfortunately an inevitable evil, we should have been more thankful had we been told which impost deserved to be stigmatized as the worst. It is obvious that a necessary preliminary is the determination of the degree in which the present system of taxation presses on the different classes of the community, and a statistician who would solve this problem with tolerable accuracy would confer a service on his country. We believe it would be found, on an analysis of the ordinary expenditure of the several ranks of society, that the proportion of income absorbed by taxation, and *à fortiori* the proportion of means, gradually increases but within slight limits as we descend the social scale. If this result be, as we think, well-founded, it would follow that any alleviation of taxation should be effected on those taxes which press on the poor as well as the rich; as far as *remission* is concerned, the customs and excise duties have more claims on our attention than the income-tax, the stamp duties, and the assessed taxes. Such articles as tea, sugar, beer, and tobacco, absorb a larger proportion of the income of the poor man than of the income of the rich, and the reduction of the duty to which any one of them is subject would, therefore, tend to redress the present inequality of taxation; and such a reduction is further recommended to the financier by the consideration that the use of these articles amongst the poor is repressed by their cost; the increased consumption which would follow on a diminished price would speedily cause a recovery of the revenue lost. As an example of this recovery, we may remind the reader that, whilst the duty on tea was 2s. 2½d. per lb. in 1850, and was only 1s. 5d. per lb. in 1860, the amount of duty received at the Custom House was almost the same. The quantity of tea consumed in the United Kingdom was increased more than one-half, and the average consumption of it by each individual of the population rose from 1 lb. 14 oz. per annum to 2 lb. 10 oz. per annum. Such considerations as these, coupled with the fact that the gradual reduction of the tea duty to one shilling per pound formed for some time part of our financial programme, may probably induce Mr. Gladstone to prepare some revision of the duty on tea; and there are cogent reasons why some alteration should be made in the sugar duties, even though no remission of them be contemplated. The principle of imposing rates of duty, varying with the quality of the article imported, does, indeed, seem fair to the consumer of the inferior qualities; but it involves considerable trouble and expense, and the apparent injustice of imposing a uniform rate of duty disappears when we consider the impost as part of our financial system. A uniform duty on tea has been adopted for many years with universal approval, and there can be little doubt but that we must shortly equalize the sugar duties. A duty which depends on the colour of sugar, "white-clayed, yellow, or brown," seems to carry with it its own condemnation. A colour-blind officer or a foggy day in Lower Thames-street may change the rate of duty. "The Commissioners of Customs," writes Sir S. Morton Peto, "state in their reports that they have taken great pains to provide at the Custom House a room for the examination of sugars, so peculiarly well lighted that there can be no error in taking the sugar duties, in consequence of difference of colour arising from defects of the light in the apartment in which the examination is made. But it seems to me that the very necessity of making such special provision proves the difficulty of levying the duty under this system. The Commissioners may provide the best lighted apartment in Thames-street, but they cannot provide in this climate against the effects of atmosphere. The very direction of the wind will occasion over or under value, as it does or does not drive the smoke of London towards the Custom House." There is another and fatal objection to the differential duties. The principal effect of them is to cause the greater part of the sugars imported to be of the lowest quality, and to protect the sugar-refiners at home. The system, which, on the face of it, appears designed, in a spirit of justice, to the consumer, is, in fact, a mere protective system in favour of a peculiar body of manufacturers.

Next to the customs and excise duties there are two sources of revenue which must occupy the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Gladstone will probably not forget that he was in a minority last year on the question of reducing the duty on fire insurance, and though the proposed reduction was defeated at a subsequent stage, yet a compact body of M.P.'s from all sides of the house have pledged themselves to endeavour to procure a diminution or abolition of the duty. The fact that nearly two hundred members have united on such a question will probably furnish a more powerful argument than could be derived from any consideration of the objections to the tax. Those objections are, however, very weighty: a tax on the performance of a common duty could scarcely in any case be defended, but to this consideration we must add the fact that the fire insurance duty is really one of the most onerous taxes which brings money into the exchequer. A fallacious attempt was made some time since to prove the contrary by comparing the rate of the tax with the value of the property insured. Such a test is, however, inadmissible; in comparing with one another taxes on acts or enjoyments, the true test is not to be found in the means of the tax-payer, but in the degree in which the expense of the act or enjoyment is heightened by the imposition of the tax: the burden of the tax on wine is measured by the ratio of the expense of drinking an untaxed and a taxed bottle; and, if we apply this test to the duties on fire insurance, we find that the cost of ordinary insurance is trebled by their imposition. The second source of revenue which must occasion Mr. Gladstone some anxiety is the income-tax. The excessive unpopularity of that impost may lead him to propose a return to the rate of seven-pence in the pound, and it may not be improbable that he still retains the hope he once possessed that it may some day be altogether repealed. It is undoubtedly possible that the expenditure of the country may be so reduced that we should be able to dispense with this source of income, but it must be obvious on very slight consideration that its removal would introduce great injustice in our fiscal system. The impropriety of the present tax cannot be too severely denounced, but a revenue raised principally from the customs and excise would be still more unjust. Some direct tax must be preserved as an element of our finance to counterbalance the unequal pressure on the lower classes of the duties on tea, sugar, beer, and tobacco. Sir S. Morton Peto's chapter on the income-tax is remarkable for its simplicity: his reading on the subject seems to have extended no further than to the blue-book of Mr. Hume's committee; he altogether ignores the report of Mr. Hubbard's committee, and treats the capitalization scheme of the actuaries as if it had never been the subject of attack and defence. Though we believe him right in his conclusions, he appears to have no knowledge of the specious arguments by which they have been assailed, or of the difficulty of carrying them out.

At no time for many years has there been a better occasion for the return of our Government to the path of economy and prudence. We may reasonably hope that such a step will have some influence on other nations than our own. Wherever the financier turns he is now met by cries of distress over annually recurring deficits. Neither M. Fould's logic nor his financial sleight-of-hand has succeeded in keeping the French expenditure within its income. If we look from Russia to Italy, from Italy to Austria, from Austria to Turkey, we pass from one state of embarrassment to another in still worse condition. The position of the States is too peculiar to be judged by the rules of ordinary years; but our own colonies seem without sufficient reason to be incurring debt and

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accumulating burdens on their successors. The provinces of North America already feel the difficulties of indebtedness, but the Australian colonies gaily pass from one year's deficit to another, and take no thought of the future. The spectacle of the statesmen of the mother-country turning to a serious consideration of their financial position may induce the leaders of opinion in some of these young communities to follow their example.

FERGUSSON'S MODERN ARCHITECTURE.*

Mr. Fergusson is the most eminent living critic of architecture. He has studied with unwearied patience, he loves his art, and he writes a vigorous style; but, like another great critic, rather of art than of architecture, he is convinced that the whole world is in grievous error, and that it is his duty to proclaim this truth.

In two previous volumes Mr. Fergusson discussed the styles of architecture anterior to the Reformation, as well those that then ended as those that still continue beyond the reach of the baneful influence of modern civilization, where the Chinese rejoice in inverted curves and the Indians caricature the noble art of the Arabs. He has, after some delay, brought himself to the less grateful task of recording the intricate history of the modern styles, and we can sympathize with the historian who leaves the pleasant paths of antiquity, where everything is as regular, though not quite as precise, as in Plato's Paradise, for the crooked ways of the moderns, where all is unexpected and much is wrong. The two great schools are distinguished as the True Styles, and the Copying, or Imitative, Styles. We should have preferred "original" to "true," and "derived" to "copying." Mr. Fergusson finds great fault with Pugin for his perpetual harping on truth in art; and we are accordingly disposed to smile when so severe a critic says of the restoration of architecture "to the position of a truthful and real art," that it is a matter "so important that it is childish to despair, and wicked not to do what can be done to bring about an object in every respect so desirable."

In the former volumes the object was simply history; in the present it is not merely history, but its practical application; and this second motive is evidently that for which the work was written. The author strives to prove all contemporary architects, at least of England, to be wrong in principle and practice; and this idea is in his mind while he describes the steps which led up or down to the present state of the art.

In an interesting introductory essay the origin of modern architecture is skilfully traced. The forces that led to its production are said to have been the tastes originated by the newly-recovered classical literature; the injury to ecclesiastical art caused by the Reformation; the influence that palatial and other domestic architecture thenceforward exercised on religious architecture, to its manifest detriment; and the greater importance of internal over external architecture in Christian places of worship. In pointing out "the difference between an imitative and a true style," he thus lays down the principles of the latter. "The architect had only to consider, first, how he could contrive the most convenient and appropriate building; secondly, how he could arrange this so as to be most ornamental, with the least possible sacrifice of convenience; and thirdly, how he could accentuate and ornament his construction so as to be most obvious and most elegant" (pp. 9, 10). He shows that the Italians of the Renaissance sinned against these canons by the importance they gave to painting in the adornment of interiors, so as to make a church sometimes little more than a receptacle for pictorial decoration. But when he regrets that they did not employ sculpture for external ornament he does not seem to perceive that to do so is to violate the excellent but strict principles he had laid down. We are aware that in saying this we lay ourselves open to the terrible charge of finding fault with the Greeks, and we will frankly confess that we think Greek architecture suffered by the temples being the shrines of great statues and the receptacles for beautiful bas-reliefs, though having been formed before the development of sculpture it did not suffer to the same extent as the Italian. In working out the problem of the origin of Italian art, Mr. Fergusson startles us with some assertions, as where he denies to the middle ages "any literature of their own;" and, having just mentioned Dante, adds, "but neither in poetry nor in prose, in science nor in literature, had the dark ages produced anything that could for one moment stand in comparison with the glorious literary productions of Greek and Roman civilization" (p. 5). Dante, we admit, was influenced by classical reading, yet his was essentially a pure mediæval genius; indeed, Mr. Fergusson admits as much, and contemporary architecture shows that the classical rage had in his time not yet begun. And when we read of the enthusiasm the Italians, and especially the Romans, felt for their ancient monuments in the age of the revival of letters, we remember how Petrarch laments the indifference of the people of Rome to the wonders amid which they lived. Excepting Rienzi and John Colonna, he himself was better acquainted with the antiquities of the City than its nobles or people. "For who to-day," he says, "are more ignorant of the affairs of Rome than the Roman citizens? Unwillingly I say, nowhere is Rome less known than at Rome." Times gradually improved, yet long after the beginning of modern art the ancient buildings of Rome were used as quarries for each new palace.

The causes we have endeavoured to state are judged by Mr. Fergusson to be sufficient to account for the formal changes that were introduced in architecture at the Reformation. "The real and essential change" he looks for deeper, and endeavours to explain in a philosophical manner. Dividing arts into technic and phonetic, or, we would say, practical and fine, a terminology which if less accurate is not open to the charge of affectation, he attempts to show that architecture, which was of old "nothing more than the æsthetic form of the purely technic art of building," came to be cultivated after the Reformation "on the principles which belong only to one of the phonetic class." Instead of being a practical work, which was added to or altered as time and necessity required, on a fixed principle of utility, an edifice became, like a poem or a sculpture, the expression of one mind never to be afterwards touched. In support of this idea, he observes that we know the names of all modern architects, so that the most interesting history of their architecture would be a record of their lives, just as we know the names of all the writers of poems; but "we do not know, or care to know, the name of a single Egyptian or Indian architect" (p. 20). This is not strictly correct even as to Egypt; but how will Mr. Fergusson reconcile with this sweeping assertion the fact that we know the names of many of the great Greek architects, though the sculptor always is the principal person in the history of the building; Phidias is remembered but Ictinus is not forgotten. In Gothic art the names of architects are often lost, in Arab art, sometimes. Another cause of the decline of modern architecture is, we are told, that it has fallen into the hands of professional men, as if nearly all the great works of ancient and modern times, material or mental, had not been achieved by men working for their bread (pp. 22, 23, 29, seqq.). It is strange, after reading this complaint, to find an objection to the learned precision of the present architects, who are defined to be either archæologists or scholars, according as they follow Gothic or Greek rules, and who are directed to witness the success in other countries of untutored and unfettered practical genius (pp. 29–35, ix.).

We have been unable fully to state Mr. Fergusson's argument, but we believe we have omitted no important point. To us it seems unsatisfactory in its philosophical part, where we think he has refined away and missed the true explanation. In former times each nation or race had its own art: it neither knew nor cared for that of aliens; zealously devoted to the furtherance of its native taste, that taste it applied to its fullest capability. Since the great discoveries that have made travel easy, and opened new regions of the globe to the commerce of the old nations, essential differences have been gradually obliterated, nationalities gradually merged, arts gradually assimilated, knowledge equally spread. Hence an enormous acquisition of materials and a consequent embarrassment of the student. The architect like the sculptor is weakened by the array of examples before him. He knows more and can do less. This is the inevitable result of civilization, and we are disposed to think a really original style no longer possible.

Mr. Fergusson passes in review, with much skill and his constant acuteness, the principal modern edifices of Italy, Spain and Portugal, France, England, Germany, North-western Europe, Russia, Colonial India, Turkey, and the American colonies. At the close of the book devoted to England are two chapters on the Classical and the Gothic revivals, which will doubtless be read with much relish by those they immediately concern. These chapters we take to express the general practical conclusion of the whole examination. He distinguishes the two revivals from the Renaissance as having the purpose of absolute imitation, not adaptation. St. Peter's and St. Paul's are not Roman, the Madeleine is absolutely Classical, and a dozen Gothic churches in London are pure copies of old models. The edifices of the Classical revival are discriminately and tenderly criticised, though it must be observed that they are made to include Barry's Italian works, which, though acknowledged not to be properly of the class, yet seem to save it from the charge of being unpractical. The Gothic revival is treated in a very different tone. In much we agree. We admit the wildness of the Mediævalists, and the injury to art of blindly copying any style, however good; but we do not see the logic that makes imitation forgery. Pugin never intended to deceive; all he intended was a complete copy. A forgery is a copy with intent to deceive. In denouncing the Gothicists, Mr. Fergusson injures his cause by indulging in invective that is contradicted elsewhere in this volume. How much justice is done to the Gothic revival may be understood when the only works criticized are St. Luke's, Chelsea, not pure Gothic, as acknowledged; Windsor Castle, an adaptation; the Houses of Parliament, Tudor; and the new Museum at Oxford, by no means a favourable specimen of the school; whereas the Classical Revival is illustrated by criticism of New St. Pancras Church, the Bank, University College, the National Gallery, the British Museum, the Fitzwilliam Museum, St. George's Hall, Grange House, the Edinburgh Royal Institution, and the new High School, not to speak of Barry's Italian edifices.

No doubt an equal review of the Gothic school would not be possible without largely criticising living architects, whose works, be it remembered, occupy the same position in time, with reference to the commencement of their revival, that is held by the chief buildings of their classical rivals previously examined. They have to a great degree ceased to copy, and in London alone we can point to a multitude of works showing appreciation rather than imitation. The two best, we think, are the younger Barry's Schools in St. Giles's, and Wild's Schools in Castle-street, a little to the south-east, hidden

* History of the Modern Styles of Architecture; being a Sequel to the Handbook of Architecture. By James Fergusson. London: Murray. 1862.

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in an alley and injured by the glazing, after completion, of the open playground in the upper storey. But there are many churches, especially some of the most recent, that are as well adapted to modern Protestant worship as Gothic art ever can be. We prefer Byzantine or Lombard, and for plan know nothing better than Mr. Cockerell's Hanover Chapel in Regent-street; but, architecturally, we deny that all our Gothic churches are mere imitations.

Mr. Fergusson shows with some force the failings of both styles for modern requirements; but when he proposes as a substitute "a style which, for want of a better name, is sometimes called the Italian, but should be called the common-sense style," and tells us that his "one hope lies in the knowledge" of this third resource, we confess that after all the monstrosities that his whole book undertakes to prove, and proves, to have come out of the Pandora's Box of Italian architecture, we have little confidence in the hope he has discovered lying in the bottom. It must be recollected that he has condemned for defects of design "every building erected from Palladio's time to our own day" (p. 29). Gothic art has this great advantage over Italian that it was once great and pure, and was never utterly perverted; this advantage over classical that we do not really know what classical architecture was, how, for instance, the Greek temples were roofed. If our architects cease to copy but rather study how their predecessors used the materials in their hands in different climates and for different purposes, we may hope for a more congruous school of architecture; a great and original school it is to be feared our civilization will never produce.

In an appendix on "Ethnology from an Architectural Point of View" Mr. Fergusson has given the reins to his love of grand generalizations, and unstripped even Renan in the race. He divides mankind into four great stocks: the Turanian, the Semitic, the Celtic, and the Aryan; and under the head of each discusses its religion, government, morals, literature, arts, and sciences. We wish that he had read this very curious essay at the Ethnological Society, before printing it here. He would then, perhaps, have doubted whether Turanian meant anything more than neither Semitic nor Aryan, and learnt that in this class are included races far more distinct than the Celts and the Shemites, almost infinitely more than the Shemites and the Aryans. To put these four races upon the same ethnological footing is contrary to received ethnology. But leaving Mr. Fergusson's theories, we must notice his facts:—"The Semitic races never erected a building worthy of the name" (p. 512). We thought that there was such a thing as Arab art, for which we refer the reader to Mr. Fergusson's former volumes, an independent and intensely original style, not so much an outgrowth of the Byzantine as was the Gothic. "No Turanian race ever rose to the idea of a God external to the world. All their gods were men who had lived with them on the face of the earth" (p. 502). Yet the Egyptians, Mr. Fergusson's "typical Turanians" of the old world (p. 501), worshipped no ancestor, excepting possibly in a very low position of their system. All the great gods were cosmic or else connected with the powers of the universe; and the only ones which show any traces of ancestral origin, traces unknown to the Egyptians, were derived from the Shemites. The "great and distinguishing tenet [of the Shemites] is and always was the unity of God, and his not being born of man" (p. 509). How does he explain the monstrous polytheism of the Arabs before Mohammad, of the Phœnicians, of the Assyrians? But here we trace M. Renan, and it is needless to argue with any one caught in the meshes of his enticing rhetoric.

We close Mr. Fergusson's work with great admiration for his care in collecting materials, and his acuteness in criticizing them, with great regret for the animus with which he has discussed questions of taste, and with an earnest hope that he will let ethnology alone, or study it as he has studied architecture, before he finally allies himself to the prophets of generalization.

HYMN-BOOKS.*

Hymns have an office among Protestants not unlike that of pictures and images in Roman Catholic countries. The intellectual as well as the material symbol serves to present and recommend to the imagination, by the aid of a popular artistic treatment, the facts and doctrines of Christianity. Both are addressed to the majority, and must be judged, in the first place, by their power of affecting the majority. It would almost seem at present as if, in painting and sculpture, this requirement were inconsistent with any artistic excellence at all. But this is probably only a result of the corruption, or rather changed direction, of taste in our day. The masses, all over Europe, are either indifferent to art, or take pleasure in mere delusive imitations of the highest style. This is seen, for example, in the sickly sentiment and false finish of the religious engravings and statuettes with which Bavaria supplies the whole Roman Catholic world. It is easy to say, and perhaps natural to feel, that people had better not care about art at all, than learn to love its Brummagem or Regensburg counterfeit, but this is only half true. A great artist, who could address the people in their own language, would find an audience such as no other has had since Holbein and Dürer.

In the case of hymns, meantime, though we keep the same primary requirement in view, we may congratulate ourselves that the conditions do not seem to exclude a high degree of poetical merit. The easy metre, simple language, and rigorous adherence to one thought, which mark a good hymn, attract rather than repel the poetical student. Familiarity will enable him to feel the intensity which speaks through the unaffected and often uncultivated utterance of the writers, and that reflective delicacy which nothing but an overpowering moral motive can fully supply. The poetry of the Bible itself will acquire a new meaning when recast by the imagination of a Lutheran or Puritan believer. No meaner subject could inspire an ignorant cobbler with so vigorous and noble a strain as this:—

"Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At his command;
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

"The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd."

The fervent imagination has here fused the image and the reality together, and produced a result quite inimitable by more conscious art.

It must be admitted, however, that the study which is rewarded by these occasional pleasures needs all the encouragement than can be derived from them to reconcile us to its intermediate dulness. The number of bad hymns in the world is truly appalling. Extremes appear to meet in the works of the same writer oftener here than in other departments of literature. The great object seems to be to keep up a steady flow of verse, and the beauties and deformities have alike an accidental and unpremeditated air. This is especially the case with Watts, whom we may regard as the typical English hymn-writer, both from his great fertility and popularity, and from his unfailing adherence to the proper conditions of the hymn. No writer has left behind him a greater number of bald and unmeaning verses, and yet none has reached so fully the utmost dignity and grace of which the material is susceptible. His great hymn,—

"When I survey the wondrous Cross," &c.

is generally known and admired, but there are many others—buried hitherto in uninviting "Collections"—of equal if not superior merit.

To rescue these and other similar works from bad company and damaging associations, and to introduce them to the general world of readers in an acceptable form, was an object as worthy of one of the Queen's Ministers as to vindicate the fair fame of Helen, or the application of Zulu criticism to Manetho. These are the relaxations of Sir Roundell Palmer's colleagues; while, on the other hand, the Premier may yet, we trust, live to give a permanent form to his speculations on original sin, and Lord Westbury complete the unhappily still fragmentary religious autobiography of Sir R. Bethell.

The Solicitor-General has chosen a less controversial path. Even a religious newspaper would seek in vain there for the elements of strife. On the contrary, there is an atmosphere of concord and a prospect of ultimate unity which might reduce to peaceable behaviour a much worse man than the religious partizan generally is. It is truly wonderful that this should be almost the first attempt to make a collection of hymns with any other than a partizan or sectarian object. The meaner passions of mankind, which seem to choose religion as a field in which to display themselves, have left abundant traces of their workings here. Hymn-writers themselves have been too apt to present Christianity in a sanguinary and distorted aspect, and to accompany the words of universal charity with an undertone of selfish security and triumph. These faults cannot however be justly charged to their account, any more than the improbability or brutality of a legend to that of the wood-engraver or sculptor who represents it. They are a part of what we may call without offence popular religion—the cheap and handy compendium of infinite truths. The cruelty which they seem to express is practically consistent, not only with indulgent judgment, but with charitable hope for individuals. Watts, a man of the tenderest nature, could write *for children*:—

"There is a dreadful hell
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners shall with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains."

And this, again, to be sung by a small congregation of Dissenters:—

"We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot, enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

Apart from these grosser faults of sentiment, there are many besetting sins common to hymn-writers. Simplicity may be

* The Book of Praise. From the best English hymn-writers. Selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer. Macmillans.
Hymns for the Church of England. Longmans. 1863.
The Chorale Book for England. Longmans.

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allowed to take a homely air, but it must not become the excuse for meanness or vulgarity. As in Watts :—

"Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame;
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
And scarce deserves the name!"

And again :—

"My heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies;
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!"

A more offensive fault than this is that almost amorous familiarity with which the second person of the Trinity is sometimes addressed. This belongs chiefly to the Moravian and Lutheran hymnology; but, strangely enough, the same tendency is prominent in the prose meditations of Roman Catholic mystics. The comparatively sober tone of English character subdues even our fanaticism, and makes faults like these exceedingly rare, even in books of the darkest shade of doctrine.

Sir Roundell Palmer has succeeded in producing a collection of hymns which will probably attract the attention of a wider circle of readers than any which have gone before. It is probable that many lovers of the poetry and devotion of the Caroline epoch may be disappointed at their scanty representation in the book. But a moment's consideration of the special nature and requirements of a hymn, as distinguished from a religious or devotional poem, will justify the editor. The merits and defects of the great writers of that time alike unfit them for such a collection. Irregular metres, crabbed rhythm, a parade of learned and secular allusions, and a philosophical turn of thought—these are all faults for the collector's purpose, however indulgently or even fondly an individual student may regard them. We cannot but regret very much, however, the absence of a hymn of Donne's, beginning "Canst Thou forgive?" in which all these foibles are conspicuous by their absence. It is given in Walton's Life, and any one who will read it there will, we think, agree with us that it approaches as nearly to the perfect ideal of such compositions as any other in the language.

Throughout the whole collection there is evidence of very great care in arrangement. It is admirably worked out. If there be any fault, we should say it was over-arrangement; but this must be a matter which use alone can decide. In the important mattter of texts, Sir Roundell Palmer goes on the unexceptionable principle of restoring the original words of the author, or, in the event of any variation being maintained, indicating the source of it. In one instance, a little laxity might have been used with advantage. Toplady appears to have written in the last stanza of the well-known "Rock of Ages,"—

"When my eyestrings break in death;"

the generally-received variation is,—

"When my eyelids close in death,"

and we regret that this was not retained.

The book is prettily printed and bound, in the "Golden Treasury" style, and is adorned with a powerful drawing by Mr. Woolner, representing David with his harp.

A much less successful collection is contained in a very pretentious, but empty little book, entitled, "Hymns for the Church of England." In an anonymous preface we are told that the best efforts have been used to make this book of hymns agree with the reverent and grave tone of Holy Scripture and the Book of Common Prayer. The editor appears to be one of that too numerous class who think that "reverence," "gravity," the Prayer-book, the Bible, and the Church, are opposed to taste and imagination. We submit that even a Nonconformist poet deserves better treatment than the unfortunate Watts receives at the hands of this anonymous Procrustes.

Watts writes :—

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down."

His improver substitutes, out of regard for reverence, gravity, and the Book of Common Prayer :—

"Behold His head, His hands, His feet;
See love and sorrow flowing down."

The same fatality pursues him in the changes which his principles demanded in other hymns.

"The English Chorale Book," was noticed weeks ago in these columns as a collection of tunes, but it is still more remarkable as a hymn-book. It contains 200 German hymns translated by Miss Winkworth, whose previous translations, published under the name of "Lyra Germanica," are widely known. If they were published as original hymns they would immediately take a high rank; but the fact of their being translations rather enhances than diminishes their merits. Miss Winkworth's English is excellent, and she knows how to give it modifications suited to the date and character of each original. This, from Luther's "Ein' feste Burg," is as nervous and gnarled as the original :—

And were the world with devils fill'd,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded Prince no more
Harms us as of yore;
Look grim as he may,
Doom'd is his ancient sway,
A word can overthrow him.

Even hymn-writing is not exempted from the peculiar dangers of the time. We are perhaps getting too self-conscious to deal successfully with so simple and frank a form of expression. The delicacy and warmth of Herbert are revived in Keble; but the popular element is wanting. Perhaps the higher gifts exclude the lower, and we must be content to exchange artless beauty and strength for a less powerful but more varied and subtle style. Yet the immense popularity of "revival" hymn-books among the classes for whose religious education hymns chiefly exist, is a fact which should encourage literary artists of a superior order to study how they may, in this species of poetry, appeal to the devotional feelings of the many, without offending the taste and judgment of the educated few.

KNIGHT'S POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

After seven years' labour, Mr. Knight has at length completed the great work of his literary life. The object he set to himself in the beginning, was to write a book worthy to be put into the hands of "a young man of eighteen who asks for a history of England," and he has reason to believe, he tells us with justifiable pride, that he has been successful. Not only has the History been received with a large measure of public favour, but so competent a judge as Mr. Kingsley recommended it as a text book in lectures delivered to a class of which the Prince of Wales was a member. It has thus received an official as well as a popular sanction.

The concluding volume is perhaps even more valuable than its predecessors, for it deals with a period hitherto almost untouched by historians. In England, as elsewhere, recent events are those which men know the least about. They are too near for distinct vision. Like the words on a printed page held close to the eye, they always seem blotted and confused. A narrative of them comes with the force of a surprise even upon those who acted a part in them. Moreover, it is not easy to write such a narrative. The materials are not readily accessible, and if they are attained, they are mostly used only in accordance with the bias of the writer. This is the defect which disfigures the pages of Miss Martineau and Sir A. Alison, so that not until now have we had a continuous history of the momentous events of the long peace, free alike from sectarian and party prejudice. Mr. Knight, though he writes throughout from a liberal point of view, has, in a spirit of wise self-denial, determined to impart knowledge without battling for opinions. He tells the truth, and the whole truth, but leaves the inference to be drawn by the reader.

It would be impossible even to indicate the variety of subjects treated of by Mr. Knight, but they have one notable characteristic in common. With the exception of the opening chapters, which are devoted to the American War of 1812 and to the Hundred Days, the book relates almost exclusively to domestic events. After the fall of Bonaparte, Englishmen lost their interest for a while in the affairs of other nations, and confined their attention chiefly to their own. The great political and social problems, the solution of which had been interrupted by the war, monopolized the public mind. Foreign affairs sunk into the second place, and few, outside Downing-street, knew or cared much about them. They did not regulate the fate of ministries. They scarcely ever furnished the materials of a Parliamentary debate. The prevailing temper was well represented in a humorous letter addressed by Sydney Smith to the Countess Grey :—

"For God's sake," he writes in 1823, "do not drag me into another war! I was worn down and worn out with crusading and defending Europe and protecting mankind. I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards; I am sorry for the Greeks; I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed; I do not like the present state of the Delta; Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be the champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey! No eloquence, but apathy, selfishness, common-sense, arithmetic. I beseech you, secure Lord Grey's sword and pistols, as the housekeeper did Don Quixote's armour. If there is another war, life will not be worth having."

And there was no alteration in this phase of feeling until the year 1848. Then a reaction set in. The bursting of the Chartist bubble proved the stability of our institutions, and the success of the efforts by which they had been built up.

At peace among ourselves, with our principal subjects of controversy settled once and for ever, we could afford to rest upon our oars, and enjoy the luxury of watching the tempests which were shaking every throne in Europe, but from which our own foresight and wisdom had saved us. The current of popular sympathy and interest began once more to flow outwards, and has continued in the same channel from that time to this. But not only have the stirring episodes of the Russian and Italian wars, the Indian Mutiny, and the American Rebellion so absorbed men's

* Knight's Popular History of England. Vol. 8. Bradbury and Evans.

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thoughts as to render our history at home a blank; they have also gone far to extinguish the memory of the great measures of the peace. Yet no period since the Revolution has been so fraught with blessings for England. The chronicle of almost unbroken prosperity may appear tame to readers nourished on the sensation literature which wars produce. While the ear is filled with the sound of the conflict of armed hosts, it may be difficult to appreciate the import of debates on finance or representative institutions. But when the English historian comes to arrange the events of the past half century—as far as they affect his country—in their order of magnitude, he will assuredly assign the place of precedence to the epoch in which the bloodless but decisive battles for Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and Free-trade were fought and won.

Breathing the calm political atmosphere of 1863, we are able to laugh at the panic caused by each of these measures in its turn, especially by the Reform Bill. Yet there was good excuse at the time for what Lord Sidmouth called "the regrets of the good, the fears of the wise." The French Revolution of 1830 had given new audacity to the violent reformers, and signs were not wanting that a similar catastrophe was quite possible in England. Of course the Government were not responsible for the excess of the dregs of their supporters, but it must be admitted that there was some truth in the charge brought against them by Sir Robert Peel, that "they had, like the giant enemy of the Philistines, lighted three hundred brands and scattered through the country discord and dismay." Their language was sometimes rather inflammatory, and on one occasion, even so cautious a leader as Lord John Russell hinted that the "whisper of a faction" might be effectually stifled by suspending the payment of taxes. Still they are not chargeable in any way with the acts of violence perpetrated in every corner of the kingdom. These were the results of the frenzied appeals of fanatics like "Orator Hunt." At Derby the city gaol was broken open. The castle at Nottingham was burnt to the ground by an infuriated mob. Bristol suffered even more severely: for two whole days a crowd of blackguards and pitmen shouting for "drink or blood" held the lives of the citizens at their mercy. Agricultural labourers took to rick-burning and manufacturing operatives to smashing machinery. Besides all this, the terrible shadow of advancing cholera roused the fears of the superstitious. No wonder that the prophets of evil were plentiful. Sir Robert Inglis was "quite sure" that in ten years the House of Lords would be clean swept away. Lord Eldon declared that the sun of England had set for ever. The Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench solemnly washed his hands of any share in his country's impending ruin. Nor were these gloomy forebodings confined to the Tories only. They prevailed among men of all parties, and were shared by the most liberal thinkers. Dr. Arnold—a man not prone to idle fears—was deeply anxious as to the future of his country. Yet the dreaded Reformed Parliaments have done nothing revolutionary, and the course of improvement has been steady but gradual. Thus, the results of the Bill have falsified the fears of the ultra Tories, and at the same time disappointed the hopes of the ultra Liberals. The latter find their favourite schemes as far from realization as ever, and accordingly revenge themselves by denouncing the Bill as a constitutional hoax and its authors as selfish impostors. One of their most brilliant writers declares it to have been a sham in schedule A, a greater sham in schedule B, while the aggregate representation of the people remained as delusive as in the days of Walpole. Reasonable people, however, will be well satisfied with the progress that has been made, and will feel thankful that the crude ideas of some of the more ardent members of the Parliament of 1833 have never found their way beyond the order-book of the House of Commons. A new municipal system, sweeping away exclusive and corrupting privileges; a poor-law under which the pauper, though well cared for, is no longer petted and pampered; increased liberty of action for the colonies; the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, bought with a heavier price than thick and thin abolitionists will acknowledge; a civil code stripped of the absurdities which, until lately, formed part of the system extolled as the perfection of human reason; criminal jurisprudence purified from barbarities disgraceful to humanity; and, greatest perhaps of all, the firm establishment of Free-trade,—these are some of the chief triumphs of a reforming era.

But if we would measure all that has been done, we must look beyond the statute-book, and follow Mr. Knight's interesting chapters on our social improvement. We could have no better guide, for he has himself had an honourable share in the changes which have been wrought. The chasm is wide that separates the England of 1815 from the England of to-day. Old things have indeed passed away. Our modes of living, travelling, thinking, have all been revolutionized. The sanitary reformers have been at work, rooting out the lurking-places of pestilence and crime which disgrace great cities. Their success is as yet but partial: "guilt gardens" still exist, and still pour forth their miserable army of beggars and robbers seeking prey. New Oxford-street has swept away the "Rookery" and "Holy Land;" but the network of fever-stricken alleys of St. Giles remain. Yet much has been done, as the Bills of Mortality can testify. Public baths, new parks, improved lodging-houses, have brought cleanliness and health within the reach of the poorest. The labours of the engineer have been more remarkable. George Stephenson has been the father of a great race of energetic men, who have woven an iron web round the world. A generation has hardly elapsed since the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened, yet what stupendous results have been already achieved! Last, but not least in importance, "the schoolmaster has been abroad." England has relieved herself from the stigma of being the worst educated country in Europe. For twenty years after the peace, no legislative progress on the subject was made; but the efforts of Lord Brougham were gradually undermining the old opinion that a "little learning was a dangerous thing." The success of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of the London University, and of Mechanics' Institutes, at length convinced people that a little learning was a great deal better than none at all. The cause of education became and has continued popular. No one speaks coldly of it now. If it suffers at all, it is from the rival theories of friends, and not from the attacks of enemies. Some idea of the changed temper of the public may be formed from the education estimates. In 1838, they amounted to £30,000, and even this sum was not voted without a hard struggle; in 1862, £915,000 were given almost without discussion. Even more significant is the vast increase in periodical literature, which Mr. Knight rightly regards as a true measure of the increase of the popular appetite for knowledge.

Altogether we have good reason to be proud of the period of the peace. Its commencement dawned on a nation torn with internal disputes, class prejudices, and class animosities. All these are happily removed, and so calm and contented is the immediate present, that we are wont to say that there are no longer any great questions. But, though we may be at rest for a moment, it would be absurd to suppose that we have entered on a national millennium. The sky is bright overhead, but clouds, no bigger than a man's hand, may any day blacken it with storms. It may be our destiny to have to weather them. Meantime, there can be no better preparation for the task than the study of dangers and difficulties already overcome. "The harvest gathered in the fields of the past," says Dr. Arnold, "is to be brought home for the use of the present." We should take advantage of the sunshine we enjoy to gather the harvest in, and then, strengthened by the lessons it teaches, we shall be better able to meet the conflicts of the future.

THE STORY OF A SIBERIAN EXILE.*

M. Pietrowski's narrative is as interesting as a romance, yet it seems to be entirely authentic. Without any apparent exaggeration or malice, he tells the story of his sufferings, and of his flight from that land whence very few travellers return. Many an exile has attempted to make his escape, but "the many fail, the one succeeds." The chances against success are great indeed. Perils of all sorts must be incurred, terrible and protracted hardships have to be endured, before the poor and friendless fugitive can hope to traverse the endless plains and cross the mountain-ranges which lie between him and freedom. Alone he is fighting with a mighty government, and if he is overcome in the struggle, a fearful punishment awaits him. In the year 1837, an extensive conspiracy was organized among the exiles. A simultaneous rising was planned; the fortresses were to be seized, and a stand made against the imperial troops, while, in case of a reverse, the conspirators were to retire towards Bokhara, and so make their way to British India. But on the eve of the appointed day the plot was discovered. The ringleader was an Abbé Sierocinski, who had been the superior of a convent of St. Basil, in Volhynia, and he was condemned, together with five of his associates, to receive "seven thousand lashes without mercy." None of them lived to undergo the whole number of lashes.

"The Abbé Sierocinski had been purposely reserved to the last, in order that he might witness the sufferings of all his friends. When his turn came, the signal was given, the fatal march began"—for the sentence was executed by soldiers, between whose ranks the victim was forced to walk slowly—"and the old superior of the Basilian convent chanted in a loud, clear voice, 'Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!' General Galafeiev called to those who struck, 'Harder! harder!' and for several minutes the priest's chant rose above the whistling of the rods and the cries of the commanding officer. Sierocinski had only passed once through the ranks, that is to say, he had only received one thousand blows, when he fell upon the snow bathed in his own blood, and senseless. In vain they attempted to place him on his feet. He was then laid on a tumbril prepared beforehand for the purpose, and fastened to a support in such a way as to let the blows fall on his back and shoulders, and thus a second time he passed along. When this second passage was gone through, his groans and screams were still audible; but they gradually got weaker, though he did not expire till after the fourth turn; the last three thousand lashes were laid upon a corpse."

Such is the sickening story which M. Pietrowski tells of the termination of this abortive enterprise. Had he himself been captured during his flight, his own fate might have added another sad chapter to the history of Russian cruelty which remains to be written. It is to be hoped that he has profited by experience, and that he will not again expose himself to dangers from which he has so narrowly escaped.

Early in the year 1843, M. Pietrowski left Paris for Poland, at the command of the secret society to which he belonged. By the aid of an American friend, he obtained an English passport, describing him as a native of Malta; and, fortified with this veracious document, he boldly set out on his journey. Kaminieç, a town of Podolia, was the spot in which he was instructed to locate himself, and there, accordingly, he settled as a teacher of

* The Story of a Siberian Exile. By M. Rufin Pietrowski. Followed by a Narrative of Recent Events in Poland. Translated from the French. Longmans.

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languages, remaining undisturbed by the authorities for the greater part of a year. Professing to be utterly unacquainted with the Russian and Polish languages, he was obliged to keep a constant guard on himself, lest he should be betrayed into the utterance of his own familiar tongue. Even in sleep he was not secure, and had to stipulate for a private bed-room whenever he spent a night away from home. From his Russian friends he constantly heard very trying remarks about his country, and among his own people he became "the involuntary and helpless confidant of the relations, even of the secrets, of families, who thought that they concealed them perfectly by speaking together in Polish." Very few persons were entrusted with his secret, and it was religiously preserved by them, but at length the suspicions of the Government were aroused, and on the last day of the year he was arrested. For a while he maintained his assumed character before his judges, but when he found the evidence against him was too strong to be overcome, he gave in, and allowed himself the luxury of talking once more in his native tongue. "I took a childish and feverish pleasure," he says, "in making use of a freedom which had been so long denied me. It was as if I wished to make amends to myself by the liberty of a few hours for having had to abstain from it during an entire year."

From Kaminieç he was taken to Kiev. At first, he was treated with courtesy, but afterwards he underwent much ill-usage, and was put in irons, which were not taken off until their removal was ordered by Prince Bibikov, the Governor-General. He spent some time in a cell at Kiev, where he suffered greatly, being specially annoyed by the constant surveillance to which he was subjected, for "No one can imagine," he says, "what an indescribable torture it is to a man to see and to know that a watch is kept upon every movement. That strange eye which meets yours at every moment becomes to you a sort of infernal providence; and I abandon the task of making any one understand what it is that the prisoner feels who from the instant that he wakes in the morning sees from his bed those two eyes pointed towards him like two stilettos."

Towards the end of July, 1844, he received his sentence, which was one of penal servitude in Siberia for life. He was forced to make the journey in fetters, but he was allowed a carriage, a privilege due to his noble birth. In some cases the Emperor compels even members of the highest families to travel on foot, and thus adds greatly to the severity of the sentence, for the journey to Tobolsk in that case occupies a year, and to the mines of Nerchinsk more than two years. The convicts suffer terribly from cold, hunger, and fatigue, and not a few out of the ten thousand who are said to be deported every year die on the road, though the officers in charge, "far from making a cruel use of their dictatorship, often show themselves full of care and compassion for the unhappy beings whom they are obliged to conduct." M. Pietrowski found his guards unfeeling, but not brutal. He had some difficulty in inducing them to alter the irons, which were giving him great pain, but they did not add to his sufferings, though they kept a strict watch over him, being continually haunted by the fear of his dying or committing suicide. The people with whom he was brought into contact behaved with the greatest kindness. Travellers would press money on him; young girls gazed after him with tearful eyes. The post-master never failed to offer tea or brandy; while his family and the neighbours hastened to present him with cakes, dried fish, and fruits. Three weeks were thus passed upon the road, and then he arrived at Omsk, whence he was transferred to the spot in which he was sentenced to pass the rest of his life, the village of Ekaterinski-Zavod.

At first he was employed as a common labourer, having to sweep the courtyards, carry wood, and draw water; worst of all was stacking fagots, a miserable employment in the open air, exposed during the winter months to the cold of a Siberian climate. His companions, with a few exceptions, were ordinary malefactors; but they treated him with respect, and were careful not to add to the wretchedness of his position. At the end of a year he was transferred from out-door work to employment within the Government distillery, and his life became far more endurable. There he received wages to the extent of ten francs a month, and not only was free from manual labour, but was enabled to gain an accurate acquaintance with the country, derived from the conversation of the merchants and other travellers with whom he transacted business. He obtained leave to live out of the barracks in which the convicts resided, and shared a cottage with three of his friends. Thus, by the beginning of the year 1846, he had improved his position so much that he could almost have forgotten that he was a convict, and might have fancied he was "merely a recruit of the omnipotent bureaucracy of Russia, sadly banished to these distant realms beneath an inhospitable sky." But his resolve to attempt a flight remained unshaken, and was strengthened by an order which was issued about this time by the Emperor Nicholas, to increase the severity of discipline among the Siberian exiles. He got together all the information he could obtain, and all the money he could amass. After hesitating for some time as to the route which he should take, he determined to cross the Oural mountains, and so to make his way to Archangel, where he hoped to find a French ship which would take him on board. He contrived to forge a passport and an ordinary pass, obtaining a copy of the imperial seal from a coiner of his acquaintance among the felons, and describing himself as a native of Siberia on a sheet of the stamped paper to which his official position in the factory gave him access. His funds amounted to about 200 francs, and with these and a sketch map of his route, he determined to make a bold stroke for liberty. After two unsuccessful attempts, he managed to get away on the 8th of February, 1846, leaving the village at eventide, and crossing the river Irtiche on the ice. A passing traveller took him on his sledge to the nearest town, where he obtained post-horses. Unfortunately a snow-storm came on, and detained him for some hours, and, what was far worse, after he had travelled some little distance, and just as his hopes were highest, he was robbed at a village inn, not only of some money, but of his map and his passport. Still he would not despair, and, pushing boldly on, soon afterwards struck into the high road to Irbite, which he found crowded with travellers. All over the vast plain, to the left of which the wooded slopes of the Oural chain began to be defined, swarmed an innumerable mass of sledges, either going to or returning from the great annual fair. His spirits rose at the sight, he greeted every passenger as an involuntary auxiliary in his flight, and mingled his voice with the cries of the drivers. All went well, and on the third day he arrived, "late in the evening, at the gates of Irbite, 4,000 kilometres distant from Ekaterinski-Zavod. 'Stop, and show your passport!' called the sentry; luckily, he added immediately, 'give me twenty kopeks, and through with you.'" By this time his funds were reduced to about eighty francs, and he was therefore unable to proceed otherwise than on foot. With a little bread and salt in his bag, he walked out of the town, commencing what he justly calls the life of a savage, and one which he was forced to lead for two months. The hardships which he underwent were terrible, but his resolution was never shaken. When he was hungry he ate a piece of frozen bread; when thirsty he sought a hole in one of the frozen ponds, or was forced to content himself with letting snow dissolve in his mouth. His heavy dress greatly impeded him, but yet he did not dare to part with it. When night fell he sought the heart of the forest, and either scooped out a hole in the snow, or occupied the cavities in the drifts around the stems of the great trees. Half-frozen and all but starving as he was, he seldom dared to enter a cottage, though he was often tried almost beyond endurance by the sight of the firelight shining through the crevices, and the thought of the warmth and food within. At length he reached the summit of the Oural, crossing the pass on a fine night, when "the moon illuminated with its full splendour a glorious but fantastic scene, where the gnarled shadows of the trees, and of gigantic masses of rocks, were flung far upon the immense expanse of snow. A silence so solemn as to be almost religious in its unbroken stillness reigned around, except when at times a dry, metallic sound struck upon the ear as the stones cracked and split from the intensity of the frost." Descending the great western slopes of the vast mountain barrier, he reached another apparently endless plain, and at last, after two long months of suffering, he arrived at Veliki-Oustiong.

Hitherto he had travelled as a workman in search of employment. He now changed his character, and professed to be a pilgrim bound for the shrine of Solovetsk, on the White Sea. In this capacity he obtained a free passage down the Dvina to Archangel, and a gratuity of about fifteen shillings in consideration of his services on board the boat, a sum which represented his expenditure during the two preceding months. The voyage occupied a fortnight, at the end of which he at last saw the sea and the flags of the ships, on one of which he hoped to find a refuge. But he was doomed to disappointment; for he was unable to get access to the shipping, and after spending some time in unavailing efforts, he was obliged to give up the attempt, and once more to resume his wanderings. At Vytiegra he was offered a passage to St. Petersburg, and thither accordingly he went. Fortune still befriended him, and he was able to discover a cheap lodging, where the landlady received him without requiring the permission of the police. A few days passed, and he found a vessel on the point of sailing for Riga, and was lucky enough to get on board without his passport being demanded. From Riga he traversed Courland and Lithuania, and at length arrived at the Russian frontier. Watching his opportunity, he crossed it without being stopped, though he was perceived and fired at. At last he was out of the Czar's dominions, but not secure from his grasp, the Prussians being obliged by treaty to restore Russian fugitives, as he found to his cost. For having reached Königsberg in safety, he was there arrested on suspicion, and so, after months of wandering and hardship, he found himself once more in prison. The consternation of the officers before whom he was brought was great when he told them his story. They were bound to give him up, but they could not bring themselves to do so. At last they compromised the matter by conniving at his escape, and the friends whom he had made in the interval facilitated his journey so much that by the end of September, 1846, he found himself again in Paris. There he is still, filling the post of Professor in the Polish College at Batignolles. Of his former companions in misfortune, he says that he can learn but little. "Some have already succumbed under their sorrows; others still groan in Siberia, in the Caucasus, or in the penal companies of Orenburg. May God have mercy upon the living, and upon the dead!"

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This exhibition, which opened for the present season on the 7th instant, has for years past been at a low ebb, as regards both the professional *status* of the artists who contribute to it, and the intrinsic merits of the contributions. It started as a sort of "chapel of ease" to the Royal Academy, the members of which and other magnates

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of the profession found themselves as much at home here as within the academician walls; while the distinguished social position of the governors of the institution, the superiority to clique interests, and the encouragement held out to historic art, lent a halo of substantial dignity to the body which almost availed to rank its secondary position on a par with the primary one of the Academy. This state of things is so entirely past that, among persons who do not remember it within their own experience or as matter of record, none would now find any trace of it save in the list of Directors appended to the catalogues, and in the exhibition of old masters which succeeds, in the summer, to that of living painters in the spring. We cannot say that the one just opened is any better than the recent exhibition; yet we observe that of the few things which are good, most are by young men still feeling their way to a position, and belong to the style of the present day, whose influences and opportunities we may hope to see turned to account in this gallery henceforward more than has of late been the case.

Mr. Hayllar, Mr. Gale, and the sister-painters, Mrs. Bodichon and Miss Leigh Smith, may be credited with having produced the three figure-pictures which stand foremost, on account either of scale combined with merit, or of merit alone. Mr. Hayllar has selected a very racy subject, manifestly tempting to a painter of character, but dangerous as betraying him into farce, with *dramatis personæ* of whom one at least belongs to the stateliest tragedy. This danger has not been wholly avoided by Mr. Hayllar, especially in the figure of the chaplain, Jeremiah White. The subject is from the (apocryphal?) story that this divine was making desperate love to one of Cromwell's daughters; when, finding himself surprised by the Lord Protector, he averted the impending storm by the pretext that he had been pleading to the mistress his passion for one of her maids—which damsel Cromwell produced on the spot, and turned the fictitious wooing into a very matter-of-fact marriage. This finale to an opera-buffa with historic characters is rendered with much finesse and expression by Mr. Hayllar, though tending, as we have implied, rather to the burlesque than the historic phase of the subject. Cromwell, who need scarcely have looked so old unless to maintain the aspect of the theatrical father, cannot be called caricaturish, as the chaplain is, but still less can he be called Cromwellian. The picture, however, is really a clever one; and, especially in the simple, broad handling, and silvery pleasantness of colour, it much surpasses the manner into which Mr. Hayllar had of late been lapsing. Mr. Gale, in most of his contributions, is by no means superior to the timid and rather petty nicety which characterizes him; but one of them is a great advance, and indicates capacities which might place him upon a much higher level altogether. This is entitled "Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem; Greek Pilgrim, Easter, 1862; But Mary stood without at the Sepulchre, weeping." Small as it is in size, this picture has a remarkable degree of grave dignity and subdued pathos. The painter has evidently intended that the spectator's thoughts should be carried, from the actual modern female pilgrim before him at the Church of the Sepulchre, back to the Mary (rather the Mother than the Magdalen) at the very tomb of Jesus; and his art is equal to effecting the transition without strained symbolism or pietistic grimacing. The figure may be highly commended for its wan, tender sorrowfulness, and self-forgetful simplicity of pose. The execution, also, unites much more than the usual solidity and fulness to Mr. Gale's minute finish. The work by Mrs. Bodichon and Miss Leigh Smith is "An Algerian Burial-ground," painted on a large scale, and with a good number of figures; these being executed, as we conceive, by the latter lady, the landscape by the former. To the landscape, accurately and impressively painted, pertains the chief positive merit of the work; yet the figures, although wanting in mobility and in ease of distribution, are also done seriously, steadily, and modestly, in such wise as to be satisfactory where they succeed, harmless where they fail, and clearly preparatory to completer success hereafter.

Mr. Clark, like Mr. Gale, makes an advance in his picture of "Auld Lang Syne,"

> "We twa hae run amang the braes,
> And pu'd the gowans fine."

There is more in it of impulse and of painter-like conception than in any of his previous works, though its execution, faint and neutral, is not different from that of his average productions, and is inferior to his best. The subject is two children out on the hills; the elder boy crooning a song, open-mouthed; the younger (whether boy or girl we are not certain) sorting some wild-flowers. "Passing into the Shade," by Mr. Boughton, represents with skill, in the French manner, and with some quiet depth of feeling, two aged Frenchwomen entering a dim wood. "The Village Pump," by Mr. Burr, is a study of a young damsel by the pump-side, executed with sketchy breadth, and not wanting in fine character. Mr. Eddis sends a "Study from Nature" of a handsome, gentle girl of fourteen, with antelope-like eyes, and long, dark-brown hair falling over the shoulders; the best head he has exhibited this long while, stronger than usual in style. Mr. G. D. Leslie is still at that stage of art where everything that he does looks as if a very little more would make it a great deal better than it actually is: "The Lost Carkanet," a fifteenth-century subject of a lady and a serving-boy, has facility, nature, and prettiness, and yet disappoints the liking which it seems on the verge of satisfying. Mr. Walter Field has chosen an ambitious and strong subject, and has so far succeeded as at least to show a mental appreciation of its opportunities. It represents three Royalist officers under the Commonwealth, who, being capitally convicted, were allowed to have lots drawn by a child for one of them only to suffer death. The suspense and emotion of the moment, though not exactly realized, are indicated with a degree of point and reserve which augurs favourably for Mr. Field's future efforts. As minor works of some substance, we may name "Well Matched," by Mr. Ridley,—an indifferent married couple, not unlike one of Mr. Keene's woodcuts in colour; "The Bravo," by Mr. Yeames, lurking behind a pillar with drawn sword for the victim whose hand even now draws the curtain aside; "Chased, dead Beat," and "Rest from Labour," by W. F. Weekes, both diminutive, but not petty in feeling and style; "The Gamblers," by Mr. Payton, a very creditable imitation of Meissonnier, though too directly imitative; "Baby's Toes," by Mr. Houghton, a quaint, infantine garden-group; and "Traubenlust," by Miss Turck, an accurate and nicely painted study of a peasant-girl, the Teutonic type of whose face almost approximates to the Mongolian.

In the landscapes, as in the figure-subjects, there is a trio of superior quality. The most beautiful of these is the "Winter" of Mr. Mignot—a gentleman whose name is new to us. This is a really exquisite picture, combining a quasi-English purity of colour with French solidity of impasto and fusion of masses. The snow, though subtle enough in tint to be felt as truly a white object, is blue under the reflections of the closing day; the sky has a tinge of greenish yellow, its horizon barred with tawny red and whiteish lemon-colour; the plashy water of the foreground, green from the sky-tints, is settling its level surface into ice. From Mr. E. Hargitt we have a picture of grand scale and subject, and adequate power of execution—"The Sea-birds' Revel." The realization of the storm-boding sea is impressive, solid, and industriously worked, its breakers, grey and bottle-green, capped with yellowish churning foam; the sky slaty-purple with a forked flash of lightning; the gathering, restlessly winging, or grimly expectant cormorants and gulls, agitated with strange instincts of exultation, and well disposed for the pictorial effect. Solidly handled as the picture is, we must admit that the touch is to some extent mechanical, but its general effectiveness avails to pass this off as a minor blemish. "Morning on Cartmel Sands," by Mr. Oakes, gives a difficult and peculiar aspect of nature, with something of poetic character. The sun flashes central in the heavens, casting a blaze of liquid white light along the washy sands, broken with wide ruts of standing water. The mounted figures are skilfully fused in the light; nearer, and more distinct, is a boat, with some ducks beside it. The colour is a little rank in the solid portions of the picture, and opaque in the sky; but the picture, taken as a whole, realizes a vivid theme vividly.

After these conspicuous works, the most meritorious are "A Sunny Day in Autumn," by Mr. Robb, a pretty bit of Præ-Raffaelism, green in the sun; "The Wreck of the barque *Padre* at Mullion, Cornwall," by Mr. Whittaker, disadvantageously hung, but seeming to have some original quality in the artist's feeling and handling; "Tintagel Castle, Cornwall," by Mr. Naish, more intense than harmonious in its tremendous purpled-green sea flowing amid the hollows of the green slopes of cliff; "Home Again," by Mr. Lionel Smythe, remarkable for its giant thistle; the "Old Mill and Salmon-trap on the Dee" of Mr. Huggins, the first bit of topographic landscape we remember from his hand, and something between Mr. Davis and Mr. Gosling in style; "Evening Mists, Lake of Como," by Mr. Bridell, an interesting, bright sketch, though wanting refinement of hand; and "From the High Ground, Woodend, Bute," by Mr. George Sant, a study not deficient in picture-like quality, with sweet, soft, winter brushwood, and a brace of goats.

In one of the only two noticeable animal-pictures, goats are again the life of the scene. "Catching Wild Goats on Moel Siabod, North Wales," is about the best painting that Mr. Sidney Cooper has ever produced; exhibiting a great advance in motion, pictorial point of view, and arrangement of broad, deep-toned masses. Mr. Cooper seems to have felt that the old respectable jog-trot will not quite do now-a-days, and to have found in himself energies equal to the occasion, when he made an honest endeavour to elicit them. Still better is "Counting the Lambs—October Evening," by Mr. H. Moore; a picture which is equally landscape and animal-subject, and which has a genuinely "distinguished" character, such as would befit historic landscape-work on a large scale. The colour, as in several of Mr. Moore's later works, has a neutral tendency, not very greatly transcending grisaille as a representation of actual facts of colour; yet it is sound and good according to its limitations, and in no way mars, though it narrows, the value of a really fine work.

MUSIC.

At the last Monday Popular Concert, Spohr's Nonetto was repeated; Herr Molique taking Mons. Sainton's place as violinist—the other executants being the same as on the first performance of the work at these concerts a month since. Herr Molique's style of playing having so much analogy with that of Spohr, he is peculiarly fitted for the interpretation of Spohr's violin music; the difficulties of which are as much those of manner as of mechanism. Herr Molique's appearances have, of late, been very unfrequent; and his playing on Monday night consequently lacked somewhat of

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that freedom and certainty which are scarcely to be maintained without constant public exercise. Herr Molique, however, has other and higher merits than those of a mere executant. As a thorough master of theory and composition he will always command esteem and respect. The novelty at the concert referred to was Beethoven's Sonata in D for piano and violoncello, the second of the set of two, op. 102. This sonata, with its companion, has generally been included among what many have been pleased to call the "unintelligible" works of Beethoven—that is, works which, instead of the clearly-cut outline and symmetrical proportions of the Haydn and Mozart styles, are abstract and shadowy in spirit, and subject to no external structural laws; moulding themselves into a shape of their own, and not to be judged by reference to any standard. Some critics have sought to show that Beethoven's latter works are crude and unintelligible, because the composer, from the deafness which afflicted his declining years, was unable to hear what he was writing. This notion is based on an entire misconception of the purely intellectual nature of composition. A small *dilettante* may pick out certain notes on the pianoforte, and, jotting them down or getting them jotted down for him, may flatter himself that he is composing; but this is not the process by which the great masters of the art exercised the high gift of composition. As well might a poem be written entirely by the aid of a rhyming dictionary. True, a musical composition, written down from intellectual conception, may be slightly modified in some small details on after-hearing; but so may a written poem on after-recital. The conception, however, of any work deserving the name of composition, must be intellectual and independent of external aids. That Beethoven's deafness modified his style is true, inasmuch as his mind was thereby further removed from external influences, and the increased solitude of thought and habit of self-communing imparted a more abstract and subjective tone to his imagination. To this very influence we owe some of his grandest and most sublime inspirations, among others the Mass in D—a colossal piece of spiritual music, which could only have proceeded from the profound depths of a mind excluded from the outer world and given up entirely to lofty contemplation.

The sonata which has led to these remarks belongs to the same phase of Beethoven's genius that produced the great solo sonata in B flat. In both works, although in unequal degrees, there is that indefinite impression of vastness which, like the "dim religious light" of a Gothic cathedral, calls up far deeper emotions than can be raised by mere symmetry of proportion and clearness of outline. The slow movement of the sonata in D is a reverie full of the deepest thought and the profoundest sentiment; while the finale, in the intricacies of fugal imitation and the learned contrivances of counterpoint, almost rivals the last movement of the B flat sonata previously referred to. To Signor Piatti, who was the violoncellist, and to Mr. Charles Hallé, the pianist, must be accorded equal praise for their admirable execution of this most difficult work. Mr. Hallé also won golden opinions by his chaste and finished playing of Mozart's sonata in A minor, one of its composer's most perfect solo pieces. The remaining instrumental performances consisted of two of Molique's romances for the violin, played by himself and accompanied by Mr. Benedict; and one of Haydn's pianoforte trios. The vocalists were Mr. Winn and Madlle. Florence Lancia; the latter of whom sang Schubert's "Le Berger sur la Montagne"—not one of his most characteristic songs, but rendered peculiarly effective on this occasion by the obligato clarionet accompaniment of Mr. Lazarus, whose performance was of the highest refinement and finish. At the concert of Monday next, Madame Arabella Goddard is to play Weber's solo sonata in E minor, one of the finest specimens of the romantic school of pianoforte music.

Mr. Henry Phillips' farewell concert took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening; when this veteran singer bade adieu to the public, to whom, at the same time, he introduced his two daughters—the one a soprano, the other a contralto. The concert, which was of a very miscellaneous and popular character, was chiefly interesting on account of the last appearance of him who was, for many years, one of our favourite singers, both on the stage and in the concert-room. Mr. Phillips' singing, if not remarkable for power or dramatic expression, was always distinguished by a suavity of vocalization which rendered him especially successful in the ballad style. On Wednesday, Mr. Phillips sang several of the songs in which he was accustomed to please the audiences of some twenty or thirty years since; and, among other things, with Mr. Sims Reeves, Braham's duet "All's well"—not a very recondite composition; but one which, no doubt, awoke many recollections and sympathies among the sexagenarian portion of the audience. Mr. Phillips' singing betrayed but little evidence of the many years which have elapsed since he was the favourite English barytone—there was the same smooth vocalization as formerly, with, of course, somewhat less power. The two debutantes have yet much to learn before they can take rank as public vocalists; but, being young and intelligent, there is no reason why they should not achieve a position as concert-singers. It is to be regretted that Mr. Phillips should have published the memoir of himself which was prefixed to the book of words, containing, as it does, the following passage: "The operas which Mr. Phillips has rendered celebrated are: 'Der Freyschütz,' 'Der Vampyr,' 'Hofer,' 'The Maid of Artois,' 'Siege of Rochelle,' 'Cosi fan tutte,' 'Mountain Sylph,' 'Fair Rosamond,' 'Maritana,' 'Amilie,' &c., &c." It is true the memoir is quoted from a literary journal, but good taste should have withheld Mr. Phillips from circulating a statement that the celebrity of such operas as "Der Freyschütz" and "Cosi fan tutte" (to say nothing of the others) is attributable to his singing.

At the Hanover-square Rooms, also on Wednesday evening, there was a trial, by the Musical Society of London, of new orchestral compositions, including symphonies by Messrs. E. Perry and E. Silas, a violin concerto composed and performed by Mr. E. W. Thomas, and overtures by Messrs. Oberthür, Schloesser, and Schröder. As the performance was not public, criticism is uncalled for; but mention of the fact is due in proof of the meritorious exertions of this society in affording, at great cost to themselves, an opportunity to aspiring composers of hearing the effect of their works for a full orchestra. If, therefore, we possess amongst us a "mute inglorious" Mozart or Beethoven, there is now no excuse for his hiding his talents under a bushel, and retiring on the heretofore favourite grievance of there being "no encouragement for native talent."

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

The Rev. G. Williams, Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, lectured at the Royal Institution, "On the Recent Discoveries at Jerusalem." These discoveries were those of the Count de Vogüé and Signor Pierotti. He confined himself to those made in relation to the Haram-esh-Sherif, popularly known as the Mosque of Omar, and those on the north side of the Haram, the site of the fortress of Antonia.

The first point is to determine the position of the Temple of Solomon. This is now fixed beyond all question by the discovery of the water system of the Temple, still existing beneath the platform of the Haram. In the ancient Jewish sacrifices large provision had to be made for the effectual washing away of the blood and offal of the victims slaughtered for the altar, and we have been informed historically of the extent of the water system provided for this purpose. Aristeas, in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, mentions that a natural spring gushed out from within the Temple, and was received into subterranean reservoirs, which were connected by conduits to the extent of five stadia about the Temple, with secret apertures known only to the ministering Levites. In the rocky cave under the dome of the Mosque of Omar there was a circular slab covering another hollow beneath, as was known from its giving forth a hollow sound on being struck. Professor Willis had been the first to conjecture that this was the drain and cesspool of the Jewish altar, described in the Mishna. This is now proved by actual exploration to be the case. An aqueduct entered the lower cave from the south, and a drain ran from it to the north, and afterwards turned east towards the Valley of Kedron, where the blood and offal, diluted with water, were in olden times sold to the gardeners for manure.

We therefore conclude that this was part of the water-system connected with the Temple of Solomon. He proceeded to show how the view that the Mosque of Omar stood on the site of that edifice could be further worked out. The site on which the mosque stands is a raised platform of natural rock, scarped at the sides, and the measurements of the inner walls give the exact size of the inner Temple, and fulfil the conditions required by the disposition of its various buildings, as determined by the site of the altar, already fixed by the previous considerations.

The next subject discussed was the subterranean passage of Herod the Great, by which he connected the fortress Antonia with the eastern gate of the Temple. Josephus has mentioned this passage; but there is a discrepancy between his statement, as we now read it, and the facts discovered; for Josephus writes that the passage ran to the eastern gate of the *inner* Temple, while the passage discovered terminated at the eastern gate of the *outer* temple. The difference might, however, be adjusted by a slight correction in the text of Josephus, which involves only the alteration of half a letter. The Greek *sigma* (Σ) was so like the *xi* (Ξ), that they might easily be interchanged, so that the original reading may have been ἐξωθεν (outer) consistently with existing phenomena, instead of ἐσωθεν (inner), according to the received reading, which does not accurately describe the way discovered. The importance of this discovery is, that it determines the position both of the fortress Antonia and of the eastern gate of the Temple. Attention was next drawn to a block of ancient masonry, embedded in the rock near the north-west angle of the Haram. The north wall of the enclosure at this angle is cut in the living rock, and presents a precipice of 20 or 25 feet. In the Book of Maccabees, and in Josephus, we are told that the Macedonians, under Antiochus Epiphanes, built a fortress to command the Temple. This the Jews, on recovering the city, regarded with so much horror, that they laboured incessantly, night and day, for three years and six months, to demolish it; and not only demolished the fortress, but cut away the very hill on which it stood. The question then, is, whether the masonry belonged to the original fortress of the Macedonians, or to some part of the fortress Antonia, erected by Herod on the site of the Baris of the Asmonæans. The lecturer was disposed to refer it to the Antonia, and thought that it threw light upon a remarkable prediction recorded in Josephus in reference to the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. Josephus says that the Jews, by the demolition of Antonia, made their Temple quadrangular; while it was written in their oracles "that their city should then be taken when the Temple should become a quadrangle." The demo-

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lition of the buildings of Antonia, which had projected into the court of the Temple, would have had the effect of making the Temple quadrangular. Notice was now taken of a truly stupendous sub-way that had been discovered outside the north-west angle of the Temple. It is 224 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 29 feet high. Two side passages run out, one to the east and one towards the west. The lecturer presumed this was the scene of the fearful tragedy recorded of Aristobulus and Antigonus, the two sons of Hyrcanus, who, on the death of their father, divided the kingdom between them. Being together at Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles, attempts were made to set Aristobulus against his brother on the plea that he was plotting to seize the kingdom from him. Aristobulus so far yielded to these representations as to send a message to his brother to come to him unarmed; and at the same time he placed some of his body-guard in a dark, subterraneous passage, with instructions to fall upon him if he came armed. The messenger was intercepted by Aristobulus' wife, who sent a request to Antigonus to come armed. He was thus fallen upon and killed. The intelligence was conveyed to his brother, who, in the mental agony caused by the occurrence, was attacked with vomiting of blood. The servant who was carrying it away accidentally spilt it on the very spot stained with the blood of the murdered Antigonus. The attendants who witnessed the occurrence raised a cry of horror at seeing the blood of the two brothers thus mingled together. The cry reached the ears of Aristobulus, who was lying ill in the Baris, afterwards called Antonia, and he insisted upon knowing the cause. The shock incident on the intelligence occasioned such an increase of his malady that he shortly died in the greatest remorse.

The gallery recently discovered by Signor Pierotti seems entirely to answer to the description of the dark vault in which this murder was perpetrated; but, whether this were so or not, there can be no doubt that it was a covered passage of communication between one part of Antonia and another. And this position of the fortress Antonia is further confirmed by the accidental discovery of a side portal of the great arch known as the "Arch of Ecce Homo." This is thus proved to be an ancient Roman gate, and the only use that could be assigned to it, in such a situation, was that it was the gate that connected the fortress Antonia with the city.

The Anthropological Society commenced its meetings on Tuesday last. The inaugural address was "On the Study of Anthropology." The President, Dr. James Hunt, said the Society had been formed for the prosecution of the study of an important branch of science, for which up to the present time there had been no fit place for discussion in any other Society. By some writers, especially by Dr. Latham, the term anthropology has been circumscribed in its meaning to the mere relationship of man to the mammalia. If no other question were involved this would still be an important one—but anthropology had a far wider range than this when regarded in its proper aspect. What time has been wasted in idle speculations, assumptions, and theories respecting the history of man; what volumes have been poured from the press on the origin of the human family! and yet at this moment man's place in nature is a matter of high dispute. Ethnology treats chiefly of the history of nations and races; ethnography of their geographical distribution. Anthropology has a more extended field and is the science of the whole nature of man; and its duty is to investigate the laws regulating the development, distribution, and conditions of mankind. Hitherto attention has been devoted almost exclusively to the physical anthropology which Blumenbach introduced; what is wanted now are investigations into the mental and moral characters of the distinctive races of mankind. Psychological investigations are of as high importance as physical investigations. Perhaps psychological distinctions may proceed from physical causes, but we shall be more likely to get light thrown on such difficult questions if both classes of investigations are conducted at the same time. A serious charge has been made against the American school of anthropologists, that the interest of maintaining slavery has induced them to advocate a distinct origin for the negro race. Such a charge is doubtless a calumny; but if it could be proved that the negro had descended from the ape, and only a few generations ago, it did not alter the fact that at present he is a man and has so much in common with ourselves, that such parentage could be no excuse for using him cruelly. It could never be an object of the present society to support slavery with its abuses, but at the same time it must not shrink from the candid examination of any doctrine; and it would be its duty carefully to record all deviations from the higher European standard of human organization and the analogies with inferior animals which are manifested in the negro race. Anthropology as a *science* could scarcely be said to have any existence at all, notwithstanding the years of labour by ethnologists and anatomists. Why there should be accumulations of reliable facts and systematic collections of all classes of animals but man, is a psychological question of some interest, but whatever the reason, there is no doubt of the fact. Dr. Morton, in America, had attempted to remedy this want, and others had followed his example in this country; but what has been done is still comparatively useless for want of some general and recognised principles of anthropology. However valuable as illustrations crania may be, the information they afford is insignificant compared to the knowledge to be derived from casts of the interior of the skull-cavity. The importance of a collection of such representative brain-casts of monkeys, apes, and men has been felt, and a collection is already being made by Mr. Flower at the College of Surgeons. Metaphysicians have attempted to prove the logical necessity of the unity of mankind. Prejudices, superstitions, interests, and gratuitous assumptions have stood in the way of the only method by which satisfactory results can be obtained—inductive and deductive reasoning. The state of affairs is then exactly what was to be expected, that while progress has been made in every other branch of knowledge the so-called "Science of man" remains very little better than where Herder left it nearly a hundred years ago. Thanks to geologists, the evidence had been obtained of the vast antiquity of man. When Professor Waitz, in 1860, before the British Association, affirmed that to reconcile the hypothesis of the unity of origin of mankind (for which he is an advocate) man could not have been on the earth less than 35,000 years, very likely not less than 9,000,000, his remarks were favoured with laughter; but since the question has grown more and more into public consideration, and the statement of Professor Huxley in his new book issued a few days ago, that "if any form of the doctrine of progressive development is correct, we must extend by long epochs the most liberal estimate that has yet been made of the antiquity of man," is received without derision.

In Borneo we have a myth of the creation of man from the dust of the earth, and that woman was made from the toe of the man; the Thibetians, on the other hand, unblushingly claim their descent from the ape. No one will deny the possibility of such a descent for man, by some law of development; but the transmutation of species has yet to be proved; and not only are, in a scientific aspect, the views that have been propagated on the unity of man's origin from a single pair purely hypothetical, but so also are those of the plurality of originating pairs, and that of the creations of men in nations as held by Agassiz. It had sometimes been asserted that there was less difficulty in accounting for existing conditions by assuming a plurality of origin than to explain how all races could be descended from a single pair. Science, however, has nothing to do with what was the easiest explanation, but with what is the truth.

The address then noticed in detail various prominent topics which would necessarily attract the attention of the Society; and with respect to the discussions which should be permitted at the meeting, the President said the unity of mankind was an article of faith with many persons whose opinions deserve respect, but as an article of faith it could not be permitted to be discussed, although, as a scientific hypothesis, it and every other view could be fully investigated, and treated with the utmost liberty of thought and speech.

Such is a brief summary of the presidential address. The establishment of a new learned society would ordinarily be a matter of interest, and when one is formed specially to investigate a subject, portions of which are occupying the talents of some of the most eminent men of the day, it is natural to feel an interest in the basis on which its proceedings are to be conducted.

The Geological Society has awarded the Wollaston Gold Medal to Professor Gustav Bishoff, of Bonn; and the Wollaston Donation Fund to Professor Senft, of Eisenach. In the anniversary address the President, Professor Ramsay, discussed the Breaks in the Succession of the British Palæozoic Strata, and the theoretical considerations connected with the general subject of physical breaks, especially the hypothesis of Mr. Darwin, and the question of the contemporaneity of strata; he concluded that the intervals of time unrepresented by Palæozoic strata in Britain were of longer duration than those which are thus represented.

Cast iron has recently been experimentally manufactured at the Crevelea Iron Works, by the use of condensed peat. The quality of the iron thus reduced is said to be equal to the best Swedish iron. Crevelea is about four miles from Drumkeeran, in Leitrim, and in the neighbourhood are situated some of the coal-mines of that county; but the district is particularly remarkable for the enormous quantity of iron-stone which is found throughout it in a state of great purity. The works were erected some ten years since; but owing to the distance of the coal-mines from them, and for other reasons, were abandoned. Near at hand is a vast plain of peat, and the experiments have been undertaken with a view to utilize this ready and economic source of fuel in the smelting of the valuable and abundant iron-ore of the district.

It has long been known that peat is a remarkably pure fuel, possessing all the elements for melting iron, but the difficulty has been in getting rid of the water in the peat, and to produce a sufficiently consolidated material to resist the blast requisite for smelting iron. This has been effected by Mr. Buckland's machine, which by means of an Archimedean screw, and a perforated strainer of two feet diameter, delivers the fine peat to a brick-making machine and rejects the coarse roots and fibres through a waste pipe. The strainer being inclosed in a heated chamber, with an opening for the escape of steam, the moisture is rapidly driven off. The blocks of peat are next removed to a drying shed, through which a current of hot air passes, and they soon become as hard as oak, and more dense than any peat submitted to hydraulic pressure.

This peat-iron manufacture, if carried out commercially, will, undoubtedly, prove a matter of great importance to Ireland, especially if, as has been stated, the strength of the Crevelea iron exceeds that of either English or Scotch. One feature peculiarly encouraging to this result has been already pointed out by Mr. Anderson, of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Ireland—namely, that as the price of charcoal-iron for making steel is £6. 10s., whilst ordinary pig-iron is £3. 2s. per ton, if the iron produced by peat-charcoal be equal to that obtained by the use of wood-charcoal, there is no reason why Bessemer's process should not be adopted at the Crevelea works, and the iron converted into steel at once. Even though the cost of peat-charcoal should turn out to be higher than has been stated, yet the price to be obtained for the steel would yield a handsome profit.

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LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 2ND MARCH.

MEDICAL—At 7 P.M. Annual Election of Officers and Council. At 8½ P.M. "On Some Points in the Treatment of Prolapsus Uteri."
MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8 P.M. Anniversary.
ASIATIC—At 3 P.M.
ENTOMOLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.
GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION—At 7 P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 2 P.M. Monthly Meeting.

TUESDAY, 3RD MARCH.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. "The Perennial and Flood Waters of the Upper Thames." By Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, M.A.
ETHNOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. "The Brain and Skull in Some of the Families of Man." By L. J. Beale, Esq.
PHOTOGRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.
PATHOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Marshall "On Animal Mechanics."

WEDNESDAY, 4TH MARCH.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Influence of Social Institutions on the Progress of Art in this and Foreign Countries." By Geo. R. Burrell, Esq.
GEOLOGICAL—Somerset House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Permian Rocks of the North-eastern Parts of Bohemia." By Sir R. I. Murchison. 2. "On the Correlation of the Several Divisions of the Inferior Oolite in the Middle and South of England." By Dr. Holl.
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Vertebrata." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.
PHARMACEUTICAL—At 8 P.M. "Additional Observations on Storax." By Mr. D. Hanbury.

THURSDAY, 5TH MARCH.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On Skew Surfaces." By A. Cayley, Esq. 2. "Researches on the Refraction, Dispersion, and Sensitiveness of Liquids." By Dr. Gladstone and Rev. T. Dale. 3. "On the Change of Form assumed by Wrought-Iron and other Metals when Heated and then Cooled by Partial Immersion in Water."
ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.
LINNÆAN—At 8 P.M. 1. "Geographical Distribution of Aculeate Hymenoptera of the Eastern Archipelago." By F. Smith, Esq. 2. "Description of Two New Conifers from the Rocky Mountains." By Andrew Murray, Esq. 3. "On the Parisitism of the Mistletoe." By John Harley, M.D.
CHEMICAL.—At 8 P.M. "On the Assimilation of Nitrogen by Plants." By J. B. Lawes, Esq.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Dr. Frankland, "On Chemical Affinity."

FRIDAY, 6TH MARCH.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Most Recent Spectrum Discoveries." By W. Allen Miller, M.D., F.R.S.
ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—At 4 P.M.
PHILOLOGICAL—At 8.15 P.M. "On the Names of Certain Insects." By Dr. Ernest Adams.
LONDON INSTITUTION.—At 7 P.M. "On Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

SATURDAY, 7TH MARCH.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller.
MEDICAL.—At 5 P.M. "Anniversary Oration." By Dr. Habershon.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Addison's Humourous Essays, with Memoir. 18mo., cloth, 1s.
Agathos, and other Sunday Stories. By the Bishop of Oxford. Twenty-fourth edition. 18mo., cloth, 2s. 6d.
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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 140.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863. [Price 4d. Unstamped.

The People and the Princess.
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THE PEOPLE AND THE PRINCESS.

THIS day will witness the grandest reception ever given by a great nation to a young princess. In her honour the largest, the busiest, and the gravest population inhabiting any European metropolis will lay aside their toil and surrender themselves to an outburst of kindly sympathy and enthusiastic welcome. For something like six miles she will pass between thick lines of men and women, whose name and nationality she is about to assume, and at whose head she comes to take a prominent place. For a couple of hours she will never cease to hear abreast of her carriage the hoarse but earnest and affectionate cheers with which our people greet those whom they have taken to their heart. By no court ceremonial, by no formal introduction to a restricted circle, will she assume her place as a daughter of England. Her adoption will be ratified in the public streets and by the amplest expression of the popular will. The moral significance of the scene will not be obscured by the accessories of a tawdry pageant. To a foreign eye the procession must seem singularly meagre, and, perhaps, in some points not a little grotesque. The traditional glories of the Lord Mayor will not save his state coach from appearing the ridiculous piece of lumber that it is; the banners of the City companies are not a powerful element of spectacular effect; military display will be scantily provided for by a few squadrons of Life Guards; while the most easily satisfied sightseer must fail to extract any high gratification from gazing at the authorities of London and Westminster as they ride past in a long file of dingy vehicles. Except the occupants of one royal carriage, there will be nothing to arrest or gratify the attention of the masses who will throng the streets, or hire at extravagant prices uncomfortable seats at windows or upon stands. But this will be enough to satisfy them, as it has been enough to bring them together. Under ordinary circumstances, an English crowd is easily contented with a very small allowance of amusement. And on this occasion they assemble, not so much to seek amusement, as to indulge a variety of sentiments. By an instinct which arises naturally in the breasts of those who are trained in our free political life, and accustomed to find a manly pleasure in public demonstrations, the inhabitants of the metropolis have comprehended that it is their privilege and duty to give the first expression to the general feeling in regard to the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Something must be set down to the youth, beauty, and attractions of the Princess. If the age of chivalry is gone, its romance and tenderness still live amongst us. Their influence is, indeed, felt in social strata to which in olden times it did not descend. There is much of knightly courtesy and knightly devotion in the spirit which to-day brings a vast multitude to honour her whom the nation has chosen as the mother of her future kings. But as fair a bride might have met a scantier welcome had the country received with less gratification the alliance which she brings. Recent events have not tended to obliterate that distaste for German matches which sprang from the too exclusively German predilections of our first Hanoverian sovereigns. The mistaken policy of alien rulers has too often ranged Denmark with our enemies. Still our conflicts have left no rancour behind; and both nations have been ever ready to re-knit the bonds of friendship which ought to unite those who own a common origin and are united by many ties of mutual interest. We willingly welcome every new pledge of a good understanding. And although we have no inclination to set too high a value upon dynastic connections, we are by no means indisposed to show that, in this instance, we desire a royal marriage should have its bearing upon our international relations. We need do no more than allude to the natural interest with which the domestic feelings of Englishmen and Englishwomen invest such an event as the present. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the manner in which that interest is augmented by a deep sense of all that we owe to her Majesty and the late Prince Consort. We should indeed be ungrateful if we did not exhibit a vivid sympathy with their eldest son when he takes upon himself the household duties and responsibilities which they discharged so well. Our gratitude is not, indeed, free from that lively sense of favours yet to come, in which a cynical wit has professed to find the essence of that virtue. We readily and eagerly accept the early marriage of the heir to the throne as a proof that he intends to tread in the steps of his parents—as a solid ground for hope that a pure and virtuous Court may exercise upon the next generation the beneficial influence which such a Court has shed upon our own.

Continental observers will probably be most struck with the vast fund of loyalty which such a demonstration shows to be latent in our hearts. Nor can it be denied that this sentiment enters largely into the popular rejoicings. That such should be the case will not surprise Englishmen, who know how difficult it has been even for vicious sovereigns totally to alienate the affections of their people. At no time in our recent history has the crown ever been really in danger, under whatever weight of unpopularity its wearer might labour. At present, we are loyal, in the sense both of attachment to the throne and to her by whom it is filled. There is no doubt that the contemporary experience of other countries has materially deepened our sense of the blessings we enjoy under a constitutional monarchy. This is no longer, as it has sometimes been, a mere opinion; it is now a

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fervent conviction, and one which we take pride in declaring before the world. It is not, however, this political feeling which is uppermost with us to-day. In the midst of gaiety and gladness all hearts will turn to the widowed Queen; and the warmth of our welcome to her son will redouble at the recollection that he is conducting to Windsor one who hopes to be a support to his mother in her affliction. There is yet another thought which will not be foreign to many at least who take part in these proceedings, and which is consciously or unconsciously a main source of the tender and affectionate solicitude which the Royal children inspire. The education of the Prince of Wales was the work to which his father devoted the best energies of his life. We cannot honour his memory more worthily than by accepting his son as that which it was his wish to make him. Nor can we better show his Royal Highness how strong is our confidence in him, how great are the expectations he has excited, how noble and yet—with the support of a faithful people—how easy is the path of usefulness which lies before him, than by associating ourselves thus prominently with him at this serious crisis of his life. It is to feelings such as these that the Princess Alexandra owes the reception she will meet. They justify and account for what might otherwise seem but the freak of overwrought and excited popular imagination. They impart to the proceedings, as we have already said, an importance and significance which they would have lost in great degree had there been room for suggesting that a gorgeous state show had drawn the multitude together by motives of vulgar curiosity.

But although the procession itself will not make any great display, those who take part in it will witness a sight in the highest degree impressive. There is an element of grandeur in every assembly of human beings on so vast a scale. How much more striking becomes the scene when we know that they have met in obedience to impulses entirely spontaneous! The Government have had no hand in this demonstration, except so far as doing their little best to obstruct it. From first to last it has been a thoroughly popular movement. Other capitals would have been more richly and gracefully decorated on such an occasion. But then the decorations would have been carried out or suggested by those who wield the powers of the State. There will, perhaps, be much that is mean and tasteless in our efforts to impart a festive character to the dreary and sombre lines of our London streets. But this will be redeemed by the fact that they are, at any rate, the genuine offering—the unasked and unforced expression—of the feelings of a free people, manifested either by individuals in their private capacity or by the elected rulers of each separate locality. If any one be tempted to smile at the grotesqueness which we admit is never absent when the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London are present, their royal highnesses may well look with complacency upon those venerable relics of olden times, which attest the stability of our attachments and the obstinacy with which we cling, even in the busy present, to the historic past. If the city ceremonial reminds them of one side of our national character, the other will find ample representation in Hyde Park. Passing along the lines of our Volunteers, the Princess will not only see that a commercial need not be an unwarlike people: but she will have before her the latest and not the least striking proof that the country is young and vigorous in its mature age, and that if our hearts still warm to venerable associations and ancient recollections, our hands and our minds are instant to do the work of the passing time. She cannot learn anything which it is more important that an English king or queen should keep constantly remembering. While the throne derives strength from its antiquity, its occupant does not fulfil our expectations if he simply reposes in his high station. Although he may not interfere actively in the government of the country, he need not be idle or without authority in many important matters. In the last century the Whigs and the Tories held sharply contrasted theories as to the position of the sovereign. While the latter desired that he should govern as well as rule, the former strove to reduce him to the position of the spiritual Emperor of Japan, or, at any rate, they would have had him a *fainéant* king with a member of one of the Revolution families as the mayor of his palace. In this, as in many other instances, we have discovered that each party had possession of a half-truth, and have arrived at a compromise on this basis. If we exclude the Sovereign from political action, we call upon him to exercise a legitimate power in the wide domain of social life. It is his part to give a tone to our manners; to sway our opinions on many subjects, and guide our tastes in many directions; to interpret and represent our feelings; to bring together, for objects of philanthropy or usefulness, those who would scarcely act together under a less august head; to stimulate many movements which make but slight appeals to popular passion or predilection, and must gain, if at all, from above, the strength, which they cannot gather from below. We know how admirably the late Prince Consort discharged these duties, though the husband of the Sovereign, under all the disadvantage of a foreign origin, and contending against unjust suspicions, which only left him in his tomb. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales enters upon a path which his father has smoothed for him, and with every advantage which to that father was denied. We do not permit ourselves to doubt that he is honestly desirous to do the work which God has placed before him. It is our pleasure to believe that in her who will so soon be his consort, he will find the best and truest assistance. Her part may not, indeed, be so conspicuous as his. But female influence is not less real because it is unobtrusive. It is to her that we shall mainly look to maintain the domestic character and the moral purity of our court. And when we trace the beneficial influences of its descending example, it is towards her that our gratitude will be chiefly directed. But we will not pursue too far a serious and a sermonizing vein. Hopefully and trustfully looking forward to a brilliant and happy future for the youthful pair, we add our voice to the common shout of welcome—to the common prayer, that every blessing may be showered upon their wedded life.

THE BISHOPS AND DR. COLENSO.

THE Bishops are doubtless judicial persons. Had they legal power to summon Bishop Colenso to their bar, and there to pronounce judgment on the merits, their extra-judicial appearance as a body, advising Dr. Colenso to retire from office in a Church whose formularies he has boldly renounced, would be indefensible. But they have inherited an office which has no constitutional or legal jurisdiction over an erring episcopal brother. They cannot at present convict and expel. This is a grievous flaw in the Church, but in their case it is a misfortune. It is, therefore, a reason for legislation, not for censure of the Bishops. But because they cannot do what ought to be done, it would surely have been unworthy of a body of chief ministers of the Church to have remained silent in the face of such a distressing fact. They have, therefore, used the moral force they retain, as their only substitute for that legal and constitutional action which they ought to have. By all means let them be armed with legal power to eject a convicted episcopal sceptic, but, till they are so armed, let them exert that moral power which, in this country, can never fail to have effect.

The *Times* justly inveighs against the deplorable fact that ecclesiastical law lays hold on erring priests, but sacredly refuses to lay a hand on erring bishops. Nothing can be more absurd or unfortunate. But surely it did not become the Bishops to remain doggedly silent, because they could not ecclesiastically strike. Denuded, in this case, of powers that ought to exist in a Church—and that must one day, and soon, be restored in some shape—they still retain that moral weight as a collective body which it became them to wield, and which they have brought to bear on Dr. Colenso, we believe, with an effect that will have its echo in the consciences and hearts of the people. They have done what they could. Every Churchman, of every type and tint of theology, every thoughtful, honest, and upright Englishman, felt that longer silence on the part of the episcopal bench, in reference to the work and position of Bishop Colenso, must have been accepted as connivance or approval. There was left no loophole for an escape from speaking out—no possible or imaginable compromise that would command the acceptance of the merest fraction of the people of England. It may be thought by many, that they ought to have pronounced judgment on the peculiar dogmas enunciated in the work of the Bishop of Natal; and thereby to have vindicated the fundamental articles of the Church of England from an attack the more offensive that it has been made and published by one bearing the orders, and bound to the doctrines and discipline of that venerable establishment. From the popular point of view, this would have been, if

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LORD ARTHUR LENNOX in the Chair.

THE REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS, made in the Spring of last year, appealed to the Proprietors and others interested in the Office, to assist the Directors in making 1861 the most successful year of the Company's operations; and, notwithstanding the absence of general commercial prosperity throughout the country, the Directors are happy to say that in many respects the desired result of their appeal has been realised.

This year was, however, remarkable in the experience of this Office, as it is believed it was in that of other similar Institutions, for the number of lapsed Assurances, especially in those districts where industry has been impeded by the suspension of our commercial relations with America.

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"Your very faithful servant,

(Signed) "PETER HARDY,

"April, 1862." "Actuary."

It may be remembered, that on the declaration of the last Bonus the Actuary strongly urged the propriety of postponing the Actual Division of Profits until the alternate triennial valuation; the prudence of which course, though it naturally occasioned disappointment in some few instances, is now apparent; and it is most gratifying to the Board, while reviewing the peculiar difficulties which those alone who are actively engaged in the business of Life Assurance know to have existed during the last six years, to present so favourable a Report, especially as it emanates from a gentleman of such high character and professional standing as Mr. HARDY.

Without in the smallest degree encroaching on future profits the addition sanctioned by this investigation will give to each Share a Bonus of 4s. 6d. or 9 per cent. on the paid-up Capital, being three times the sum allotted on the last occasion, and 75 per cent. of the divisible Surplus will be added to all Policy-holders, assured at participating rates, on the 31st December last, in proportion to the premiums paid since the last Division.

The Circulars, announcing the allotment to individual Policies, will be issued as soon as practicable.

The Directors recommend that the usual Dividend of 5 per cent., free of Income-Tax, be paid on the Capital for the half-year ending 31st December last.

The Directors retiring are LORD ARTHUR LENNOX, T. M. B. BATARD, Esq., and JOHN GARDINER, Esq., who, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

(Signed) ARTHUR LENNOX,
Chairman.

LONDON: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Cox & Wyman, 74 & 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the County of Middlesex; and published, for the Proprietors, by JOHN KELLETT SHARPE, at No. 11, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

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practicable, the most effective course. But having no power to expel, and no desire to enter on a theological discussion, they have seized the salient feature in the work of Dr. Colenso, and from that have justly and logically shown that a Bishop who avows certain opinions, which we will specify bye and bye, ought, *ex proprio motu*, to retire from the Church of England, if he would not remain in it as a violator of the distinct engagements that, by his office, it imposes upon him. They deal with him as a Churchman only, and leave to others to dissect him as a professing Christian. That he cannot with any decency or self-respect —certainly not with any sympathy on the part of Churchmen—either hold his bishopric or officiate in the congregation, is now a manifest and undeniable fact. This the Bishops have made transparently clear. Whatever else he has renounced, he has denuded himself of all claims to be a Churchman, and necessarily, if he persists in retaining his office, of that respect which is due to a consistent man.

The Bishop of Natal tells us, in his preface to his second volume, at page xxi., "The Bishops and clergy use habitually that solemn form of address to Almighty God in the baptismal service, which expressly assumes the reality and historic truthfulness of the story of the Noachian Deluge: 'Almighty and everlasting God, who of thy great mercy didst save Noah and his family in the ark from perishing by water.' But the fact is, that by the present law of subscription, each clergyman is bound by law to believe in the historic truth of Noah's flood, as recorded in the Bible, which the Church believed some centuries ago, before God had given us the light of modern science." The question which the people of England will seize and discuss is not whether the Noachian Deluge be—what evidences external to the Mosaic record prove it to be—an historical fact, but whether the Church of England, in this portion of her liturgy, accepts it as such. The Bishops, in this instance, reflect the mind of the people, and, indeed, the belief of every man of common sense, when they seize the statement embodied in the very heart of the baptismal service, and appeal to the Bishop of Natal, as an honest man, either to retract his avowed disbelief of it, or to renounce a communion whose services cannot be read by an officiating minister without his accepting *ex animo* the Noachian Deluge as a literal and authentic fact. It is not a question of theology, but of common honesty, truthfulness, and decency. These are still fireside virtues in English homes, and what the English cherish by their hearths they will not allow to be outraged by their altars. On the Stock Exchange, in the counting-houses of London, in the commercial transactions of the world, any flagrant violation of these duties would be scouted, and its practitioner sent to Coventry. Surely, on a loftier level, and in a holier atmosphere, we cannot sanction or tolerate what "the children of this world, wiser in their generation," repudiate with manly scorn.

Were this reference to the Noachian Deluge the only reference in the service to an historic Scriptural event, it would be enough. But the Bishop of Natal candidly admits that there are other facts in sacred history which he believes to be myths and fables incorporated with the Liturgy. He regards the passage of the Red Sea as a fable, and its recognition in the Liturgy as a stumbling-block and a "chain tightly bound about the necks of the clergy."

But, it may be asked, what does Dr. Colenso suggest as best to be done in these complicated circumstances? He is perfectly candid. "I see no remedy but to omit such words, to disobey the law of the Church on this point, and take the consequences." Now, let us just see the effect of this episcopal advice from one appointed and sworn to enforce the laws of the Church of which he is a chief minister. The solemn oath to conform fully and faithfully to the service, taken at ordination, is here treated with contemptuous disregard. Oaths may bind laymen, but clergymen override or annul them at discretion. "There are times," says Dr. Colenso, "when a faithful servant is bound, as he loves his master and cherishes his best interests, to disobey his orders."

Really, this is misunderstanding the nature of the engagement. It is not that of a servant's duty to his master, but of a covenant or lease between honest men. The Bishop requires the other party to give him, in terms of the lease, all the advantages guaranteed to him, while Bishop Colenso refuses to perform his part of the covenant. Such conduct, in this vulgar world of ours, would be followed by an ejection or a Chancery suit, the issue of which would not be doubtful. The whole question, as handled by the Bench of Bishops, resolves itself into this: Can Dr. Colenso, as an honest man, persist in holding office in a Church whose services he cannot read, whose articles he has boldly impugned, whose clergy he advises to skip what they don't believe, and draw the emoluments they don't deserve? Neither the Bishops of England nor the laity are prepared to tolerate this; and we are thankful that the episcopal bench, with a unanimity almost unprecedented, has delivered its judgment in such terms, and with so pointed a reference to the equivocal position of Dr. Colenso, that if he retain one spark of self-respect he must voluntarily leave a communion from which he dissents, and join some denomination—if such there be —in which his criticisms or crotchets will find hospitality. How Dr. Colenso can return to Natal, and require candidates for ordination "unfeignedly to believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments," which the Bishop himself not only does not believe, but positively denounces, we cannot comprehend. But where law cannot be set in motion, the consciences of men in such a case pronounce a verdict which implies the highest censure. He must resign his position, or he must retain it amid the reproaches and the pity of those who feel grieved that so unworthy a spectacle should be presented to the world by a Bishop of the Christian Church.

Dr. Colenso may despise the solemnly expressed judgment of the Bishops of the Church of England. He may laugh at ecclesiastical thunder which is followed by no bolt. But if he would still enjoy the respect of those who laud his fidelity to his conscientious convictions, he should retire from office in a Church, from whose doctrinal and ritual teaching he dissents. By shrinking from this test of his sincerity, he will practically discredit the opinions which he has advanced, even more effectually than such replies as they have yet provoked, or are likely to meet hereafter.

EUROPE AND POLAND.

IT is not for the interest of Europe that the Polish nation should once more be crushed to the ground by the iron heel of Russia. The Cossack nightmare, which used so heavily to bestride the breasts of European statesmen, is becoming, it is true, a thing of the past. The Sheffield Foreign Affairs Committee, and the coterie of wiseacres on whom Mr. Urquhart's mantle has descended, are left almost alone. Nobody believes that it is reserved for some coming Czar to make a mouthful of modern civilization. But the future power of Russia must continue to be a source of disquieting speculation to all English and continental politicians who are interested either in the politics of the East or in the general progress of freedom. Russia is now passing through a crisis. What will be the character or the tendency of the Russia of the future it is difficult to say. But one thing is certain, that the Russia of the future will be powerful; and that—unless it departs very widely from the traditions of the old Russian school—it will be, upon the whole, aggressive and pushing. Yet the barrier which Europe has hitherto been content to raise against the Cossack is one that seems only half-suited to the age. Turkey, said Napoleon the Great, is a marsh which defends our right flank. It would be unwise to look upon the marsh as permanent, or to regard it as a satisfactory guarantee against all the chances and changes that may befall the world.

It is a grave question how far the Turkish Empire is capable of reformation. Its very existence is threatened both from without and from within; and the day is perhaps not indefinitely distant when the public opinion of the Continent will refuse any longer to tolerate the maintenance for merely material purposes of a Power at once unchristian, semi-barbarous, and tyrannical. Great Britain in particular has already begun to excite the murmurs of foreign nations on account of her loyalty to the Turks. She seems to jealous foreign eyes to care more for the high-road to India and for the Sultan, than for the interests of any number of oppressed Maronites, or for the name of the Redeemer of mankind. The position is a false one for a great and generous nation. It brings us into continual conflict with the religious sentiment of Europe. It is true that the Christians of the East are distinguished neither for their piety, their guilelessness, nor their honesty. If Religion is to be found on the side of the true believer, Justice sometimes takes up her

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abode with the Mahomedan. But only the imperative exigencies of policy can reconcile us to a state of things for the security of which it is necessary that Christianity should not advance too swiftly or suddenly in the East.

The natural obstacle for Europe to oppose to Russia would be a ring of strong and independent nationalities, none of which should be liable to be overwhelmed by the religious influences of the Greek Church. If the Czar threatens to overshadow Europe, let freedom stand and bar the way between Europe and the Czar. It is difficult for England to throw herself thoroughly into such a line of defensive conduct. When it is a question of strengthening the hands of rising nationalities, Lord Russell and other English foreign Ministers consider it their auspicious mission to remember that England has interests in the East. The cause of nationalities and liberty is not compatible with the cause of the Ottoman Empire. As they increase, Turkey must decrease; and, doubtful of the future, uncertain as to the temper and disposition of Eastern Christianity, England's successive Governments pause—as well they may—before they leave go their hold upon the rotten and surge-beaten *débris* that constitute the remains of an empire which once seemed likely to engulf a large portion of the civilized world. The French, who have less interest in maintaining the Eastern *status quo*, and more faith in general principles of progress than ourselves, are only half-content to sacrifice Eastern Christendom to an English alliance. The whole seaboard of the Mediterranean, animated by the wild vision of an overland route, and the Venetian splendour of re-renewed commerce with the East, exclaims against us. Still we hesitate to abandon Turkey. It is but a wreck; and yet it is better to cling to a wreck than to be washed away. Nationalities, therefore, are not altogether favoured at the English Home Office. They are an explosive and dangerous petard, fitted, no doubt, for offensive purposes against a foreign despotism, but capable of hoisting Europe further than England wishes. But the Eastern policy of this country is beginning to seem to many people too perilous to last. Lord Palmerston's name is indissolubly bound up with it; but after Lord Palmerston comes the deluge. The noble Premier himself is not unconscious of the difficulty. With an ingenuity that is the clearest proof of genius, he has already begun to provide against the evil day. A significant change has come over the spirit of his dreams; and the first fruits of the change have been conciliation of the Greeks and sympathy with renascent Poland.

The right of England and France to interfere between Russia and her victim rests upon indisputable ground; it is only the expediency of interference which can be questioned. For moral purposes, the two great Powers of the West are the legally constituted protectors of the Polish race; for it is idle to draw the fine distinction that our original compacts authorise us to intervene when we wish, without binding us to interfere when we ought. Powerful empires are bound by the clearest of moral obligations to use all lawful opportunities to succour the oppressed, and to redress wrong; nor—when intervention is legitimate according to the strict letter of European treaties—is it anything but a Christian duty to intervene. Even if Poland stood to us in no nearer relation than any other suffering people, it would be possible to press the theory of non-intervention too far. Non-intervention, rightly understood, is the only safe rule of political conduct. But non-intervention certainly does not mean a passive endurance of all spectacles, however repulsive, provided they are enacted within the frontiers of a foreign State. All that we signify by the term is, that nations should be free to regulate their internal concerns, and to choose their own forms of government. It cannot be seriously maintained that we are bound to look on silently while hordes of Russian soldiery sweep over Poland with the announced programme of extermination, bloodshed, and plunder; while they slaughter the innocent, torture the guilty, and indiscriminately outrage the women. Non-intervention is a sacred principle, but it does not bid its adherents to acquiesce in sights at which humanity revolts. There is a limit to the patience of England and of France. The question is simply whether that limit has been overstepped, whether or no it is expedient at this juncture to say so, and in what way a warning may be given to Russia without irritating the pride of a northern despot, and plunging the Continent into the horrors of a bloody European war.

The press of this country has been reproached with a desire to goad the French Emperor into war, while we remain at peace ourselves. That sinister imputation cannot, at all events, be laid at the door of this journal. We should regard a one-handed French war as a great misfortune both for Europe and for England. We have no wish to relapse into the old attitude of dissatisfied neutrality which we found so painful in the Italian war. Selfishness is inherent in human nature, and yet it may be predicted of Englishmen that they are capable—whatever the Continent may think to the contrary—of a generous and disinterested sympathy with Polish independence. As a commercial and prosperous people we fear war; but there are some things that we fear more than war. Great Britain has no intention of retiring behind her shop counter and viewing all that passes on the Continent with opulent indifference. Such a *rôle* would be calculated to lower our national influence and dignity, and bold indeed would the Minister be who proposed that we should adopt it as a nation. That Poland should be relieved of her heavy and grievous burdens has become the desire and the purpose of England. It is a ridiculous libel to assert that we can possibly wish to see Poland liberated by the single arm of France. What have we to gain by such a war of liberation? On the contrary, our interests are twofold; first, that France shall act, and that she shall *not act singly*. If the Polish cause is committed to the exclusive championship of a Napoleon, we know what will be the upshot: a terrible war, a sudden and unsatisfactory peace, an extension of French influence in Europe, an extension of the French frontier upon the Rhine; and, last and worst, the recognition of some assumed right on the part of the French Emperor for all future time to mould the destinies of the resuscitated Polish people to suit his own plans, and to interfere again whenever the name of Poland is heard in Europe. The game of Rome and Italy has been played too well for us to wish to see it played again with Poland and with Warsaw. The remedy—or, rather, the prevention—is obvious. If England, Austria, and France combine, there will in all human probability be no war; but if the decrees of Heaven should be otherwise, combined action on the part of these three Powers will, at all events, prevent a conflict waged purely for the sake of civilization from degenerating into a French raid. Savoy and Nice would at this moment be still Italian soil if England and Prussia had united with France in throwing their ægis over Piedmont when the Austrians passed the Po in 1859. If Austria and England stand firmly by the Poles at this juncture, so similar in all its characteristics, Poland will not have at some late hour to repent that she received the outstretched favour and assistance of a Napoleon, and the Rhine may still continue to flow as a Prussian and a German river.

DISTRESS IN THE RELIEF COMMITTEES.

WE have for many months been familiar with the difficulties and distress of the Lancashire operatives; we have now to make acquaintance with the difficulties and distress of the Lancashire Boards of Guardians and Relief Committees. It was impossible that such a gigantic calamity as the cessation of more than half the industry of the most industrious district in Great Britain could be dealt with, even by the most skilful hands and on the most liberal scale, without much embarrassment and many mistakes. It was equally impossible that upwards of a million of money could be distributed in charity through new channels and to new applicants, without giving rise to much imposture, without encouraging much idleness, and without to a certain extent demoralizing and pauperizing a considerable portion of the population which had become dependent upon eleemosynary aid. It was equally impossible, again, that as the crisis was prolonged and threatened to assume a chronic form, administrative problems connected with the organization of labour and the sound principles of economic science should not arise, of a peculiarly complicated and perplexing character. The recent reports—especially one presented to the Central Relief Committees on the 24th of last month—show how keenly all those difficulties are foreseen and felt by the gentlemen who have the management of the case, and who have hitherto performed their functions with such signal intelligence and devotion.

In the first place, the Committee has come to the conclusion that there is no probability of more than half the cotton operatives being able to obtain ordinary employment

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or to earn anything like their usual rate of wages for more than a year at least to come; and, unless the American war should cease and the American ports be re-opened, there can be no doubt that this conclusion is correct. What, then, is to be done with this unemployed population, which cannot be less than a quarter of a million, and which must have, on the lowest calculation, another quarter of a million dependent upon it? The difficulty lies, not in finding funds to support them—for, either by subscription, or by rates, or by loans under Mr. Villiers' new Act, the funds, we know, will be forthcoming,—but how to administer these funds so as to do as much good and as little harm as possible; how to find labour as well as food for this great multitude; how, in a word, to *minimise* the number who must be maintained in idleness and by charity. The long discontinuance of manual labour both enervates the physical and impairs the moral vigour of the operative; while the absence of any adequate means of applying an effective labour test to the recipients of relief, is almost fatal to the power of distinguishing cases of genuine and inevitable destitution from cases of indolence or imposture. It has, therefore, been urged, as a measure of the greatest importance, that the landowners and capitalists in the manufacturing districts should not only seize this occasion of undertaking and pushing forward works of public or private utility which, under ordinary circumstances, they would have either postponed or spread over a series of years; but should perhaps even endeavour to create artificial employment by inaugurating some works of "convenience or ornament," which, though not necessary, would not be utterly superfluous or unserviceable. The first part of the suggestion, at least, we need have no hesitation in endorsing.

In the second place, it is beginning to be found that great numbers of the operatives are by no means as zealous in seeking work or as ready to accept it when offered, as they ought to be. The scale of relief has been so liberal, and the assistance has been rendered in so many forms and made so easily attainable by all who were in need, that, *everything considered*, many factory-hands have begun to find their present condition not much less pleasant and desirable than their former normal and independent one. For example, a man who used formerly to obtain 18s. or 20s. a week when in full work, prefers the 8s. he now receives from the Relief Committee or the parish authorities for doing nothing to the 9s. or 10s. he might earn at a factory by *half-time*. At all events, his day is at his own disposal, he can live on less when he is idle; and he can often pick up a few spare sixpences by odd jobs. The girls employed at the sewing-schools, again, are often in no great hurry to go back to the loom or the roving-frame. It is true that they now only receive 3s. 6d. a week, whereas they used to earn 8s. on full time, and might now earn 5s. or 4s. 6d. on half time. But the work of the sewing-school is easier than that of the factory; they are gaining a useful and perhaps lucrative accomplishment; their clothes do not wear out so fast; they can keep themselves more neat and clean; and, above all, they can lie in bed till eight o'clock in the morning instead of having to get up at five o'clock.

In the third place, though the circumstance of there being in Lancashire a far larger population than can at present naturally find employment ought to lead, and eventually must lead, to a decided reduction in the rate of wages,—and although manufacturing has become so unprofitable a business that the men ought in common fairness to be willing to share the losses of their masters, yet they have shown a decided reluctance to accept work when offered them at any lower rates than those current in the prosperous times of two years ago. There is a strong disposition on their part rather to remain a burden on the parish or the Relief Committees, if they can obtain 8s. or 10s. a week from either source, than to accept 12s. or 15s. from a manufacturer, if those earnings involved being paid on a somewhat lower scale. As long as they are supported by charity, therefore, they can refuse or accept work nearly as they please—a proceeding which of course cannot be endured. At the same time the Committees seem to fear—though admitting it to be a prospective rather than actual evil—that as long as they continue to give relief to partially employed operatives to eke out inadequate earnings, those earnings will continue to be inadequate, partly because masters may be stingy, but still more because workmen will be indolent and careless. In short, they are beset with difficulties on all sides.

Another question has also been forced upon their attention within the last three weeks, and still gives rise to much doubt and discussion—that of emigration. Some Australian colonies have offered a free passage, and hold out tempting prospects of ultimate success, to five hundred of the manufacturing operatives, provided they can be furnished with an adequate outfit. The Relief Committees, therefore, have had to consider, first, whether they were at liberty to employ the funds entrusted to them for such a purpose—a purpose certainly not originally contemplated by the subscribers;—and, secondly, whether it was desirable or not to encourage the emigration of factory hands at all. The first question, we think, they may conscientiously answer in the affirmative, seeing that the funds were placed in their hands to relieve the distress of the district in any way they deemed most effectual and judicious. The second question is more doubtful; and we discussed it a few weeks ago. We now only recur to it for the sake of bringing out in strong relief a point we only stated loosely at that time—namely, the extent to which the cotton operatives are apparently being taken up by flax and woollen mills. These two industries appear to have increased as the cotton trade has languished, and nearly *pari passu*. It seems by no means improbable, therefore, that ere long the Lancashire operatives may all be wanted at home. If so, emigration, though it should certainly not be discouraged, ought not to be artificially aided or stimulated. The following tables refer only to the amounts of the several articles *exported*. This is an imperfect clue to the amount *produced*, no doubt, but it is the only one we possess.

	1860.	1861.	1862.	Rate per Cent.	
				Increase.	Decrease.
Cotton, Yarn ...	Lb. 197,343,655	Lb. 177,848,353	Lb. 93,236,459	—	47
„ Manufactures	Yards. 2,776,218,427	Yards. 2,563,459,007	Yards. 1,681,373,702	—	34
Linen, Yarn ...	Lb. 31,210,612	Lb. 27,981,042	Lb. 32,487,706	16	—
„ Manufactures	Yards. 143,996,773	Yards. 116,322,469	Yards. 156,671,020	34	—
Woollen, Yarn ...	Lb. 27,533,968	Lb. 27,512,352	Lb. 27,905,296	1	—
„ Manufactures	Pieces. 570,671	Pieces. 580,270	Pieces. 1,317,693	127	—
Flannels ...	Yards. 3,968,430	Yards. 4,551,575	Yards. 6,904,871	51	—
Carpets and Druggets	Yards. 5,076,542	Yards. 4,067,351	Yards. 5,379,681	32	—
Shawls, &c.	No. 1,026,753	No. 691,319	No. 1,047,185	51	—

MR. GLADSTONE ON CONSOLS.

NO excuse need be made for returning to the consideration of Mr. Gladstone's scheme for the conversion of a portion of the Consolidated Annuities. The plan is of some immediate importance, but deserves attention still more because it may furnish a precedent for much extended action in the future; whilst its intricacy is such that some repetition is necessary to secure a due apprehension of its details. It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone has introduced into the House of Commons a Bill on Post-office Savings Banks; the Bill, which has been printed since we last drew attention to the subject, is very short, consisting of only four clauses, but these clauses attempt two utterly distinct objects. The first and second clauses are designed to facilitate the winding up of old Savings Banks, and contain provisions for the transfer of their assets and their liabilities to the new Post-office Savings Banks; upon these clauses we have nothing to say. The third and fourth clauses are, as we have said, devoted to an entirely different end, no less than the conversion of a portion of the Three per Cents. into an equivalent made up of Two-and-a-Half per Cents. and terminable annuities. A little explanation will show at once the nature of the plan proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and how it is connected with the Post-office Savings Banks.

The funds deposited at the several Post-office Banks are remitted to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the

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National Debt, and invested by them in the purchase of Three per Cent. Consols. We may suppose that in this way the Commissioners are the holders of £1,000,000 Three per Cent. Consols—that is to say, that the Commissioners are entitled to a perpetual annuity of £30,000 (three per cent. on a million), which the country is entitled to redeem under certain formalities by the payment of £1,000,000 in money. It is now proposed that instead of holding a perpetual annuity of £30,000, redeemable in the way stated, the Commissioners shall hold a perpetual annuity of £25,000, redeemable by payment of the same sum of a million; and, moreover, an annuity terminable in the year 1885, of such an amount, that it shall be equal in value to the perpetual annuity of £5,000, which the Commissioners relinquish. This is the scheme which is expressed rather than explained, when otherwise worded, as a plan for the conversion of £1,000,000 Three per Cents. into £1,000,000 Two-and-a-Half per Cents., and a terminable annuity to compensate for the difference in income of the two stocks.

The Bill cannot be said to have advanced very far since we last considered the project. It has passed a second reading, and after one or two miscarriages the House went into committee upon it; but at this stage the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced his desire that the committal should be formal only, and that it should be recommitted. It appears that some deputations are about to wait on him to remonstrate against parts of the Bill, and he proposed to reserve a consideration of its details until he had heard their objections.

Mr. Gladstone's plan is obviously separable into two perfectly distinct parts: he proposes as one part that one-sixth of the perpetual annuities on which he would operate should be converted into terminable annuities; to use the example we have already given, out of the perpetual annuity of £30,000 he would convert £5,000 into a terminable annuity. To this part of the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer we conceive no valid objection can be sustained. Mr. Hubbard has, indeed, objected that there are few buyers of terminable annuities, and consequently they never fetch their proper price in the market; but if the conversion be restricted within the proposed limits, there seems no reason why the terminable annuities created should be brought into the market at all unless they sold at their theoretical value. It is scarcely possible that the funds of the commissioners should be so reduced that they would be unable to keep intact that proportion of them which they will hold under the form of terminable annuities. Against this slight objection there are to be placed many advantages: financiers of all parties have long desired to reduce the permanent burdens on our national industries, whilst we have the start of our competitors; and in the creation of terminable annuities they have discovered a means of relieving our successors by an additional burden on ourselves so slight that it would probably not at all affect the annual savings of the people. Hitherto they have been unable to find customers for the annuities they desired to introduce; Mr. Gladstone has supplied the want through the Commissioners of the National Debt, and had his plan been confined to this part it would have received our unqualified approval.

It seems only necessary to state the second part of Mr. Gladstone's plan to show the grave objections to which it is open. If we resume the example we have used, we find that, having taken in hand perpetual annuities of £30,000, redeemable by payment of £1,000,000, and changed £5,000, part of the perpetual annuities, into equivalent terminable annuities, he proposes that the remaining £25,000 perpetual annuities, which have been hitherto redeemable by payment of £833,333⅓, shall for the future be redeemable only on payment of the original £1,000,000. This is the concession which is involved in the proposed creation of Two-and-a-Half per cent. annuities. Without receiving any compensating advantage, the Chancellor of the Exchequer urges us to create anew the capital he has paid off: out of every £6,000,000 stock he will pay off £1,000,000, and forthwith raise the remaining £5,000,000 to the old capital of £6,000,000. It may be thought, indeed, that the concession is valueless, inasmuch as redemption is as much out of the question in the one case as in the other; but although redemption is no doubt impossible, the change involves also a relinquishment of the possibility of a real reduction in the rate of interest. As long as the £25,000 perpetual annuities are redeemable by payment of £833,333⅓, there is a certainty of reducing the amount of the annuities if the current rate of interest on Government securities should permanently fall below 3 per cent.; but if we make the same annuities redeemable only by payment of £1,000,000, the rate of interest must fall below 2½ per cent. before any reduction of the annual charge can be effected. The proposed change, therefore, not only produces an increase in the nominal capital of the funds operated upon, but a postponement of a reduction in the annual burden. When M. Fould last year relinquished the chance of reducing the rentes by a similar increase of the sum at which they were redeemable, he obtained from each rentier a certain bonus for the concession; Mr. Gladstone throws away the chance of reduction without receiving any consideration.

It is difficult to assign an adequate reason for this second part of Mr. Gladstone's proposal. He does, indeed, secure a stock bearing the denomination of Two-and-a-Half per Cents., but the advantage is plainly unreal and illusory; it is acquired, not by a reduction of the annual charge, but by an increase of the nominal capital, and by such a method it would have been equally easy for him to have created a Two or a One per Cent. stock. No fundholder would hesitate to receive £300 stock bearing interest at one per cent., in exchange for £100 at three per cent.; and the suggestion is a mere *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Gladstone's scheme. Beyond the name of Two-and-a-Half per Cents., no advantage is readily discernible; there is another result indirectly attained, but we do not believe it has been contemplated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is clear that the transformation will partly operate as a boon to the National Debt Commissioners, and those gentlemen, if suddenly called upon to meet their liabilities, would be found insolvent. These unhappy Commissioners have been the slaves of every successive Chancellor of the Exchequer; whenever that functionary has wanted to raise or renew a loan, to create Exchequer Bonds or re-issue Exchequer Bills, he has availed himself of the funds of the Commissioners for the purpose of rigging the market. The result of this manipulation is said to be a clear deficiency of two millions; the assets of the Commissioners are by so much less than their liabilities; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer may perhaps flatter himself that he is doing an act of justice in helping to repair the losses caused by himself and his predecessors.

The extent of the operation at present contemplated by Mr. Gladstone is small, but it may fairly be regarded as the commencement of a permanent and more extended system. The funds deposited at the Post-office Savings Banks must largely increase, and, as we pointed out a fortnight since, there is no reason why the funds held by the National Debt Commissioners on account of the trustees and managers of the old Savings Banks should not be subjected to a similar treatment. The Commissioners have the same control over the two funds and are under the same responsibility on their account; nor does it make any difference that their responsibility in the case of the Post-office Banks is a direct responsibility to the depositors, whilst in the other case it extends no farther than the trustees and managers, to whom the depositors in ordinary Savings Banks must look for payment. An extension of Mr. Gladstone's scheme to the funds of the ordinary Savings Banks would multiply the field of its operations thirty or forty fold.

It is to be hoped that the House of Commons will not heedlessly sacrifice the management of the National Debt to Mr. Gladstone's vain fancy for Two-and-a-Half per Cents. Could he secure anything more than a name, we should gladly accept his services, but, like the dog in the fable, he appears about to lose the substance in grasping at its reflected image. There are lovers who have been once rejected, yet hanker after their old love when all the qualities which excited the passion of youth have departed, and there remains but the shadow of a name. We may admire the constancy though we cannot approve the wisdom of such an attachment. The Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to be in some such case. Ten years ago he wooed the Two-and-a-Half per Cents., and there appeared at one time a prospect of success. The Fates were too hard for him, and he lost the treasure which it seemed in 1853 he might possibly secure. In 1863 he renews his passion, but the present object of his vows has only a name to connect the pursuit with that of ten years since: everything else has changed. It is the duty of all good men at such a crisis to step in and, if they have the power, to prevent the infatuated lover from making a fool of himself.

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ENGLISH POPULAR FESTIVITY.

MR. MILL, who is somewhat prone to depreciate the good qualities of the nation to which he belongs, accuses Englishmen of an extreme incapacity for personal enjoyment, and asserts that they derive less pleasure from what they spend than any other set of people in the world. Such an opinion seems strangely unfounded at a time like the present, when the whole nation is deliberately preparing to make merry on the largest possible scale and with the utmost possible abandonment to the spirit of the occasion. If Mr. Mill is right, and if our social qualities are so feeble as he insinuates, the sanguine anticipations so universally prevalent with reference to the approaching revels are destined to result in a melancholy mockery; and bonfires, illuminations, and fireworks, will only serve to disclose a nation of sorry impostors, pretending to derive enjoyment from what in reality only intensifies their incurable gloom. People never look so ludicrous as when affecting conviviality, and trying to reach the conviction that they are enjoying themselves. When Lord Dundreary, poising himself with some difficulty on a three-legged stool, says to the wearied object of his affections in a tone of ill-assumed confidence that this is what he calls snug, he presents a fair example of this woful kind of self-deception. Social life in its various phases of pic-nics, dinner parties, visits, and the like, abounds with instances of the same thing; but in admitting this we are only saying that social life in England, as elsewhere, is a matter in which circumstances and the idiosyncrasies of individuals exert an almost unlimited power. That dinner-parties are often slow, pic-nics uncomfortable, and visits impracticable, is too true; but it is too narrow a basis to sustain the sweeping generalization that every Englishman is essentially and characteristically incapable of enjoyment.

The English mode of revelling is unquestionably different from that of Frenchmen, Italians, or Spaniards; and it is perfectly intelligible how an English national festival might be unutterably dull and stupid in the eyes of a vivacious Celt. But an Englishman, we maintain, is capable of as profound enjoyment after his own fashion as any Roman that ever pelted with *confetti*, or Irishman that ever broke heads at Donnybrook. The fallacy consists in supposing that, because our pleasures are not as the pleasures of "Mossoo," therefore they are only sham pleasures; and in forgetting the wholesome rule of *chacun à son goût*.

Next week a rare opportunity offers itself to the philosophical inquirer for comparing the English and French modes of keeping holiday. The 10th is the day fixed for the Prince of Wales's marriage; the 11th is the Parisian festival of the *Mi-Carême*. Abstinence from worldly follies and pleasures for six whole weeks is more than the volatile Gaul can endure even in theory; and, accordingly, Lent is divided into two halves—the day which divides it being celebrated with the same riot of unreason as the carnival which precedes it. It is, moreover, the Fête des Blanchisseuses, and the boulevards are thronged with carts conveying the washerwomen and their male partners, clad in the most grotesque and varied costumes. The great joke after the Parisians' own heart is for a washerman to assume the garb of a woman, and then go through certain extravagant and wanton antics, which are not over delicate in a man, and would be downright gross in a woman. Another dons an ass's head, and fills the beholders with a delight as intense and as fatuous as that with which Billy Bottom inspired Titania. Soon as the evening shades prevail, night is made hideous by meaningless blasts from a thousand horns, and the festival closes with the orgies of a masquerade at the opera. Surely the British spectator may reasonably arrive at the conclusion that there is a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen know. And the same is true of the reckless fooling of a Parisian carnival. What can be more prepossterous or disgusting than the procession of the *bœuf gras* on the three days before Ash Wednesday? The beast is so overfed that he can with difficulty drag his own carcase along, and, in spite of gilded horns and a wreathed neck, he presents a picture of the most abject distress. He is attended by young butchers, in the classic garb of ancient Romans, as well as by nymphs not so correctly behaved as gaily attired. Yet all Paris flocks out eagerly to see this. That an Englishman should be unable to discover the pleasure of assisting at the grotesque buffoonery of these costermongers' saturnalia, or of watching a wretched brute dragged along the streets in triumphant procession, followed by spangled Goddesses of Unreason, is, after all, not a conclusive proof that he is devoid of all capacity for enjoyment.

The Spanish mode of keeping high festival is still less in accordance with English tastes. The marriage of an heir-apparent in Spain would doubtless be celebrated by the sacrifice of unnumbered hecatombs, and enthusiastic multitudes would find a suitable expression of their joyous sentiments in applauding tortured bulls, and horses trampling out their own entrails. An Englishman delights not in the blood of bulls; he is hopelessly unable to emulate the barbarous ecstacies of the truculent Spaniard. Neither would he heartily enter into the spirit of an Arab *kotou*, or enjoy with proper sympathy the clashing cymbals and monotonous howling of a Hindoo festival. Yet England can upon occasion, and in her own style, vindicate her title of "merry." We can enjoy ourselves without committing cruelty on the one hand, or encouraging the antics of idiocy on the other. We do not think it essential to enjoyment to relapse either into barbarism or childishness; nor do we deem pleasure incompatible with gravity and decorum. The Prince's wedding-day will be celebrated among us by the bestowal of comfort, for that day at least, upon classes to whom comfort is unhappily not familiar, and by various reasonable social gaieties; but, while doing this, we shall not leave undone or neglected the lighter incitements to hilarity and rejoicing, and while distributing substantial benefits, shall not forget the illuminations, fireworks, and torchlight processions which should signalize an auspicious event. The enjoyment of a grave people is fully as great, or, in other words, is as real and pervading as the more boisterous and extravagant excitements of the purely Celtic races.

Mr. Mill considers that our "extreme incapacity for enjoyment" is a common characteristic of all countries over which Puritanism has passed. If this be meant, as it probably is, to intimate the existence of a direct and close connection between Puritanism and "incapacity for enjoyment," we must again question the soundness of Mr. Mill's view. Our national gravity—a phrase preferable to the more unmodified one on which we have been commenting—is a result principally of our extreme practical tendencies and devotion to practical interests, though it would be absurd to deny that the cause which Mr. Mill assigns has had a measure of influence. We believe, however, that its influence has been almost wholly indirect, acting through the industrious and active habits which it fosters, and by which it is in turn supported. The more earnest and practical a national character becomes, and the larger the share it takes in affairs, the graver will be the mood of national enjoyment. We may cite as an illustration the feebleness and lack of spirit with which the carnival of this year is reported to have been observed throughout the towns of Northern Italy. The interests of that people are now actively excited and engaged in matters of practical business; and in proportion as this grows to be the general condition, enjoyment will not decrease in amount, but assume graver and more reasonable forms. Such, at all events, we take to be the correct account of the gravity with which Englishmen celebrate their festivals, and which has been mistaken for a rooted incapacity for enjoyment.

THE SHOEBLACKS OF LONDON.

TO spend £6,228 is much easier than to earn that sum by honest labour. Yet this is the amount gained in pennies during the past year in the streets by the 373 boys of the London Shoeblack Brigades. But a far deeper interest is excited when such commercial prosperity is seen to be only one phase of an effort to combine religious education with remunerative employment, and to give this double benefit to homeless children, that they may hereafter work and behave and live as honest citizens of a Christian land. The first Shoeblack Society was begun in March, 1851, in preparation for the Exhibition of that year. Seven other societies have since sprung up, and the movement is still expanding. All these societies are managed on precisely the same plan, though by distinct committees, and they are restricted to certain districts by a sort of "Congress of Shoeblacks," which gravely mapped out London, painting the frontiers with the red, blue, yellow, brown, and other colours of the various uniforms. Besides these, there is a society for Roman Catholics, differently managed, and there are also the Pariah shoeblacks, not in allegiance to any society, undisciplined, vagrant, and troublesome,—the "freebooters," as they may be called,—who prefer the licence of the idler,

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with small gains, to the strict rule and larger earnings of the legalized system. The original Shoeblack Brigade has its head-quarters near Temple-bar, in a large house paid for by the boys themselves, with every other expense; for this Society has been, for several years, entirely self-supporting. About 1,300 young lads have been sent out and started in life by the agency of this one Society, which employs at present 74 boys, who earned last year £1,824. These wear a red uniform, and are managed by ten lawyers in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, who, without a patron or a chairman, have carried on the work for twelve years in perfect harmony. They have regulated the savings and investments of all the earnings of their *protégés*, amounting to more than £17,000. The boys employed by this society are selected from twenty ragged schools in the district, and each of them continues his attendance at the particular school every day after his work, as well as on Sundays, affording a good example to his schoolmates, and an object of abiding interest to the teacher of his class.

Before eight o'clock in the morning you will find all these happy little fellows, neat and clean, in the Society's great room, where a hymn is sung, and a short prayer is offered. Fortified with hot coffee and other good things for the "inner boy," they march to their stations, and, if it is a sunny day, they ply a busy trade. Nobody cares to have his boots cleaned while it rains, but fair weather encourages the suggestion, "Clean your boots, sir?" from a smart little lad, with one hand to his cap, and the other pointing to your dirty shoes. The charge for this operation is one penny, but there was a case in which a man with a wooden leg claimed and was allowed his legal right to compound by paying a halfpenny.

The Society's officers visit every station frequently, and supply blacking to the industrious, or bestow reproof on the idle, until about six o'clock, when all the boys return with their earnings, and soon fill up a great bowl with copper money, amongst which are often found some foreign francs and cents. Part of what each boy brings in is paid to himself, part is laid by for him in his bank, and part is retained for the expenses of the society.

It is thus that each lad is taught to earn, to spend, and to save money, with honesty, care, and providence. Many of them keep adding to their store until £20 is hoarded, but from time to time they draw on their "bank," to help a mother's poverty or a sister's sickness, or to sport the vanity of a "bran new waistcoat with blue-glass buttons." The sights and sounds that encompass these shoeblacks, stationed all day in the most prominent outposts of our streets, and keenly on the look-out and listening all the time, supply plenty of gossip for their meeting again at night, which is always a merry meeting. Down they go to a lavatory, where, at a dozen basins, amidst great fun and frolic, they wash the "outer boy," in preparation for a hungry attack on the supper table. They have pictures and periodicals, draughts and dominoes, placed on the table for their amusement, as they talk and eat and play; and then they all hie off to evening school.

A visit to the depôt of one of these societies enables us to judge of the cheerful character of the boy-life of the shoeblacks; but the annual treat, when all the societies assemble in new bright uniforms, is quite a hilarious scene. The Freemasons' Hall was filled last week with their tea-party. They mustered in their several colours. Each society waved its banner as proudly as a city guild, and the crest of the "old reds" was a blacking-bottle borne on high. Two of the boys' bands drummed and fifed the regiments into line of battle, for a grand charge on the mounds of cake; and the number of drummers in the bands of the Guards, who have been imported from these societies, indicates that their music is by no means only fit for play-time. Such are the occasional festivities of the London Shoeblack Brigade. One of the speakers at this meeting, Lord Charles Russell, began by telling the boys, "I was once a shoeblack myself, but there was this difference between my shoeblacking at Westminster School and yours—that you always get a penny for your work, whereas often I had only a kick for my pains, and that too from the very boot I had polished!"

It must be a very dull heart that could be present on an occasion like this without rejoicing that to so many children, who else would be running wild, or perhaps be *driven* along the broad path to crime and misery, a new path is open to industry and happiness, and that now it may be truly said, "No boy, with hands to work, need starve in an English town."

It is evident that a shoeblack's occupation is only a temporary means of subsistence, by which he may live while he learns, and may acquire habits of industry, and earn a character that fits him for regular work-day life. Hundreds of these boys are thus, every year, enabled to enter the army and navy, to become domestic servants or errand boys, or to emigrate to wider fields of labour in the colonies. Many of them write to the Society, from all parts of the world, remembering with gratitude the share it has had in saving them from ruin, the kindness of the committee, the pleasant evenings with the magic lantern, the country excursions, the schooling and discipline, the rewards—nay, the punishments of their shoeblack days—and more than all, the gentle influence of their Sunday school.

Failures there are, no doubt, both numerous and grave, but in what effort of social reform can we say there are not? Year by year, however, the success of this system of managing the street boys has increased, and the managers, who claim a right to speak from experience, assure us of the fact, that the London shoeblacks are a signal instance of the happy fruits of that practical Christian benevolence which gives work, and food, and learning, and home to the outcast, while it cheers the desolate heart with the love of a friend to the friendless.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" DEFENDANT.

"And first," says the Dean of St. Patrick's, in his "Argument against Abolishing Christianity," "I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be choked at the sight of so many draggle-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes; but at the same time those wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons."

The Rev. Dr. Campbell has obtained a verdict against the *Saturday Review* for libel, and the damage to the reverend gentleman's character has been assessed at the very moderate sum of £50. Perhaps the Doctor's character was so unassailable that no bombardment, however severe, could do it any injury; perhaps it was so well known, that it could suffer no damage from any attack; perhaps the criticism was so feeble that it inflicted only £50 worth of injury. Those who read the articles in the *Review* and know the history of Dr. Campbell may draw their own conclusions. Dr. Campbell is the conductor of a journal which, under the various names of the *Ensign*, the *Standard*, and the *Banner*, supports the cause of Protestantism, and exerts its efforts to Christianize the heathen and to warn the people, but especially the Queen, against the dangers of Popery. Every person in this country is entitled to express his opinion, and of course Dr. Campbell and his hundred thousand subscribers are entitled to theirs. The increase in the circulation of his periodical was a legitimate ground for congratulation, and accordingly the reverend gentleman, in that spirit of business-like piety which distinguishes him, not only proclaimed his success, but published the names of the more illustrious subscribers to his journal. There were the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Gainsborough, Mr. Kinnaird, and others well known in the religious world, who seem to have come forward to support Dr. Campbell with generous alacrity. Here was tempting game afoot. Dr. Campbell was a very zealous Protestant and a prominent Dissenter. Like a Spanish bull he had come bounding into the arena, and a good bait was inevitable. True to its Church-Militant maxims the *Saturday Review* loosed its ecclesiastical bulldog upon the flanks of the champion of British Protestantism, and the skilled brute proceeded to worry his victim with all the truculent skill at his command. Not satisfied with denouncing Dr. Campbell and all his school, the *Saturday Review* insinuated that the reverend gentleman was a gross impostor,—that he was not only indifferent to the conversion of the heathen, provided he could increase the circulation of his journal; but that he had put forward a list of eminent, though fictitious names, for the purpose of decoying a crowd of ignorant fanatics into subscribing to the journal. In an article published last June in the *Saturday Review* the champions of High Church principles insisted that Dr. Campbell had invented a telling list of subscribers, and that his enthusiasm for the conversion of the heathen was in real truth an enthusiasm for the replenishment of his own purse.

A grosser accusation it is difficult to imagine, and Dr. Campbell

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was certainly justified in bringing an action against those who had ventured to make it. The trial took place before the Lord Chief Justice, and resulted in a verdict of £50 for Dr. Campbell. It was distinctly proved that the subscribers were not fictitious, for the very persons whose names had been put forward appeared in the witness-box. Even the old man who had been described as an "Old Soldier," and whose existence had been charitably ignored, came forward in *propriâ personâ*. The only defence alleged by the *Saturday Review* was, that the writer himself believed in the truth of the calumnies which he had uttered against Dr. Campbell, and it was therefore insisted that the calumnies were privileged. There was no plea that the libellous charges were true in fact; on the contrary, it was not only admitted that they were untrue, but that no sort of inquiry had been made as to whether they had any foundation. It was vehemently insisted that this was immaterial, but the Lord Chief Justice maintained the contrary opinion. "One man," said Sir A. Cockburn, "must not calumniate another merely because he believes what he says." This dictum is to form the subject of future discussion. But there are one or two reflections naturally arising out of the trial, and the peculiar position of the plaintiff and defendant in this action, which are not uninstructive.

There is something exquisitely humorous, though no doubt somewhat audacious, in the *Saturday Review* taking up its parable against those who make a trade of religion. Let any one run over the file of that periodical, and see what literary capital it has made out of this sacred subject. Dr. Cumming, Mr. Spurgeon, all sorts of Low Churchmen, and Dissenters, have formed the staple material of its weekly lucubrations. Had it been the object of these amiable writers to point out the errors into which others have fallen, and to instruct the ignorant, they would have written in a different tone and at more distant intervals. If Dr. Campbell used the conversion of the heathen as a means of puffing his journal, it may with as much justice be said that the *Saturday Review* has used a good many popular religious writers for the same ignoble purpose. Animated by the proverbial spirit of theological hatred, this periodical has exhibited extraordinary ingenuity in its attacks upon popular religion. With an art which the most skilful of French cooks might envy, the mangled remains of eminent Low Churchmen have been served up almost weekly in every possible shape and with every variety of sauce. And the system has answered. Unfortunately the mass of mankind have a secret pleasure in hearing their fellow-creatures abused, and those who do not disdain to pander to that appetite are sure of their reward. Let it not be supposed that the sarcasm of the *Saturday Review* is without a distinct purpose. If a courtly prelate of High Church tendencies were to expose himself to ridicule, or if some rubrical fanatic were to set his parish in flames by insisting on some obnoxious ceremonial, it is needless to say that no word of rebuke for such folly would be found in the pages of the *Saturday Review*. But when a hard-working and popular clergyman of Low Church views is elevated to the Bench, no time is lost in disparaging his merits and inventing a fictitious history of his life and times. If a body of ladies combine for the purpose of aiding young women to emigrate and to improve their condition, the sardonic Anglo-Catholic journalist is at once ready to insinuate that the ladies are little better than they should be, and practically engaged in supplying the colonial Haymarkets with the sort of living commodities required. If a number of young men, scorning the frivolities of fashion, choose to descend into the squalid dens of Whitechapel "to visit the fatherless in their affliction," a Saturday Reviewer makes the amiable suggestion that these ostentatious young guardsmen are doing all this by way of "spiritual plate-powder." If there are "midnight meetings" of fallen women, the opportunity is improved by suggesting that those who attend such places will probably do themselves an injury and their auditors no good. It is impossible not to admire the perverse ingenuity which can misconstrue every act done and every word uttered by a Low Churchman or a Dissenter. Anything for piquancy and paradox! No matter how sacred may be the subject—no matter how indecent the allusion—there is nothing too high, nothing too low, for the use of such essayists, provided only it can be used to damage a religious adversary or to throw ridicule upon popular religion. It would be grossly unjust to assert that all the writers in the *Saturday Review* are animated by this spirit. But there is at least one class of subjects—and that, perhaps, the most important—which are habitually treated in this fashion. It has become a trade, and the trade flourishes.

Exception has been taken to the ruling of the Lord Chief Justice, on the ground that as the jury found that the Saturday Reviewer really believed in his own calumnies against Dr. Campbell, a verdict ought to have been recorded in his favour. It is to be hoped that this objection will not prevail. Can it be said that a person is to have no redress because a writer can be found malignant enough to make the grossest charges which are not only untrue, but with respect to the truth or falsity of which he has made no sort of inquiry? If a High Church clerical scribe can be found so virulent in his hatred, so prurient in his imagination, so ingenious in his perverseness, and so impervious to all sense of justice, that he distorts facts without compunction and even invents them when he thinks fit—shall it be said that all the rancorous effusions of his spleen are to go unpunished, and that because he is inspired by a sectarian malignity "which believeth all things and hopeth all things" against his fellow citizens,—these fellow-citizens must submit calmly to imputations which are not only scandalous but confessedly untrue? This is not the law as the Lord Chief Justice understands it, and we see no reason to doubt the correctness of his opinion.

RUSSIAN REFORMS.

THE time has arrived in which the emancipation of the Russian peasantry is to be rendered complete. With the 2nd of March terminated the period which the Emperor allowed to the proprietors and their serfs, for the final settlement of their mutual accounts. At the end of that time it was hoped that definite arrangements would have been made, and that nothing would be left for both parties to do but to celebrate the anniversary of liberation by a universal festival. But what monarchs propose their subjects are not always disposed to accept. The time has elapsed, and the question still remains unsettled. The serfs refuse to work out their own liberation, and their former masters find themselves in a strangely anomalous position. The bargains which ought to have been concluded have not in most cases passed through even the preliminary stages, and the Government will be obliged to devise means for settling a hundred thousand suits, each involving the contending interests of a herd of ignorant and angry litigants. The Emperor's good intentions, which long before this ought to have resulted in facts, are compelled to remain mere ideas; and his single will appears unable to cope with that of stubborn millions, who present a passive resistance which no entreaties can modify, and no arguments can overcome. The Ministry has as yet afforded little assistance, and the army of officials is as powerless as it is unpopular. The Emperor may well look around in dismay for counsel, and it is even possible that he may at times be inclined to listen to a voice which, from secret hiding-places, and through the medium of concealed and proscribed speakers, calls for the convocation of the old and half-forgotten States General.

The recent number of the *Quarterly Review* contains a learned and interesting article on the decline and fall of constitutional government in Russia, and of those popular assemblies the revival of which is now demanded by the more advanced members of the liberal party. The early history of that country is not an alluring subject. So little has been written about it by impartial authors in generally intelligible languages, that the Sclavonic portion of Europe appears to most voyagers up the stream of time to be wrapped in impenetrable mist, muffled voices only being vaguely heard within it, and a few indistinct forms dimly looming through its veil. At last, Peter the Great emerges from the cloud, the palaces of St. Petersburg start up from the swamps of the Neva, the beard falls off from the Muscovite chin, and the Russian empire takes its place among the powers that be. From that period despotism is its characteristic; and the old constitutional restrictions on arbitrary power, and the assemblies in which the voice of the people made itself heard, being effectually concealed from the descendants of a race of freemen, are eventually forgotten by them. But hidden away among the mouldering archives of decaying towns, and written in a language of which few foreigners understand a word, there still exist the records of a time when slavery was unknown in the land, when patriotism meant something nobler than a blind obedience to a single irresponsible chief, and when the virtues which Freedom fosters were more than historical reminiscences.

In the article to which we have referred, a sketch is given of the progressive steps by which the towns of Russia, originally "mere agricultural or pastoral groupings of population, ultimately became industrial and administrative centres," around which were formed district and provincial communes, till at last they united in a communal federal union, of which Novgorod and Pskov were the capitals. The authority of each commune was vested in a *Veché*, or common council, at which it is supposed that every citizen had a right to be present, although only the representatives of the town

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population and the officers of the Government had the power of speaking and of voting in it. By it the mayor, and at Novgorod both the prince and the archbishop, were elected. In it the internal affairs and the foreign relations of the State were discussed; it could constitute itself into a criminal court for the trial and punishment of felons; it exercised a control in all matters relating to internal police, finance, and the administration of justice; and it had a voice in every declaration of war or conclusion of peace. The towns in those days were peopled by a race of sturdy burghers—men accustomed to deliberate freely about their own affairs, and very jealous of any unconstitutional interference with their rights, on the part of their princes; and the open country, which was looked upon as the general property of all, was farmed on the purest communistic principles by peasants who were their own masters, and were able to wander freely wherever they chose.

This state of things lasted until the Tartar invasion. Under the Mongol rule the liberties of the towns became restricted, while the power of the princes increased, and when an attempt was made to drive out the invaders, the necessity arose for a centralization of power. The grand dukes of Moscow gradually became arbitrary sovereigns, and when Ivan the Great had succeeded in freeing the country from the Tartar rule, he proceeded to subjugate it to himself. The *Vechés* were abolished throughout Russia, and the bells which had been wont to call together the citizens of the little republics were silenced for ever.

But the grand dukes of all Muscovy, and their successors the Czars of all the Russias, found a difficulty in ruling without the aid of some kind of representative councils, and accordingly the place of the *Vechés* was taken by "a series of assemblies which, although desultory and unfrequent, were nevertheless parliaments on the broadest basis of popular franchise." In 1550, a code of laws was framed by the States-General, a body consisting of the chief officials of Church and State, and deputies elected by the clergy, the nobility, and the bourgeoisie. In 1566 they were summoned to give their advice respecting the war with Poland, and in 1584 to assist at the consecration of a new czar. On his death, the line of Rurik being extinct, the States-General proclaimed his brother-in-law as his successor, and again in 1613 they met to choose a Sovereign for the vacant throne. Their choice fell upon Michael Romanof, who was obliged to swear that he would observe the conditions of a charter which was drawn up by the "council of the whole land," and which stipulated "that he would neither make new laws nor change old statutes, and that in all important matters he would not give an arbitrary decision." But soon after his accession Michael is supposed to have withdrawn this charter, and to have replaced it by another in which the conditions limiting the power of the Sovereign were omitted. What became of the original document is not known with any certainty, though a box which is said to contain it is shown in the museum at the Kremlin, but the new one is still preserved in the archives of the Russian Foreign Office. Gradually the States-General lost their power under the mismanagement of the Czar's father, the Patriarch Philaret, but after his death they partially regained their importance. In 1648 they were convoked by the Czar Alexis Mikhailovich, for the purpose of compiling a new code of laws, and again in 1653, in order to give their opinion concerning the petition of the Malo-Russian Cossacks to be taken under the protection of Russia. The successor of Alexis called them together for the sake of altering some of the privileges enjoyed by the nobles, but on his death in 1682, they were dissolved by the Regent Sophia.

With the dissolution of this assembly terminates the Parliamentary history of Russia. Peter the Great utterly disregarded the constitution which Michael Romanoff had sworn to observe. The mass of the people he despised profoundly, while he cordially detested the nobility; and accordingly his rule became a ferocious despotism, under which the nobles declined into insignificance, while the peasantry sank into a state little superior to that of the brutes they tended, and the whole of the executive power under the Czar passed into the hands of a bureaucracy, formed on the most approved German model. The "peculiar institution" of slavery had by this time produced its natural results. Originally the Russian peasant was, in every sense of the word, a free man. Gradually his liberty became restricted. In the middle of the thirteenth century a census was taken, in order to secure the regular collection of taxes, and at the same time all dwellers upon state lands were summarily forbidden to leave them without special permission; thus the custom gradually arose of allowing the rural population to migrate at the beginning and end of the agricultural season only. This custom was legalized by successive ordinances of the Czar, but the death-blow was not given to freedom till the 24th of November, 1597, when a decree was issued forbidding all peasants to leave those lands on which they should be found on that day. From that time they became mere slaves, bound to the soil, and subjected to the arbitrary proprietor of the land they tilled. Under the curse of slavery they rapidly degenerated; and when Peter the Great mounted the throne, he found himself the ruler over a nation of savages. The idea of the people having a right to share his power with him was not likely to occur to that illustrious madman, and neither he, nor any of his profligate successors, until the time of Catherine II., gave a thought to the subject. But her ideas were more extended, her views more enlightened. She wished to be popular with her subjects, she was anxious to gain the applause of the philosophers, and she longed to become celebrated as a lawgiver. In order to gain these three ends, she appointed a commission for the preparation of a new code of laws, the members of which were elected by the people, and which formed in reality a Parliament in which all classes of the nation were fairly represented. The deputies assembled at Moscow in July, 1767, and carried on their deliberations there and at St. Petersburg until the spring of 1769. From them originally emanated the idea of the numerous administrative and judicial reforms which rendered the reign of Catherine really illustrious. To them also belongs the merit of having recommended at least a modification of serfdom, and a return to constitutional principles of government; but counsels such as these proved so distasteful to even a philosophic Empress, that she promptly disbanded her presumptuous advisers. Since that time, almost a hundred years ago, no general assembly has represented the Russian nation. The Czar's power strengthened as it grew older, and an increasing population grovelled contentedly before the demi-god who adorned the imperial throne. During the reign of Nicholas the system of absolutism reached its fullest development, and until his death there seemed to be not the slightest chance of a recurrence to constitutional principle. But now all is changed. The Emperor Alexander has organized a system of reforms more sweeping than the most daring Radical would have ventured to suggest a few years ago. Slavery is abolished, justice is unshackled, Truth is requested to step out of her well, and Freedom is invited to consider herself at home. So at least declare some few sanguine admirers of the imperial policy. There are not wanting, on the other hand, gloomy critics who protest that the reforms are mere shams, that the promises of the Government are specious deceptions, and that the apparent progress of liberal ideas is really the commencement of a retrograde movement. But the pessimists seem clearly in the wrong. Much undoubtedly remains to be done, still much has been effected. The emancipation of the serfs is a measure for which the Emperor deserves the highest credit, and the legal reforms are good as far as they go. It is stated that the ancient representative assemblies of Finland are to be resuscitated, the Government having found it so difficult to feed its subjects in that province during the recent famine, that it has become inclined to recognize their partial independence. Poland might possibly obtain the same favour, if the voice of Liberal Europe could reach imperial ears; and the whole empire might after a time share in the benefits already enjoyed by its outlying dependencies. The constitutional party in Russia grows stronger every day, and, unless its influence were checked by the reaction which the Polish insurrection must create, it might even be able before long to eject its enemies from office, and to afford to the Emperor the aid of a Ministry which would possess the confidence of the nation, and enable him to fulfil the glowing promises he has made, and to complete the peaceful revolution he has commenced.

"LADY AUDLEY" ON THE STAGE.

A NEW melo-dramatic play, the story of which is that of "Lady Audley's Secret," taken from the strange wild novel of Miss Braddon, whose sudden popularity is a significant literary phenomenon of the last few months, has this week been put upon the boards of the St. James's Theatre. We have already expressed some dislike, on grounds of morality and good taste, for this class of novels. These narratives of unredeemed depravity, while pandering to the morbid thirst for violent "sensation," can neither chasten, refine, nor invigorate the mind. They fail to perform that high function which was assigned by Aristotle to the tragic art when he said that its true use is "to purge the heart of man by pity and terror;" coming thus in aid of the solemn office of religion, with examples of a spiritual power surely avenging the perpetration of sin. Such, indeed, was the object of the earliest tragedians, whose works have been preserved to us from that heroic age of Greece, when, at Athens, the old soldier of Marathon wielded his poetic "thunder-phrase" to enforce the inviolability of

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the moral law, by depicting, in the Furies of conscience, the fearful messengers of the gods. And such, too, was the aim of our own Shakspeare, faithful to the same idea, which reason had suggested to the heathen, and which Christianity has more certainly revealed,—that the visitations of remorse are sent into the presence of the guilty mind by a judicial infliction, and emanate from the sphere of supernatural power. The tent of Richard, the banquet-hall of Macbeth, haunted by the ghosts of their slain, bear witness, along with the fatality brooding in the atmosphere of their final acts and preparing their foreseen destruction, to this awful lesson of a Divine punishment of crime, in the appointed anguish of the soul which has sinned. That weird imagery, however, of the mediæval or classical mythologists will not do for modern fiction. Unless the now fashionable tales of adultery and murder are to display the wreck of human nature within the breast, as an effect of violating the laws imposed by the sovereign will and wisdom ruling all, they will not serve for the moral instruction of this age. It may, however, be allowed, that a story is not always bound to supply express moral edification. To enlarge the range of our sympathies, by interesting us in the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, of its various personages, and by calling upon us to share the conflict of good and evil motives which divide their hearts, is still more properly its aim.

But it is essential that they should be characters with whom we *can* sympathize—that they should be capable of good, though struggling with evil, and perhaps overcome by it—that they should be human beings, and not mere demoniac impersonations of unrelenting vice. We cannot feel any real interest in the mental sufferings which may be conventionally attributed to such a one as Lady Audley, since we never find her touched by any generous or tender affection. We can understand her dread of detection and vengeance, but not her remorse. A compound of the coarsest worldly ambition, with fiendish malignity and pride, though tricked out in the external graces of womanhood, has about her so little that is feminine, or even that is human, as to make it difficult to conceive her feelings, unless she were physically tortured, or hanged. It might be possible to feel for the other persons of the story, or even to feel with them, but that they are thoroughly commonplace. Mr. Robert Audley, for instance, is the ordinary type of the social detective, who, like Mr. Walter Hartright in "The Woman in White," is obliged, by his private acquaintance with the victim of a mysterious villany, to undertake the task of its exposure. And his friend, her ladyship's first husband, whether dead or alive, behaves in so inconsequent a manner, that, while we think no man was ever more badly used, we cannot heartily echo Robert Audley's vow, "Heaven help those who stand between me and the secret, for they shall all be sacrificed to the memory of George Talboys!" The fact is, that all the characters in the book, and all the readers of it, are, "Heaven help them!" sacrificed to "the secret," which, after the middle of the first volume, is no secret at all.

Being, therefore, neither a story with a moral purpose nor one truly illustrative of human character, nor one fitted to exercise the affections and sympathies with an innocent and natural play of feeling, this novel has yet proved attractive to many readers. And so, the reports of the trial of Constance or Catherine Wilson may have seemed attractive to them as a narrative of extreme and almost incredible wickedness; over which they linger, detained by that sort of fascination which a sight of some monstrosities in nature has been said to exert. It is, perhaps, the more attractive to those once brought within its sway, because it seems so repulsive to those who view it from a distance, still walking on "in maiden meditation, fancy free." At first view, the notion that a very pretty, ladylike young woman, decorated with a waxen complexion, blue eyes, and golden hair, will compass the death of several men for the sake of maintaining her position as the wife of a country baronet, gives rather a disagreeable shock to our sense of social security and to our habitual esteem for the lovelier sex. But this rare specimen of feline craft and cruelty, as she is safely caged within the covers of Miss Braddon's three volumes, affords a piquant gratification to those who more closely study her caressing gambols, without any fear of her claws. Indeed, we are even disposed to believe that, if the lady existed in real life, and, having escaped the sentence of the criminal law, were eligible in the matrimonial market, she might, after a month's publicity in the police-courts and assize-courts, receive as many proposals from suitors for her hand as were made notoriously to a renowned female poisoner at Edinburgh, after her acquittal, three or four years ago. Supposing the motive which had prompted her crimes to be past, the vanity of her new possessor might be tickled with the idea of caressing so perilous a creature.

Lady Audley, as she appears this week upon the stage, is the same person that we found her three or four months since, in a deplorably successful book. If the public recognition of Miss Braddon's undoubted cleverness as a writer must be qualified with sincere regret, that an Englishwoman should have chosen for her literary model the abnormal creations of Balzac, we have no scruple in giving to Miss Herbert, as an actress, the praise of having thoroughly entered into the spirit of her part with an intellectual grasp of its utmost capabilities, which even improves upon the author's conception. If she has much rant to utter, it is no fault of hers. Nor is she ill-supported by the other performers, slight as is the interest of their parts. That of Luke Marks, the debauched, dishonest, grumbling gamekeeper, by whose agency, rather than by Robert Audley's ingenious pursuit, her ladyship's crimes are discovered, is played by Mr. Frank Matthews, the manager, with a humorous appreciation of the roughest manners of rustic low life; while Mr. Arthur Stirling, in the part of Robert Audley, and Mr. Gaston Murray, as the unfortunate Talboys, do their obvious business in a vigorous and manly style. The scenery, expressly painted for this play by Mr. Beverley from the laboured descriptions in the novel, has more than one good pictorial effect. Of the drama itself, as compressing within two hurried acts the leading events and dialogues of a story but too familiar to most readers of the popular fictions of the day, it is needless that we should say much. It will, however, be readily understood, that the unnatural behaviour and the improbable incidents, upon which the forced complications of "Lady Audley's Secret" depend, do not become less glaringly offensive, when detached from the less salient passages of the book and placed in close sequence upon the stage. The actual meeting of Talboys with his unfaithful wife, the altercation between them, and their mutual threats and defiance just before she throws him down into the well, serve only, as they are introduced into this play, to show yet more than in the novel how absurd is the notion that any woman in that position, though it were to save herself from an accusation of bigamy, would at once resort to open and deadly violence, instead of trying, by hypocrisy and blandishments, to disarm the anger of a man who passionately loved her. And though, in the duel of sharp insinuations and evasions which afterwards takes place between Robert Audley and the suspected murderess, the skill of both performers is most effectively displayed, we are struck with the fact that Lady Audley never attempts to seduce the man whom she has so much cause to fear, and so, while affecting to share his anxiety, stifle his first suspicion by the influence of her natural attractions. She prefers to burn him to death in his bed. In this respect, at least, the story is free from one objectionable element,—that of illicit love. It has nevertheless, in our judgment, an unwholesome moral tendency. It is an appeal to that low taste for criminal horrors which is sufficiently catered for by the Old Bailey reports, without enlisting the arts of the novelist or the dramatist for its prurient gratification. We cannot approve its success.

PURE JOY.

Practical men are often perplexed as much as they are amused by the familiar sight of a number of children launched promiscously upon a level grass-plot, and advised, in general terms, "to go and play." No set form of amusement is prescribed, and no assistance is given; the happy beings are expected to look at the frisking lambs, to consider their ways, and be playful. The most curious part of the spectacle is, that the children at once proceed to do it. They seem to understand what they have to execute, and how to set to work, as well as if some definite laws of "playing about" had existed from time immemorial. This singular faculty disappears, it is true, with the assumption of jackets. Growing boys will play for hours if they have something to play at, and they will play with the most rudely improvised materials if the circumstances are only such as render amusement illicit; but set them to disport themselves deliberately under the conditions above mentioned, and they will at once turn sulky and misanthropic. The task gets harder as the years advance; it is as reasonable to expect an infant to preach a sermon, as to expect a middle-aged gentleman to gambol. Nor is this incapacity for gratuitous exultation confined to physical sports. No intelligent person of a practical turn of mind can contemplate, without serious misgivings, the duty of becoming wildly joyful. Serenity of mind, he will probably feel, is at once easy and pleasant, if only the purse is heavy and the conscience light; but this is not nearly sufficient to reach the standard which is represented by the word joy. What is wanted is something gushing and tumultuous. "Go to," he will say, "let me now devote myself to exuberance of spirits." But what will the best

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ntentions do if the spirits refuse to boil over? Jubilant rapture is delightful to look at, but it is distressingly difficult to get hold of and appropriate. With the most bacchanalian intentions in the world, how are fathers of families to begin? If history were consulted, it would be found that some nations, under the circumstances which we are considering, have proclaimed a general abrogation of debts. In modern days, nothing could be more repugnant than such a course to a well-balanced mind, unless it were the general payment of them. We do not seek such surprises or revolutions in our social relations to one another. Perhaps the wildest dream that the average Englishman could indulge in, in the way of festive re-adjustment of property, would be a day in the distant future set apart by the nations of the world for a universal restoration of umbrellas.

It is not with mere theory, however, that we are now concerned. The question of being joyful is one of considerable practical importance at the present moment. Here are twenty millions of Englishmen told that they are to make merry with all their might on a certain day of the coming week; and, what is more, there is not a man among them who is not disposed to do it to the best of his power. We are awakening, rousing ourselves from the gloom of the past year; *solvit se Teucria luctu;* in virtue of a natural reaction, if for no other reason, we should wish to dance and play. The national movement towards merry-making is thus redeemed from any touch of vulgarity by the evident sincerity which prompts it. Now, will any one suggest some good mode of rejoicing? The more inventive spirits in all the town councils of the realm have been studying the subject for weeks. Their success, we are bound to say, has hardly been equal to the emergency. If there have been any attempts to depart from the established routine, and introduce some new and grandly festive conceptions, they have been few and far between. Still, there is here and there, in the catalogue of provincial designs, a spark or two of originality. To eat and drink comes, of course, by nature, and feeding children is part of every programme; but for Nottingham alone it is reserved to add to the genial character of the day by a monster temperance gathering; and Liverpool, on the strength of its grand public room, will enliven the occasion by a "series of organ performances." For the most part, the schools are to be treated to plum-pudding; but we should have hoped that the member whom Pontefract returns to Parliament would have had sufficient influence in one branch of practical art to prevent the sons and daughters of his constituents from being "regaled with tea." At Manchester there will be, in celebration of the occasion, a "general display of flags." Bath will supply its children with fourpence apiece, and a bun. At Richmond there will be public sports; in other words, the corporation will "play about." Kidderminster alone, noble Kidderminster, proposes to roast three oxen whole. The only news from Worcester is the mysterious announcement that a hitch has occurred in the proceedings. As regards the expense of the day, the corporations may be divided into three classes. Some vote the money from the public chest, on the principle that the rate-payers are sure to be loyally-minded, and that those who can revel, and won't revel, ought to be made to revel; some consider that the funds would be best supplied by private contributions; lastly, Sunderland will be provided with amusement at the cost of its munificent mayor.

It is not without some curiosity that we have read the announcement in the newspapers of the part which the Volunteer corps are to take in the pageant of next week. At first it was proposed that the riflemen should line the streets of the metropolis through which the procession was to pass; and the proposal was not finally rejected till it was sagaciously observed that if this idea was adopted, each Volunteer would have to supply lining for about three yards of space with his own proper person. At present the understanding is that the city corps is to take the city streets for itself, while the remainder of the force is to be brought into Hyde Park out of the way of "demoralising" cabs, and far from the irritating conversation of the general public. These last will certainly have the best of it. We strongly suspect that the task of lining the streets will be one of more toil than profit. Volunteers may be men of magnificent physique, but the duty of arresting and repelling a street boy who is bent on creeping through one's legs must be a far from dignified one. Moreover, it has to be explained by what engines of coercion these Volunteers are to be supposed to act. We all know the influence which moral force exercises in problems of a political nature; but if there is any one case in which moral force is likely to break down, it is that of an aggressive sightseer. Private Jones may be a miracle of manly symmetry, and a tower of strength to his country on a field-day at Brighton; but what is the unfortunate man to do when taken in the rear by enemies who are rapid in movements, and more often butchers than not? He may not shoot them without the word of command, and he is not of a bloodthirsty disposition. Has he any resource if the proletarian in a blue frock refuses categorically to move further back? "How if a will not stand?" was the very sensible reply of the watchman to the explicit commands of Dogberry; and even the resource of letting him go in Heaven's name will not avail the Volunteer in this instance. May he go so far as to request him to come on, one at a time? May he use strong language? If so, how strong? Or will his only resource be to appeal to the police, and threaten to write to the *Times?* The War Office, with all its green books and red books, has never yet published explicit injunctions to the riflemen on the subject of lining streets.

As regards the festivities themselves, there is but one representation which it seems particularly necessary to urge upon the authorities of the various towns. Whatever else there is, let there be fireworks. Fireworks leave an impression upon the uneducated mind which even dinners fail very often to produce. Buns eaten are soon forgotten; but rockets and Roman candles live and blaze in the memory for ever. There is something much more vivid about fireworks, more traditionally festive, more suggestive of pleasurable excitement, than in any amount of dull and useful food. There is the element of wastefulness, too, in burning gunpowder, which is a very large ingredient of all true merry-making. And, more than all, a display of fireworks is essentially public. All share alike in the spectacle. There cannot be one catherine-wheel for the rich and another catherine-wheel for the poor; one touch of pyrotechny makes the whole world kin. Without any leanings towards Unbridled Democracy, and without any wish to attack the general system of things, it is impossible to help observing with satisfaction that the privilege of looking up into the air is one which it requires no intellectual or pecuniary qualification to enjoy. The millionaire may gaze at the rockets as they rush up with all the gorgeousness of their blazing tails, and think that, admitted, as the poet has it, to that equal sky, his faithful but badly-dressed fellow-citizen is at that very moment bearing him company. Let there be fireworks then, even if the roasted oxen have to be sacrificed for them. The chief object of all festive arrangements is, after all, to prove to ourselves that we are happy; but if, omitting abstract joy, there is any wish felt to give general practical pleasure, and signally to commemorate the day, the best means to devise for the purpose are those which will be most universal in their capacity for pleasing, and most vivid in their immediate effect on the senses.

ART AND SCIENCE.

AIR TRACTION.

How many of the toys of our childhood contain the scientific principles with which, in advanced manhood, we push on the civilization of the world! Boys, for instance, have gone on pea-shooting for generations, and nothing has come of it; but in our day a clever engineer has asked himself, If a pea can travel by the mere pressure of the breath along its pea-shooter, why should we not turn atmospheric pressure seeking to fill a vacuum to some account in the affairs of men, and shoot, not peas, but letters, parcels, and other light articles, through Brobdignagian peashooters from point to point under our streets? Mr. Rammell has asked this question, and finding men of substance to believe in the feasibility of his plan, has set to work, and is now shooting heavy mails of letters day by day under the streets between the North-Western Railway Station and the North-west District Post-office. The pedestrian passing along Crawley-street and Eversholt-street in that neighbourhood may hear a loud rumble under ground, but he little dreams that, like swift shuttles, carriages are shooting to and fro all day long beneath the roadway between the two points we have mentioned; and, as a consequence, that the red mail-carts that of old tore along the highway are now seen no more, being beaten out of the field by the peashooter beneath his feet.

The cradle of this new drudge that man has called into service to do his bidding is a modest brick shed near the bottom of the Euston-square Station, which any one is free to enter, and when he does so he is puzzled mightily to understand the use of the strange engines he sees before him. There is the mouth of the tube, and there are the travelling trucks, ready to be thrust into it; and as we look, a bell rings at some little distance up the rail—this is a signal that a mail-train has arrived at the Camden station, and that it will speedily be at Euston-square. At this signal we hear a shovel of coke thrown into a furnace, a small steam-engine begins to beat swiftly, and a whirring sound is heard within a great iron case which is noticed on one side of the shed. This, we are informed, is the pneumatic wheel—the mouth, in fact, which is to propel or draw the trucks through the tube. This wheel is 21 feet in diameter, and is composed of two discs of iron, not placed quite parallel to each other, but tapering off from axis to periphery. These discs are braced together by spoke-like parti-

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tions, and these partitions communicate with an opening for the entrance of air about the axis. As this wheel rapidly revolves, the air is sucked in at its centre, and thrown off in a perfect gale at its open rim or edge. This gale is not allowed to disperse itself, however, but when any work has to be done, is confined within a case, just as a paddle-wheel is confined within a paddle-box, and allowed to pass out at the will of the engineer through a pipe in connection with the great pneumatic despatch-tube. In like manner, the air that is sucked in at the axle is all conducted from the despatch-tube by a similar pipe. Here, then, we have the means of pulling or pushing the travelling-carriages along their subterranean road, and as we speak we see it in operation; for a mail-guard opens a door, throws in two or three mail-bags just snatched out of the guard's van as it rolls into the station, the iron carriages are shoved into the tube, the air-tight door at its mouth is closed, and the engineer, with a turn of a lever, directs a torrent of air upon them, and we hear them rumbling off on their subterranean journey at a rate, as we are informed, of twenty miles an hour. Ere we have done looking and wondering, we notice that a water-gauge, on which the eye of the engineer has been fixed, becomes depressed at one arm and elevated at another. "It has arrived," he says; and almost ere he has said it, a bell connected with an electric telegraph warns him that the attendant at the other end of the tube is about to thrust the carriage into the tube on its return journey. It had been pushed along, as we have said, by the pressure of air thrown out by the wheel, but it has to be pulled back by suction; the valve of the suction-pipe, in connection with the centre of the disc, is accordingly opened, and speedily we hear a hollow rumbling, and out shoots the carriage, ready once more for fresh bags. At present 110 mails pass in this way from the station to the district post-office during the day, and not only letters but trucks of iron of the weight of five tons have passed, and adventurous visitors now and then perform the journey to their great delight. The principle having been thus practically tested, the directors are getting ready to lay down a 4 ft. 6 in. tube between Euston-square terminus and the W.C. district Post-office at the corner of Southampton-street, High Holborn, and thence along Holborn-hill to Smithfield Market, the General Post-office, and the depôts of the great carriers in Gresham-street, Messrs. Pickford and Messrs. Chaplin & Horne, both of which firms have entered into an arrangment with the Pneumatic Despatch Company to carry their parcels to and from the station. Without doubt, before long, all the main thoroughfares will be traversed by these swift shuttles, passing to and fro by the impulse of the air—performing the part of letter-carriers between distant parts of this great metropolis, and consequently multiplying the deliveries, and shortening the time in which they are transmitted, giving us also an hour or more later for writing our country letters than in the old days of the mail-carts which may be expected to grow as scarce as mail coaches. But the public will scarcely gain less advantage from the action of this invention as a carrier and a parcel delivery company. Our streets are at present blockaded at certain times of the day by the three-horse railway waggons passing between the great carriers and the railway termini. This traffic will be greatly lessened, if not totally annihilated, as the Pneumatic Despatch Company ramify their carrying-tubes through the metropolis, and pass underground the goods going from station to station, and again from the stations to our great markets. The magnitude of this traffic is only known to those who carry it on. Taking Camden Town as one of the stations which supply the London commissariat, we find that a hundred tons of meat and poultry daily pass thence to Smithfield, and ten tons of butter; whilst thirty tons of fish pass daily from Billingsgate to the railway station, and an equal weight of oranges and dried fruit escapes into the country by the same outlet. We scarcely dare say how many tons of vegetables are brought into Covent Garden Market by the spring carriages of the different lines, but we may mention that the South Eastern Railway one morning delivered in that market no less than 13,000 baskets of fruit; whilst as much as two hundred tons a day of rhubarb and other vegetables are sent northward from the Camden Station. A very large share of this immense daily traffic will doubtless fall into the hands of this company, as they will be able to carry so much cheaper and much quicker than the ordinary vehicles possibly can do, and they will be able to deliver directly into the market, and beside the rail.

But, says the reader, if such heavy traffic as this is contemplated by the promoters of the new carrying system, why not carry people as well as goods? That is just what Mr. Rammell contemplates doing. The great success of the Metropolitan Railway has proved that the public is not adverse to subterranean transit; and, indeed, the impossibility of providing sufficient space above ground over the more crowded portions of the metropolis, has necessitated this method of underground intercommunication. Hence we do not fancy there will be any objection on this score. But, the reader will remark, the atmospheric method of propulsion has been tried, and proved a failure. But that was a system by which carriages above ground were moved by a small piston working in a pipe underground, and the expense of exhausting the air was too great to compete with locomotive traction. A pressure of 10 lb. on the square inch was required to move this piston; a pressure of 5 oz. is sufficient to move the carriages that Mr. Rammell proposes to drive inside his tubes; and the reason is evident. Each carriage will present an area of say 9 feet square to the atmosphere; in other words, the augmented area makes up for the diminished pressure. But, says the affrighted reader, this projector does not intend that we are to ride in a dark tube with the pressure of a gale of wind blowing upon us? At first sight the objection does seem a strong one; but we must remember that the carriages would be going with the gale, and, therefore, it would not be felt. There is something exceedingly novel in the method by which Mr. Rammell proposes to work the traffic. Groups of carriages would be placed at distances coinciding with the stations, and these carriages would be worked by the elastic rope of air in a continuous circuit, just as we see the buckets in the dredging-machines on the Thames working in an endless chain—one set of carriages going along one side of the double tube, and another returning by the other tube. It would be so arranged, however, that between station and station only one group of carriages could by possibility be in the tube at the same time, thus preventing any possibility of accident either by collision or by one carriage overtaking another. It is needless to say that as the atmosphere in these railway tubes would be circulating every moment, there would be perfect ventilation;—we say tubes, but they may be brick arches, put such as those of the Thames Tunnel, only much smaller,—a headway of nine feet, with a width of eight, being quite sufficient for the passage of very roomy carriages, seated like an omnibus and lighted like an ordinary railway-carriage. The plan seems so utterly strange that the reader may shrug his shoulders and doubt its practicability; but that part of the business has been disposed of at Euston-square, and we are informed that the whole plan of operations will, in all probability, be tested in public ere long. It luckily happens that, at the present moment, the main high-level intercepting culvert at Hackney Marsh, which runs under an embankment for three miles in length, will be lying idle for many months, as it will not be required for the metropolitan main drainage scheme; and in these culverts, if he gains the commissioners' permission, he will erect his pumping machinery and run his trains. We are told that traffic can be worked considerably cheaper by this method than it can be done by the locomotive, and that the cost of constructing an underground rail on this system would also be one-third less than the cost of the Metropolitan line. These are matters which have to be brought to the actual working test; at the same time, the comparatively diminished area of tunnelling required, and the great gain consequent on the abolition of the heavy locomotive, which is so destructive to the rails, tend to corroborate the correctness of the statement. Gradients which would be impossible to the heavy locomotive are ascended and descended with perfect ease by means of the elastic rope of air. For instance, the ascent and descent of the Fleet Valley at Holborn-hill and Snow-hill, will be as easily worked as the level road, and the train can work through sinuous curves which would be fatal to the locomotive. The strong pressure public opinion is bringing to bear upon the Government in favour of keeping the few open spots we have in the metropolis, will doubtless be fatal to many of the schemes which propose to cut and carve our great city in all directions. It seems, therefore, that a scheme which can be worked underground in a space not larger than that occupied by good sized culverts, and which would not interfere with the great drains—for in the main thoroughfares, such as Oxford-street, there is ample room between them and the roadway—stands a good chance of obtaining public favour. Of course we speak in the public interest only, and the experimental trial at Hackney Marsh will soon give us the public verdict one way or the other. But whether this prove to be only one of those abortive schemes which Time gathers year by year so plentifully in his wallet, or a great invention, there can be no doubt that the Pneumatic Despatch Company have established their principle of working, and that this great city will henceforth have its lighter traffic and parcels and letters carried on by a circulation of air ramifying in a network of tubes through soil, as the human body was supposed to be supplied by a similar circulation, before the time of Harvey.

WHO PHOTOGRAPHED THE MOON?

THE tendency shown in scientific quarters of late, by certain persons, to appropriate the merit of discoveries and accomplishments of others, renders it well that—without paying any regard to those minor squabbles about priority which, in the active competition between scientific investigators, ever will occur—public attention should be from time to time drawn to those more important cases where seemingly attempts are made to rob a justly-earned fame, or to gather boasted laurels by pilferings from others' works. Last year the Astronomical Society awarded their gold medal to Mr. Warren De la Rue for his numerous and most successful applications of photography to practical astronomy, and amongst the various applications so admirably conceived and so effectively carried out by him, was a series of enlarged photographs of the moon. Exquisite photographs had been previously taken with Mr. De la Rue's very fine telescope, and the magnified images of them were received on sheets of photographic paper: views of any size, up to 18 inches or more, according to the power of the lens employed, were thus obtained. These views, it is evident, must possess every detail of the original pictures, down to the most delicate gradations of tints and half-tints. Such maps of the moon were at once appreciated by astronomers, and even persons of no scientific turn of mind dwelt with delight over those displays of the great mountain ridges, enormous craters, and the extraordinary physical features of our companion world. Subjects so popular were not likely to remain long unpublished, and Messrs. Smith and Beck advertised copies for sale.

The original photographs by Mr. De la Rue are about an inch across, and copies of a selection of these, showing various

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phases of the moon, are sold by Messrs. Smith & Beck in the neat form of a folding book. Moreover Mr. De la Rue, not content with merely getting single photographs of our satellite, took double or stereoscopic views, and some of these, also reproduced under his sanction by Messrs Smith & Beck, have proved so attractive to the public as to have reached an enormous sale. That Mr. De la Rue should have imitators was not to be wondered at; and that any one should attempt to outvie him in his own domain—for such by the most meritorious and incessant labours he has made astronomical photography,—was not only to be expected, but was a fair and honourable rivalry. No surprise was therefore felt when before the meeting of British *savants* at Cambridge last year, a book of Selenography was displayed, illustrated with enlarged photographic views of a portion of the moon's disc. So little astonishment was felt at such a competition that neither the publishers nor the astronomer who made the originals suspected they were looking at copies of their own works; and it was only when attention was drawn by a young astronomer to a spot in M. D'Orsan's plates which he could not find by telescopic inspection on the moon's surface, that the idea of anything wrong was conceived. But as this particular spot was due to a defect in De la Rue's *original* photograph and had no existence on the moon at all, suspicion was naturally aroused, and, on a closer inspection, it was found that there were not less than twelve or fourteen similar and equally palpable cases in D'Orsan's photographs of the occurrence of defects that existed in De la Rue's original. Moreover, some defects which had been transferred were too prominent to escape D'Orsan's attention, and have been, without doubt, "picked out" of his plates and subsequently painted over. Any one may see this for himself by rubbing a wetted handkerchief over these places, when specks of the white paper will show up from beneath, just as when an artist "takes out" in the like manner from a water-colour drawing. In order to make this matter more intelligible, we will explain what these spots are, and how they are caused. In the first place, they differ from the shadows of mountain-peaks or crater-cavities, or any other natural shadow, in not being softened off at the edges. They were produced in this way. When the collodion was spread over the plate, minute bubbles of air got inclosed in it, and subsequently burst; or little points of grit turned off the collodion. Thus were left, in one of these ways, little holes, no bigger than the finest pin-points, in the collodion film; holes so small that it requires a microscope of twenty linear power to see them distinctly. These little holes, however, in the printing of the positive views from the original negative, let the light through, and were printed as minute solid black dots. When the small originals were magnified into large plates, the magnified representations of these dots in the enlarged views became conspicuous, and where they occurred in prominent parts of D'Orsan's plates, were evident defects; hence the scraping. Some, however, were not so evident, as, for example, one between the craters Orontius and Sasserides, on a low flat-topped mountain or wall-less crater, and which, doubtless, got mistaken for the shadow of a volcanic funnel or vent. This is the spot first detected, and has no existence on the moon at all, as numbers of other photographs by Mr. De la Rue prove, and as any one who possesses a telescope may see for himself.

But this is not all. M. D'Orsan as yet has published but two plates. These are professedly representations of the moon at two stages of her age, but in reality one is an exact, and the other a "doctored" enlargement of the best positive of one of Smith & Beck's stereoscopic slides printed from De la Rue's originals. Now these two views of D'Orsan's not only correspond exactly with each other, and with De la Rue's photograph in respect to the details and portions of the moon's surface pourtrayed, but also in respect to the direction, extent, and size of the shadows, and in the amount and direction of the illumination of every object in them, with the exception that in the first of D'Orsan's plates portions of the anterior margin of the moon's portrait have been "stopped out," and are consequently entirely absent. There is another important point. As the moon ages, we all know more and more of her disc appears, and when she wanes gradually less and less is seen. Now, the painting out of a part does not produce the same effect as the moon exhibits. As part after part of her surface comes gradually into view, the tops of the highest mountains catch the light before the lower levels; and so, if we take Smith & Beck's No. 3 view—D'Orsan's No. 2 copies being from Smith & Beck's No. 4—and compare it with D'Orsan's No. 1, we shall see that while in it all the plate is perfectly black over the area of the "stop-out," there are numerous objects in De la Rue's beautiful original—some faintly, some more or less brightly lighted up. Amongst them is one remarkably conspicuous, perhaps the most extraordinary of all the remarkable objects on the moon—the gigantic crater, Tycho. Setting aside the impossibility of the moon's showing at different periods of her age the same illumination of her disc, and setting aside the still greater impossibility of such a concurrence of variable circumstances and relations as would be necessary to produce such a result happening at the wider period that D'Orsan states to have elapsed between the times of taking his and De la Rue's photographs, how is M. D'Orsan to account for the extraordinary absence of Tycho? "Painted out" is, we think, the only possible explanation. Whether M. D'Orsan's capabilities of literary appropriation be any criterion for estimating his capacity for the exercise of a similar propensity in a scientific matter, we would not hazard any expression of opinion. But we put below a passage from M. D'Orsan's book, and one from one of the memorable Dr. Chalmers' sermons, preached many years before lunar photography was thought of.

From Dr. Chalmers's Sermons, edited by Rev. Wm. Hanna, published by Constable, Edinburgh, and Hamilton and Co., London, 1855, vol. iii., page 20:—

. . . . "Who can question it? What is seen may be nothing to what is unseen, for what is seen is limited by the range of our instruments. What is unseen has no limit; and though all which the eye of man can take in, or his fancy can grasp, were swept away, there might still remain as ample a field . . . . which the Divinity . . . . may have peopled with innumerable worlds."

From D'Orsan's "Our Satellite; or, Selenography according to the present State of Science," part I., page 17, published 1862:—

. . . . "For who can question it? What is seen is nothing to what is unseen; for what is seen is limited by the range of our instruments. What is unseen has no limit; and though all that the eye of man can take in, or his fancy can grasp, were swept away, there might still remain as ample a field as ever, which the Deity might have peopled with innumerable worlds."

The remarkable similarity of these passages may be accidental. But considering there are many more examples, if M. D'Orsan should hereafter prove himself innocent of having taken to himself words and views that belonged to others, it will still have to be recorded as an inexplicable psychological fact that he thought exactly like Chalmers, and photographed exactly like De la Rue.

There is but one course open to M. D'Orsan. Let him at once state the dates on which he took his photographic views—if he ever took them at all; let him say where they were taken, with what telescope; and these three data given, the scientific knowledge possessed of this particular subject is such, that the truth or falsity of any statement could be made intelligible to every child in the kingdom. If he has been guilty of copying let him boldly aver it, and render De la Rue the justice that is due to him. For proving his right no testimony of witnesses is required; no challenges nor inspections are needed. But if M. D'Orsan refrain or hesitate to speak, the conviction in every competent mind will be dead against him.

THE SMALL ARMS TRIAL.

THE proceedings of public bodies are very often far from intelligible; even when the object is distinctly stated, it not unfrequently happens that the adaptation of the means used to the end proclaimed, is not evident to ordinary perceptions. Of this latter phase the annual small arms trial at Plumstead Marshes seems to us an example. The ostensible object would seem to be the classification of weapons permissible to be used in the different shooting-matches at the riflemen's grand trial of skill on Wimbledon Common; but any direct bearing between the trials at Plumstead, as at present arranged or permitted, and the ostensible object of the society, comparing the qualities of the rifles of various manufacturers, we think can hardly be extracted from the circumstances. In point of fact, the trials which have terminated during the past week have practically resolved themselves into a trial—not of rifles, but of rests. Not only may rifles of any calibre not less than ·450 inch be used, but each party may choose his own ammunition; consequently, there can be no possibility of the comparison of the value of one method over another in the various forms of grooving rifles adopted by the manufacturers, most of which are possibly neither improvements nor strictly inventions, but simply alterations to avoid the infringement of previous patents. Scientifically, the question of rifling reduces itself to this: the twist in the barrel of the gun giving the rotatory motion to the shot, there remains theoretically a best practical form of bore and a worst form of bore. When the gun is fired the impact of the explosion, acting on the rear end of the bullet, drives out the metal laterally. If, then, the section of the bore presents an elongated parallelogram, it is evident that a great part of the projectile force of the powder must be wasted in driving out the metal of the bullet into the angles of the bore, and that if this were not so driven out effectually, a considerable further waste of the explosive gases would occur through their finding an uninterrupted egress through vacancies between the imperfectly expanded ball and the corners of the rifling. This is the worst conceivable form, and no gunmaker, of course, would adopt it. The form which is theoretically the most correct is Lancaster's. In his guns the bore is an oval, deviating in the slightest practical dimensions from a true circle. It is obvious that the slightest amount of the projective force only is required to drive the ball into the shape of this bore, and that there are no angles at which any particle of force can be lost by an escape of the explosive gases. The old angular rifling was adopted under the idea that it was necessary for the bore to grip the bullet in order to ensure its spiral horizontal motion through the air; then grooving was introduced under the idea of forming ridges on the bullet to slide along in the grooves. But whatever form of rifling be adopted by our best makers, their knowledge of principles is so great, and their practical manufacture so excellent, and the superiority of one man's weapon over another is so slight, that for practical purposes they are admitted to be equal. As a proof of the real value of the Plumstead trials, we may point to the differences they present when compared with the results of the ten months Government trials of last year. It appears that at 500 yards the shooting given in the Government trials with three weapons, Lancaster rifles gave an average of 6·08 inches; at 1,000 yards, 22·52 inches: while it will be seen, on a reference to the tables of the present trials, that even with a hardened bullet and

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what is termed a mechanical fitting ball—that is, one manufactured in dies to the form of the bore—the rifles tried by the National Rifle Association failed to achieve an equal result:—

The returns for Plumstead are:—

At 500 yards:—Whitworth, ·57 feet; Turner (?); Baker, ·65; Parsons, ·73; Bissell, ·87; Aston, ·91.

At 1,000 yards:—Whitworth, 1·64 feet, 2·10, 1·50; Parsons, 2·37, 1·94, 2·16; Baker, 2·74, 2·78, 2·73; Turner, 3·02, 2·65, 2·47; Bissell, 3·40, 2·89, 2·97.

It will be observed that the Government and the National Rifle Association returns are made in figures of different value. The Association returns being in feet will have to be reduced into inches for strict comparison with the Government returns. Much misapprehension appears to exist in respect to the term "mechanical fit." It must be conceded that, if the leaden cylindrical bullet be perfectly expanded by the impact of the powder, no fit can be more perfect to the bore, that is more *mechanical*. If, therefore, any particular form of rifling, such as the hexagon, requires a ball to be cast or "swedged" into the form of the bore in order to develope its best shooting, it is a proof that the work to be done by the cylindrical bullet in adapting itself to the form of the bore at the moment of discharge is greater than can be fulfilled under the conditions employed; as a consequence, the lead does not entirely fill up the interior of the bore, and the gas escapes at the angles of the hexagonal cutting, making a deep serration on the lead surface. If further proof be wanted, the difference of angle of elevation as required for the same rifle when the mechanical fitting and the ordinary cylindrical projectiles are respectively used would be quite sufficient to entirely support this position. It may be laid down as an axiom, that in proportion to the depth or angularity of the grooving, so will be the ratio of failure when the only ball applicable to military purposes, the cylindrical, is employed.

With respect to the cleaning-ramrod employed by Mr. Whitworth, it was only a resort to an old principle. Twenty years ago it was a maxim amongst riflemen to "clean your weapon after every shot." What riflemen then did openly, Mr. Whitworth tried to do covertly. There is no doubt it was against the rules, and which, by ingenious special pleading, it may be tried to cover. We do not know whether, with the knowledge one has of everyday transactions, Mr. Whitworth should be blamed for trying to get a "pull" over his competitors; we are disposed to blame him only for getting found out.

The question of rests, however, in these annual trials, is a serious one. The heavier the slide the worse the shooting; and if any screw be tightened, it seriously affects the accuracy of the shot, and this to such an extent that a quarter of a turn of a screw, by making any part of the rest rigid, will entirely destroy the efficacy of the rifle.

It appears to us, then, that if the National Rifle Association are seeking for the best form of weapon, no particular speciality should be allowed to any person; that all rifles ought to be tried by the same officers, without any interference from the makers; and that all competitors should be confined to the same kind of ammunition, which should be announced by the committee in sufficient time prior to the contest to enable manufacturers to make their weapons of suitable dimensions.

MUSIC.

HANDEL'S greatest choral work, "Israel in Egypt," was given on Friday week, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, with a general completeness and efficiency which left but little to be desired. This colossal work, marvellous in its grandeur, and equally so as being the product of less than a month's labour, exhibits Handel in his most learned aspect—fugue and counterpoint being here more abundantly employed than in any other of his oratorios. Although Handel's musical education, like that of his great contemporary Bach, was based on a study of the severe classical composers of the Church school, Handel, unlike Bach, devoted his early years chiefly to the composition of dramatic music—and when he afterwards occupied himself with that grand series of oratorios by which his name will chiefly live, he frequently mixed the secular and sacred styles in a manner that is sometimes felt to be somewhat incongruous. Allowing an oratorio to be a sacred drama, involving impersonation and characterization, and thereby necessitating some expression of human passion and emotion; still, the language and sentiment appropriate to sacred characters and situations should be conceived in a more lofty and abstract tone than such as would befit stage heroes and heroines. In some of his oratorios, Handel, from the concessions which he made to public taste, has overlooked this broad distinction, and has mixed up the grand and the pretty, the sublime and the popular styles, in a manner that, judged by the canons of high art, is, to say the least, anomalous. "Israel in Egypt," however, is a remarkable exception among the oratorios of Handel, as consisting almost entirely of choruses, mostly conceived in the highest, some in the severest style of the art. True, this work, unlike most of Handel's other oratorios, is not dramatic in its form; the words are selected from the Holy Scriptures, and there is no characterization or impersonation. Probably it was owing to these causes that "Israel in Egypt" met with but small success in Handel's own time, notwithstanding the omissions and additions, and interpolations even of Italian songs, with which it was sought to attract the public to the few performances which were given of the work. It was reserved for later generations to appreciate this oratorio as it deserves, and to rank it as one of the grandest and most sublime compositions within the whole range of the art. In "Israel in Egypt" we find all the scholastic learning of the great Italian school of church music, combined with a sublime poetical sentiment, which render the work a marvellous compound of art and imagination. To the Sacred Harmonic Society, we believe, belongs the honour of having revived "Israel in Egypt" in its original form, and divested it of those alterations by which a great work has been long disfigured. The crowded (indeed too crowded) state of Exeter Hall on Friday the 27th, afforded one among many current evidences that there is now a public, and a large one, for music of the highest and sublimest order; and probably few, if any, of that vast throng would have desired any of those *ad captandum* interpolations by which it was sought to coax former audiences to the performance of "Israel in Egypt." The general execution of the choruses was far superior to what we were accustomed to from English choristers of a few years since. There was more of light and shade, and less coarseness and vulgarity of tone than might fairly be allowed for among so large an assemblage of singers, of whom it would be too much to expect that every individual should be a refined and finished artist. The fact is, the executants are too numerous, and this is one of the signs of the modern tendency to an exaggeration by which many of the minuter details and shades of expression must be lost. Even in the large room of Exeter Hall, a select band and chorus of about one-half the boasted number of "nearly 700 performers," would produce quite a sufficient volume of tone, be much better able to execute with precision passages of any rapidity; and infinitely more likely to realize those delicate gradations and inflections which give life and colour to a musical performance. There are few conductors who could sway like Mr. Costa so large a multitude as that over which he presides; and, at times, it requires all his indomitable energy and force of will to keep these numbers in consentaneous action. In the performance of Friday week the choruses, which, as usual, pleased the most, were "The hailstone chorus," "He rebuked the Red Sea," with its following noble fugue; and the grand choral climax, "The horse and his rider." The solo singers were Miss Parepa, who has few equals in versatility and general efficiency, Miss Marian Moss, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The great duet for two basses, "The Lord is a man of war," admirably declaimed by Messrs. Weiss and Thomas, was one of the most effective performances of the evening. The Popular Concert of Monday last comprised among the instrumental selection—Weber's pianoforte solo Sonata in E minor, and Mendelssohn's Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello in D. Of Weber's four solo sonatas, those in E minor and A flat are most thoroughly representative of his peculiar genius and of the romantic school; the first-named work bearing especial traces of the composer of "Der Freyschütz," in that combination of wild gloom, melancholy tenderness, and passionate vivacity which places his pianoforte works next after those of Beethoven as the music of characteristic expression. Mendelssohn's Sonata is one of those outpourings of vehement and triumphant joyousness in which, although a work of his middle period, is to be traced much of the influence of his early admiration of Weber's impulsive style, as also of that master's brilliant pianoforte passages. Both these works were, of course, admirably played, the pianiste in each case being Madame Arabella Goddard; the violoncellist, in the latter instance, Signor Piatti. Beethoven's last quartet (op. 135)—one of those marvellous musical reveries which are not yet accepted by those who adhere to the conventional forms of the art—and a quartet by Haydn, completed the instrumental selection. The vocalists were Mademoiselle Corbari, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who replaced Mr. Sims Reeves, absent from indisposition. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, as conductor, was a worthy *locum tenens* for Mr. Benedict.

THE PAST WEEK.

EVERY other topic sinks into insignificance in comparison with the happy event which England begins to celebrate to-day. The heart of the nation throbs with a universal emotion of joy, and whatever the loyalty of a free and prosperous people can do to pay homage to the royal pair who in the bloom of youth are about to unite their hands and hearts in the holy contract of marriage, has been prepared with all the magnificence ingenuity can devise or money can procure. The sun has but to rise upon us this morning with the same gladdening face with which he has looked down upon us during the week, in order to complete the glory of the pageant with which England welcomes her future Queen.

On Thursday week—the day fine and mild—the Princess Alexandra commenced her royal progress from Copenhagen, and her departure presented an imposing spectacle. All the houses between the palace and the railway station were adorned with garlands and hangings, and decorated with English and Scandinavian flags. Immense crowds thronged the streets through which she had to pass; and at three o'clock, accompanied by her parents, Prince Christian and Princess Louise of Denmark, and her eldest brother, the fair Dane set out from the palace escorted by the Hussars of the Guard, under a benediction of flowers rained upon her from the windows along her route. At the station she was received by a guard of honour splendidly decorated; and there

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the Ministers and high functionaries, the municipal authorities and the *élite* of Copenhagen being assembled, the Chief President of Copenhagen delivered a farewell address to her. From Copenhagen to Korsör, where she arrived in the evening, her reception at all the railway stations was enthusiastic, the peasants pressing forward in crowds to welcome her. Korsör was splendidly illuminated. The Mayor delivered a congratulatory address to the Princess. The Burgomaster, too, unburthened his feelings in a speech, in which he dilated on the congenial topic of the Prince of Wales's virtues, and all Korsör expressed its joy in a grand display of fireworks. Early on the morning of the 27th, the Princess embarked on board the Royal steam-ship Slesvig, and at four in the afternoon arrived at Kiel. At a quarter past six in the evening, her Royal Highness left Kiel for Hamburg, whence she departed for Hanover at ten, on the morning of the 28th, arrived there at a quarter to three on the same day, and there she was welcomed at a banquet in the Royal Castle of Herrenhausen at five on the following day. She left Hanover at one p.m. on the 1st instant, and reaching Cologne in the evening, passed the night at the Hôtel Bellevue, in Deutz. At ten a.m. on the 2nd the Princess left Cologne, and arrived at Brussels at four in the afternoon. There she was received with great ceremony by the Duchess of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, the Burgomaster of Brussels, and the English and Danish ambassadors. The weather was magnificent, and an immense crowd assembled along her route through the city to the Palace, where she was entertained at a state dinner in the evening. On the following morning—with the members of her family, the Duchess of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, and the principal persons of her suite—the Princess visited the King of the Belgians at Laeken.

Leaving the Princess at Brussels, we will now state briefly the programme of her arrival and the procession through London. The royal yacht will arrive off Gravesend Terrace-pier at eleven o'clock this morning. The Prince of Wales will reach Gravesend in time to go on board the yacht at half-past eleven, and the landing will take place at twelve. At a quarter before one the royal train will start from Gravesend, and arrive at the Bricklayers' Arms station at twenty-five or twenty minutes before two. Then the members of the Royal families will partake of a slight luncheon, and will enter their carriages to leave the station at about five minutes to two. The procession through London will be at the pace which a carriage-horse ordinarily walks, so that it will reach London Bridge at about a quarter-past two; Temple Bar at about twenty minutes or a quarter to three; the entrance to the Park at about half-past three; the Marble Arch by ten minutes to four; and the Paddington station by, at latest, twenty minutes past four.

By command of the Queen, the Crown Princess of Prussia held a drawing-room on behalf of her Majesty, on Saturday afternoon, at St. James's Palace, when 250 ladies had the honour of being presented, 500 more attending the reception. This honour is equivalent to a presentation to the Queen, but we regret to see that it was obtained at the customary cost of convenience and damage to the ladies' dresses. Why is the unseemly scramble of these occasions persisted in, when the remedy is simple and obvious? When the last additions were made to Buckingham Palace, it was announced that the new rooms would be so constructed as to admit of their being used for holding levées and drawing-rooms. Has this promise been kept? and, if so, is there any insurmountable reason why the ladies attending drawing-rooms should be passed through a species of royal mangle?

The latest telegrams from Malta announce the continued improvement of Prince Alfred's health.

Last week Mr. Hennessy gave the House of Commons an opportunity of expressing its opinion on the wrongs of Poland, and the expression was unanimous. If opinion could restore its rights to a people, the Poles are in a favourable way just now to become again a nation, for throughout Europe there is but one mind as to the justice of their cause. Even in Russia it is doubtful how far the Government can depend upon the weapon, its army, with which it is endeavouring to put down the insurrection; for Russian soldiers have, in more than one instance, returned to their depôts without arms and without wounds. In the Prussian Chamber of Deputies the debate on the affairs of Poland closed on Saturday, with a majority of 260 against 57 in favour of the motion of Herren Hoverbeck and Carlowitz recommending neutrality in the Polish question, and asking that both Russian soldiers and Polish insurgents should be disarmed upon entering Prussian territory. In our own House of Commons, though Mr. Hennessy's motion for an address to the Crown—representing that the treaty obligations of Russia towards Poland had been broken, and submitting that their breach demanded the interposition of England—was withdrawn, no speaker doubted that the oppression of the Poles deserved at the hands of civilized nations the strongest condemnation. Lord Palmerston, while hoping that Mr. Hennessy would not press his motion, denounced the late act of conscription as most barbarous; a cruel political piece of tyranny under the pretence of a military measure. To a sovereign gifted with the feelings of the Emperor of Russia, he could not doubt that a military success would be a signal calamity. If the insurrection was put down, he would have a country in which the plains would be bathed in blood and the towns be smoking ruins. Lord Palmerston, however, denied, what Mr. Hennessy seemed to have assumed, that our obligations under the Treaty of Vienna bound us to interfere. They gave us the right to do so; but between treaties which give the right to interfere and those which impose an obligation to do so there is a real and substantial difference. He trusted the House would leave the matter in the hands of Government. To this the House assented.

On Monday, in the House of Lords, the Duke of Somerset moved the second reading of the Naval Coast Volunteers Act Amendment Bill. He stated that on the 1st ult. the number of Royal Navy Reserve men was 14,000; of Coast Volunteers, 8,000; of Coastguard on shore, 3,000; and of Coastguard in ships, 2,000. The total number of men available as a reserve was 28,000, which would be increased by the end of the year to 30,000. The only drawback to this great scheme was that the Coast Volunteers were not to be taken more than 300 miles from the shores of the country. The Bill proposed to reserve to the present Volunteers the limit on which they had taken service, but not to enter any more men with that limitation. The Bill was read a second time. In the Commons, the Tobacco Duties Bill was read a second time. The Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill, and the Births and Deaths Registration Bill (Ireland) also engaged the attention of the House. On the motion of Lord Palmerston, the Select Committee on Promotion and Retirement in the Navy was nominated as follows:—Mr. Walpole, Sir Francis Baring, Sir John Pakington, Lord Clarence Paget, Sir John Hay, Mr. Stansfeld, Sir James Elphinstone, Mr. Ayrton, Sir Henry Willoughby, Sir Harry Verney, Sir William Miles, Mr. Finlay, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Scholefield; with power to send for persons, papers, and records; five to be the quorum.

In the Commons, on Tuesday, the Regent Circus Bill was defeated on the second reading. This was one of the twenty-eight metropolitan railway bills of which we have heard so much of late as threatening the disfigurement of London. Mr. Harvey Lewis moved, as an amendment to the second reading, that the Bill be read "this day six months." Mr. Robertson, in opposing the amendment, explained that, of the twenty-eight bills which had been proposed, nineteen only affected the north side of the Thames. "Of these," he said, "six had perished by their own weight; four more had no new works in view, but related merely to internal arrangements by the railways themselves. Of the remaining nine, three were merely junction lines, of perhaps a few chains in length and mostly outside the metropolis, and one (the Ludgate Station) was not a new work, having been already sanctioned by Parliament in connection with the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. Deducting these four from the residue of nine, there remained five bills, of which four had been already read a second time, either in that House or in the House of Lords. So that the Regent Circus Bill, now under consideration, was the only one of the twenty-eight left, and a simpler case a committee could never have been called upon to deal with." The House was not of this opinion; and the second reading was lost without a division. Subsequently Mr. M. Gibson stated that, in consideration of the importance of the subject of metropolitan railways, he had given instructions to an officer of the Board of Trade to devote himself to investigating and reporting upon the general character of the metropolitan railway schemes. His report would be laid before the House. Mr. Torrens moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the legality of enclosures which had been made in Waltham, Epping, and other forests of Essex, in consequence of numerous sales of the rights of the Crown by the Commissioners of Woods; and to ascertain what steps should be taken to preserve the rights of the public, of the poorer foresters, and the inhabitants of the metropolis. The Attorney-General objected that such a motion would erect a Committee of the House into a court of judicature to try the rights of individuals as opposed to the rights of the Crown. But he consented, by way of compromise, to a committee "to inquire into the condition and management of the royal forests in Essex, and into any enclosures which may have taken place therein since the report of the commissioners of 1850, and to consider whether it is expedient to take any steps for preserving open spots in some forests." Mr. Torrens accepted this proposition, and withdrew his motion. On the motion for the reading of the Municipal Elections Bill, which proposed to allow votes to be taken by ballot, Mr. G. Hardy moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. Lord Palmerston, as he had always been an opponent of the ballot, and as the supporters of the Bill avowed that it was the first step towards proposing the ballot for Parliamentary elections, seconded the amendment, and the Bill was lost; 58 members voting for it, and 93 against it.

On Wednesday, in the House of Commons, the third reading of the Qualification for Offices Abolition Bill was carried by a majority of three, the division standing thus:—For the motion, 175; against it, 172.

Forty of the bishops, English, Irish, and Colonial, of the Established Church, "moved by a deep brotherly anxiety," have addressed Bishop Colenso, suggesting, if not a way out of his "difficulties," at least a way out of the Church, by retiring from his episcopal office. They waive the question whether he is legally entitled to hold it,—a question complicated by the fact that he is at a distance from his diocese and province—and they invite him to consider the reasons he himself has given in the preface to Part II. of his work, for retiring from it. These are, that he no longer believes that which he voluntarily professed to believe, as the indispensable condition on which he was entrusted with his office; that he entertains the conviction that he cannot use the Ordination Service, inasmuch as in it he must require from others a solemn declaration that they "unfeignedly believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament," which, with the evidence now before him, he says "it is impossible wholly to believe in;" and finally, that he believes that those who

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think with him are precluded from using the baptismal service, and, as the bishops presume, other offices of the Prayer-book, unless they omit all such prayers as assume the truth of the Mosaic history. The bishops urge that such opinions are so inconsistent with the office Dr. Colenso holds, as to cause "great pain and grievous scandal to the Church," and they solemnly ask him whether, without harm to his own conscience, he can retain his position when he can no longer discharge its duties, or use the formularies to which he has subscribed. What answer Dr. Colenso will return to this address we shall see. In the mean time, supposing him resolved to retain what can hardly be more than the symbols and emoluments of his bishopric, it is a question whether his resignation would put an end to the matter. Though he may cease to be Bishop of Natal, he must, by existing law, retain the episcopal character, and derive from it whatever authority, and, what is more to the point, publicity it can confer. Probably, this appeal failing, the best course would be to leave Dr. Colenso to his fate and to the public. The second part of his book has created, comparatively with his first, but a slight sensation; and this experience may have the effect, in time, of rendering his difficulties as little thought of as they were by himself till he had the luck to fall in with the "intelligent Zulu."

It has for some time been foreseen that other measures than those we have hitherto been making for the relief of the distress in Lancashire must be adopted, unless we are agreed indefinitely to maintain a large population on eleemosynary funds. It is idle to pretend that there is any prospect of speedily obtaining a sufficient quantity of cotton at a price which will enable us both to supply our idle hands in their old occupation, and to sell what their industry would produce. And apart from the impossibility of our being able to continue those efforts of benevolence which thus far have enabled us to avert from the operatives the full consequences of the cotton famine, it is a serious question how far they would become demoralized by continuing in a state of idleness. The propriety, under these circumstances, of diverting their industry into new channels has of late been frequently discussed, and emigration has been proposed as one of the readiest and best means of doing so. Now the colony of Canterbury, New Zealand, has voted £10,000 to assist the emigration to that province of a portion of our operatives; but as generally they are in want of an outfit, application has been made to the Mansion House Relief Committee, and the Central Committee at Manchester, for aid to secure this necessary preliminary. At first the application was refused, as proposing something which did not fall within the immediate object for which the funds held by these committees were subscribed. But this was taking a narrow view of the intention of the subscribers. The primary aim of that intention was the relief of the operatives from the immediate pressure of the calamity which had befallen them. But any step which will convert immediate into permanent relief cannot be considered foreign to the wish of the subscribers. The treasurers of the British Ladies' Female Emigrant Society offer their services to receive subscriptions towards an outfit, and request that donations may be paid to the credit of the "Outfit Fund for Emigrant Operatives," at Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, S.W.; and that persons who may be willing to supply clothing will transmit it "to the care of the Secretary of the British Ladies' Female Emigrant Society, 51, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square."

The experiment of a double-screw steamship, tried in November last, has just been repeated by the same builders, Messrs. Dudgeon, Brothers, of Limehouse. Their new ship is the *Kate*, a vessel of 500 tons, which made her trial-trip under the inspection of the Admiralty with perfect success on Saturday. The advantages of the two screws are many. The ship can be steered by them without assistance from the rudder. No apertures are needed as "screw-swells" in the stern, which can thus resume its normal strength; there are no outer stern-ports to knock away; and if one screw is disabled, the other remains. But the principal advantage of the two screws is the time and distance saved in turning. By working the screws in opposite directions the ship can be turned upon her own centre, as upon a turn-table. This was proved by the trial of the *Flora* in November last and that of the *Kate* on Saturday. The latter had hardly left the pier when her superiority to a ship with a single screw was proved by bringing her head round at once down the river in less than her own length from the pier, while a single screw steamer off in the stream was taking up the entire width of the river in attempts to get her head down, in which she did not succeed till the *Kate* was a mile on her way. The immense advantage of this power is at once apparent when we consider the great difficulty—nay, impossibility—of manœuvring in narrow waters such vessels as the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, which take from eight to twelve minutes to complete a circle when under full steam. Here, then, we have another revolution in our navy, one of whose advantages is, of course, an acceleration of speed, though to what extent was not tested on Saturday.

Bread is again one of the sensation subjects of the day. Mr. Tremenheere has made a second report to the Secretary of State, in which he says that his revelations of last year touching the manufacture of bread in London apply equally to its manufacture in Ireland and Scotland, where the bakehouses are so uncleanly and deficient in ventilation, that the health of the journeymen is undermined. The bread itself is contaminated by noxious gases and by the numerous animals which are so readily generated by the heat inseparable from such bakehouses, wherever accumulations of flour-dust and dirt favour their production. Why is this? Are there conditions inseparable from the nature of this trade, which render it indispensable that the producers and consumers of the staff of life should be poisoned by it? Surely the powers of association, which can transmit our parcels and our persons underground, could help us to withdraw the making of bread from the dingy and filthy cellars in which it is now manufactured. Mr. Tremenheere offers some suggestions by which the sufferings of bakers may be lessened by limiting their hours of employment. But cannot Parliament, in its omnipotence, do something for the eaters of bread by appointing a term beyond which it shall be unlawful to bake it in places where dirt becomes one of its unavoidable ingredients?

The Thames Embankment Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the further improvements, eastward from Blackfriars, and southward from Westminster, best calculated to carry out the design of the embankment, have resolved upon making at the city end a street as straight as possible from Chatham-place to the Mansion House. At Westminster they propose to enlarge Old Palace-yard to at least the size of New Palace-yard, showing the south side of Henry VII.'s Chapel and the Chapter House; to clear a space as large, south of Victoria Tower, down to the river; to screen the river-side premises with a row of houses in character with the site; and to widen Millbank-street the whole way to Vauxhall-bridge. On the west of Old Palace-yard, Mr. Gilbert Scott proposes to build round two sides of the "garden" a double row of immense cloisters, communicating with the Abbey; and at New Palace-yard the Commissioners propose to cut off the projecting portion of the Sanctuary north of the Abbey, in order to straighten and widen the route to Victoria-street. They have not had the courage to propose the removal of the block of houses between Parliament-street and King-street; but King-street is to be widened on the west side, the new Government offices being thrown back for that purpose.

The annual general meeting of the National Rifle Association was held on Wednesday, at Willis's Rooms. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, president, took the chair, and announced that, generally speaking, the Association is in a flourishing condition. There is a balance at the bankers of £1,308, which, with what has been invested, amounts to £3,859. He complained, however, that the subscribers had not increased as was expected. A thousand annual subscribers is but a limited number for such an association.

A curious case has been brought upon appeal before the House of Lords, after thirty years' litigation in the Court of Chancery. In the year 1780, Dr. Cochrane, a native of Scotland, left his country, and entered the service of the East India Company as assistant surgeon in their Bengal establishment. In 1790 he formed a connection—was married to her, as the appellants allege, according to the forms of an Indian marriage—with Raheim Beebee, a princess of fourteen years of age, at Cawnpore, in the state of Furuckabad, then an independent Mahometan state. By this princess, on whose fair fame no imputation is cast, he had several children, all of whom, except Susan, the present appellant, born on the 17th of December, 1807, died shortly after their birth. On the 23rd of November, 1808, Dr. Cochrane, being in England, was married to a Scotch lady named Margaret Douglas Fearon, with whom he returned to India. Of course there was nothing out of the way to the mind of the Mahometan princess in her husband taking to himself another wife; and it is alleged that Mrs. Cochrane the second, treated the native Mrs. Cochrane with the utmost respect, and her daughter Susan with affection, while the two ladies were residing in separate establishments at Calcutta. On the 8th of December, 1818, residing still in India, Dr. Cochrane made a will, by which he left £12,500 to his child by the Indian princess, and, in terms of affection, conjured the second Mrs. Cochrane to bring her up in a manner befitting the morals and dignity of her station. Both his sons by the second marriage died without issue in 1835, and after the death of both parents. The widow of the first son, after having taken out letters of administration to her husband, married a Mr. Lord in 1842, and died in 1844. On his return to Scotland, where he was domiciled at the time of his decease, Dr. Cochrane made a second will which, it is alleged, had the effect of entirely revoking his former one, by which he left the legacy of £12,500 to Susan, although it did not contain any express clause of revocation. In 1826 Susan married Lieutenant Moorhouse; and the contest lies between Moorhouse and his wife, the appellants from the adverse decision of the court below, and Mr. Lord, in whose favour that decision has been made. This is the gist of a case in which a fortune of upwards of £200,000 awaits the final disposition of the House of Lords.

Dr. Kenealy's "New Pantomime" made its appearance on Wednesday in the Guildhall Police-court, before which the author cited Mr. Job Pickles Whiteley, proprietor, and Mr. Peter Bayne, part proprietor and editor of the *Weekly Review*, for unlawfully publishing a certain false, wicked, and defamatory libel concerning him. The libel consisted of an article headed "Kenealy's Outrage on Public Decency," in which the doctor was severely handled. "There are creatures," says the writer, "in the animal world which make themselves felt by the noisomeness of their presence, and in them we find the precise type of those men who, conscious of their impotence to wing their way into the heaven of true fame, attract notice by drawing upon themselves the anger and execration of mankind." Proceeding to apply this remark to Dr. Kenealy, he continues, "Never in the course of our experience have we seen these remarks so pointedly and painfully illustrated as they have just been by Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL.D., in the obscene, infamous, and revolting poem which he has flung before his coun-

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trymen, with the title of "A New Pantomime." Warming, as he proceeds, the writer denounces the poem as "the most audacious experiment which has been made since the appearance of "Don Juan" on the moral endurance of the British public;" and says that "Kenealy does not intend to add witchery to vice, but from innate and unmitigated coarseness of mind, he fails to distinguish between the pure and the foul, between the becoming and the gross." He says, "he wallows in the mire as in his native element;" that "the book reflects not only an ill-regulated, but a polluted mind;" and that Dr. Kenealy "is a man to lash little boys till they stagger and fall down, or to eclipse the fame of that murderous pedagogue, Mr. Hopley, by putting them to death by slow torture." There is much more of this in the article, for which, by his counsel, the writer offered to apologize, so far at least as what is personal to Dr. Kenealy is concerned. This offer was refused, unless all the offensive portions of the article were retracted, and the case went on. For the defence it was argued that the book is, without doubt, "a mass of the grossest obscenity, impurity, and folly;" and the defendants' counsel laid particular stress on that portion of the new pantomime entitled the "Abyss of Hell," in which "Dr. Kenealy, without any ground for personal pique, but with petty spite, speaks of many personages, reflecting on individuals even now alive,"—Dr. Millman and Mr. Peter Cunningham, amongst others. The allegation of blasphemy, counsel argued, was justified by the fact that Dr. Kenealy had placed among the denizens of hell Joshua, David, and other Scriptural personages, together with Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, James I., and Earl Nelson. Alderman Phillips, notwithstanding all this, considered the article libellous, and committed the defendants for trial.

Mr. Seward's peremptory refusal of the proposal of the Emperor of the French for the appointment of commissioners to meet on neutral territory and discuss the differences between North and South, and the impression that his refusal may imperil the friendly relations of the two countries, has caused some uneasiness in Wall-street. The *New York World* denounces his conduct as a great mistake, and considers that it is the duty of the North to prepare itself for fresh complications, which the recognition of the South must introduce into the struggle. The Senate has passed a Conscription Bill providing that all able-bodied male citizens between the ages of twenty and forty-five, and all aliens and emigrants within the same ages who have declared their intention to become citizens, shall be enrolled, liable to conscription; the first call to be made on citizens between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, and unmarried citizens between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five; the second on all persons subject to military duty under the Act. The Senate has also passed a bill authorising the President in all domestic and foreign wars to issue letters of marque; the authority is limited to three years. It is believed that both bills will pass the House of Representatives by a considerable majority. The resolution calling a Convention at Louisville has been defeated in the Senate of the Illinois Legislature. The resolutions in honour of General M'Clellan, passed by the New York Assembly, have been rejected by the Senate. Military operations up to the 19th remained at a standstill. No change has occurred at the seat of war in Virginia, beyond the strengthening of their earthworks by the Confederates at Fredericksburg, and the endeavours of General Hooker to improve the discipline of his soldiers. A report was circulated in Wall-street on the 17th ult. that General Banks had been defeated by the Confederates in an engagement within seven miles of Port Hudson, but no details were given. Reports up to that date state that the canal opposite Vicksburg, by which the Federals have endeavoured to turn the course of the Mississippi, continued to be a failure, and letters received up to the 6th ult. mention that no attack was expected to be made for several weeks. At Charleston, also, the attack was indefinitely postponed. The Federal commanders of the vesssels blockading that port have officially refuted General Beauregard's report that the blockade had been raised. They allege that they never quitted the blockading line usually occupied by them, and that no vessel of any description crossed the bar after the Confederate rams returned to Charleston. At Roanoake Island the Federal commander had telegraphed for reinforcements, anticipating an attack from the Confederates, who had collected one hundred small boats, and were concentrated upon the mainland. It was reported that Confederate General Hindman's army in Tennessee was demoralized, and that three hundred of his troops were frozen to death in marching from Van Buren. It will hardly be believed that even Mr. Lincoln should have conceived the idea of sending General Butler back to resume the command at New Orleans. Mr. Seward objected to this. But it appears also that Butler declined to return to his post except upon conditions which the Government found it difficult to accede to. The intelligence up to this point brings us down to the 19th ult.

News to the 21st ult. informs us that President Lincoln has expressed his intention to re-adopt the Conservative system; that Mr. Seward will be retained in his present office, and that General M'Clellan will be made Commander-in-Chief of all the Federal Armies. To this project was attributed the acquiescence of the Democratic members of Congress in the late financial and military measures of the Government. The attack on Charleston and Savannah was expected, in Washington and New York, to take place on the 20th. The *Richmond Enquirer* of the 19th ult. publishes a proclamation by General Beauregard, invoking all able-bodied Carolinians and Georgians to arm themselves with any description of weapons they can procure, and all non-combatants to retire to a place of safety. Preparations for the defence were being rapidly perfected, and the troops and people were calm and confident. The *Alabama* continues prosperous in her career of destruction. On the 26th of January, fifty miles south of St. Domingo, she captured and burnt the barque *Golden Rule*, belonging to the Panama Railroad Company; and, in the absence of documentary proof that it belonged to neutrals, destroyed the cargo with the vessel. On the day following she captured and burnt, off Altively Rock, the Boston brig, *Chastelain*, Captain Semmes, taking possession of the nautical instruments of the vessel and 800 dollars in gold. The Democratic peace resolutions passed by the Assembly of Illinois were defeated in the Senate by the withdrawal of a sufficient number of Republican members to deprive it of its constitutional quorum. On the 11th ult. the Kentucky House of Representatives rescinded the peace resolutions previously passed. These two facts, together with the change in Mr. Lincoln's policy and General M'Clellan's appointment to the command-in-chief, may retard for the moment the increasing symptoms of a desire for peace.

The Parisian mind is uneasy as to the fate of French arms in Mexico. Rumours are afloat that General Forey has made a demand for reinforcements in men and material, a demand which, it is said with probability, cannot be complied with. It is a matter of surprise that General Forey has not done more with the forces at his disposal, seeing that General Scott, in the war between the United States and Mexico, with less than half the army General Forey commands, took, in a single campaign, Vera Cruz and Jalapa, defeated General Santa Anna at Cerro-Gordo, Contreraes, and Churubusco, entered Mexico on the 15th of September, and signed, a few months later, a treaty of peace highly advantageous to the United States. The Federal press appears inclined to improve the opportunity of General Forey's compelled inaction. The *New York Herald*, in an ironical tone, trusts that Mr. Seward "will see the feasibility, not to say humanity," of offering the mediation of the Washington Government between France and Mexico. As France feels commiseration for Federal misfortunes, "surely," says the *Herald*, "we are bound to feel the same commiseration for her in Mexico. . . . . The difficulties of France in Mexico are harassing, and, what is more, they are increasing. The Mexicans remain blind to all the advantages of Napoleon's rule, and they are shedding the blood of their would-be benefactors. They lasso them, assassinate them, poison them. Really, we must mediate; and, as a proof of untiring and devoted friendship to France, we must endeavour to induce other Governments to join us in our offer." The sting of all this lies in the fact that the French army in Mexico seems really helpless, and the French Government, with the affairs of Poland and its own financial difficulties threatening, powerless to aid General Forey.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has carried a motion in favour of the neutrality of Prussia in the Polish insurrection by a majority of 246 against 57. From the ministerial explanation of M. von Bismarck, it appears that by the convention with Russia every overstepping of the frontier by Russian or by Prussian troops requires the previous consent of the Prussian Government. This is but a nugatory qualification of the convention as explained by Earl Russell, since the authority to give such consent may easily be deputed. But almost as important as this point is the respect for constitutional government, and the dignity of Parliament displayed by M. von Bismarck in his several speeches in the Chamber, in which he treated the deputies with insolent contempt, and defied the authority of the Vice-President of the Chamber. Admonished by this gentleman that he was speaking apart from the question, he replied, "I will permit myself to remark to the President that I cannot admit his right to a disciplinary interruption of my speeches. I have not the honour to be a member of this Assembly; I did not make your regulations, nor share in the election of your presidents; I am not subject to the disciplinary influence of the Chamber. The disciplinary power of the President ceases at this bar (the table at which the Ministers sit). My only superior is his Majesty the King, and I have yet to learn that any legal or constitutional enactment has placed me under the discipline of the President of this House." In the same strain he continued. He endeavoured to fasten upon the Chamber a direct sympathy, even to extent of partizanship with the Polish insurrection; and when asked why the Government did not dissolve the Chamber, said, "Before we do that, gentlemen, we should like the country to have an opportunity to learn to know you right well." As M. von Bismarck still remains in office, he may be supposed to speak the sentiments of the King. The breach between the throne and the country has thus been still further widened; and as yet there is no sign that the Court will abate its pretensions to conduct the policy of the country at home and abroad without reference to the wishes of the people. We may here mention that Earl Russell has despatched a note to the Prussian Government, couched in language appropriate to the debate in the House of Commons; and that the semi-official *General Correspondenz* of Vienna has in its impression of the 2nd instant the following words:—"Since the Polish insurrection has, by the convention between Russia and Prussia become a European question, the other Powers will diplomatically intervene in favour of Poland." It appears that the surrender by Prussia to Russia of the four Polish students who were on their way to their homes, was made under the provisions of the Treaty of Münchengrätz, a kind of supplement to the tripartite convention known under the name of the

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"Holy Alliance," by which supplement Austria, Prussia, and Russia were severally bound to refuse protection or asylum to any subject of the three Powers who should be guilty of the crimes of high treason, misprision of treason, or armed insurrection, or of having joined a society militating against the security of the respective Governments; and were moreover bound mutually to deliver up to each other individuals accused of such crimes immediately upon demand made to that effect. Prince Gortschakoff two years ago released Austria from her obligations under the treaty of Münchengrätz; but M. von Bismarck, it is stated, renewed them on behalf of Prussia on the 8th ult.

Of the progress of the insurrection in Poland it is difficult to obtain a clear idea. If any doubt, however, remained of the universal consent of the Poles to the movement, there can be none now. The Russian Government appears to be too distrustful of the temper of its own population to diminish the army by sending large detachments into Poland. For some time a belief has been cherished by the Russian peasants that the 3rd of March would witness a communistic feat in the re-distribution of the land, and it has been thought that the disappointment of that hope would be followed by an insurrection in Russia Proper. Such an event would tell with prodigious force in favour of the Poles; as the apprehension of it has already been favourable to them in withholding the Government of St. Petersburg from pouring into Russian Poland an overwhelming mass of troops. The hundred thousand soldiers, however, at which the Russian force in Poland is computed, should be sufficient to give a good account of the ill-equipped patriots who again appeal to the humanity and sympathy of Europe; but as far as at present appears they have not been successful in their attempt to do so. What their actual success has been we can hardly say. A Cracow telegram of the 28th inst. says, on the authority of the *Czas* of that day, that the Russians were beaten by Langiewicz, near Malagoszec, after an engagement which lasted five hours. A Warsaw telegram of the 1st inst. states, on the authority of a supplement to the official *Dziennik*, that the bands of insurgents commanded by Langiewicz and Jjezirranski have been totally defeated near Woloszezow; that the insurgents lost 70 baggage-waggons and 152 horses; that Langiewicz was wounded and had fled, and that the peasants were said to be seizing the fugitive insurgents, and to have delivered up 200 to the Russians. Against this we have a telegram from Sosnowice, dated the 1st inst., stating that Langiewicz, with 6,000 of his followers, arrived at Zombkowitz early on the morning of that day, and that an engagement took place between his forces and the Russian troops, in which the latter were totally defeated. Again, a Breslau telegram of the 2nd reports another victory by 4,000 Poles near Myskow over a body of Russians who were proceeding from Czenstochau to Zombkowitz to reinforce the troops attacked at the latter place by the insurgents. It is also stated, on the authority of private letters from Warsaw, that the Government there is publishing, for private circulation amongst military men, a journal in which the Russian losses are admitted to be constantly augmenting and the insurrection to be daily on the increase. Certain it is that the Poles have gained possession of the Southern Railway, along which, communicating with the south and south-west, their positions begin within ten miles from the capital. At Skirniwice, where the Northern and Southern Railways join, their position is strongly fortified, giving them command of the entire railway communication between Germany and the West. Everywhere erratic bands of insurgents, numbering seldom more than 400 men, crop up, seize whatever the coffers of the villagers will yield for the national cause, and vanish again without giving time to the military to reach them; and notwithstanding the good offices of Prussia, men and materials find their way across the frontier,—Not always, however, with ultimate success. A touching instance of misfortune is mentioned in the Posen correspondence of the *Times*, in the case of Prince Dragomirecki, who, "fresh from the velvet carpet of his Paris hotel," had hastened to do his duty in the quagmire of a Lithuanian wood. With his sixty associates, the greater part of them of the same social station as himself, they had just managed to reach Polish ground, when, in the forest of Sieradz, they found themselves face to face with a party of Mahometan horsemen. Shouts of defiance on either side, a desperate struggle, and the silence of the woods reigned again over a number of mutilated corpses." But the greatest gain which the Polish cause has received appears to be recognized in the arrival of General Mieroslawski upon the scene of insurrection. He is spoken of as a master tactician in the art of war, and the dexterity with which he has evaded the military catchpoles, and made his way into Poland, says much for his subtlety. About a fortnight ago he left Paris with the intention, apparently, of proceeding to Italy. Arrived at Lyons, where he was recognized at the railway station, he disappeared, and returned to Paris, his beard shaved off, and his person otherwise disguised, in the garb of a valet. Thence he departed for Germany, travelling as the *commis voyageur* of a French merchant, under a French name, and with a French passport. On the 14th ult. he passed through Berlin; on the 15th he was at Mowraclaw; on the 16th, at Strzelno; and on the 17th, at six in the morning, he crossed the frontier, where he was saluted by a band of insurgents who had been sent to receive him, and on the 18th he took the command-in-chief of the district of Plozk, and announced his arrival in a solemn proclamation to his countrymen. Mieroslawski, by his celebrated book on the Polish revolution of 1831, has shown that he has a perfect knowledge of his country and its resources. Sixteen years ago he acted as leader of an insurrection in Posen, and taken prisoner was condemned to death, when the revolution of March, 1848, broke out at Berlin. The prison was stormed by the insurgents, and Mieroslawski, with his associates, set at liberty, and carried in triumph through the streets. In 1849 he accepted the invitation of the envoys of the Provisional Government at Baden and the Palatinate to take the command of the army which had to fight against the then Crown Prince, now King, of Prussia, upon whose army of 100,000 men he inflicted severe losses with a force of only 20,000, and almost succeeded in taking the Prince and Herr von Kavn prisoners. Many acts of atrocity are reported as having been committed by the Russian soldiers. After the defeat of the Poles under Kurowski, who shot himself on the field at Miechow, the peasants report that the Russians behaved like wild beasts. A Russian gendarme bayoneted the Burgomaster Orzechowski, and his body was dragged naked through the streets. The Cossacks, in spite of their officers, forced their way into some houses, which they plundered, after putting old and young to death. In one building were assembled eighty women and girls. The Russian officers defended the entrance till overborne by their soldiers, who were inflamed with drink, and threatened to force admission, they were obliged to send the women into a wood at the back of the house, where they wandered about all night. At St. Petersburg the inhabitants are incensed with the Poles, and orders are said to have been sent to suppress the revolt within ten days, at any cost, by torch or sword, or both.

If we are to believe the telegram which appeared in the daily journals on Wednesday, Cardinal Antonelli and Monsignor de Merode have become incompatible members of the Pope's Government. It appears that Monsignor de Merode has caused the arrest of the Chevalier Faussi, Cardinal Antonelli's *attaché*, chief of his household, and his confidential friend and agent. The Cardinal has in consequence resigned. But the telegram says further that the arrest of Chevalier Faussi is an overt act of endeavours which the Minister of War has successfully made to undermine the Cardinal's influence with the Pope, because the Cardinal had opposed what he styled the Minister's "follies." Several other cardinals, the telegram adds, took the same view, "lamenting, also, the want of caution displayed by his Holiness in asking the hospitality of the English Government, together with his general lack of reserve." The Pope had not come to any resolution about the Cardinal's resignation.

The resignation of Marshal O'Donnell, occasioned by the Queen's unwillingness to dissolve the Cortes, has been followed by several ineffectual attempts to form a new Ministry. The Marquis of Duero having failed, Marshal Narvaez was invited by the Queen to try his hand. He also failed, and the task was then devolved upon the Marquis Miraflores. The Marquis Havana will be the new Minister of War; Señor Sierra, Minister of Finance; Monares, Minister of Justice; Mata-Aloz, Minister of Marine; and Lopez, Minister of Public Works.

On Thursday night, at 11, the Royal squadron, conveying the Princess Alexandra, brought up off Margate. The Princess, with the Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, left Brussels at half-past 9 on Thursday morning for Antwerp, where they embarked for England. The English Minister, the Grand Marshal of the Belgian court, and other personages of distinction, accompanied the august party to Antwerp.

In the House of Commons on Thursday, Mr. Cobden called attention to the large number of "obsolete vessels of war" in the British navy, in which category he placed 106 wooden steam line-of-battle ships or large frigates. Lord C. Paget explained that the great mass of the men in wooden ships were employed in small vessels on distant stations. He complained of Mr. Cobden's broad statements, which he had not made until events were over, and when it was safe to criticise.

Dr. Colenso has replied to the address of the Bishops, declining to comply with their suggestion that he should resign his episcopal charge. Yielding to none of the bishops in heartfelt reverence for the Holy Scriptures, he yet does not believe, with their lordships, that all our hopes for eternity rest "on the literal historical truth of such a narrative as the scriptural account of the Noachian deluge." To resign his office, he says, would be to admit that he is legally or morally wrong, "which I am very far from feeling." So far from abdicating the episcopal office, he says he feels that it requires him to persevere in the task he has undertaken of setting before the English Church "the real facts of the case in regard to the composition of the Pentateuch," believing that the progress of true religion is "grievously impeded in this country by the contradictions which undeniably exist between the traditional notion of the historical truth of all the narratives contained in the Pentateuch and the conclusions of science."

A Cracow telegram of the 5th instant reports an engagement between the Poles and Russians, lasting an hour and a half, which took place on the afternoon of the 4th, near Pryzkowaskala. The insurgents retired upon the heights.

La France of the 5th says that M. Billault will communicate to the Senate an important document addressed by the French Government to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, defining "what the Emperor Napoleon expects from the justice and generosity of the Czar for appeasing Poland, by ample and serious guarantees, in conformity with treaty rights and with the principles of civilization." "The reply," says *La France*, "is expected to-day or to-morrow, and everything leads us to hope that it will be favourable to the wishes which have been expressed." The debate in the Senate will probably take place on Tuesday next.

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

SYLVIA'S LOVERS.*

The success of "Adam Bede" and its successors attested the possibility of a delineation of peasant life, sufficiently humorous and pathetic to stimulate the inquisitiveness and enlist the sympathies of a fastidious, highly educated, and *blasé* audience. The fragile prettiness of Hetty, the saintship of the interesting Dinah, the sententious comicality of Mrs. Poyser,—all were too striking in their way to fade easily from the mind, and from that time to this the dispensers of fictitious literature have favoured us with a succession of "cottage interiors" as minute, if not as spirited, as those of the Dutch School of Painting. Mrs. Gaskell has many qualifications for success in this line of art. She has command of a vernacular which is piquant, picturesque, and sometimes touching. Her north country talk, if not invariably well sustained and sometimes a little theatrical, is at any rate sufficiently good for the general public; she has a quick eye for the effective points in scenic grouping, and there is a genuine touch of pathos about those parts of her writings in which she is herself sincerely interested. Moreover, she seems to have studied Yorkshire and Lancashire life to good effect, and some of the characters introduced into her latest story (such, for instance, as that of Kester, a sort of half farm servant, half confidential friend,) are sufficiently removed from the conventional types of modern life to attract us by their curious originality. And yet the effect of the whole story is to disappoint those who remember the glow with which they followed Mrs. Gaskell's earlier romances to their *dénouement*, and the first-rate artistic ability displayed in the compilation of such a biography as that of Charlotte Brontë. For one thing "Sylvia's Lovers" is eminently an "unsatisfactory" novel. The good-natured inclination to make everything go right in the long run, and to believe that this is, after all, the best of all possible worlds, is absolutely set at naught. The book is full of gratuitous suffering, nor does the conclusion leave us any reason to fancy that when the dark cloud of tragedy has drawn off, the mournful landscape will be, in any material respect, altered for the better. The chief incidents, upon which the tale turns, are as old as the history of story-telling. A serious, sentimental youth falls desperately in love with a flighty girl, who, after leading him for some time along the stony path of adverse courtship, proceeds herself at last to fall desperately in love with a roving, marine Don Juan, whose personal charms and audacious behaviour make him secure of feminine conquests wherever he comes. Upon this primitive foundation the whole superstructure of the tale is raised; and as the scene lies at the close of the last century, the authoress has the opportunity of interweaving some capital press-gang stories, and the execution of a man for riot, which are the real backbone of the book. Novelists who wish to be effective always stand in need of a grievance, and the political position of England at this period of her history involved many grievances of the most serious description. No more tyrannical interference with the liberties of the subject has probably ever been attempted than the arbitrary impressment of sailors for the royal service, and nothing but the desperate struggle in which England was engaged could be held to justify a measure, which hurt much, and terrified even more than it hurt.

That it often resulted in intolerable hardship,—that it entailed dreadful sufferings,—that it roused a furious spirit of discontent and disloyalty among the classes whom it principally affected,—might be conceived without the aid of Mrs. Gaskell's vivid delineation; but in no part of the story are her powers so thoroughly aroused as when she describes the several seizures of the Monkshaven fishermen, the fights which resulted therefrom, and the miserable doom to which, through their instrumentality, a simple, well-meaning old man was brought. It is in resisting one of the raids of the press-gang that Kincaid, the hero of the piece, first makes his appearance; and nothing can be better than the description of the sort of charm which the prestige of personal bravery, and a desperate wound received in opposing a supposed outrage, invested him in the eyes of an impressible, passionate, and enthusiastic girl.

A nation, stirred to its depths by a world-wide struggle, dazzled by great military achievements, fretted by oppressive laws, is far better material for the novelist's purposes than the uninteresting prosperity, which, in modern times, drives the framers of fiction into the invention of imaginary grievances, and chequers their pages with tragical catastrophes, too wildly impossible even for the most willing and eager credulity. Real life, then, is full of real tragedy, and the most faithful delineation of its incidents is the most artistically effective. Mrs. Gaskell seems to have felt this, and to have bent herself assiduously to reproducing the actual state of feeling and mode of life among the sea-faring population of the northern coasts at that time. Education, thoughtfulness, morality were, it is needless to say, all widely different from what they are among ourselves. Very worthy heads of families indulge in frequent inebriety and occasional smuggling; virtuous wives and mothers see as little harm in one as the other; prejudice is supreme, knowledge scanty, reading an honourable but half-dangerous accomplishment, religion of a simple and not very profound order. One of the best characters here is that of the unfortunate yeoman, who afterwards gets hanged for taking part in a riot. He is tender-hearted, generous, honest; but his domestic tyranny is complete, his scope of thought extremely limited, and his scorn for the opposite sex as thorough as that of a savage.

"Women's well enough in their way," he says, in a conversation with the family tailor who has dropped in for a chat, "but a man may have too much on 'em. Now, there's me, leg-fast these four days, and a'll make free to say to ye a'd a deal rayther have been loadin' dung i' the wettest weather, an' a reckon it's th' being wi' nought but women tires me so: they talk so foolish, it gets int' th' bones like. Now, thou know'st thou'rt not called much of a man oather; but, bless ye, t'wenth part's summat to be thankful for, after nought but women. An' yet, yo' seen, they were for sending yur away in their foolishness!"

Presently the conversation turns on the metal buttons of the yeoman's coat, and their expected suppression by Government in favour of the silk weavers. Daniel's indignation is naturally roused. "A were wed in them," he says. "an' a'll wear 'em to my dying day, or a'll wear noane at all. They're for makking a pack o' laws; they'll be for meddling wi' my fashion o' sleeping next, and taxing me for every snore a give. They've been after t' winders, and after t' vittle, after t' very saut to 't; it's cleaner by hauf an' more nor it were when a were a boy: they're a meddlesome set o' folks, law makers is, an' a'll never believe King George has ought to do wi 't. But mark my words: A were wed wi brass buttons, and brass buttons a'll wear to my death, an' if they moither me about it a'll wear brass buttons i' my coffin." This sort of thing sounds extremely natural and life-like, and it is here that the authoress of "Cranford" and "Mary Barton" naturally feels most at home. The effect would be more agreeable but for the immediate proximity of characters less primitive and free from self-consciousness. Philip Hepburn, for instance, the serious lover, is a painfully morbid piece of modern civilization, and the act of cruel treachery into which his passion for Sylvia betrays him, belongs, we think, to a condition of thought and feeling far more advanced than ought to be found in a Yorkshire shop lad a century ago. In any case, we are sure that no sufficient disgust is shown in the story for the almost brutal cruelty with which he treats the object of his passion, in concealing from her a secret upon which her happiness depends. Many things are fair in love as in war; but a man who can bear to see the woman he loves pining away with a grief which only his false selfishness prevents him from removing, deserves, it appears to us, the very worst that can befall him. No such gentle casuistry as Mrs. Gaskell describes would silence the outcries of conscience and honour, supposing either to exist; and it is only in the French fictions of the latter empire that we expect to find ardent affection turning a man into little short of a demon.

The capital defect, however, of "Sylvia's Lovers" is the change which comes over the story in the course of telling. We begin with an intense fidelity to nature; we end with the wildest of melodramas; for two volumes we are occupied with the little joys and sorrows of a seaman's cottage and a Quaker's shop; in the third we are hurried off to a siege in the Holy Land, our senses stunned with sallies, bombardments, surprises, wonderful meetings, still more wonderful escapes, and the performance comes to a close in the midst of a dazzling display of the most approved historical improbabilities. This is a strange fault for so experienced an artist as Mrs. Gaskell to have committed. The very excellence of one part of the story makes us morbidly sensitive as to the defects of the other. "Such as you are at the commencement," says one of the greatest literary authorities, "continue to be throughout." Miss Braddon, and the other compilers of the "sensation stories" just now the fashion, observe the rule strictly, for their whole canvass is full of monstrosities, to which the eye gradually gets so accustomed, that one ceases to be shocked. If the very framework of a story warns the reader not to look for probability, he makes up his mind to the marvellous, and accepts the prodigies as a matter of course. Mrs. Gaskell, however, is an artist of another and a higher school, and it is only in a moment of carelessness or fatigue that she forgets to "hold the mirror up to nature," and starts off on a courageous expedition into the region of the impossible. If any ordinary novelist sent off one hero to Palestine to rescue another hero, his deadly enemy, under a heavy fire of artillery, we should take it as a matter of course, and neither wonder nor complain; but when the hand which depicted "Ruth" descends to such commonplace trivialities, we feel disposed to murmur at the eccentricities of talent, and in behalf of the authoress, no less than of the public she has so often delighted, to warn her against forgetfulness of the first principles of her art, and against neglect of those true natural types upon which all genuine art is necessarily dependent.

* Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

POEMS IN THE DORSET DIALECT.*

We gladly welcome this reprint of Poems, which, without a single adventitious aid, have, by the force of their own merit, won their way to general admiration, and secured for their author a high position in English literature. They first appeared some fifteen years ago, and as they soon gained an audience far wider than that for which they were originally intended, they have now arrived at a third edition, and are reproduced in a new form, with various additions and omissions. The changes are not all for the better. We regret that, out of deference for his non-Dorset readers, Mr. Barnes has altered his former style of spelling, which, although it might look repulsive to a careless reader, recalled so successfully

* Poems in the Dorset Dialect. By William Barnes. First Collection. Third edition.

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the rich and broad utterance of the Vale of Blackmore. We regret, too, that he has discarded from this edition the Dissertation and Glossary, which gave additional value to the simple collection of his early poems; and we hope that he will be able to fulfil his promise of publishing it separately, when he has expanded it into a fuller and more accurate monograph of Teutonic speech.

Mr. Barnes's book has a philological as well as a literary interest, and as it was to the former that the author originally gave the chief prominence, we shall proceed to speak of it first. "To write," he says, "in a fast out-wearing speech-form may seem as idle as the writing of one's name in snow of a spring day. I cannot help it. It is my mother-tongue, and is to my mind the only true speech of the life that I draw." There is excellent sense in the remark. Mr. Barnes's poems would have lost half their interest if they had come to us in any other dress than the graphic and vigorous vernacular of the peasantry, whose lives they describe; and besides this, they are far more likely to endure from the interest taken in the dialect which they embody and preserve, than they would have been from any beauty which they possess as specimens of pastoral poetry. The spread of education, the extension of railroads, and the consequent fusion of all local peculiarities into the one main stream of national life, will soon have obliterated all traces of the southern dialects of England. Hence any book which strives to perpetuate these fleeting varieties of language, before they have finally evanesced, will be full of value to the future philologist. For there is no dialect which is not worthy of the careful and independent study of all who make the science of language a means for arriving at the most important conclusions of history and philosophy. The idioms and pronunciation of a Dorsetshire labourer might be set down by ignorant persons as vulgar and uninteresting, because they would consider them to be the mere uncouth corruptions of more correct and refined speech. A cockney who should overhear a Dorsetshire boy saying that "he'd a-seen a waps eätèn an apricock," or that he "catched sight of the voxe a-hiden in the vuzzen," might probably turn up his nose at what he would consider to be the jargon of an illiterate clodhopper. Yet such a judgment would err widely from the truth. In almost every single instance the Dorset dialect, so far from being a corruption of written speech, is a much older form, and one far more nearly approaching the mother language than any which is in use among educated men. Thus in the sentences we have quoted the form "*a*-seen" is a retention of the *syllabic augment*, which though now lost in common English, is found in Anglo-Saxon, and is still retained in German. The word *waps* is the old and correct form "waeps," for which "wasp" is a later metathesis; and *apricock* for "apricot" is an interchange of sounds of universal occurrence in other dialects, as we may see by comparing *ποκα* with *ποτε*, and the Oscan pronunciation *pilpit* with the Latin *quicquid*. So, again, taking the other sentence, *catched* is a regular perfect, formed, like many others, from a natural dislike to anomalous formations; *voxe*, for "fox" is found in a song of the fourteenth century; and *vuzzen*, for "furzes," retains the Anglo-Saxon plural termination of nouns. Even these few cases will perhaps be enough to prove that provincialisms, as they are called, are not to be confounded with the clipped and degraded forms of language which arise from defective education and blunted senses; but that they have their own dignity and importance for the linguistic student, and deserve from him as much attention as the local varieties of Greek have received at the hands of classical scholars. To elucidate the peculiarities of English dialects is a task at least as useful and as dignified as to hunt for Patavinities in Livy, and explain the Bœotisms of Iolaus in the Acharnæ of Aristophanes. In fact, the Dorset dialect resembles Doric in many of its features. It has the same musical breadth of tone, the same boldness, simplicity, and dislike of mere imported elegancies; it is equally keen in humour, and strong in raillery and hyperbole. It is, moreover, as Mr. Barnes has pointed out, both purer and richer than the dialect which is chosen as the national speech; purer, inasmuch as it retains many words of Saxon origin, for which the English substitutes others of Latin, Greek, or French derivation; and richer, inasmuch as it has distinctive words for many things which book-English can hardly distinguish but by periphrases, as an instance of which Mr. Barnes adduces the words *moot*, the underground part of a felled tree; *mock*, a tuft of sedge; *strawèn*, a set of potatoes growing from one tuber; and *wride*, a bush of many stems; for all of which we have in English only the one word *root*. So that Mr. Barnes has every right to use the motto which he has so felicitously chosen—

Δωρίσδεν ὀ' ἔξεστι δοκῶ, τοῖς Δωριέσσι.

"And Doric people, I presume, may use the Doric tongue."

So far we have been speaking of the philological value of the volumes before us; we must not forget their poetical claims. In this respect they present us with a very memorable instance of a modesty which cannot often be paralleled in literary history. For they were published with the avowed intention of giving a specimen of the phraseology current among the villages where the author lived, and it was hardly even hinted that they had any intrinsic merit. Fondly attached to his native dialect, Mr. Barnes nevertheless expected that non-Dorset readers would regard it only "as a fit vehicle for the diurnal wants and passions of a boor," and expressed it as his fondest hope, that it would "entertain without corrupting the happy mind of the milkmaid with her cow, or the dairy-farmer's son in the hayfield." Mr. Barnes greatly underrated his own powers. The freshness, the tenderness, the purity, the simplicity of his poems, has caused them to be received with approbation by a far wider and more critical circle. Shenstone published his celebrated poem, "The Schoolmistress," as a professed burlesque; Gay wrote his "Shepherd's Week" to ridicule and parody the pastorals of Ambrose Philips; yet in both these cases the truthfulness and inherent grace of manner which they displayed gave to the poems a permanent popularity. Shenstone, in an artificial age, ceased to be afraid of having written naturally; and Gay's rustic scenes were admired independently of their sarcastic purpose. Similarly, but in a manner more creditable to himself, Mr. Barnes has been accepted as a poet, while he only ventured to offer himself to notice as the versifier of a rustic neighbourhood. There are several writers of whom he occasionally reminds us. In true poetic feeling, in humour, and in power of language, he is equal to either of the poets whom we have just mentioned. His realistic descriptions of rustic life,—not only on its sentimental side, but in its rudeness, its ignorance, its occasional depression, its many superstitions—often recall the village scenes of Crabbe, like whom he aspires

"to paint the cot
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not."

In some of his best and highest pieces he even reminds us faintly of Theocritus and of Burns. We do not, of course, for a moment mean to compare Mr. Barnes to these poets. He has none of that infinite sweetness of diction, that unapproachable melody and brightness which flood the verses of the sweet Sicilian singer; none of the boundless mirth and fiery strength which characterize the glorious Scot. But, like both these great poets, he is always simple, sensuous, passionate; and it is no mean praise to say that he has written some pieces of which neither of them need have been ashamed.

There are many of Mr. Barnes's poems which we should be glad to quote. As illustrations of peasant life they are full of keen observation, of genial sympathy, of humour, and of pathos; and their style varies easily and gracefully from the plaintive tone of the more serious pieces to the boisterous fun of those which sing of merrymakings and sweethearts' squabbles. We have only space for two of the shorter poems, which are favourable specimens of Mr. Barnes's power:—

"SLEEP DID COME WI' THE DEW.

"O, when our Zun's a zinkèn low,
How soft's the light his feäce da-drow
Upon the backward road our mind
Da turn an' zee a-left behind;
When we in chilehood's daes did vind
Our jây among the gil'cup flow'rs
All droo the zummer's zunny hours;
And sleep did come wi' the dew.

An ä'terwards when we did zweat,
A-twilèn in the zummer het,
An when our daely work wer done,
Did meet to have our evenen fun;
Till up above the zettèn zun
The sky wer blushèn in the west,
An' we laid down in peace to rest,
An' sleep did come wi' the dew.

* * * * *

An' when at laste our ethly light
Is jist a dräèn in to night,
We med be sure that God above,
If we be true when he da prove
Our steadvast fâith and thankvul love,
Will do vur we what med be best,
An' tiake us into endless rest,
As sleep da come wi' the dew."

That Mr. Barnes has lost none of his power since his first collection appeared, we may prove by quoting the two last verses from "The Child an' the Mowers." The mowers had taken out with them a fine little boy—

"An' out there as they rested at noon,
They drench'd en wi' eäle-horns too deep,
Till his thoughts wer a-drown'd in a swoon;
Ay! his life wer a-smother'd in sleep.

Then they laid en there-right on the ground,
O'. the grass-heap a-zweltren wi' het,
Wi' his heäir all a-wetted around
His young feäce wi' the big drops o zweat;
In his little left palm he'd a zet,
Wi' his right-hand his vore-vinger's tip,
As for zome'at he woulden vorget,—
Ay! zome thought that he woulden let slip.

Then they took en in hwome to his bed,
An he rose vrom his pillow noo mwore,
Vor the curls on his sleek little head
To be blown by the wind out o' door.
Vor he died while the hăy russled grey
On the steäddle so lately begun:
Lik' the mown-grass a-dried by the day,—
Ay! the zwath-flow'rs a-kill'd by the zun."

To all who are capable of seeing the real poetry in these verses we heartily recommend Mr. Barnes's little volumes. They will find in them many lyrics which come straight to the heart, and to which they will often recur when they are tired with affected conventionalities, and seek to find genuine feeling, sweetly, calmly, and melodiously expressed.

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A PAINTER'S CAMP.*

Mr. Hamerton belongs to the valuable class of men who, having done something distinctive, have consequently something to say—he enjoys the further advantage of knowing how to say it well. It is a great pity that, with this triple claim to attention, Mr. Hamerton appears not to be aware what a sensible reader cares for. All about his adventures, except the matter-of-fact statements bearing upon the real purpose of his book, all about the odd or ordinary characters he has met, and incidents he has been concerned in, is so much paper and print gone to waste; tedious and useless to read, the impression which it produces is that of having been written for swelling one compact and acceptable volume into two rambling and tiresome ones. We gather, however, from the introduction that such is not the real history of it; that it was, on the contrary, written in cold blood, chapter by chapter, as having an intrinsic value of its own, both to writer and reader, — not even compiled from the casual jottings of a diary, which Mr. Hamerton steered clear of, as being too fragmentary for his purpose. A formidable deliberation and sense of responsibility seem to have governed Mr. Hamerton from the outset. "I will dedicate," he says, at starting upon his experiments, "two old portfolios to the preservation of these papers; one shall be called *Action*, and the other *Meditation*. In the first I will put such papers as concern the active life of a landscape-painter, and in the other such reflections as naturally occur to him whilst he labours, and are suggested by his work." To all this part of the book a sentence in one of his most useless chapters would furnish a suitable motto: "As I have nothing better to do just at present, I will make a retrospective chapter of it." But we venture to differ from Mr. Hamerton's supposition that he had nothing better to do; since the book which, in reality, Mr. Hamerton has produced not only contains a good deal of interesting matter, sound thought, and very efficient writing, but much that proceeds from and records experiences entirely out of the common track. If a good third or more were rejected from the 900 pages which compose the work, it would be quite *sui generis*. We therefore say no more of the less valuable stuff with which Mr. Hamerton has alloyed his substantial material, but pass to giving some account of the latter.

Mr. Hamerton is a landscape-painter, domiciled, it would appear, near Burnley, in Lancashire. A number of hints leave the impression that he is a man of good family and position, who has adopted painting as a profession through an innate and unconquerable love for it, somewhat to the scandal of good-natured friends. Whether Mr. Hamerton is a good or a bad painter we confess ourselves to be wholly ignorant; we do not recollect to have ever seen any of his handiwork, or even heard his name. We trust that he is a good one. Certain it is that, in enthusiasm, energetic industry, and an endeavour both to think out and to work out his art, there can be few painters of the present day to beat him. His book contains the narrative of a course of study, beginning in September, 1856, and ending (so far as these volumes carry it) in November, 1861. His object was to study Highland scenery on the spot; settling down in the very heart of the hill-solitudes, permanently there to watch nature in all weathers, and record her aspects. He began by experimenting on the border of Lancashire and Yorkshire, living in a dell of the hilly road, in a hut of his own invention. Mr. Hamerton is evidently a man of ingenuity, well able to grapple with the difficulties of an exceptional position, and to turn his hand to what needed doing, though the troubles of cookery seemed to have beaten him. The first hut was constructed wholly of panels, conveyable separately, and then bolted together. Four of the largest panels were filled with the best plate-glass, so that the artist, after selecting a subject within view from the hut, could paint it inside from first to last, a point which he very properly insists upon as being important to secure in the interests as well of the work itself as of the worker. The hut proved a good piece of invention and construction, answering its purpose capitally. After a month or so of this Lancashire experiment in wild weather, the author started in the following spring for Scotland and fixed in the Island of Iniskeil, in the middle of Loch Awe. Besides his own hut, his encampment now included a hut for the servant, and a tent available for some of the uses of a kitchen and storehouse. He also got two boats made upon a plan of his own, which is thus described:—

"My boats are an adaptation of the double canoe, constructed in galvanized iron, with watertight compartments. Each canoe has its rudder, and the two rudders work together by a connecting rod. The deck is roomy and firm in proportion to the draught of water, and the larger of the two double boats carries a lateen-sail with singular steadiness. In adapting the old savage idea to my own use on the Northern lakes, I wish to have a craft that will possess the following qualities in combination.

"1. She must never require *baling*. Any water she may ship must discharge itself.

"2. She must be incapable of being capsized.

"3. She must not draw more than nine inches of water.

"4. She must have a large, flat, steady deck, that I can put an easel on, and a chair, and a table in calm weather, just as well as in my painting room.

"No common boat could possibly possess these qualifications. It became therefore necessary to set one's inventive faculties to work.

"In the Marine Museum of the Louvre there are some interesting models of South Sea canoes, both double, and with the balancer. During a stroll through that Museum I found something which seemed to promise all I required, with a little careful adaptation.

"The result is a craft which, though utterly unorthodox, the reverse of nautical, and a piece of open rebellion against all the traditions of old England on the subject of boats from the days when painted Britons paddled about in coracles, down to the last University boat-race, may, nevertheless, be of much utility to me.

"I have then two boats, each of them double, and I call them the *Britannia* and the *Conway* in honour of the tubular bridges, to which they bear some resemblance, being tubular, double, and of iron."

These aquatic oddities proved satisfactory. Their principle was discovered to be the same as that of the life-boats patented by the late Mr. Richardson, and of which his "challenger" is an example. Mr. Hamerton is stout in his maintenance of the principle, and its successful application; and from the experiences which he narrates, we think a bold or a prejudiced man would be needed to impugn the views expressed. A slight notion of both boats and camp may be obtained from medallions designed by Mr. Hamerton for the binding of his book. No other illustrations are supplied; but the author hopes, sooner or later, to publish some of his studies of the scenery in a separate form.

Mr. Hamerton professes to have learned a great deal, and to have accomplished little, in his first Highland encampment. Next year he returned to Loch Awe, taking the peninsula of Innystrynich on a lease of five years, obtaining a cottage for head-quarters, and altering the camp-equipage into a more portable form. In this respect, however, there was still something deficient; and the author afterwards designed a tent, which, at a cost below £30, he pronounces to be perfect for its object. He also had a new tubular boat built, with the improvements which past experience suggested. After a great deal of hard Highland study and work, in every season and all weathers, Mr. Hamerton found it necessary in November, 1861, to seek the drier climate of France. The last he tells us of himself is, that while anxious to revisit Loch Awe, he is also bent upon "a thorough illustration of all the navigable French rivers." He pronounces the Scottish Highlands, after all, to be the most unmanageable of all places for strict painting from nature, though "a noble field for painters from memoranda." The rain, and incessant change of effects, themselves very strong, are among the leading obstacles.

The latter half of the first volume improves in practical and artistic tone, including a sufficiency of interspersed descriptions of which Mr. Hamerton most rightfully considers that a very little is amply enough; a series of careful statements and analyses, in a somewhat different line, of effects of nature watched by him; and discursive observations upon questions of art. Such observations, which are only the garnishing of Volume I., form the staple of Volume II., which has the separate inscription of "Thoughts about Art," and would bear to be republished as a distinct work. There is plenty of good sense and reasoning in this volume, based upon that most sure and precious of foundations—real practical knowledge of the subject. Indeed, we apprehend that, next to Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Hamerton is best qualified and adapted of all professed writers upon art to gain the public ear. A certain Ruskinian tinge may be recognized in his style, and he is always ready to do justice to that great explorer and surveyor of the demesne of fine art; at the same time that he writes from an independent point of view, and commands respect for divergences as well as coincidences of opinion. As an art-theorist, Mr. Hamerton must be regarded as identified, by sympathy and practice, with the pre-Raffaelite movement, Mr. Holman Hunt being his especial hero; though he gives accurate credit to other aims and methods of painting.

We have no space to enter upon or discuss at any length the particular views which Mr. Hamerton expounds in his second volume. the leading topics, and to append an extract, is all we can afford. Four of the most elaborate chapters are those upon "The Painter in his Relation to Society," a relation which Mr. Hamerton holds to be especially false and unfair; "the Relation between Photography and Painting," carefully and truthfully analyzed; "Word-painting and Colour-painting," which is extremely well put, clearly bringing out the total inability of words to compete with forms and colours in the actual exhibition of scenic facts, with a handsome tribute to the extraordinary powers of Tennyson and Ruskin as word-painters in poetry and prose; and "Painting from Memoranda," which is full of detailed practical experience and suggestion. Whatever his opinion on the point may be worth, it is pleasing to find that the writer takes a very sanguine view of the future of British art, both as to its intrinsic excellence and the acceptance which it is likely to find with the public; though the ordinary purchasers and critics of the day are objects of his continual castigation.

* A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "The Isles of Loch Awe." In two vols. Macmillan & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

We notice, among the new publications of the past month, several which are of some importance to the literary history of France. "The Dictionary of the French Language," by M. Emile Littré, a member of the Institute, claims our first attention. M. Littré produced not long ago, under the title of "A History of the French Language," in two volumes, a valuable scientific treatise upon that subject, being a precise and substantial account of the Celtic, Roman, and Teutonic derivations of the language, with its growth, its additions, its gradual transformation and extension to the present time. This dictionary, of which the two first portions have now appeared, will form at least four quarto volumes. No

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other work so complete as this has yet been attempted on the same plan. Each word is made the subject of a special disquisition, upon its origin and etymology, its orthography, its meaning and different acceptations; in short, its whole individuality, which is traced through the French writers of successive ages, and illustrated by well-chosen examples. The twenty-fourth volume of "The Literary History of France," an undertaking begun long since and zealously carried on by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, is just finished. This volume relates to the fourteenth century, and it comprises an essay by M. Victor Leclerc, upon the state of literature, and one by M. Renan, upon the state of the arts, in France at that period, both of which are very interesting. "The History of the University of France," from its foundation to the present time, by M. Ch. Jourdain, is a work in four volumes, displaying the process of French intellectual development in another point of view. Two volumes came out last year, and the remaining two have now come out. With the history of that great institution, since it was founded in the tenth century, and of its varying relations with the State and the Church, from age to age, is mixed up, as one might have expected, that of many famous persons and events.

Another new book, which helps to throw light upon the past history of French literature, is the memoir of Buffon, written by his secretary, M. Humbert Bazile, and edited, with notes and comments, by his great-great-nephew, M. H. Nadaud de Buffon, in a single octavo volume. Buffon, as a naturalist, has been wholly superseded by modern science, but as a great writer, and as a man of learning, he will always deserve our regard. This memoir, the data for which are supplied by family papers, shows not only the private life of the man, and his personal character, but his methods and opportunities of gathering knowledge, and his habits of literary composition.

Although not much in the way of original speculative philosophy has appeared in the past month, something has been done towards the history of philosophy. There is the essay of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, upon the Meteorology of Aristotle; this eminent member of the French Institute having devoted himself to a thorough study of that great encyclopædic mind of Greek antiquity, whose prerogative has been owned by so many ages, far remote from his own. Another student of philosophy, not, indeed, equal to M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire in learning, but of a still more inquiring spirit, is M. Foucher de Careil, who has, after much research in the principal libraries of Europe, and the discovery of some manuscripts never before printed, at length completed his edition of the works of Leibnitz, in four volumes,—which, by its comprehensiveness, its accuracy, and the value of its notes and commentaries, merits to be the standard edition. We pass on, however, to some recent treatises on morality, which are of a simpler and more popular kind. M. Alphonse Grün, formerly the editor of the *Moniteur Universel*, has produced a small book, "Thoughts of Different Ages of Life," which we can fairly recommend. Without didactic pretension, and without the affectation of a system, this volume of sagacious and elevated moral instruction is composed of the thoughts which have arisen, at successive periods of his life, in the mind of a man accustomed to reflect upon his own experience, and to bestow serious consideration upon the acts of an individual career. Here are the thoughts of a youth, open to all sorts of illusions, as well as to generous aspirations; the thoughts of his manhood, engrossed with social and civil cares; lastly, the thoughts of his latter years, in the season of repose and recollection. The link of connection between these pages is, that they all emanate from the sincere self-communings of a single mind—that of a man who has not ceased to meditate upon his own inner life, while traversing, as he has done, that period of great changes and agitation in worldly affairs which has elapsed from 1789, when the author was a child, to 1862, when he gives us the fruit of his long experience, as an old man. Books of this sort are too seldom produced in France, and deserve commendation when they do appear, especially when, as in this instance, they combine a high tone of feeling with a degree of literary perfection worthy of the best models. Another treatise of an ethical character, but more directed to social interests, is that of M. T. Loiseleur on "Crimes and Penalties in Ancient and in Modern Times." The author, in one volume, attempts to trace the history of the various punishments prescribed for each crime, from the most ancient times, and to show the different ways in which it has been dealt with; he draws from this historical experience some practical suggestions, and infers that the moral principle, underlying the gradual mitigation of penal codes, is that of regarding the amendment of the criminal as the true aim to be kept in view by them. This is, certainly, an important chapter in the history of civilization; and it is instructive to remark how some offences which, like heresy, blasphemy, and witchcraft, at one time were visited with the most cruel and deadly tortures, have at other times, or in other countries, escaped with a slight penalty or none at all, while, on the contrary, certain practices which once were scarcely thought to be immoral, have taken their place in the criminal code. We do not say that M. Loiseleur has fully and exactly discussed every part of this extensive subject; but his volume contains a store of very curious and erudite information, accompanied with arguments of a high order. Along with these books of moral philosophy, is to be ranked a treatise by M. Léon Dumont, on the "Causes of Laughter;" which does not resemble the well-known Latin dissertation, in the fifteenth century, entitled "*Ars ratioque os distorquendi*, or the Art of Making Ridiculous Faces," but is, on the contrary, a psychological, rather than a physiological, inquiry into the subject of laughter, based on the speculations of such grave philosophers as Tiedemann and Schoppenhauer, as well as of Jean Paul Richter. It is not a volume that will make the reader laugh, but one that will teach him what is the nature of laughter, together with that of irony, raillery, comedy, ridicule, and all which depends upon the jesting faculty of mankind. This moral analysis of mirth is decidedly preferable to the physical analysis of sorrow performed by a certain chemist, who one day said to his wife, "I have decomposed your tears, and find that they contain a portion of phosphate of lime, some chlorine, sodium, mucus, and water." But let us now quit the books of philosophy (*solvuntur risu tabulæ*) with this one on the philosophy of laughter.

The next is no laughing matter. Of all arts cultivated in the nineteenth century, there is none which men now study with greater interest than that of killing men. M. Chesnel publishes a "Dictionary of Naval and Military Armaments," illustrated by engravings, and containing, in the dictionary form, all conceivable information as to the past history and the present state of whatever has been invented in the art of war,—strategy, tactics, armies, fleets, discipline, evolutions, weapons of every sort, battles, sieges, warlike operations by land or sea. The volume just published by M. Xavier Raymond, of the *Débats*, on the "Maritime Forces of France and England," has a more particular interest. He gives us, with some judicious observations of his own, the compared statistics of the two navies, and of their recent increase, on one and the other side of the Channel. As though it were a set-off against this review of the formidable rival powers, which will never again, let us hope, be arrayed in hostility against each other, M. Michel Chevalier gives us a volume in the International Exhibition of 1862, being a sort of introduction to the official reports of the French section of the jury, which are to form six goodly octavo volumes. The subjects embraced in this work are not confined to the French part of the Exhibition, but include the contributions of every nation, thereby presenting a comparative study of the various manufactures and products of the whole world, by men specially qualified to describe them; but the introduction, by M. Michel de Chevalier, may be had separately, and is worth reading by itself.

Amidst all the ardour of those commercial and industrial pursuits with which France, as much as any nation, is now occupied, the memories of her former parliamentary Government are still kept alive, and the most distinguished of her fallen statesmen continue to provide for their reputation with posterity by collecting their speeches and writings for publication. As documents of French parliamentary history, M. Guizot thus republishes, in a companion volume to his Memoirs, the most important of his speeches in the French Chambers,* with a powerfully-written introduction, entitled, "1814, 1830, and 1848," three most significant dates in the annals of France in his time. M. Guizot delineates the moral characteristics of the three generations of Frenchmen whose activity predominated at those periods respectively; he shows the energetic contests for liberty which they have carried on, and expresses his own confidence in its future restoration to France. The "Political Writings and Speeches" of the Duc de Broglie are a collection of the same character, though not equally important or of so near an interest. The collection, in four volumes, of the miscellaneous works of M. de Montalembert, including his speeches and writings on politics, literature, and art, presents greater diversity, and is animated by a more impassioned spirit, which has frequently led the orator to contradict himself in his most eloquent passages. A fresh instance of this has just been seen in a brisk controversy which is going on, through the *Union* and the *Journal des Débats*, between M. Montalembert and M. Eugène Rendu, a writer devoted at once to the cause of liberal Catholicism and to that of Italian unity.

There are some other new publications, however, which belong directly to the urgent political affairs of the day. While the obstinate conflict in North America is being fought out with such pernicious fury, we may read, with some interest, the testimony of an eye-witness, M. Georges Fisch, as to the commencement of that fratricidal war. "The United States in 1861" is the title of his book. He was there at the moment of President Lincoln's election, when the old enmity between North and South broke out into an appeal to arms. To understand, however, the crisis which he describes, it is well that French and European public opinion should have been prepared by the writings of M. Agenor de Gasparin and M. de Tocqueville, on the institutions and character of that great republic which has become a prey to such convulsions. M. Proudhon, in an essay "On the Federal Principle, and on the Necessity of Reconstituting the Revolutionary Party," has again surprised public attention with a sophistical artifice. He is the champion of federation, as the essential principle upon which all society should be based, and in which alone he sees any hope for liberty hereafter. It will not be forgotten that he published a book against Italian unity, at the end of last year, when he, the great revolutionist, suddenly joined the phalanx of the enemies of the new kingdom of Italy, maintaining that a federal system of government was the best possible settlement for that country. What is still more astonishing, he now contends for the application of the same system to France. He can see no other remedy for that excessive centralization which has been one of the enduring causes of despotism in France; he advocates a free association of French provinces and municipalities, in short, of all those local

* Histoire Parlementaire de M. Guizot. Hetzel.

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individualities to abolish which was the policy of the old monarchy, and has likewise been the effect of subsequent revolutions. It will be seen that M. Proudhon still adheres passionately to his extreme theory of individuality, and persists in regarding anarchy as the best possible *régime*, for the sake of which he proposes to destroy the whole fabric of French administrative unity. Pursuing, with keen irony and epigrammatic force, the application of this strange argument to the existing state of parties in France, he urges the Liberals to reconstruct their own party upon his principles, with a view to undo that which the revolution has done, by a new revolution of the most sweeping kind. It is, however, in spite of the vigour he has displayed in advocating this course, not very likely that he will gain many partizans to its adoption.

Descending, at length, from the heights of philosophical and political speculation, we may notice two or three recent productions of French novel-writers; and amongst these "Dominique," by M. Eugène Fromentin, is one of the most successful. In the portraiture of a guilty love, which checks itself, however, and stops short of actual criminality, this young author, whose story first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, shows a higher order of thought and moral insight than most of the novelists of this day. He gives vivid expression to the mental conflict, the agitation, and remorse, which disturb the hearts of Dominique and Madeleine, till at length they bid each other an eternal farewell, and escape the brink of that precipice on which they have been standing. "Count Kostia," by M. Victor Cherbuliez, is a type of those half-Gallicised Russian noblemen, who hide the bear's paw in a Paris glove, and dissemble their barbaric insolence with a smile of politeness—fierce, secret, and sudden, both in their loves and in their hatreds; the unsocial presence of this stranger contrasting with the German idyllic simplicity of the Rhineland, amidst whose scenes and its genial people he has fixed his abode, until, by the good-humour and the gentleness of Gilbert and Stephanie, the wild Muscovite undergoes a salutary change. "The History of a Man," by M. Amédée Achard, is a tale that does not end so happily. This "man" is one of those impulsive, violent, savage natures, which, being impatient of the restraints of civilized life, are always coming into collision with the laws of society. At length the Marquis de Clerfons, with all his faults, his revolts, his struggles, and his defeats, arrives at the miserable end predestined for him, reminding us of those victims of an evil fatality, whose souls, as we read in the Arabian tales, are seized by the demons at the very moment when they first come into being, and can never again be retrieved.

SHORT NOTICES.

Sir William a Beckett, reversing the example of Sir William Blackstone, has taken his farewell of law to addict himself to poetry. Late Chief Justice of Victoria, he has come home amongst other objects to try the effect of a volume of "unaccredited verse," secure that it will at least be welcome to his friends, and to those nearer and dearer than friends, who will be thankful for a more durable memorial of his thoughts than could exist for them in disjointed leaves of unrevised manuscript. It is to his desire to furnish them with such a memorial that we owe this pleasant little volume.* The "Earl's Choice" is one of the latest efforts of its author. It is a tale in blank verse, in six parts, with the loves of two brothers and two sisters for its theme. Sir William à Beckett thinks that people should marry without respect to equality of station, provided they are naturally on an equality, and this is the doctrine his poem is intended to enforce. The story is not remarkable for novelty in the plot or in the telling; but if there is not much either to surprise or delight, there is very little to offend; while the thoughts are generally of a manly and healthy character. Sir William is happier in his rhymed verses; and occasionally he throws off some lines of unaffected beauty. For instance:—

"And what was that I loved so well?
Was it the beauteous form
Now resting in its narrow cell,
The breast no longer warm,
The voice that had so sweet a tone,
The eye that once so fondly shone—
Did these contain the charm
That made me weep thy parting breath,
And binds me to thee still in death?

"No!—these were but the clothing fair
Of spirit robed for earth,
And destined all to perish *there*
As things of mortal birth;
Things that to me were very dear,
Though soon—too soon—to disappear;
Yet honoured for their worth
No more, when they no longer spoke
The inner light which through them broke.

"It may be that, at first, there fell
Despair's unthinking tear,
In gazing on the coffined shell
Of pearl so bright and dear.
But Faith o'er sorrow's cloud soon threw
A light that shone with rainbow hue,
Whilst Hope came smiling near,
And bade me look where angels dwell
For her that here I loved so well."

* The Earl's Choice and other Poems. Smith, Elder, & Co.

All the poems entitled "Under the Cypress," either are the expression of what the poet has felt as a man, or their subject awakens the tenderest chords of his lyre. Most touching are the lines, "No Longer Here," beginning thus:—

"'Tis daybreak in the chamber where,
A year ago you died;
And baby as we call him still
Is sleeping by my side.
* * * *
"He nestles to me whilst my arms
Around him gladly twine,
Until his cheek is resting where
So oft hath rested thine;
And, as my sighing heart-pants beat
Beneath his little ear,
He little dreams the sigh's because
Thou art no longer here."

Lines full of pathos, hardly surpassed even by those which follow, under the title "Her Portrait," of which we have room only for the last two stanzas:—

"God-given wife to me,
Light of this life to me,
No more by side of me
(Pleasure and pride of me),
Fondly beholding thee—
Fondly enfolding thee—
Gentle and dutiful
Art thou, my beautiful!

"One morn she woke not;
Spoke to, she spoke not;
Still she slept—seemingly—
Ah! 'twas *un*dreamingly;
Vainly we stay'd by her,
Vainly we pray'd by her;
Nought could awaken her,—
Angels had taken her!

Mr. Francis Alexander Mackay* contributes to our table his "Lays and Poems on Italy." How far they will affect, for good or evil, the poetical fame of the author of "The Crook and the Sword," "The Heir of Lorn," and "The Curse of Schamyl," we are unable to say, not having read any of these productions; but taken, *per se*, the "Lays and Poems" are hardly of that class of composition which will deter the author from making a second venture for fear of not coming up to the standard of his first. We see no reason why a man who has the taste for it, and the time, should not put forth a volume of such poetry every week, though we should be loth to encourage him to do so. Take the following for an example:—

"From Chiavari's shore a skiff
Puts off and makes for yonder cliff,
Where Laura's bower looks o'er the bay,
Where sheds her lamp its cheering ray.
Now strains melodious from the boat
Are heard, and o'er the waters float,
To where they fall in cadence clear,
As watchful, listening, loving ear," &c. &c.

Mr. Mackay's blank verse is a very little better than his rhyme, but neither are worth dwelling upon longer.

"Ancient Leaves"† is the title of a book of "Translations and Paraphrases" from poets of Greece and Rome, rendered by D'Arcy W. Thompson, who has shown good taste in his selection of subjects, and ability in putting them into their new shapes. Mr. Frederick G. Tuckerman is the author of a book of Poems,‡ the right of translating which he has humanely reserved. If it is difficult for an English reader to follow their meaning, what would be the effect of the endeavour on a Frenchman or German? We don't say that they are all hopelessly abstruse, or that occasionally they have not the true poetic ring. But we have found ourselves baffled every now and then, in spite of the most earnest endeavours to discover what the author means. If any one, for instance, will tell us what Mr. Tuckerman means by the following sonnet, we shall feel obliged to him:—

"The starry flower-like stars that fade,
And brighten with the daylight and the dark,—
The bluest in the green I faintly mark,
And glimmering crags with laurel overlaid,
Even to the Lord of Light, the Lamp of shade,
Shine one to me;—the least, still glorious made
As crownèd moon, or Heaven's great hierarch.
And, so, dim grassy flower, and night-lit spark,
Still move me on and upward for the True;
Seeking through change, growth, death, in new and old,
The full in few, the statelier in the less,
With patient pain; always remembering this,—
His hand, who touched the sod with showers of gold,
Stippled Orion on the midnight blue."

All this is even less intelligible to us than the English preface to the "New Guide to Conversation, in Portuguese and English," by José da Fonseca and Pedro Carolina, in which is the following passage:—

"The *works* which we were comparing for this labour, find use us

* Lays and Poems on Italy. Bell & Daldy.
† Ancient Leaves. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.
‡ Poems by F. G. Tuckerman. Smith & Elder.

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for nothing; but those what were publishing to portugal, or out. They were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national, little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these *works* full of imperfections and anomalies of style; in spite of the infinite typographical faults which sometimes invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those *works* the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the portuguese: indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly. We expect then who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for the typographical correction) that may be with the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

If we were bound to decide between the preface of Messrs. José do Fonseca and Pedro Carolina and Mr. Tuckerman's sonnet, we should say that the sonnet is the more perplexing puzzle of the two.

THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT ROME.

In the *London Review* of December 20, we gave an exact description of the very interesting remains of architecture and fresco painting which had been discovered beneath the church of San Clemente, at Rome. The merit of these discoveries belongs to Father Mullooly, prior of the Irish Dominicans, who has lately been assisted by the liberality of several of our countrymen in the laborious and costly task of excavating further beneath the foundations of the modern church. The Prince of Wales, in his last visit to Rome, testified his interest in this matter by a personal examination of the works, which are still going on, and by a subscription towards the fund raised for that purpose. It is, gratifying, therefore, to report the more recent progress of the undertaking, since the discovery, in August last, of the second pier in the central nave of the ancient church of St. Clement, ornamented with frescoes no less perfect than those of the first pier, described in our former notice.

The fresco picture towards the central nave, as in the pier first discovered, is divided into three compartments, the upper part of the figures in the highest having been partly destroyed. In the centre of the highest compartment is a figure of the Saviour, draped in a richly folded mantle descending to the feet, which are bare; he is seated on a throne richly decorated, and holding before his breast an open book, on the pages of which are the words FORTIS. UT. VINCULA. MORTIS—probably referring to the saint who forms the subject of the centre picture. An archangel stands on each side of the throne; on the right St. Michael, and on the left St. Gabriel; both robed in tunics and Greek stoles, ornamented with gems, and holding golden censers in their hands. At one extremity of the picture stands St. Clement in pontifical robes, and at the other S. NYKOLAUS. This is either St. Nicholas, who filled the chair of Peter between the years 858 and 867, or St. Nicholas of Bari, who lived at a much earlier period.

The centre picture represents the story of the celebrated Roman pilgrim, St. Alexius or Alexis. In the back ground rises a noble palace; from a loggia or window in the upper part of which, a gentlewoman, supposed to be the deserted bride of St. Alexius, is intently contemplating the scene below. The scene represents the senator Euphemianus, on horseback, followed by his suite of two armed cavaliers, one of whom carries his sword on his shoulder. In front of the senator is the pilgrim, in a supplicating attitude, his pilgrim's staff in his hand, and wallet over his shoulder. The senator, motioning with his hand towards the palace, seems to reply to the pilgrim that he will there find the wished-for hospitality. The names EUPHEMIANUS and S. ALEXIUS are written below the feet of each respectively. A little further to the right of the spectator, and towards the centre of the picture, is the second scene, representing the death of St. Alexius. The pilgrim is extended on a pallet, while over him leans the pope in pontifical attire, giving with one hand the apostolic absolution; while in the other he holds the mysterious scroll, which the unknown pilgrim, who is dying, would confide to no other hands but his. The pope is accompanied by his clergy, thirteen in number, one of whom carries the so-called cross of Constantine. In the third and last scene, on the right of the spectator, the painter has sought to represent the affecting incident of the recognition of the pilgrim when it is too late. The dead body of Alexius is lying on a bier covered with a red pall, on the border of which are crosses and birds. The pope, surrounded by the same attendant clergy, has read the scroll, which reveals the name of the unknown pilgrim. At this announcement, Euphemianus and his wife, struck with grief at the discovery that it is their son who lies dead before them, tear their hair, while the bride, whom Alexius had deserted on the first night of their marriage, throws herself on the body, covering the face with kisses and tears. At the same time, the pope seeks to assuage their grief with the words "Venite ad me, omnes qui laboratis;" while with his right hand he gives his benediction to the body. Under this picture, in one line, are the words NON PAT (PATER) AGNOSCIT MISERERI Q SIBI POSCIT PAPA TENET CHARTAM VITÆ QUE NUNTIAT ARTAM.

In this picture we have full confirmation of the romantic story of St. Alexius. It is, however, noteworthy, that while tradition fixes the date of the death of Alexius in the pontificate of Innocent I.—that is, between the years 401 and 417—this fresco evidently refers it to a later pontificate, that of St. Boniface, who filled the chair of Peter from the year 418 to 422; the name written below the Pontiff's feet being B . . . . ATIUS, which, though difficult to decipher, is evidently Bonifatius.

The lowest compartment consists of a large frieze, garlands of fruit and flowers gracefully intertwined, with birds between them.

A fourth fresco has just been discovered on the side of this pier. In the upper compartment is the lower half of a figure of St. Ægidius, abbot. In the centre picture is represented the bishop and martyr of Sebaste, St. Blasius, in the act of performing the well-known cure attributed to him. He is extracting from the bleeding mouth of a child, who is presented to him by its mother, a thorn or bone, which has stuck in its throat. The agonized posture of the child, and the attitudes of the mother and the saint, form a group full of life and expression.

The picture in the lowest compartment is exceedingly curious. It represents a wolf in the act of carrying off a pig, which he has seized by the back and holds aloft between his teeth. In the life of St. Blasius we read that a certain widow's sole possession consisted of a pig, which being carried off by a wolf, the poor widow begged St. Blasius to have it restored to her. He laughingly replied, "Dry up your tears, your pig shall be brought back;" and at the same moment the wolf reappeared and deposited the pig at the widow's feet. Not long after, St. Blasius was thrown by his persecutors into prison, when the poor widow sought to show her gratitude to him by killing her pig and sending Blasius its head and feet, together with some bread, and a candle. The saint ate, and thanked her, saying, "Offer each year in my church a candle, for love of me, and whoever does so shall have my protection." So says the legend. Mrs. Jameson observes that this saint keeps his place in the English reformed calendar, and as patron and protector of woolcombers and woolstaplers is especially popular in Yorkshire, where he is regarded as the inventor of woolcombing. He was, till lately, commemorated in the town of Bradford by a festival held every seven years, wherein Prince Jason and the Princess Medea, with Bishop Blaise and his chaplain, all walked together in grand procession. He has three churches dedicated to his honour in England.

As to the time when these curious frescoes were executed there is much diversity of opinion. In the judgment of Overbeck, the Duke of Sermoneta, and other artists or connoisseurs, they belong to the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era. But some would refer them to the tenth or eleventh, relying on the half-Italian sentences, which were mentioned in our former notice, as inscribed on the lower compartment of the first pier. *Fili delle putte traite*, the coarse objurgation addressed by the master architect to his workmen, is but too intelligible. But we scarcely know the exact period at which the change of language took placé among the Roman plebs, after the northern barbarians came in. There is reason to believe that 1084 was the date at which this ancient church was destroyed by fire; but the date of its building is lost. These frescoes certainly belong to the decline of art. The fragments in the aisles are very rude in execution. Yet in all, particularly in the fine frescoes representing St. Clement and St. Alexius, we see the work of artists whose minds were full of the traditions and influences of antique art. The proportions of all the figures are exceedingly good, the attitudes full of life, and the composition very skilful. The face of St. Clement, officiating at the altar, has sufficient individuality to be a portrait; and the figure of Theodora may, for elegance and nobleness of form, for the beauty of the composition, for the correctness of the drawing and skilful arrangement of the drapery, be compared with those noble portrait statues of Roman ladies, such as the so-called Pudicitia of the Vatican, which give us so elevated an idea of the women of ancient Rome.

Is it, then, possible, to attribute works, containing so much that is excellent in every way, so much vitality of art, to the tenth or eleventh centuries? Kugler says:—"The slightly animated gait which imparted to the figures some appearance of life ceases with the eleventh century, at which period an absolute statuesque immobility of form commences, while the artist soon ceased to comprehend both the principles and effects of organic movement." In our opinion, the fresco of St. Clement officiating at the Altar, and its companion pictures, do not betray the vices of that age of decadence in art. The fresco of St. Alexius is inferior, in various points, though it is marvellously full of incident, life, and expression; but the figure of St. Nicholas, in the corner of the upper compartment, if proved to be Pope Nicholas I., must be dated subsequent to 867. It is, however, not improbable that the fresco may be of earlier date, and that the supplementary figures of St. Clement and St. Nicholas may have been added at the time when the church was repaired by Nicholas; or the figure may represent the much earlier St. Nicholas of Bari. Although some of the ornaments on the dresses are of a somewhat barbarous character, particularly in the upper compartment of the pier last discovered, yet we nowhere find any traces of the gilding and extraneous ornamentation that characterized the Byzantine period, when splendour and costliness of material made up for want of power in art. On the contrary, the tone of the frescoes, while brilliant in colouring, is quiet in effect. The background of the "St. Clement" picture is black, like many of the frescoes found in Pompeii, while that of the "Alexius" picture is, in one part, a dark blue, scarcely to be distinguished from black, and in the other a very dark brown.

Other important discoveries have also been made; among which is an inscription that proves the date at which the high altar was erected. At the base of the ambones, in the upper church, a slab of marble had been used for foundation, which, on excavation, turns out to be part of the high altar of the ancient church. Father Mullooly found what appeared to be letters along the edge of this slab. Careful examination, and the removal of the dirt with which centuries had incrusted it, brought to light the following inscription: "Altare tibi, Deus, salvo Hormisda Papa, Mercurius Presbyter cum sociis offert." This altar, therefore, was consecrated between the years 514 and 523, the duration of the Pontificate of Hormisdas; and the priest, John Mercurius, who was then titular of the basilica of St. Clement, ascended the chair of Peter in 532, under the name of John II.

Under what circumstances the destruction of the ancient church took place, is matter for conjecture. The most probable supposition seems to be that it was destroyed by the victorious army of Robert Guiscard in 1084. We read in Gibbon that a hasty word from the conqueror was the signal for fire and pillage, and that a spacious quarter of the city, from the Lateran to the Coliseum, was consumed by the flames and devoted to perpetual solitude. Is it likely, therefore, that the church of St. Clement, situated in the very centre of this quarter, could have escaped? Again, we also read that Robert's Saracen auxiliaries took this opportunity of rifling and profaning the

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holy city of the Christians. Have we not here a reason for the destruction of the high altar, while other parts were left? The fact that they were fighting against the anti-Pope Clement III., who had just been consecrated in the Lateran, and in favour of Gregory VII., who was shut up in the castle of St. Angelo, may also be a reason why so little respect was paid to the church bearing the usurper's name.

For these valuable discoveries we are entirely indebted to the perseverance and energy of the Rev. Father Mullooly, but for whose efforts they would still have remained in oblivion. Much has been done, but much more is left to be accomplished. Cuttings are now being commenced towards opening up the nave; and, doubtless, still more interesting discoveries will follow those already made. Meantime, it is to be hoped that the money will not be denied which is needful for our countryman to complete his disinterested task.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SISTERHOODS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct an error into which the writer of the article headed "The New Champion of Orthodoxy" has fallen, when he says that Dr. Pusey was my spiritual director? The inadvertence may be deemed material, inasmuch as the authenticity of the information given in "Sisterhoods" is presumed to depend upon this circumstance. Dr. Pusey was never my spiritual director, and I never spoke to him in my life, as none but his "children" did.

I may explain that when any fact mentioned in the volume did not come under my own observation, I wrote from the materials furnished by ladies who were cognizant of all the circumstances of the occurrence, and who are prepared to avow their connection with the anecdote. Your obedient servant,

MARGARET GOODMAN.

London, March 3, 1863.

IN NUPTIAS ALBERTI EDVARDI ET ALEXANDRÆ.

QUÆ tibi damnosos terra edidit, Anglia, quondam,
Jam pelagi reges det tibi lætificos.

xiii. Kal. Feb. MDCCCLXIII.

[TRANSLATION.]

ON THE WEDDING OF ALBERT EDWARD AND ALEXANDRA.

Now, Albion! may the land that bore
Sea-kings, a terror to thy shore,
Thee with a line of sea-kings bless,
To give thy people happiness!

J. H. ABRAHALL, Combe Longa.

January 20, 1863.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 9TH MARCH.

BRITISH ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M.
GEOGRAPHICAL—At 8½ P.M. "Recent Explorations in Australia," by Messrs. McDowall, Stuart, Landsborough, McKinlay, &c.
MEDICAL—At 8½ P.M. "On Cancer of the Pancreas; and on Purulent Disease of the Kidney, complicated with Disease of the Bladder." By Dr. Thudichum.
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Opera en Comédie." By J. Pittman, Esq.

TUESDAY, 10TH MARCH.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—No meeting.
ANTHROPOLOGICAL—No meeting.
MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—No meeting.
SYRO-EGYPTIAN—At 7½ P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Marshall "On Animal Mechanics."
ZOOLOGICAL—At 9 P.M. No meeting.

WEDNESDAY, 11TH MARCH.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8½ P.M.
ROYAL LITERATURE—Trafalgar-square, at 8½ P.M. 1. "On the Annals of Esarhaddon." By Mr. Fox Talbot. 2. "On a Campaign of Thothinas III. in Palestine." By Mr. R. S. Poole.
MICROSCOPICAL—At 8½ P.M.
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Vertebrata." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.
SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the International Transit Route through Nicaragua." By Capt. Bedford Pim, R.N.
GRAPHIC—University College, at 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, 12TH MARCH.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On the Influence of Temperature on the Electric conducting Power of Thallium and Iron." By Dr. Matthiessen and Dr. Vogt. 2. "On the Amyloid Substance of the Liver, and its ultimate Destination in the Animal Economy." By R. McDonnell.
ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Dr. Frankland, "On Chemical Affinity."

FRIDAY, 13TH MARCH.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On Fogs and Fog-Signals." By Dr. J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S.
LONDON INSTITUTION.—At 7 P.M. "On Economic Botany." By Professor Bewley.
ASTRONOMICAL—At 8 P.M.

SATURDAY, 14TH MARCH.

BOTANIC—At 3½ P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller. (Second Series.)
STATISTICAL—At 4 P.M. Anniversary.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Andrewes (Bishop), Memoirs of the Life and Works of. By Rev. A. T. Russell. 8vo., 12s.
Atkinson's (Mrs.) Recollections of Tartar Steppes. Crown 8vo., 12s.
Aytoun's (W. E.) Nuptial Ode on the Marriage of the Prince of Wales. 8vo., sewed, 1s.
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Bolingbroke's (Lord) Life. By T. Macknight. 8vo., 18s.
Browning's (Mrs. E. B.) The Greek Classic Poets and the English Poets. Fcap., 5s.
Carter's (Rev. T. T.) Lectures on the Passion and Temptation of Our Lord. 8vo., 3s.
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PROFESSOR TENNANT will meet his Class from King's College at the ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park, next TUESDAY MORNING, March 10th, at 10 o'clock. Professor Tennant will be glad to see on that occasion any old Student or Member of the Geologists' Association. He will also visit, with Students and Friends, the BRITISH MUSEUM, on WEDNESDAY, 11th, at 10 o'clock, to examine the fine Collection of Fossils from the Secondary Rocks.

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Bishopsgate Terminus, February, 1863. J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

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Examinerships.	Salaries.	Present Examiners.
ARTS AND SCIENCE.	£	
Two in Classics	200	Rev. J. W. Blakesley, B.D.; Vacant.
Two in the English Language, Literature, and History	75	Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D.; Joshua G. Fitch, Esq., M.A.
Two in the French Language	50	Prof. Cassal.; Antonin Roche, Esq.
Two in the German Language	30	Dr. Schaible.; Vacant.
Two in the Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, and Scripture History	50	Rev. Samuel Davidson, D.D., LL.D.; Vacant.
Two in Logic and Moral Philosophy	80	Prof. Ferrier, LL.D.; Vacant.
Two in Political Economy	30	Richard Holt Hutton, Esq., M.A.; Vacant.
Two in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy	200	W. H. Besant, Esq., M.A.; Edward John Routh, Esq., M.A.
Two in Experimental Philosophy	75	Prof. Liveing, M.A.; Balfour Stewart, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.
Two in Chemistry	150	Prof. Wm. A. Miller, M.D., F.R.S.; Prof. A. W. Williamson, Ph.D., F.R.S.
Two in Botany and Vegetable Physiology	75	J. D. Hooker, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.; John Lindley, Esq., Ph. D., F.R.S.
Two in Geology and Palæontology	75	Prof. Morris, F.G.S.; Prof. Ramsay, F.R.S.
LAWS.		
Two in Law and the Principles of Legislation	50	Herbert Broom, Esq., M.A.; Joseph Sharpe, Esq., LL.D.
MEDICINE.		
Two in Medicine	150	Vacant.; Vacant.
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Two in Midwifery	75	Wm. Tyler Smith, Esq., M.D.; Charles West, Esq., M.D.
Two in Materia Medica and Pharmaceutical Chemistry	75	Prof. Garrod, M.D., F.R.S.; Vacant.
Two in Forensic Medicine	50	Prof. Guy, M.B.; William Odling, Esq., F.R.S.

The present Examiners above named are eligible, and intend to offer themselves, for re-election.

Candidates must announce their names to the Registrar on or before Tuesday, March 31st. It is particularly desired by the Senate that no personal application of any kind may be made to its individual Members.—By order of the Senate,

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 141.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863. [Price 4d. Unstamped.

The Wedding at Windsor.
The Dragging Home of the Princess.
Royal Progresses.
The London Municipality.
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The Bishop of Oxford in a Difficulty.
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Archbishop Colenso in St. George's Chapel.
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THE WEDDING AT WINDSOR.

WITH every befitting accessory and circumstance of pomp and pageantry, the Royal wedding was celebrated last Tuesday in the ancient chapel of St. George. The venerable pile has never witnessed a fairer or a more striking display. Around the spot clings many an historical association, carrying us far back into the early days of the monarchy. For us its sombre and austere interior will henceforth wear a lighter and more gladsome aspect, as the scene of nuptials in which have culminated a people's hope and joy. Nothing was wanting to this great occasion. The illustrious of our own country and of foreign lands thronged the choir. The bride and bridegroom stood amongst the scions and representatives of many friendly and allied houses—fair-haired Scandinavians and Teutons mingling for the first time at such a ceremony with the dark-skinned Oriental. The Knights of the most distinguished Order in Christendom occupied the places which bespeak their close relation and their near approach to the throne. The fair daughters of the oldest, the proudest, and the most powerful aristocracy yet left to Europe, did suit and service in the train of her who came to wed their future sovereign. But gorgeous and picturesque as was the courtly show, there was yet a grander sight, of which England itself was the theatre, and to which the whole English nation contributed in enthusiastic loyalty. From the little borough which nestles under Windsor Castle, to the furthest confines of the land, there was not a village or a town—thriving seaport, busy hive of manufacturing industry, or the vast metropolis, our empire's heart—which was not filled with the sounds and signs of rejoicing and of love. Nay, even this was not all. Far away across the ocean—in Canadian forests, under the Southern Cross which looks down upon young Australia, and beneath the burning skies which bend over ancient India,—the hearts of our fellow-subjects were beating in unison with our own. For this day all distinctions of rank, class, and opinion, were sunk in such an expression of attachment, of sympathy, and of confidence, as never before greeted the heir to any crown. Nor did any dissentient voice break the general harmony. No fitter time, indeed, could be found for offering, at the foot of the throne, our respectful homage and our earnest congratulations. No marriage can be regarded as a commonplace event. Even when the sacred rite unites the lowliest and the most obscure, it is a crisis in the life and destiny of two human beings; the fertile source of happiness or sorrow not confined to themselves; the sweet or bitter spring of unnumbered blessings or curses to those who wed and to the society of which they form part. How august, then, must be the bearing upon a nation's future of such a marriage as we have just seen celebrated! By it the Royal Family, beneath whose rule we so love to live, renews itself under the happiest auspices. We see in it a deliverance from all fear of a break in the direct line of our native-born princes. We trust that it will give us a young and buoyant Court; not, as in times we willingly forget, ranged in opposition to the older and graver one, but reinforcing its strength and increasing its influence by the freshness of sympathy, the natural enthusiasm, the openness to new thoughts and ideas, with which it is the privilege of youth to aid and inspire the calmer wisdom, the more cautious steps and the more sluggish feelings of mature age. It is desirable that the influence of the rising generation should be felt near the throne as it is in every other part of our political or social life. Never had prince or princess a fairer opportunity of playing a great part as faithful interpreters to the Sovereign of the sentiments and ideas of their own contemporaries. The nation confidently expects that they will not lose sight of this duty; that they will not, even in the pure enjoyment of domestic happiness, forget the claims of that public station to which they are born. At the same time it is keenly alive to the fact, that domestic purity and devotion are the indispensable foundations of their usefulness. Of these, however, we do not doubt. The Prince of Wales has had before him the best example in his mother and father. Even before we saw her, report had invested the Princess with every virtue that may adorn a crown, or shed happiness upon a family circle. Since she has shown herself in our streets, he would indeed be a rash man who ventured to hint a doubt of this, in any assembly of his countrymen or countrywomen. But had our hopes and expectations been based merely upon these reasoning considerations, our rejoicings would have wanted much of their warmth, and been characterized by much more of self-restraint. The people were deeply affected and thoroughly won by the romance of a love-match in a rank where such things have been far from common. This was the touch of nature which broke down all the barriers which rank and etiquette interpose between sovereign and subjects. Those who thought about the matter found here the best pledge for the realization of our fondest wishes. To those who did not think, the same conviction was suggested by the unerring instinct of their own hearts. Therefore was it both natural and well that we should do as we have done. Our generous outburst of deep and genuine feeling will not fall fruitless to the grouud. Nations, like individuals, gain immensely by throwing off now and then the restraints of conventional habit, and by giving vent to the finer emotions and exercise to the more unselfish capabilities, which are apt to languish amidst the routine of daily life. Such demonstrations as those in which we have taken

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part sensibly raise the tone of the public mind. They bring home to us how much we all have in common; they increase our confidence that this is generally felt; they give us a new and sound reason for believing that in any great crisis or struggle Englishmen will still stand shoulder to shoulder unto the last. Nor can they be but a passing morning's gratification to those in whose honour they are offered. All but the basest are rendered better by being trusted. If there is anything good in a man, the surest way of bringing it out is to show that we know it is there, and that we rely upon his doing justice to himself. The marvellous reception of last Saturday, the universal celebration of the marriage of Tuesday, were manifestations of so complete a trust in the Prince and the Princess of Wales, that they must indeed be unworthy if they do not strain every nerve to deserve the love which is heaped upon them. They are called to no ordinary inheritance—that of the unbounded devotion of the freest people on earth. Reserved as we are, we have opened to them the innermost recesses of our heart. They can have seen nothing there but the most affectionate loyalty, and they are bound by the strongest obligations—by the proudest recollections—to make the happiest day of their lives the fertile source of happiness to the country that rejoiced with them.

There is yet another aspect of this marriage on which we cannot omit to dwell for a short time. The Queen may depend upon it that she has not been forgotten by her subjects in this hour, to her, of mingled joy and grief. As we read the accounts of the ceremony at Windsor, our fullest sympathy was given to the widowed mourner, across whose heart were seen to fall in rapid succession the shadows of departed happiness and the sunshine of rising hopes. We dare not seek to chase away the feelings which overpowered her when the chorale of the late Prince Consort swelled through the chapel. There are things too sacred for strange hands to touch. But it has not been the least source of our satisfaction at the early wedding of her eldest son, that it tends to fill up some of the gaps which the last few years have made in her family circle. It seems but a short time since that circle was before us with its completeness unbroken; the happiest example to be found of good fortune well deserved by high qualities and unswerving affection. Death has since taken the mother and husband; while two daughters have been carried off by marriage to foreign homes. In all probability it will not be long before another of our fair and amiable young princesses wins the heart of some eligible suitor; and she in turn is in great part lost to her parent. There is only one way in which to fill the void thus created. It was with inexpressible pleasure we learnt some months ago that the Queen was finding in the presence and affection of her future daughter-in-law an object of interest and a source of consolation. We all heard with emotion of the simple and heartfelt words in which the Prince of Wales described it as the dearest wish of his affianced, to become a comfort and support to his mother in her affliction. Probably not even a daughter could discharge that duty with so much effect. The strongest interest of a widowed mother always centres in the rising family of her son. And if this be so in ordinary life, how much more must it be the case, when in that son is the hope of a Royal line,—when it is upon him that this mother trusts to devolve, some day, a crown that it has been her pride to keep stainless and increase in honour! If such proud anticipations, and the affectionately solicitous cares they suggest, do not drive away regret, they must at least mitigate its pressure. The young household will have its difficulties and dangers, like others in a humbler sphere. The Queen will not forget that upon her alone now devolves the duty of shielding them as far as possible from the ill consequences of inexperience. Whether or not she be prevailed upon to shorten the period of seclusion which she has assigned to herself, there will still be many purely domestic matters on which her advice and assistance will be required. With how lively an interest she is prepared to respond to the call, might be seen in the smiles and salutations with which, through her tears, she greeted her son and his wife as they left the altar a wedded pair. She will feel like other mourners the healing effect of a greater tension of mind. If time is the greatest, action is no slight consoler. This she will henceforth have in the most attractive form—rewarded, too, we venture to believe, with the most winning and daughterly affection. On the other hand, the Prince of Wales will now be in a position to render his mother far more effective assistance than heretofore in much State business, and in many State ceremonials which would otherwise bear hardly upon him. We trust, however, that her Majesty will not lean too much upon his aid; will not seek to substitute him for herself beyond certain easily understood and well defined limits. The people have borne with the tenderest consideration the long retirement of their monarch from public life. But they are not prepared to see that retirement become permanent, even in favour of the heir to the throne. They do not desire the virtually premature termination of a reign to which they owe so much. Their attachment to her Majesty makes them desire ardently to see her once more amongst them, meeting her parliament, and taking in national affairs the part which is her right. Nor would it be really loyal to conceal the fact that they deem themselves fairly entitled to ask that this shall be so before very long. The time must come when the unrestrained indulgence of grief ceases to be a virtue, and when loss of consideration and of honour must attend any one who cannot or will not listen to the voice of duty. We trust that the new family ties with which the Queen has been blessed may be the means of leading her gently and gradually, but decidedly, to the resumption of her place as head of the nation. We still look forward to many happy and glorious days under her gracious rule. We rejoice in the marriage of the heir-apparent, because it promises to bring new lustre to her throne, and restore her to us, at no distant day, the happy sovereign of a loyal and affectionate people.

THE DRAGGING HOME OF THE PRINCESS.

ON Monday night the Earl of Dalhousie, who, as Lord Panmure, acquired considerable celebrity during the Crimean war for his proficiency in the art of "how not to do it," very appropriately took the City authorities to task for their defective police arrangements during the passage of the Royal *cortége* through London, and for their "false pride" and "self-sufficiency" in having declined the proffered assistance of the Metropolitan police on that occasion. From a paragraph which appeared in Tuesday's *Times*, it would seem that the City police are desirous of casting the blame of this failure on the City of London Volunteers, to whom the task of keeping the ground in front of the Mansion House had been entrusted by the acting Commissioner of the City Police, who has brought under the notice of Colonel McMurdo what he considers to be a breach of orders by the City of London Volunteer Brigade. Whilst Colonel McMurdo is occupied in the bootless task of unravelling this tangled skein, we will take the liberty of making a few observations on another portion of last Saturday's pageant, which has been universally condemned as totally unworthy of the great national event which the British public were doing their best to celebrate with becoming splendour. We allude to that part of the procession which depended for its success on the officials of the Court.

We do not know who is to be considered responsible for its organization, whether the Secretary of State for the Home Department, or the Lord Chamberlain, or the Earl Marshal, or the Master of the Horse. We do know, however, that Sir George Grey accepted the proffered attendance of the civic dignitaries as far as Temple Bar, and firmly declined to allow them to proceed a step further, on the plea that the burgesses of the city and liberty of Westminster were entitled to lead the array from thence to Hyde Park Corner. And we should also like to know how it came to pass that, whilst the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen of London accompanied the Prince and the Princess in becoming state as far as they were allowed to do so, the burgesses of Westminster should have been permitted to replace them in dresses and in equipages which would have disgraced a gang of thimble-riggers on their way to Epsom races? They were, indeed, headed by the state carriages of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, as Lord High Steward of Westminster, and of Lord Camperdown, as Churchwarden of St. George's, and by the two beadles of the Burlington Arcade; but even the brilliancy of these well-known dignitaries scarcely atoned for the score of shabby flys and glass coaches, crammed apparently with undertakers' men, which obtruded themselves into the procession at Temple Bar. The Duke of Buccleuch's prize coachman, too, would have been far more effective had he not so immeasurably outgrown his canary-coloured coat; nor did Lord Camperdown's jibbing horses, after bringing the pro-

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cession to a halt several times, and being at last ignominiously shunted out of it at the end of Park-lane, add much to the decorum of the ceremonial.

The procession of Saturday last either was a State procession or it was not. If it was not a State procession—why were we not spared the ludicrous sight of Lord Salisbury and his twenty Deputy-Lieutenants of Middlesex uneasily perched on troop horses of the artillery borrowed for the occasion? Why were we called upon to admire his Grace of Buccleuch's enormous and scantily-coated coachman, and the noble Churchwarden of St. George's and his concomitant beadles? And, if it was a State procession, may we not reasonably ask, where were the gilded Court equipages and their cream-coloured and jet-black teams, laden with brilliant trappings? Where were Garter Clarenceux and Norroy Kings at Arms? Where were their faithful pursuivants, Bluemantle, Rouge Dragon, Rouge Croix, and Portcullis? Where were the great officers of State and their equipages? Why were the public shabbily fobbed off with five or six of the seediest undress carriages that the Royal Mews could turn out? Lord Dalhousie admitted that, on the occasion of which we are writing, "the whole of the people of the metropolis were striving to excel each other in doing honour to the illustrious Princess who was passing through their streets, and in upholding the character of the country for loyalty and hospitality;" and it is somewhat mortifying to reflect that whilst we were so occupied, the Dundrearies of St. James's and Buckingham Palace appear to have been employed—and with complete success—in baffling our efforts and in rendering them ridiculous.

And this is not the only occasion of late on which the public has had good reason to complain of the insolent indifference of the paid servants of the Royal Household. At the first levée held by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, it was but to be anticipated that the English nation should press forward to do honour to its future king. The attendance, therefore, was unusually great. Nevertheless, the Lord Chamberlain and his officers took no heed whatever of that circumstance, of which they must necessarily have been well aware beforehand. A shameful scene of confusion ensued. After struggling for hours in crowded passages, angry and wearied and perspiring men, with disordered and torn dresses, were protruded forcibly into the Presence, leaving the rooms in which they had been confined strewed with broken feathers and epaulets, and with medals and crosses, which had been forcibly wrenched from their persons during the affray. And all the apology or explanation offered to them by the officials when they remonstrated against such usage was—"How can we help it? Why do you come here in such numbers? If you do not like a crush, you had better stay away." A sharp paragraph or two in the press, and a question asked by Mr. Gerard Sturt in Parliament, obtained for the ladies who attended the drawing-room held on the following Saturday rather better treatment, and conclusively proved, that if the Lord Chamberlain and his subordinates would condescend to do their duty, the disgraceful scene to which we have alluded need never have occurred at all.

It is said, and perhaps truly said, that St. James's Palace does not offer sufficient accommodation for the numbers of people who now-a-days frequent levées and drawing-rooms. If this be so, Buckingham Palace is not far distant, and it has not been forgotten that the enormous expenditure lavished on that ugly pile was justified in Parliament by the assurance that it was necessary, in order to provide the very accommodation which St. James's can no longer supply.

But, whether the levées and drawing-rooms are held at St. James's or at Pimlico, one thing is clear, that if persons are admitted to Court to pay their respects to their sovereign, they ought to be treated with attention and respect by the servants of her Majesty, as long as they are under her roof. It is very possible that some people may now and then gain admittance there who had better stay away; indeed, it has been said, that at the very last levée a ticket-of-leave man was presented by a noble Duke, "on his early return from Australia." But those mistakes occur through the *laches* of the Lord Chamberlain, and he must settle them with his Royal Mistress as best he may. The prevailing fashions of the day, and the light materials of which ladies' dresses are mostly composed, render increased space indispensable; and it is clearly the Lord Chamberlain's duty to provide it, either by limiting the numbers at each drawing-room, or by devoting more rooms to the reception of the guests, and by creating additional avenues for their entrance and exit. The truth of the matter is, that the Court officials and their friends, enjoying what are called the privileges of the *entrée*, are not themselves subjected to any of the indignities suffered at drawing-rooms and levées by the general public, and derive considerable amusement, whilst comfortably grouped around their Sovereign, from the dishevelled and towzled appearance of the poor creatures who, emerging breathless from the pen in which they have been stifled and hustled for an hour or more, are suddenly propelled across the Presence by the Court pages in much the same spirit as that in which sheep used to be driven by the licensed drovers in the palmy days of Smithfield market. It is to be hoped that at the Court receptions about to follow the auspicious event which was consummated on Tuesday last, better order will be taken, and that the servants of the Court will at last discover that civic dignitaries are not the only class of persons who justly incur unpopularity with the public by unjustifiable displays of "false pride" and "self-sufficiency."

ROYAL PROGRESSES.

ENGLAND was once indeed great in Royal progresses. Of late years we have not experienced much generosity on the part of Government; but we have always proved the hearty nature of the English populace. Other countries may have surpassed us in stationary festivities in particular cities; but there was once a time when we shone conspicuously in that species of demonstration, which is prolonged over a large extent of ground, and passes onward from point to point like a procession. It may have been owing to the active habits of our people—to their fondness for horse exercise and field sports; but whatever the reason, the fact has been many times made apparent. Not that the custom was indigenous. The Romans, as we all know, had their triumphal entries after the successful conclusion of wars; and Tamerlane harnessed vanquished princes to his chariot, and taunted those "pampered jades of Asia" with the slowness of their pace. But the progresses of English royalty have generally been of a more amiable kind—though not invariably so; for, when Richard II. was escorted back to London by Bolingbroke, and

> "No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
> But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,"

he might be excused if he thought that mode of doing honour to a Sovereign somewhat objectionable; and the eight kings who once rowed Saxon Edgar over the river Dee, at the same time relating the story of Brutus the Trojan, very probably grumbled in their hearts at the cruelty of their treatment, and the fatigue of the double work they had to perform. These, however, are exceptions. For the most part, our pageants are for good-natured purposes; and even when Edward the Black Prince led the humbled kings of France through the streets of London, the mortification was softened by all the graces of chivalry, and all the courtesies of a brave and generous victor.

Good nature was emphatically the element which gave its chief attraction, its chief meaning, and its chief value, to the ceremonial of last Saturday. On *that* ground we may safely challenge comparison with the most magnificent shows of former days; when the balconies glowed with tapestry, and the conduits flowed with wine; when knights and ladies rode in cloth of gold, and the velvet housings of horse and palfrey glittered with barbaric splendour. From the Nore to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Southwark, from Southwark to Paddington, from Paddington to Eton and Windsor, it was one long expression of popular good will. The purely philosophic mind may quarrel with a sentiment which cannot be made to square with the dry formulas of reason; but in ordinary human natures the feelings and instincts are stronger than the mere intellect, and there is often a deep perception of truth in these kindly ebullitions. The people accept the presence of Royalty as a visible emblem of their own national power; and they welcome a stranger to the old historic circle with the same warmth of heart with which they hail the members of the Royal family itself. Rather by intuition than by reflection, they perceive that the intercourse between the monarchy and themselves had far better be cordial on both sides than arrogant on the one part and sullenly submissive on the other. So, on Saturday, knowing that all they did was done out of pure love and impulse, and not by compulsion, they lined the streets,

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and greeted the fair young face with shouts of affectionate regard.

The spectacle of a vast concourse of human beings simultaneously swayed by one common emotion is always touching and impressive, and of course the more so when the emotion is of a sympathetic nature. But we own we should be better pleased if, on occasions such as that which we have just celebrated, the affluence of good feeling in the popular heart were accompanied by a little more external splendour. It has been observed that we, being a free nation, arrange all these matters for ourselves; that we do not need Government assistance, as they do in countries despotically ruled. This argument, it may be answered, has a certain shabbiness, as the result itself has. It implies that Government should restrict its action to the barest matters of police; that a nation which pays more taxes than any other in the world is to be shut out on the most festive occasions from any amusement but what it can purchase and improvise for itself. Of course we do not wish to be ruled on the *panem et circenses* principle; but a little generosity at such times would do no great harm. Individuals can do scarcely anything towards the production of a general effect except in the matter of illuminations. Hence the aspect of London on Saturday. Rough stands covered with scarlet cloth, banners which had done duty several times before, and draperies that were not conspicuous for richness, formed the chief adornments of the metropolis as the Princess Alexandra rode from one end of it to another. London Bridge, with its pictures, its incense-steaming tripods, its triumphal arch, and its temporary statues, the Mansion House, St. Paul's, and Temple Bar, were the best things in the route; but these were the work of a large corporate body, which is the next thing to a Government in amplitude of resources and concentration of power. On the other hand, the City made a miserable exhibition of itself in its contingent to the procession. The Common Council had, not unnaturally, felt that their dignity was lowered by the proposal of Sir George Grey and Sir Richard Mayne that the Lord Mayor and his court should take their place in the rear of the line. Mr. Deputy Anderton seemed to think it the best part of the show, and feelingly lamented the disappointment to the citizens of Westminster which would be sure to result from the rigorous determination of the Government not to permit the banners and "State carriages" to cross the mystic boundary which separates the east from the west. "It would be a great disappointment to the citizens of London," said Mr. Anderton; and "he believed the citizens of Westminster were equally disappointed." They must console themselves next Lord Mayor's day; for the procession was merely a curtailed edition of the annual show of the 9th of November. What could the Princess have thought of that marvellously-grotesque vision of staggering old men and tawdry flags? And why, if the pageantry was given at all, were the men in armour excluded? There would at least have been some show of reason in *their* presence; for they might have been regarded, by persons possessing an imagination at once vivid and kindly, as champions prepared to do battle with all comers on behalf of the fair Dane. But why should the Princess and the citizens of London have been edified by that extraordinary banner of the Vintners' Company, representing "Bacchus in a chariot?" Hymen might have been appropriate to the occasion. "Cupid, all armed," would have gone to the heart of every woman in the crowd. But why Bacchus? Certainly, when the last Prince of Wales was married, Bacchus assisted largely in the rites; but that is happily a bygone state of society, and we see no good in reviving such memories. The Vintners might as well have omitted that flag, and contented themselves with the banner of their patron saint and its accompanying standards.

From all this nightmare of vulgarity and pretence, the interposition of Government on such occasions might save us. It is contended that none but despotisms provide decorations or amusements for the people. We can only say that it is a pity the despotisms should have this all to themselves. The Rev. Rowland Hill used to set hymns to secular tunes, because he regretted that the devil should monopolize the best music. For the same reason, it is surely objectionable that the despotisms should engross all the best holiday-making. We cannot conceive it possible that the virtue of the whole English people would be corrupted by the expenditure, on the part of the State, of a few thousands on making the metropolis gay and alluring for a day or two. They certainly do these things better abroad. They did them better in England some centuries ago. The "Progresses" of Queen Elizabeth were characterized by great splendour; and when the people returned the compliment, they did so in right royal style. The reception of the Queen at Kenilworth was a romance. The whole Pagan mythology took form to welcome the royal guest to the castle of the Earl of Leicester, and for seventeen days the walls of that stately building shut in fairy-land. Three years later, the town of Norwich entertained her Majesty with so magnificent a reception that the hospitable citizens were half ruined in "velvet, silks, tinsels, and cloth of gold," as Hollingshed relates. This was partly owing to a thunder-storm which burst into the middle of the pageant, and of which the old chronicler, who was "our Special Reporter" on that occasion, gives a pathetic description, having been wet through by the rain. The masques of the same period and of the succeeding age were a species of show in which the general public had no share; but they may be instanced as evincing the munificence with which the English court in earlier times turned seasons of rejoicing into occasions for encouraging the arts. The private theatricals of the present day are but a poor affair in comparison with the sumptuous dramas which the united genius of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones produced for the delight of James I. and Anne of Denmark, and often for that of private noblemen, in their ancestral halls and castles.

Part of the very usefulness of Royalty consists in its elegance and liberality. In a Republic—unless it be an oligarchy, like that of old Venice—we do not demand those adornments which are proper to monarchical States. The aspect and manners of a citizen President may be as rough and simple as you will; but we expect to see the Graces gathering round the throne. There was something indicative of a narrow, though an honest, mind in the excessive plainness of the manners of George III. and his consort. The highest ideal of the old King was, confessedly, the life of a Buckinghamshire farmer; and he appears to have done his best to act up to that splendid standard, in his costume, his eating and drinking, and his domesticities. The effect on the nation was marked, and sufficiently unpleasant. The tone of society through the greater part of that long reign of sixty years was one of intellectual vulgarity. Utilitarianism, in its poorest and most contracted form, was the ruling spirit. Never were the externals of life,—costume, architecture, and the like,—so ugly and poverty-stricken. It was the very despotism of shabbiness. The typical Buckinghamshire farmer, with his bull-dog and his top-boots, and his inability to understand the use of anything which did not put bread and bacon on his table, or money in his pocket, became a pattern for the whole nation; and we suspect that a recent writer in *All the Year Round* was correct in suggesting that the popular figure of John Bull originated in that way. This tendency was an error. We do not want the reckless profusion and *bizarre* taste in which the French Court has recently indulged. Ladies dressed as trees and bee-hives are not required here; and the appearance of Salammbô at Buckingham Palace would very properly be objected to by the Lord Chamberlain. But, now that we have a young Prince and Princess to represent her Majesty, it would be well if a little gaiety were restored to London; and it would do much to reconcile all classes if, on special occasions, such as that which has signalised the past week, the millions were treated with an ampler and more tasteful provision of sights and shows.

THE LONDON MUNICIPALITY.

THOUGH, in our criticisms of the proceedings of last Saturday, some fault is justly found with the negligence or parsimony of the Court officials, we have still to bear in mind what is the chief organic defect which the arrangements for such an occasion betray. It is, in our view, the want of a sufficient municipal representation of London. It is true that London itself was there; and never did "the million-peopled city" present itself more wonderfully, in the spontaneous assemblage of a vast multitude, and in the unanimous sentiment which inspired them. But there were no personages commissioned or worthy to rank themselves on behalf of London, as spokesmen of the whole metropolis, and to receive our fair guest with an official welcome. The street decorations, too, lacked that sustained grandeur and

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unity of scenic effect, which might have been created by the superintendence of one ruling body along the entire route. And although, between London-bridge and Temple-bar, the City authorities contrived to display, at more than one point, a sumptuous and not unskilful use of the large funds at their disposal, they have fallen into sad disgrace by the helpless inefficiency of their police.

This failure, indeed, was illustrated in a ludicrous manner by the disorder and confusion of the street traffic, not merely on the Saturday, but throughout the first three days of this week. Everybody who tried, at any hour on Monday or Tuesday, to make his way along the main thoroughfares, especially from the Mansion House to London-bridge, had a disagreeable experience of this. But much worse remained to spoil the height of popular festivity. We deplore to add that on Tuesday evening the corner of Farringdon-street and the Poultry were turned into scenes of human slaughter; four women being killed at one place and three at the other, by the absence of those precautions which a competent direction of police authority would have secured. This is a very bitter drop in the cup of this week's rejoicing, when we have seen, day after day, an honest pleasure and the light of loyal affection beaming from a hundred thousand faces of the best-humoured people in the world. It is very painful now to learn that, for many of their families, this rare demonstration of public gladness, and of what Lord Hardwicke calls the "kindness" of the people of London, has had such a tragical conclusion;—that upon such an occasion as this, when all hearts beat in sympathy with the bridal pair, and with their parents or kindred, seven poor women, among whom were daughters, sisters, wives, and widows of the labouring class, were horribly crushed to death, because the municipal guardianship of public safety, eastward of Temple Bar, is a pompous and feeble pretence. Besides this shocking loss of life, it is stated that more than one hundred cases of accident, involving broken ribs and limbs, dangerous contusions and suffocations, which were brought to the hospitals on that night, occurred in the City alone. This is, indeed, a terrible butcher's bill to pay for the pursy pride of an old-fashioned corporation which, taking counsel with its Gog and Magog, refused the aid, on Saturday, of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Police. How is it that no lives were lost in any other part of London; for instance, in Pall Mall, where the illuminations attracted, probably, as great a crowd as those of the Lord Mayor's Mansion, or any in the neighbourhood of Ludgate? How is it that the Strand was tolerably passable all day on Tuesday, while the alarm and distress of foot-passengers, and the dead-lock of vehicles, moving on by starts, a cab's length in half an hour, disgraced the civic rulers of Cheapside? It did not require a parliamentary debate to elucidate the cause of this difference between the aspect of London streets on this side and on that side of the picturesque old gateway, hung with cloth of gold, by which the semi-barbarous isolation of the civic precinct is shut up from the metropolitan civilization that surrounds it.

But the City Corporation is an ancient body, which has perhaps not yet made up its mind about the modern principles of street-police regulation—a new-fangled system, and smacking of a Continental origin. Pageantry, not police, is the object for which a municipality exists. The immortal Dogberry, though his instructions to the watchmen, like those given to the City police on Tuesday, were not so consistent and practical as might have been desired, had always two gowns, and everything handsome about him. So likewise the Corporation of Guildhall, with all its grotesque attendant livery of Cooks' and Vintners', Skinners' and Tallow Chandlers' Companies, is an institution which could make a goodly outside show, being plentifully furnished with the material appliances of State and dignity, if they were but used with a little more sense of propriety and good taste. We shall, certainly, not pass an unfavourable criticism upon the arrangements of their architect for the spectacle of Saturday last. London Bridge, with its double array of flaunting standards, odorous tripods, and portraits of the royal Danes, formed a gay and inviting avenue to the triumphal arch, itself somewhat tawdry, which abutted on Fishmongers' Hall; and the canopied range of seats around St. Paul's, by its construction and ornamentation, set off the noble church with very good effect. But we doubt whether, in the exhibition of their noble selves, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, preceded by the Masters and Wardens of the Trade Companies, with their chivalric banners, and the images of their mythological saints or idols, made exactly the sort of figure which most fitly represents the collective magnificence of London in this refined and enlightened age.

It is, therefore, patent to all eyes that the City Corporation, as it is, lacks at once the capacity of practical service, the character of social dignity, the legal title and jurisdiction, which a body claiming to appear on such occasions for the whole metropolis should possess. As for the other portions of London, they are, for all purposes of this nature, left without any corporate representation of their existence. Their invidious and absurd exclusion from this privilege, whatever it may be worth, was never more oddly exemplified than in last Saturday's curious parade. We saw then, in the Strand, how the great city of Westminster, in no respect inferior to the city of London,—the abode of the Court and of the Legislature, the quarter most affected by the highest classes of society,—could send forth no municipal officers of a higher quality than the High Bailiff who is nominated by the Dean and Chapter, with a train of simple Burgesses, who, beyond their private occupations as tradesmen, exercise no real authority and enjoy no dignity at all. Where onerous functions of substantial and public usefulness devolve upon the elect of the ratepayers, it would be alike impolitic, ungrateful, and illiberal to take any exception to the personal calling or the station in private life of those by whom such duties are faithfully discharged. But we are not aware that the respectable boot-makers, army tailors, and haberdashers, who, invested with the unassuming and unmeaning distinction of burgesses, bore themselves as the loyalty and gallantry of fashionable Westminster in the escort of a Royal Princess along the Strand, are in the habit of performing all those laborious and responsible services with which a municipal body is usually charged. The fact is that, what with the Metropolitan Commission of Police, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the parish vestries, the ordinary functions of local self-government are in London, outside the City, divided among various concurrent jurisdictions, instead of forming, as elsewhere, the substantial ground of actual positive utility, upon which the civic dignities are based.

It may, however, be fairly asked, if it be an advantage that a community of local interests, defined by their natural limits, should be represented by a dignified official body, why is that district which is conventionally styled the City of London to claim a superiority over the rest? Not a twentieth part of the population of London, and probably a tenth of its realized property, exist within the boundaries of the City. With the highest esteem for the intelligence, the enterprise, and the wide connections of its mercantile men, we cannot admit that the City contains so large a proportion of all the elements of social influence that it should dominate over London at large. It is, moreover, quite notorious that the foremost City men are not those who usually hold the civic offices. The fussy vanity of a thriving tradesman may be gratified by receiving Lord Palmerston's ironical compliments, as the host of her Majesty's Ministers, and of the diplomatists of Honduras and Nicaragua, at the short-lived City Sovereign's inaugural feast; and if his Lady Mayoress have blessed him with a son and heir, he may catch still more eagerly at the chance of a baronetcy when he comes into casual contact with Royalty, as upon the occasion of this week; though, under the peculiar circumstances of this celebration, we trust that the City will have enough discretion not to expect, and the Court will have too much discrimination to bestow, an hereditary personal distinction as the reward for a gift of jewels. But it has seldom or never been observed that the great princes of British commerce, whose ambition is satisfied by that station in society which their wealth, and sometimes their political influence, confer upon them, are eager for such distinctions, with the grotesque accompaniments of a brief presidency at Guildhall. We believe, however, that if ever there shall be a fundamental reform of the London municipality, which must imply its territorial extension over the whole metropolis, and a more liberal constituency, embracing the diversities of social rank and culture that our population of three millions affords, the honours of such a Corporation will be eagerly sought by gentlemen of the highest accomplishments and position. Such men, invested with municipal authority, will perform with intelligence and freedom the business before them in council; they will greet, without diffidence or awkward presumption, the nobles of the realm, and grace

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our popular institutions when they are welcomed to the festivities of the Court, representing worthily the greatest city in the world.

AUSTRIA AND POLAND.

THE British public are likely, before long, to make some more decided manifestation in favour of Poland than they have yet done. Just in proportion as the Poles prolong the heroic struggle in which they are engaged will English sympathy for them increase; and the more pertinaciously the Prussian Government pursues its present infatuated policy, the more surely will it bring about that action on the part of the Western Powers which it is most anxious to avert. Throughout all Europe the revolutionary leaven is working. Before long, the expression of feeling, not merely at home but abroad, will be loud and earnest. It is important, under these circumstances, before the agitation commences, that people should understand what to agitate for. Mob diplomacy is always to be deprecated; but when sensation questions of foreign policy arise, the Government is driven into taking the popular view, whether it be right or wrong; and our duty is to endeavour, as far as possible, to educate those masses who do practically direct the foreign policy of the country. If that policy is generally rather of a sentimental than a practical character, it is because we are a free people with generous impulses, and if they sometimes drag us into wars, we are neither intelligent enough to foresee, nor cowardly enough to fear the result. Whether it will be for the interest of England that Poland should be reconstructed is a matter of no importance to the public. The Poles are brave—the Poles are oppressed. They are fighting for freedom,—how can we best help the Poles? That is the sum and substance of the question in the mind of the free-born Briton, and it is one we will endeavour to answer, all the more readily because we believe that it will be for the interest of this country that Poland should be reconstructed. The cry of the revolutionary party is for money; we are not of opinion that this is the first necessity. We consider that the cause of Poland will be best advanced by moral pressure brought to bear on the proper quarter. The destinies of Poland lie in the hands of Austria. It is useless remonstrating with Russia. There is not an instance in the history of its diplomacy of Russia conceding to "representations." In the case of the Crimean war, we so far misjudged her as to imagine that a military demonstration would have more effect than a diplomatic communication. The result proved our ignorance. The influence of Prussia, as affecting the struggle, is not so serious as people imagine. Morally, the attitude taken up by Prussia has rallied popular sympathy more strongly in favour of Poland than would have been the case had she remained neutral. Strategically, as long as the Gallician frontier is free, the co-operation of Prussia with Russia is of no great moment. Everything depends at this crisis on the policy of Austria. This is a point that should never be lost sight of. And Austria can be forced into adopting that course which will be the best for her own interests, though she is too blind to see it herself, if the Government of this country, supported by public opinion, speaks decidedly. At present she is pulled in different ways by a variety of considerations. Her policy is essentially feminine in its character. She allows motives of pique to sway her to the detriment of her interests; she is much given to flirting, but expects to be largely rewarded for her favours. Then she is undecided and easily moved either by fear or vanity, obstinate withal, quick at comprehending wherein lies her own interest, but slow to act—ready to receive advice, averse to following it—not without a certain high-souled integrity and purity of purpose; altogether a difficult morsel for diplomacy to deal with; but at this moment, on the course she is about to pursue hangs the peace of Europe. We may make a guess at the nature of the considerations which M. von Schmerling and Count Rechberg have been entertaining. They may say, "France and England are aware that we hold the game for the moment. We are, therefore, in a position to make a bargain if we adopt the policy they desire; what shall we gain by adopting that policy? The enmity of Russia. That would not signify if Poland were reconstructed, and served as a buffer between our respective frontiers; besides, we owe Russia a grudge, for openly stating to the Hungarians that they need not fear another Russian invasion of Hungary in the event of another revolution in that country. Then we gratify our traditional and undying jealousy of Prussia, who is getting deeper into the mud. We shall help to plant her there, but, on the other hand, we must abandon Gallicia; and, after all, we don't owe anything to the Western Powers, who behaved shamefully to us when we saved their armies in the Crimea by massing our troops on our Eastern frontier. We don't so much mind England; she is essential to us on the Eastern question; but France, after having despoiled us of our Italian provinces, now wishes to deprive us of Gallicia. If we only let her alone, she will take the Rhine provinces from our good friend William. On the other hand, the Poles tell us that if we will abandon Gallicia they will take an Austrian Archduke. This is a proposition worth considering. We never wanted Gallicia; it has always been a source of weakness to us rather than of strength — a hotbed of intrigue and revolution. We have had more difficulty in governing it than any other province, and were obliged once to let loose the peasantry to massacre the aristocracy. Gallicia is a decided encumbrance, but it is hard to part with territory. We are not usually generous in this matter. We must certainly have Venetia guaranteed to us if we do. Perhaps it might be worth while thinking of a Danubian principality. Meantime, the Emperor of France and the Czar have quarrelled. There is an end to that horrible Eastern combination, which was more dangerous to us than any other. We can breathe for a moment and coquette a little. *Il faut se faire valoir.* The Poles are requesting the Hungarians to keep quiet. As long as we pretend that we are in favour of Poland they will continue to tell them so. That is an immense comfort." But the fact is that Austria may play this game a little too long. If Russia succeeds in quelling the insurrection, and Austria maintains her present attitude, she has created a hostile Russo-Prussian alliance on her frontier, one object of whose policy will be revenge. She will have alienated the Western Powers, and exasperated the revolutionary party throughout Europe. She will have retained Gallicia it is true, but for how long, and at what cost? That province would rather rebel and be incorporated into Russian Poland than remain longer cut off from it in Austria. If Russia do not succeed in quelling the insurrection, and Poland is reconstructed in spite of Austria, the position of this latter power will be no better. Besides Russia and Prussia she will have Poland for an enemy, and must inevitably lose Gallicia. We leave out of the question the policy likely to be adopted by the Emperor of the French towards Germany under the circumstances.

On the other hand, if she generously abandons Gallicia, she will be entitled to place on the throne she creates a member of her own royal family; she will have disarmed the revolutionary party, and secured the friendship of France and England; she will have humiliated her rival, for Prussia will gain no equivalent for the Polish province she will lose; and she will have removed her dangerous neighbour, the Czar, from her frontiers. Let Austria join frankly in the policy of France and England. Let that policy be an open avowal on the part of the three Governments of sympathy with the cause of Polish independence. The Poles ask for nothing more. They must have a secure base of operation in Gallicia, and then, cheered on to the struggle by all Europe, they have no fears for the result.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD IN A DIFFICULTY.

THE present Bishop of Oxford ought to be one of the most influential men in the country. He inherits a great name, he is a man of property, he is an admirable debater and an eloquent preacher, he is indefatigable in his diocese, and his zeal for the elevation of his order is conspicuous. How is it, then, that he has so little influence in Parliament or with the laity throughout the country? In the House of Lords his advice is seldom followed. He makes eloquent harangues, but prelates inferior in ability and in learning are listened to with more attention. In the country he can fill churches and collect large sums of money, but he lacks that vein of straightforward sincerity which inspires a genuine respect. To borrow a celebrated illustration from a well-known French comedy, he is one of those peaches which are exquisite to look at in the basket, but if you take one of them up you find a little spot like a black pin's-head, which shows there is something rotten at the core. Great men live too much in public in these days, and ecclesiastics have to rely too much on their real character to

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suit such men as the Bishop of Oxford. He is by nature and by art a diplomatist and a courtier. He has all the chicanery of the one and saponaceous silkiness of the other. There is no better means of ascertaining the estimation in which a public man is held than the soubriquets by which he is known. Put these together and what manner of man do they describe? Something, it must be confessed, much more like an Artful Dodger than a Right Reverend Father of the Church.

Regarded from a scriptural point of view it may be said that the Bishop of Oxford has throughout life endeavoured to "be all things to all men." But this is a Christian ideal which few men are permitted to realize. In its pursuit a sort of chicanery is too often substituted for Christian charity. When the Bishop of Oxford, some years ago, signed a document against an ecclesiastical adversary without having read the books which he presumed to condemn, he was acting no doubt as he imagined for the glory of the Church. When, a few weeks after, he made the humiliating confession that he took the garbled quotations on faith, he was of course actuated by a similar motive. When he wrote his celebrated letter to Mr. Brock, his lucubrations were dictated by the anxiety he felt for the soul of a dear friend. And no doubt when he passed by the same dear friend — of whom in fact he knew scarcely anything—without acknowledging his existence, he would say that he did so to test that reverend friend's spirit of Christian forbearance. There are some people whom it is impossible to disconcert. To achieve this, however, requires consummate coolness and consummate adroitness. The Bishop of Oxford possesses both these qualities to a degree which may almost be said to amount to genius. His latest feat in this direction is the letter which his lordship addressed to his Archdeacons on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's marriage.

It may be remembered that the High Church party have been greatly scandalized by the fact that the season of Lent was selected for the celebration of that ceremony. Very strong letters were addressed to some High Church journals on the occasion. Very intemperate speeches were made by some hotheaded clergymen on the event. And amongst others the Bishop of Oxford was called upon to give his opinion as to the course which his clergy ought to pursue. The difficulty in which his lordship found himself was no ordinary one. As the acknowledged leader of the High Church malcontents he could not afford to adopt any course which would offend them. The duty of observing Lent seemed to them imperative, and they had pronounced against those who had forgotten it. On the other hand, his duty to the Court was not less pressing. The Bishop is not only a clergyman, but a courtier. There are things in this world which cannot be obtained without temporal influence. Promotion cometh from the Minister of the day, but the Crown has some voice in the matter. And no prelate need hope to be enthroned in St. Paul's or in Canterbury who should set his face against the festivities on the occasion of a Royal marriage. To add to the Bishop's difficulties, the Archbishop, unless we mistake, had already written to say that, considering the season, the popular rejoicing—though there should be rejoicing—should be moderate. Under this perplexing state of things, what was to be done? How was the Bishop's duty to the Queen, to his ecclesiastical superiors, and to his ecclesiastical partisans to be reconciled? To ordinary people the Bishop of Oxford might seem to be as completely blocked up as a cab on the other side of London-bridge on Tuesday night. But the late Sir Robert Peel, as *Punch* used to say, could wriggle through anything; and the Bishop of Oxford is by no means inferior to that great Protean archetype. This, then, is the letter which the Bishop addressed to his Archdeacons:—

"Cuddesdon Palace, March 4.

"My dear Archdeacon,—Having been applied to by some of our brethren of the clergy for advice as to their conduct on the day of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, I desire to convey to you my opinion that any rejoicing, to be real, must be manifested on the day of the wedding. The Lenten fast was originally an appointment of the Church with which the Archbishop of Canterbury had, and still has, by law, a right to dispense; and from the communications I have received from his Grace, I consider that he has dispensed with it for the auspicious day in question. I would therefore advise all, under the circumstances, heartily and without misgiving to take part in the loyal rejoicings which befit this great occasion.

"I remain, my dear Archdeacon, yours very truly,

"S. Oxon."

Surely this must be pronounced a masterpiece of ingenuity. He has reconciled himself with the Court, for he advises "all heartily, and without misgiving, to take part in the loyal rejoicings which befit this great occasion." He insists that they shall be not only hearty, but manifested on the day of the wedding. He has reconciled himself with his ecclesiastical superior, the Archbishop, because he only assumes to issue this manifesto in obedience to his command. He has reconciled himself with his ecclesiastical partisans, because he tells them that they are relieved from the duty of observing the Lenten fast by the dispensing powers of the Archbishop. But how or when was this dispensation granted? Who ever heard of it? Has any one seen a single letter or document under the hand of the Metropolitan to support this singular conclusion? The Bishop does not venture to say that any such document exists. All he says is, that from communications he has received from his Grace he considers that "he has dispensed with it (the Lenten fast) for the auspicious day in question." We should like to see the communications of which the Bishop speaks, and from which he drew so convenient a conclusion. Probably there is no means of getting a look at them. They cannot be moved for in Parliament. But perhaps a question might be put to his Grace, the answer to which might satisfy a very pardonable curiosity. If the Bishop had really desired to know the opinion of the Archbishop on the subject, he would of course have written a letter to his Grace, and would have published his answer. But the Bishop knew better. The Archbishop is a cautious, sensible man, and would have hesitated to exercise what the ingenious Samuel of Oxford calls his power of dispensation. The simple truth, no doubt, is that the Bishop thought it safer to draw his conclusion from some vague premisses, and thus to escape from the awkward dilemma into which his more hot-headed followers had brought him.

Once upon a time there sat in a railway carriage an ecclesiastical dignitary with his feet on the opposite cushion. There happened to be some other travellers in the adjoining seats. The train stopped at a station; the number of passengers on the platform was considerable, and one of them was about to enter the carriage and take his seat opposite the ecclesiastic. This, however, would have disturbed his comfort, and therefore he determined to get rid of him. But how? There was evidently a vacant seat in the carriage, and therefore the dignitary could not say it was full. But then he had studied casuistry, and the English language is ambiguous. Travellers are not all casuists, or even special pleaders: they construe words in the ordinary sense. When the anxious traveller was getting into the vacant seat, the dignitary, in the blandest accents possible, assured him that the seat opposite was "occupied," and so got rid of the threatened invasion. The other travellers naturally showed some surprise. The dignitary observed it, and turning to them whilst he replaced his feet on the opposite seat, he said, with the most insinuating smile, "You observe, my dear friends, I said *occupied*," and so no doubt it was—with his boots. It would be curious to know whether the courtly letter of the Bishop of Oxford to his Archdeacons was dictated in a like spirit of questionable ingenuity. If it was, it is little wonder that the Bishop of Oxford, with all his eloquence and all his professional zeal, inspires so little respect in the minds of the British laity.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE Northern Americans profess to be much astonished, and are certainly very sore, that England has not ranged herself more decidedly on their side in their quarrel with the South. The cause is explicable enough: like the fact, it lies upon the surface; and if the complainants had, in the faintest degree, the invaluable gift "to see ourselves as others see us," they would be at no loss to understand both the character and the pedigree of those peculiar and conflicting feelings with which nine-tenths of the educated and observant classes in Great Britain regard the sad transatlantic conflict. But as they scarcely seem to have a glimmering of the real truth, we will endeavour to explain it; and we do this the more readily because it will afford us an opportunity of speaking out a few sentiments which we have hitherto withheld out of forbearance and sympathy with a people struggling with a fearful national conjuncture, and therefore naturally and excusably irritable in their feel-

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ings and unmeasured in their language. The plain truth is, that at the outset the Federalists did possess, in a remarkable degree, the sympathy of this country, and have lost it solely by their own blunders and misconduct. We were, to begin with, strongly disposed to blame the South for seceding from a long-established union, simply because they had been beaten in a contested election and because the power had passed from their hands into those of their antagonists; and we did not withhold the expression of that blame. We were inclined to give credit to the North for a noble purpose and for great power and determination to carry that purpose into effect. But they speedily made stupendous and successful efforts to undeceive and disappoint us; and they have lost the good wishes and admiration of Great Britain, not so much because they have deplorably mismanaged their cause, as because they have been at such unusual pains to stain, desecrate, and dwarf it.

They might have had a noble cause, or, at least, they might have made their cause a noble one; and, as our readers know, we, in common with many thousand sanguine Englishmen, gave them credit for intending to do so. As long as we could delude ourselves into the belief that they were fighting to exonerate their country from the burden of a ruinous institution and the reproach of a heavy sin; that, seeing that negro slavery lay at the root, immediately or remotely, of most of the differences that severed the two sections of the Republic and embittered all their feelings and envenomed all their controversies, they were resolved to end that fertile and terrible cause of dissension; that they had at length, as a people, fairly imbibed those emancipation sentiments which New England and Old England had so long preached at them in vain; and having ineffectually tried all legislative measures to gain their purpose, were now about to seize the golden opportunity which the seceding States had furnished to them to abolish the servitude of the black race totally and for ever;—as long as we could believe that the war was *for* this or would come to this, the great majority of our people wished them God-speed. We felt that, however horrible this civil war might be, here, at least, was an aim and purpose which might warrant and hallow even such a desperate and sanguinary expedient. But the Federal statesmen took care that we should not long remain under this favourable delusion. They cared far too little about the negro—most of them, indeed, hated him far too much—even to pretend that the contest was to be one for his emancipation or his welfare; and they were too honest not to say so openly. They announced very early in the day that they had not the slightest idea of liberating one single negro, or of interfering with the domestic institutions of a single State. At first they refused absolutely to receive fugitive slaves; afterwards they made no secrets of the embarrassments these poor runaways caused them, and they treated them as "contraband" articles, whose ultimate fate was to be left undecided till the termination of the war. A little later the President distinctly avowed that the interests of the negro did not enter in the slightest degree into his consideration; that he would liberate them or keep them in slavery precisely as he fancied that either course would offer the best chance for the restoration of the Union. And, finally, he issued his famous proclamation, a document bearing on its face the most complete negation of all genuine and honest anti-slavery doctrine; since in it he avowed that the freedom which he decreed was to be confined to those black men who had the good fortune to belong to disloyal masters. The Federalists were to retain their slaves; the Secessionists only were to forfeit them. With the promulgation of this wonderful manifesto—probably the most blundering ukase ever issued to the world—the scales at last fell from the eyes of Englishmen, and the North forfeited at once and for ever the sympathy of British anti-slavery enthusiasts. The contest might still possibly be over-ruled for good; but the *cause* could no longer be deemed a holy one.

In a political sense, too, there was a point of view from which the cause of the North might vividly engage our sympathies, and might seem not only attractive but almost even righteous. It was impossible not to feel with patriots who saw with a sort of agony that great country of which they were so proud rent in twain by the perverse mortification of a beaten party; and who, without inquiring too closely into the claims of law and justice, determined that all their dreams of a vast and peaceful Republic, occupying a whole continent without a rival, should not be dispersed in empty air, if any exertion or sacrifice of theirs could avert so mournful and disenchanting a catastrophe. We do not say—for we do not think—that they had any clear right to compel reluctant States to continue in the Federation; but the Federation represented a grand and dazzling idea, and every Englishman would feel that to maintain it unbroken, even at the cost of some violence, was politically worth a struggle, and perhaps not morally condemnable. But the statesmen and orators at Washington, Boston, and New York, would not allow us long to delude ourselves by casting even this ennobling halo round their cause. They proclaimed, in words as naked as they were insolent, that one of their chief reasons for clinging so passionately to the Union was that, with its severance, would be shattered their fond hopes of dictating to the world, with all the irresistible might of an entire continent, an unparalleled dominion, and a nation numbering two hundred millions; that if they once permitted the faintest attempt at disintegration, they would soon be obliged to descend to the ordinary political conditions of humanity, and America might end in being no better, or grander, or cheaper, or more prosperous, than divided and benighted Europe; and that if secession were consummated, their magnificent scheme of reigning from the Arctic circle to the Isthmus of Panama—that is, of trampling out of existence Canada, Mexico, and the Central American States—would have to be abandoned. This open display of schemes of unbounded and unscrupulous ambition was scarcely likely to conciliate our approval; but that mattered comparatively little. What *did* matter was that, as we heard all these things and pondered them in our hearts, it became impossible even for the most friendly and philosophic among us any longer to cherish the delusion that the Northerners had either noble conceptions or a sacred cause. Captain Wilkes, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Cassius Clay, may have helped also somewhat to open our eyes to the truth, but what finally completed our disenchantment was to find that these people—so attached to liberty, so boastful of their submission to the law, so servile in language to the written "Constitution" they said they were in arms to save,—as soon as their passions were aroused, did not hesitate to trample upon every right, every law, every dictum of the Constitution, every act and guarantee of liberty, which stood in the way, not of their ultimate aim, but of the instantaneous gratification of their will.

We thus learned at last that the cause for which the North were in arms was not what we had fondly fancied it, and was in no sense either grand or sacred. But Englishmen can sympathize largely with men who are fighting even in a questionable cause, provided they fight well and resolutely,—provided their statesmen are honest, their generals decent and reasonably capable, and their people and soldiers single-minded and driven to the field by eager patriotism and not by filthy lucre. But they are easily disgusted with the spectacle of mingled incapacity and worthlessness. Now what have we seen in the Northern councils and the Northern armies? The determination of the whole people was at the outset sincere, unanimous, and really magnificent, and that of the majority of the better classes, we believe, is so still. The vigour displayed was splendid, and was here greeted, as every one will remember, with the most cordial admiration; and the zeal of the masses who crowded into the ranks, though not certainly a zeal according to knowledge, was of a kind to remove mountains. But a change soon passed over the scene. The conceit of the people, and the corruption and self-seeking of both their civil and military leaders, brought about their natural fruit of disaster and of shame. There was cowardice as well as stupidity among the officers. There was shameless plunder and fraud among politicians and contractors. There was dishonesty and peculation on such a scale as the world had never seen before. The multitude below caught the filthy infection. Recruits extorted enormous bounties, and then skulked from the field or never even joined the ranks. Mr. Lincoln blundered; Mr. Seward bullied, boasted, and lied; Mr. Cameron jobbed; Mr. Chase, in his finance and his political economy, ran absolutely wild; General Butler roused the universal disgust, and nearly encountered the direct hostility, of European civilization; and the picture as a whole became sadder, meaner, and more sickening than we have looked upon for many generations.

With the sight of these disgraceful scenes came the reflection that if these were the sort of men whom Mr. Lincoln's election was to place in power—if these were the citizens who were thenceforth to bear sway in the Republic—if the

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character of the Northerners were in very truth what it would seem to be if we are to judge it by their language and conduct since they won their Presidential victory and were able to display their unfettered natures—then it may well be that, after all, the South were right in refusing to bow to such a yoke or to cast in their lot with such fellow-citizens. Then, perhaps, the Carolinians and Georgians and Virginians were more nearly warranted than we believed in saying, "We will not have these men to reign over us." Then, perhaps, their Secession arose from the fact that they saw more deeply than we did into the full significance and effect of the transfer of power from their hands to those of the Republicans; and they were justified in feeling that continuance in such a Union was only practicable as long as they might guide the helm. Certain it is that few Englishmen would have long endured to live under the rule of men at once so incapable, so vulgar, and so unworthy as those who have swayed the destinies of the Free States since the dissolution. They have desecrated and dishonoured a great cause. They have thrown away a splendid opportunity. They have wasted unparalleled resources. With men, money, and science in unlimited abundance, they have utterly failed in an enterprise which they proclaimed to be easily and certainly successful. They have spent more money and shed more blood than any conqueror ever did before in so short a time, and they have no result to show.

ARCHBISHOP COLENSO IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

A BISHOP may become an Archbishop. What a Bishop believes and teaches with impunity, an Archbishop may also believe and teach. Suppose an Archbishop of Canterbury holding the belief of Dr. Colenso, that the Pentateuch is a composition of fables; that its leading persons are myths, and its whole character "unhistorical," it will be found that "Noah's Flood and the Passage of the Red Sea," occurring in the Baptismal service, are not the only difficulties in which such a Bishop would be involved. Dr. Colenso proposes to skip these two "unhistorical" illustrations in reading the service, and thereby violating the law he has sworn to keep, in order to get rid, to this extent, of its obligations. But if one Bishop may thus omit one passage of the Liturgy, another Bishop, or Archbishop, may take the same liberty with another passage, because it also contains an allusion to some incident of the Scripture narrative, which he deems to be "unhistorical." Suppose the present Primate had been a Bishop of the school of Natal, or else that Dr. Colenso had been Archbishop of Canterbury, we ask our readers to ponder the difficult and disagreeable situation in which such a prelate would have been plunged, when commanded last Tuesday to officiate at the wedding of the Prince of Wales.

Unable, and we hope unwilling, to disobey a Royal command, he undertakes the duty, and to his horror he finds, in the opening address of the Marriage service, the following reference to "an unhistorical event:"—"Marriage is an honourable estate, instituted by God in the time of man's innocency." This, therefore, the Bishop skips, and perhaps this one episcopal leap is charitably construed in St. George's Chapel to be a mere mistake. Next, however, comes the prayer, "O God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as thou didst send thy blessing upon Abraham and Sarah, to their great comfort, so vouchsafe to send thy blessing upon these thy servants." Here Bishop Colenso, who, we are assuming, has been raised to the Primacy, would no doubt, on this occasion also, practise the prescription that he has been kind enough to give to the clergy in the following passage, which we extract from his book:—

"I see no remedy but to omit such words, to disobey the law of the Church on this point, and take the consequences. There are times when a faithful servant, as he loves his master and cherishes his best interests, is bound to disobey his orders."—(*Preface*, vol. II. p. xxiii.)

The officiating prelate, therefore, on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, holding the new notions of the Pentateuch, refuses to pronounce a blessing on the royal wedded pair, not because he thinks them unworthy, but because he believes Moses to be a myth, and his reputed writings to be full of falsehoods. But this is not the full extent of the confusion. Another prayer follows:—"Almighty God, who at the beginning did create our first parents, Adam and Eve, and didst sanctify and join them together in marriage," &c. The officiating Primate, with Dr. Colenso's views, must also skip this; and the concluding address, to be made to the royal pair, which refers to "Sarah obeying Abraham and calling him lord," must likewise be omitted.

It is evident from all this, that if Bishop Colenso were Primate of all England, he could not have officiated decently at the marriage or baptism of a member of the Royal family—or indeed of any other person. He could not have read the prayer that supplicates a blessing, or the address that gives direction and advice. Her Majesty would have been compelled to supersede him, or to command the presence of a suffragan, or to send her Royal commands across the Tweed, for one of the Scotch chaplains to take the place of a conceited, crotchetty, and unhistorical Primate; if she would not submit to the omission of half the beautiful service, by one who eats the bread she supplies and holds his dignity under her Crown. If the new-fangled school is to grow in influence, we do earnestly hope that Lord Palmerston may live at least another decade for the sake of the Church, and that he may have time to bring in a bill to lay heavy duties on the importation of Zulu theology into the Church of England.

SENSATION SPECTACLES.

We lately observed that the unconquerable Barnum had succeeded in attracting the attention of the American public in the midst of all the political confusion of the war. It was neither by exhibiting a mermaid, nor even Washington's old nurse. After an interval of some years, General Tom Thumb appeared upon the stage, in order to be married to a young lady of corresponding height, age, family, and position. The ceremony was performed with a due regard for the exigencies of New York fashion. A well-dressed crowd thronged a well-known New York church—and though the New York Chamber of Commerce wisely declined to attend in their official capacity, there were enough of the notabilities of New York present to lend an air of popularity to the scene.

The brilliant success, however, of Tom Thumb, some years ago, when he was presented in turn to the British nation and to the Queen, leads us to believe that if the General again comes to England he will excite an equal *furore*. This should lead us to look without cynicism on the recent success he has achieved in New York. Sensation spectacles are not confined to Transatlantic soil. The taste for them is a weed both of American and European growth. The war in America excites less interest than Barnum: just as the state of Poland does not draw the same crowd that will go miles to see a Spanish bull leap through a hoop. No mere principle or idea ever assumes the importance with half-bred people that is readily accorded to a personal or a private affair. If Mr. Seward was to kick his man-servant down stairs, the New York public would take more interest in the story than they do in all Mr. Seward's despatches. The mass of the American republic is evidently made up of people who, whatever their excellent qualities, are devoid of much refinement and education. A sensation spectacle will always have a charm for such persons. It is not that they require more excitement than men and women of higher cultivation. Sensation sights in themselves are not exciting to sensible minds. Most English gentlemen would find themselves a good deal bored, if they were called upon to attend Tom Thumb's marriage; nor would it yield them even the most transient happiness. But there would be as large a crowd at the ceremony, if it took place in St. George's, Hanover-square, as there was on the other side of the Atlantic. To take delight in personalities and all private transactions is characteristic of that class of mind which is active without being refined or powerful. The early history of civilization is full of personalities, and the early history of most men is the same. It is not till later life—if indeed it ever is—that a man begins to see that it is more worth his while to interest himself in ideas and in principles than in persons. It is for this reason that no keener pleasure can be offered to the readers of most newspapers than a piece of scandal or of gossip. The leading articles of the *Times* pass almost unnoticed, if there is a *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court or at the Old Bailey. During the last few weeks the attention of the entire country has been aroused by a controversy in the leading journal of the day about a theological trial that was taking place in the Vice-Chancellor's Court at Oxford. The notables of old days, Dr. Pusey, Dr. Newman, and Mr. Maurice, appear upon the scene, and mix together in a sort of extempore theological tournament. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred readers

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are by this time familiar with the bearings of the entire question; and as the question is a religious one, each has his own view as to the various actors. But the reason that every one has read the letters of the various controversialists so carefully is that every one is attracted by the sight of a personal battle. It is the same feeling that makes us turn round to look at two men fighting in the street, or at a sprawling cab-horse. Something is going on: Jones has insulted Brown, or Robinson is prosecuting Smith for having said what Robinson used to say himself when he was young. This is more amusing than an abstract discussion of the merits of this or that opinion. We had rather give half an hour to watch Dr. Pusey sparring, than spend the same amount of time in reading Dr. Pusey's books. France, it is said, goes to war readily for an idea. John Bull, when he does go to war, never does so for anything so intangible. Either his pocket is touched or his feelings are injured, or his love of fair play is provoked. France might as well say that she never stopped at the corner of the street to look at anything but an idea. John Bull knows better. He would not give a single thank-you for an idea; but he would stop at a hundred corners to watch a policeman, an omnibus-horse, or a street affray.

There is much that is pretentious and overbearing in the policy which makes war in Europe for political ideas. But to rise from contemplating sensation spectacles and personalities to the more profitable and agreeable task of examining general principles is a mark of a growth in wisdom and experience of the world. There are two classes of spectators for whom the sensation spectacle is meant. There is first the ordinary and vulgar man, whose powers of attention and perception are fully developed; and who likes looking at anything provided it moves, and listening to anything provided it is noisy. Philosophy begins with wonder, and in the same way humanity begins with a sensation spectacle. Secondly, there is the man who has exhausted the lawful gratifications of sense, and falls back on what is *outré* and loud, because he is incapable of the higher gratifications of reason. It is a great gain when men learn to step over the heads of such observers of human affairs, and to try and get a broader view of life. This is done by dismissing what is personal in what they see, and fastening on what is permanent and real. Plato saw in the personalities of Love a mere ladder or stepping-stone to a more abstract state of mind, in which there was little left of anything personal. The real was for him a means of reaching the ideal. There is in all sober-minded people a tendency in the same direction, to get rid of what is accidental and to grasp at what is the principle at the bottom. One can imagine Epicureanism profoundly interested in a sensation spectacle, such as Léotard at the Alhambra or Tom Thumb at New York. This is only because Epicureanism is incompatible with sincerity and earnestness of purpose; because few Epicureans have ever been moralists, or politicians, or patriots. Any man who is sensible of the lights and the shadows of life, or who has a single motto or flag to which he pins his faith, waves such things aside. If there was more determination to conquer the South in New York, there would be less talk of either General M'Clellan or of General Tom Thumb. The idea of preserving the Union and of destroying slavery is a great idea. It is a proof of the vulgarity of American journals that the war in their pages is degraded into a personal narration of the doings and sayings of Mr. Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, and Seward, and Greeley, and George Francis Train. All historians care to know what Napoleon did or thought; but only gossips care to know what he had for dinner.

The philosopher who said of mirth that it was madness, would apply a more insulting name still to the love of burrowing in trivial personalities which is at the bottom of all the passion for sensation spectacles that is so prevalent. It is not easy to conceive of a greater abyss of intellectual degradation. To be interested in Tom Thumb's marriage belongs to the same habit of mind as that which is interested in Mr. Windham's presentation of a silver cup to Mace, or the speech in which Mr. Mace returned thanks for it. Yet it is clear that such details are swallowed with a morbid avidity by a large portion of the public. The schoolmaster during the last ten years has been abroad. A vast increase has taken place in the number of those who take a daily paper. There is a stir and a movement among the lower orders which is unprecedented in this country. The journals of the day have a new *clientèle* composed of readers who are honest enough and virtuous enough, but who are not squeamish, or sensitive, or capable of cultivated reflection. Some sort of pabulum must be supplied to them; and it is for this description of subscribers that sensation anecdotes are composed. Those who care for sensation spectacles now take in the news of to-day; and the newspapers must recognize their existence and cater for their amusement. A singular instance of this is supplied by the paper which has now the widest circulation in this country. The *Daily Telegraph* is by no means an uninfluential or an undignified journal. Its leading articles are written always with spirit, and occasionally with brilliancy. The tone it takes on political and moral matters is a very worthy, and, apparently, a very conscientious one. With the exceptions of the foreign intelligence, which is valuable, and the leading articles which are evidently written by men of talent, the rest of the paper is most uninteresting to educated people. The reason is, that the minor portion of the paper is composed for the benefit of lovers of sensation. It is written for the sake of persons who really care to know what has become of Mr. Windham and his Norfolk coach, or whether Lord Ranelagh has got a new uniform. It is the paper of the age: an age of sensation spectacles—of the progress of the masses—of rough and vigorous literature—of small refinement, but of very great generosity and good feeling. It is ridiculous to look on American taste for sensation as if it were altogether a Transatlantic quality: we have the same in England, only that it is swamped by a great deal that is classical in English training. The march of democracy has begun; and the beginning of the march of democracy, whatever be the limits to which it is tending, has much about it that must be distasteful to the sensitive and the well-bred. Among its other disagreeable characteristics is the love of a sensation spectacle; whether it be the spectacle of Mr. Windham in the Divorce Court or on the top of a Norfolk coach, or an Alhambra bull, or even General Tom Thumb.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

If we are to judge by the standard of Tuesday night last, the English certainly do not yet understand the art of illuminating. It is true we have not had much practice, as it is but once in the last twenty years that our streets were a-blaze with a public rejoicing; but in twenty years the world has been transformed, and we did expect now a little more artistic skill than we witnessed on the marriage of the Queen. But we fear the public at large have no instinct for the beautiful, and do not take kindly to the decorative arts. What acres of bunting and what miles of gas-piping alight have we witnessed during the last week, and what distinct impression have they left upon the mind? An Englishwoman will hang her shawl upon her back in such a manner that it shall look like a boy's kite; the Frenchwoman will drape herself with it that it shall set off the figure to the best advantage. This instance is very typical of our general unhandiness in such matters. How a Frenchman must have raved at the way in which London, for a week, has displayed its flags across every street! Inspired by the genius of the washerwoman, enormous pieces of coloured bunting have been hanging from ropes, like so many coloured table-cloths from a clothes-line. To the middle-class Englishman a flag is a flag, and the manner in which it is arranged has very little to do with it. Such a thing as grouping never occurs to him, and probably he thinks that to do so would be to hide too much, not knowing that sometimes the half is better than the whole. In some instances, where the clothes-line method of flag-hanging was departed from, even greater absurdities were observable. Thus, at the Ordnance Office, in Pall-mall, the whole façade of the building was festooned with bunting, which hung against the bare brick-work, just like the chains of sausages draping a Christmas turkey; whilst at the Mansion House the City architect—who should have known better—apparently ashamed of the handsome Corinthian columns, muffled them up from base to summit in red baize, making them look like so many aldermanic legs in flannel.

The same want of originality was observable in the illuminating. The "tasty Englishman" hung out his star upon the external wall with a total disregard to any general effect, and the first letter of the alphabet was in request to a fearful extent; indeed we strongly suspect that the old "V" for Victoria has simply been inverted for Alexandra. At all events, beyond the "A" and the "E," and the Brunswick star, the shopkeeping minds of the metropolis never ventured to advance. There were transparencies of the happy pair, the Princess suffering under a fearful obliquity of vision, and the Prince smiling gravely with a bulged cheek; the motto never venturing beyond the wish "May they be happy," which, to judge from their looks, they certainly were not when they were taken. The fearfully monotonous effect of such devices repeated by hundreds was an undoubted reproach upon the public taste, and strongly pointed to the fact that illuminating to be effective should be the result of combined action rather than of individual effort. What, for instance, could have been more simple and effective than the grand double semi-circle of light which met the eye in the Quadrant? If all the gas of stars that paled their ineffectual fires in back

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streets where they were never seen had been thrown into one common fund, there would have been sufficient to have traced St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey in living fire, and a scene would have been presented to the public mind which never would have been forgotten. We know that the genius of the nation is to do everything for ourselves; but if we allow the parish authorities to light our streets for us on ordinary occasions, surely on extraordinary nights of rejoicing we might do the same thing; and by selecting some striking municipal building, we may concentrate our means upon it, so as to produce a noble effect. Indeed, we have only to look at what was done by the authorities for the public buildings, to see that there is plenty of ability at command. The group of buildings by the Exchange, and the Government offices in Whitehall, told admirably by the mere force of the uniformity of the style of lighting adopted; whilst the National Gallery, with its coloured fires and the fountains in the square scattering their shower of silver under the influence of the electric light, was a real success.

But there was an aerial illumination far more beautiful and poetical than anything that our ugly streets, "cabined and confined" as they are, could show. The spectator, lifted above in a balloon, might, on Tuesday night, have witnessed a scene of surpassing beauty. The attempt to light the dome of St. Paul's, partial failure as it was, yet showed that the true light for illuminating purposes will find its birth in the electric battery. Standing upon Blackfriars-bridge we saw the dazzling sun, planted under the cross of the great cathedral, sending its vast ray now and then out into the dark void, lighting up spire after spire, as though the metropolitan mother church were counting its distant children, touching with fiery finger the glittering vanes, from far off Bow in the east, to Chelsea in the west. All the while the great dome itself lay hidden in the darkness of night, its outline only being marked by the circles of lamps which rose tier above tier, reminding one of that strange picture by Martin, "Satan in Council," in which the sky is illumined by the like circles of fire.

On the western verge of the metropolis a sight was witnessed, for only a few moments, which was scarcely less beautiful—the illumination of the summit of the Clock Tower at Westminster. As the distant spectator watched, he saw what looked like a fairy palace in the air, the lovely pavilion-like tracery showing all its gilded outlines like some vision in the "Arabian Nights." In other directions the distant observer might have seen great statues standing out against the darkness, lit with all the vividness of day; the Duke of York, on his tall column; Nelson, with his sad brow; the Iron Duke, with truncheon pointing towards his place of sepulture. Meantime, citywards the flames of fire shone on the summit of the Monument, and beside the opposite shore a phœnix, traced in fire, gleamed from the lofty tower of the glass-works. In the dark night there was something inexpressibly fine in the appearance of these strange apparitions, seemingly suspended in the air, and nearly all illumined by the unearthly electric light. In any future illuminations we hope to see more made of these points, so eminently calculated as they are to produce an abiding impression.

But we must not forget London-bridge, the dim outlines of which vanished and reappeared with the flickering of the fires in the tripods ranged along its parapet. The statues of the Danish kings, holding aloft their banners, every now and then came into light as the flames blazed up aloft. There was something strangely magnificent in the whole effect, and we congratulate the City architect upon his success in producing a scenic effect which had a touch in it of the grandeur of antique days. Neither must we overlook Temple Bar. Who could recognize the old black and grimy gateway in the festal arch, shining in white and gold, adorned with white statues of Hymen flaming his saffron torch, and blazing genially with clustered jets of gas? Never before did the old arch look so jubilant, and never before, most certainly, did it look down upon such a surging shrinking multitude as that which swayed to and fro like a solid wave beneath its arch. Of all the fearful sights of this night, when the streets were filled with such a multitude as the world has never seen but in the hosts of a Xerxes or a Napoleon, the most fearful was witnessed at this point and in the middle of Ludgate-hill, where four poor women were crushed to death in the frantic crowd. This occurrence was all the more sad, inasmuch as the lighting of the dome of St. Paul's was far more effectively seen from any of the bridges than from the narrow gulley in which the crowd was wedged. We cannot help remarking here, that we trust on any future occasion carriages will not be allowed to traverse the streets. Half the mischief occurred on Tuesday last in consequence of the roadway being jammed with vehicles of every description, which could neither get on themselves nor allow pedestrians to proceed. Those who attempted to ride found out what a hopeless method of progression it was, and we hope in future that the police will prevent its being adopted, as it is quite clear that they are utterly powerless to direct its circulation, or to organize its progress in any way.

The use of gas almost entirely displaced the old oil lamps, but there was one disadvantage in its adoption, its flickering in the wind, which we are glad to find was obviated in many instances on Tuesday night by the use of screens of crystal drops. By far the most perfect illumination in the metropolis was that of Mr. Harry Emmanuel, the Court jeweller. Here evidently a true artist had been employed, and the result was a magnificent piece of illuminated crystal jewellery—we can call it by no other name—in which the pattern was formed by very perfect imitations of precious stones. We have spoken rather harshly, perhaps, of individual efforts at illuminating, but there can be no doubt that this one was absolutely perfect. Poole, the Prince's tailor, also had a magnificent piece of architectural effect in crystal glass, with coloured shields, but although more favoured by the crowd, it was very far from being so artistic as the gem that shone over the establishment of Mr. Emmanuel.

AN UNILLUMINATED PLACE.

THE more brilliant the light, the darker, too often, is the fringe of shadow that surrounds it. Amid the blaze of glory that illuminated London on Tuesday night, there were dark places into which few rays of light, moral or material, found their way. These were submerged in that sea of light like reefs and shoals and dangerous quicksands beneath the flowing tide. It may solemnize, and yet not sadden, our bridal joy to look a little into one of those deep and dreary dens in which human nature exists, not lives, in this city of ours. There is a court not far from Drury-lane Theatre which lay in deeper shadow on Tuesday night, and reflected neither from heart nor hearth one ray of the general splendour. The waifs and strays and weeds and wrecks of the great sea of metropolitan life are daily washed up into that corner, there to fester and corrupt and disappear. But its statistics are alike expressive and suggestive. It contains in a very short and limited space twenty-one houses, each of which seems to gasp for air, and, like a plant growing in a dark underground cellar, looks sickly and bleached, and ready to expire. The light of day, by circuitous and ingenious routes, peeps in, as if in its catholic sympathies it would not give up the worst. Air—thanks to Him that made it—presses equally and impartially on all sides, and benevolently forces its way into otherwise unvisited scenes, though in this case it has so many hostile fœtid gases to enter into mortal combat with, that much of its refreshing energy is wasted before it gets into human lungs. All the water that is conducted into this court is consumed by the inhabitants, so that very little is left for sanitary purposes. Drainage can hardly be said to exist. There is one public convenience for each crowded house, but so inadequate, that the usual mode of supplying its place is the sill of each of the back windows, and there the scene of filth and indecency at ten o'clock in the morning beggars all description.

In each house are eight tenements exclusive of the underground cellar. The greatest number of persons in any one tenement is eight. The cellar is found also tenanted; but as such occupation is not legal, the cellar inmate invariably tells the visitor that she has a room up-stairs, and merely takes a change of air by her descent into the cellar; there are also lodgers not included, because they are disclaimed by the occupants, though the earnestness of the disclaimer suggests it is not true. The largest number of persons in one house is 47, and the total of the inhabitants of the twenty-one houses that make up the court is 671, of whom 222 are children apparently attending no school of any denomination—filthy, ragged, half-naked, and the special favourites of parasites of various species. The occupations of the parents are in some cases a secret, in other cases too easily guessed, but sometimes open and avowed. Among the latter are costermongers, occasional labourers, and wood-choppers. The females sell oranges and apples on the streets, and a few keep small shops in the court, and an exceptional clean room, entitled to this distinction by contrast, exists. Reading is so unknown, that the Council of Trent might safely trust them with a Bible in the vulgar tongue, and the only visitor (except the missionary) who has any claim to the distinction of scholarship, is the begging letter-writer, who drives here and in contiguous courts a flourishing trade. The highest rent for a single tenement or room is 2s. 9d., and the lowest is 1s. 6d. The rental of the court is upwards of £1,000 a year, and for this large annual revenue the landlord furnishes the sanitary, social, and illuminating advantages we have described.

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If we descend to the details of individual life, we shall find every touch in harmony with the whole. In one room were found a father, mother, and family, and the eldest daughter the mother of new-born twins, unmarried and unhappy. In another room, the very worst, smallest, and most wretched, was found one solitary inhabitant—solitary, because the others were out foraging on their professional walks. He looked suspicious and unsettled, and his appearance suggested some personal inquiries, which he did not repel. On being asked how he lived and supported himself, he said it was "by doubling the police." On our informant begging an explanation of this new profession, he said, when the police call at this house he escapes by the back window, leaps the fence, and takes possession of a room in the next house, his name varying with the number of his tenement. When pressed for information as to the necessity of this, he said he had been eight times in prison and three times in penal servitude, yet unexpired, and for very many years he had not heard a sermon except in prison.

What to suggest in the way of improving such dark and dreary dens, it is hard to say. But of this we are satisfied, that model lodging-houses, admirable as exemplifications of what can be done, do not meet the case. Neat blocks of cottages, here and there, or tall architectural piles, containing a few sets of apartments, are very pretty to look at, but they can never overtake the social necessities of a London population. What is wanted is, the sanitary improvement of the existing houses or tenements of this moral drift or dregs of the metropolis. It should be attempted, though we fear there are difficulties greater than even Lord Shaftesbury can grapple with. This is plain enough—ragged schools and ragged churches will fail of fruit on a large scale till wretched homes are elevated. Four hours' teaching of the children of such abodes is more than neutralized by twenty hours' living and sleeping in the corrupted and festering air of a court, in which all moral lessons, all social decencies, and all sanitary life are outraged. These people, physically, are living like rats, — morally, they live like savages,—and religiously, they are heathens. Their only drawing-room is the gin-shop, their only excitement its poisonous liquids, and their change of air—answering to a visit to the country—is a year's residence in a prison where food and air and cleanliness might be an attraction it is not easy to resist. Something should be done, and that speedily. Railway stations are absorbing the sites of miserable dwellings, but they aggravate the state of those that remain. The poor become more concentrated, the wretched tenements get more crowded, and the living picture charged with darker and more repulsive colours. The problem thus presented ought to be taken up by the philanthropist, the legislator, and the Christian pastor, and earnestly discussed, though not easily solved. A profound scientific thinker once made the just observation, that as often as he found himself face to face with a great difficulty, he believed—what the issue justified—that he was on the margin of a grand discovery. May it be so now!

Under all the splendour of a rich and prosperous city are cellars in which woman has parted with all her purity, and man with all his dignity. If Naples has its dungeons, and Rome its Inquisition, and the Southern States their slavery, we must not disguise the fact that London has a teeming population living in conditions that might cause the gaols and penitentiaries, under penal sentence, to seem a positive luxury to about a hundred thousand of our people.

THE NEW OXFORD EXAMINATION STATUTE.

It is satisfactory to see that although the mutterings of the theological storm which has recently burst over Oxford are still audible, the University is engaged on a real though unpretending measure of internal reform. The change in the system of examinations which has just come under discussion, though apparently slight, may prove of real importance to the interests of education throughout the country. We, therefore, offer no apology for attempting to explain its bearings and design.

The system of examinations at Oxford has been of gradual growth. Instituted originally by Laud, as a necessary preliminary to a degree, it gradually fell into neglect, till in the last century it became the practice for a candidate to name his own examiners, and to provide them a dinner when the examination was over. With the present century the principle of awarding distinctions after examination was introduced; and in 1830, after various modifications, the statute of 1800 was improved into what is now generally known as the "Old System." By this statute "passmen" were distinguished from "classmen," and in order to take a degree it was necessary to pass two classical examinations, popularly known as Little-go and Great-go. A great change was made in 1850. The number of examinations and the number of subjects of study were both increased. For the two examinations under the former system four were then substituted. There were three classical—Responsions or Little-go, Moderations, and the Final Classical; and for the fourth a choice was allowed between the three subjects of Mathematics, Modern History, and Physical Science. Honours were awarded in all except the first.

This system has now been on its trial for ten years, and various estimates are formed of its success. There are many who look back with fond regret to the former state of things. Nowhere does the *laudator temporis acti* flourish in such exuberance as in the comfort of a college, or of a college living. Others again, and amongst them might be reckoned a large majority of the professorial and tutorial bodies, believe that great has been the gain in the increased breadth of view and intensified energy with which the studies of the place are pursued. But few would venture to give a verdict of unqualified approbation. On the whole, it seems fair to conclude that classical studies have been the chief gainers. A comparison of the Classical honour lists of the last ten years with those of the ten years preceding will show that, while there has been on the whole no great falling off in the number of honours in the Final Classical school under the new system, as compared with the old, there is the clear additional advantage of the Moderations list, in which about a hundred names now appear every year.

It can hardly, however, be denied that the new studies of Modern History and Physical Science have hitherto met with a far less degree of success than was anticipated by the framers of the statute of 1850. The fact is, these new schools have hardly as yet had a fair chance. Those who have any classical turn at all, and some who have none, devote themselves entirely to the classical school. Classical honours carry with them the highest prestige, and are the surest passport to a fellowship. A large majority have lost all energy and all desire to distinguish themselves in the schools, before they have surmounted the pass examinations in uncongenial subjects then necessary. It is now proposed to carry out in substance one of the recommendations of the University Commissioners: "that during the latter part of the academical course all students should be left free to devote themselves to some special branch or branches of study." In order to effect this end it is proposed simply to allow any man who takes honours in any one of the four final schools—Classics, Mathematics, Modern History, or Physical Science—to take his degree without obliging him to pass in any other. By the word "honours" is meant a first and second class in the last three schools, or a first, second, or third class in Classics.

This change, simple and unobjectionable as it seems, has raised the storm of opposition which a really useful measure always has to encounter at first. It is described as nothing less than an attempt to upset the classical system of education, and to set up a narrow and professional one in its place. When it is remembered what part of the classical system it is proposed to abolish, the value of this objection will be manifest. Take the case of the ordinary Oxford passman. He has already spent eight or ten years at school. What is called, ironically, his education, has, when he enters the university, cost between £1,000 and £1,500. He struggles into a college. He reverts to studies which puzzled his youthful brain some ten years before. He finds them as new and as difficult as ever. By dint of hard labour, his grammar and arithmetic—he is by this time twenty years of age—are pronounced satisfactory, and he has passed Responsions. Next year the same process is repeated with slight modifications; and he gets through Moderations. The rudiments of Classics are now at length laid aside; he learns no more grammar, and writes no more Latin prose, but commences the study of "Philosophy." This means that he reads with a translation (he is no longer expected to know the parsing), Xenophon's Memorabilia, or Cicero's Offices, or perhaps four books of the Ethics. This, and a portion of a historian, complete his classical curriculum. Then come six books of Euclid, or the modicum required for a pass in History or Physical Science, and in process of time he is enabled to write M.A. after his name and to vote in convocation. It is needless to say that very soon not a trace of his hard won success remains behind in the shape either of positive knowledge or mental training. He does, however, retain, and probably duly transmits to his descendants, a deeply-rooted aversion to intellectual exertion; and idleness in the schoolboy or the undergraduate is, in his eyes, no fault, for it is merely synonymous with abstinence from useless toil.

The great aim of a University in the regulation of an examination system ought to be the encouragement of the higher studies—in other words, of reading for honours. The great defect of the present Oxford *régime* is, that it seeks to extract labour by driving

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men into pass-schools. It frets and wearies them with perpetual examinations, in subjects for which they may have no natural taste or aptitude. It is sufficient to harass them, but not to employ, far less to educate. It is next to impossible for a passman to study his book with any real interest, zeal, or earnestness. And the present system seems to aim at having as many passmen as possible.

If the proposed change is sanctioned by the University, each undergraduate will, soon after he has been a year at Oxford, be free to choose between the four branches of Literæ Humaniores, Mathematics, Physical Science, and Modern History. The range is wide enough for everyone, or almost everyone, to find scope for his peculiar bent. Whatever motive may impel him to work, whether it be a sense of duty, or ambition, or a relish for any particular line of study, it will now have free play. We believe the result will be most beneficial. We are far from apprehending any injury to whatever is good in the classical system. That system would rest its claims to the post of chief instructor on a rotten foundation indeed, if it depended on the influence it exercises on the ordinary passman. None of the better sort who are attracted to classical studies at present, will be deterred by the working of this statute. On the other hand, if by this means idleness is discouraged, and an atmosphere of intellectual exertion fostered, classical studies will share largely in the common benefit. We are yet far enough from a true theory of education; meanwhile we would gladly see a fair field and no favour between the four great subjects now recognized at Oxford.

THE MORAL OF OUR FESTIVAL.

Two real festal days have dawned on London. The first witnessed the royal bridegroom conducting his royal bride from Southwark to Windsor along miles of streets, amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome ever witnessed in this or other land. The evening of the second revealed a no less unprecedented and brilliant display, for it seemed as if a second sun had risen on London, and transformed tower, and monument, and pillar, into shafts of sunshine, and lighted up every face with a new joy. Very little sets Paris dancing. The mercurial Frenchman is always on the look-out for amusement. His sensitive nature draws a kindling excitement from scenes and shows that produce no effect on our more phlegmatic temperament. But London needs a great excitement or a grand occasion to raise its heavy plodding heart and its bowed-down back. On this occasion the great Metropolis fairly stood erect, and doffed its every-day working clothes, and cleaned its cloudy face, and gave itself up to all joyous and kindly influences. It paved its streets with living multitudes, and draped its dingy houses with ten thousand welcomes, and made the air ring with congratulations to the eldest son of Queen Victoria, conducting to her future home his beautiful young bride, who one day may be queen of an empire on which the sun never sets, and of a people whose loyalty is the more admirable because tempered by a love of liberty and independence, hardly won and dearly cherished. The whole nation was animated by one sentiment and inspired by one principle—that sentiment noble and full of sympathy—that principle unchangeable and lasting. There were no demonstrations at so much a head—no servile homage extorted by an iron sceptre. It was the unpurchased and unpurchaseable tribute of a free and loyal people, who know alike their duties and their rights, and, towards the objects that deserve it, feel a love that wearies not in the best and falters not in the worst of times. There is a homage no power on earth can command and no reward or menace can create. Its deep spring is the heart, and its rudest and least regulated expression, because spontaneous, infinitely transcends the dramatic exhibitions that in other lands are made to do duty in its stead.

The despot may raise up splendid palaces and pyramids and cities, but he cannot build up a noble and a loyal people. It is only where individual rights are respected—where the humblest home is sacred—where industry finds a sphere and the fruits of it are secure—where man neither feels nor is regarded as a beast of burden, a mere creature of appetite, a contributary to greatness he has no share in, and to wealth from which he derives no advantage,—that order, love, loyalty, and obedience attain their highest temperature and purest development.

The arrival on our shores of the Princess Alexandra and her union to the Prince of Wales did not create but only furnished the occasion for the outburst of those deep and latent feelings that honour alike the subjects, and the royal objects of their affection.

What may be before the Royal young couple who have so auspiciously begun their wedded life, no prophet can tell. The sky of Europe is dark and stormy, and the future of the nations anything but reassuring. Their part in the great drama of the world may be a difficult one; but of this they are sure,—the affectionate loyalty and service, and, if needed, the joyous sacrifices of a people who feel too intensely grateful to the Royal mother ever to feel indifferent to the happiness, prosperity, and greatness of her Royal children.

It is a low, vulgar, and material estimate of social life that recognizes no moral force in such stirring scenes and popular demonstrations. There is something nobler and more real than scales can weigh, or foot-rule can measure, or arithmetic can count, or pounds, shillings, and pence can pay for. Many a young man and maiden will remember, in after years and "in far-off summers we may never see," the royal, young, and beautiful bride and the happy Prince seated opposite, the objects of the respectful and hearty congratulations of millions, and will feel their loyalty inspired and glorified by the reminiscence. The whole nation wept some fifteen months ago with their bereaved Queen, now a widow, and last Tuesday it rejoiced with her eldest son, now a husband. This communion of prince and people in tears and joys, in burials and bridals—in all those emotions that lie deep down in the very heart of human nature—is neither a vain nor an unfruitful thing. It creates new links between the cottage and the palace, and inspires and glorifies old ones. The sympathy the million feel with the young couple, by a beautiful reaction, kindles sunshine in their own hearts, and subjects feel happier because their Queen and her eldest son are happy.

Cold, stiff, and insulated rulers reign over colder and stiffer subjects; but princes that win their happiness from the loving hearts of their people, and show on life's great days that, however distant and separated by social circumstances, they are, in their joys and sorrows, their affections and feelings, their wooing and wedding, entirely one—feel their popularity and power increased a hundredfold. It is in no feigned or formal words that we pray that blessings lasting as life may be theirs, who have just begun together, on a high and perilous level, the path of life.

THE BIDDING OF THAMES.

AN ALEXANDRINE.

THE sun was down; the daughter of the North
Sat in the ship which rested at the Nore,
Thinking, perhaps, the morrow would send forth
The million-peopled city, with its roar
Of popular joy, and pomps to meet the bride.
When, as the shore blazed welcome writ in flames,
Rose from the wave the ancient god of Thames,
And mounting at the happy vessel's side,
Spoke, with the murmur of a gentle tide:—

"Kindly for thee, child of a kindred State,
"Beats the full heart of Britain; on thy way
"My London throngs, unanimous, to wait
"The sweet arrival, and thy wedding day.
"Lady, this land was sad; and look, it smiles!
"Twice Princess, and a Queen of Hearts art thou,
"If, plighting with thy Prince the nuptial vow,
"Thy virtues woo the People of these isles,
"And wed thy name to Hope, which the late gloom beguiles.

"And by what act this people may be won,
"Hark while I teach thee; I, their River, know,
"Since first the English nation was begun,
"All things in England's bosom, where I flow,
"Saluting each proud seat of social powers,
"The halls of Learning, and Religion's fane,
"The House of Parliament, the marts of Gain,
"And Leisure's villas with their lawns and bowers.
"I bid thee to my Windsor's royal towers.

"There, Maiden, lives the Wife whose Lord is dead.
"Go, with her son, thy husband of to-morrow,
"As thou art woman, as thou wilt be wed,
"Be thou that Widow's child, and soothe her sorrow!
"So shall this Country bless thee; for it knew,
"With her, that grief which robs it of her face;
"And English women own no purer grace
"Than mutual tenderness; the matrons true
"Are daughters; Queens of Home, each yielding each her due."

ART AND SCIENCE.

MUSIC.

THE Philharmonic Society commenced its fifty-first season, in its old *locale*, the Hanover-square Rooms, and under its permanent conductor, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, on Monday last. It was at this

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institution that many of the greatest works of the German symphonists were originally introduced into this country. Beethoven, Spohr, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, and other classical composers, have all received commissions from the Philharmonic Society, resulting in productions that have taken a permanent place among the greatest treasures of the art. Hence there is an agreeable association of ideas connected with the very name of the Philharmonic Society which renders the recurrence of its concerts an event of special interest to all who reflect how largely the growth of musical taste in this country has been promoted by the former exertions of this society. Pleasant it is, too, to meet, at these concerts, the old familiar faces of those who have attended them for many years with a staunch adherence that no ordinary cause can shake. The concert of Monday last was, more particularly in the instrumental selection, one of great and substantial interest, as will be seen by the following programme :—

PART I.

Sinfonia in G minor	Mozart.
Aria, Miss Lascelles, "Sanctum et terribile"	Pergolesi.
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, Mr. J. F. Barnett	Beethoven.
Scena, Mdlle. Parepa, "Si lo sento" (Faust)	Spohr.
Overture in A minor (Nachklänge von Ossian)	Gadé.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7	Beethoven.
Duet, Mdlle. Parepa and Miss Lascelles, "Ah, Mathilde" (Mathilde di Shabran)	Rossini.
Aria, Mdlle. Parepa, "Du Village Voisin" (Le Serment)..	Auber.
Overture (Jubilee)	Weber.

It was especially in his symphony in G minor that Mozart anticipated those chromatic and extraneous modulations which Spohr afterwards used so constantly and excessively — progressions which, in Mozart's time, were so novel and daring that the manuscript of this symphony is said to have been returned by the engraver as being full of errors. Whether in its daring harmonic innovations or its passionate expression, Mozart's symphony in G minor is one of the most remarkable among the precursors of those great orchestral works in which Beethoven opened a new world of instrumental music. As "Paradise Lost" and "Hamlet" are to other epics and tragedies, so Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat stands forth beyond all works of its kind. Great as are its mechanical difficulties these sink almost into insignificance when compared with the depth of sentiment, passionate expression, and poetical feeling which its full interpretation requires. There are but few pianists of the present day, nimble as may be their fingers, who can intellectually grasp a work so full of significance and intention ; and many really fine players, in performing this concerto, unconsciously reveal their want of those higher attributes of a great pianist. Mr. Barnett is a performer of great mechanical excellence, and his execution of the concerto (from memory) evidenced careful study ; but he would have done better to have chosen a less exceptional work. Gadé's overture, played (if we mistake not) for the first time at these concerts, is an ambitious attempt to rival those picturesque musical embodiments of the wild grandeur of Scottish scenery and associations, which Mendelssohn has left in his overture "The Isles of Fingal," and his symphony in A minor. Gadé is a young Danish composer, who has been somewhat over-estimated in Germany, in consequence of the approbation bestowed on him by Mendelssohn, whose natural kindliness of temperament and freedom from all jealousy of possible rivalship, led him to welcome, somewhat too warmly, talents which, however estimable, give no promise of that power and originality, without which no special place is to be gained in the rank of the great composers. The overture in illustration of Ossian is constructed chiefly on a wild dirge-like theme which recurs with a frequency not justified by any interest or novelty that it possesses—indeed, throughout the work there is a re-iteration of most of the phrases which is not only tiresome but a manifest sign of poverty of invention. On the other hand, the instrumentation is masterly, evidencing a thorough acquaintance with, and command of, orchestral effects. It would have been easy to have selected a better specimen of Gadé's talent than this overture, which was but coldly received. Beethoven's magnificent symphony in A offered about as strong a contrast as possible to Gadé's overture, and a good illustration of the immense distance which separates talent from genius. Weber's brilliant overture (in which our national anthem is introduced) made an effective close to the concert, and was moreover appropriate to the special event of the week. Probably a similar consideration had something to do with the selection of a work by a Danish composer. In the vocal music, Mdlle. Parepa displayed her thorough acquaintance with very opposite styles by her equally admirable execution of Spohr's difficult *scena* and Auber's light and brilliant *aria*. Pergolesi's air and the flimsy duet of Rossini were unworthy of the remainder of the programme.

The last Monday popular concert was a "Beethoven night"—the programme consisting exclusively of works by that master. The chief features were the septet, led by M. Sainton ; and Mr. Charles Hallé's performance (with M. Sainton) of the great "Kreutzer" sonata, and the solo sonata known in this country as the "Moonlight Sonata."

During the week there have been various musical tributes in honour of the event which has been the all-absorbing subject of interest. The most important of these art-offerings is an "allegorical masque," entitled "Freya's Gift," written by Mr. Oxenford, composed by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and performed on Tuesday night at the Royal English Opera. The Scandinavian goddess, Freya, was personated by Miss Louisa Pyne, to whom are allotted a scena, "Hither I come,"—reminding us somewhat (although without plagiarism) of the style of Weber—and a ballad, "When those you love," of the genuine English pattern ; the melody of which is so eminently vocal and pleasing that it will doubtless become a favourite. The remainder of the work consists of choruses, descriptive of the arrival of Freya and her welcome by Britannia, of English revels and sports, and concluding with a very clever and masterly combination of the Danish and English national hymns, in which "God save the Queen," turned into common time and with a little alteration of rhythm, is heard in conjunction with the bold strains of the northern tune. Both Mr. Oxenford's words and Mr. Macfarren's music are far above the average quality of such occasional pieces. The work is published by Messrs. Leader & Cock, the orchestral accompaniments excellently arranged for the pianoforte by Dr. Rimbault.

SWISS LAKE-DWELLINGS.

Since the admission of the correctness of the discoveries of rude chipped implements of flint in strata of geological age by M. Boucher de Perthes, attention has been turned alike by geologists, archæologists, and philologists, to every available source for evidence of the high antiquity of mankind, and for traces of the early conditions of ancient pre-historic races and peoples. The Danish archæologists had years ago classified the relics exhumed from refuse-heaps, peat-bogs, and tombs into a "stone," a bronze, and an iron age,—the two former ages, at least, being prior to any written Scandinavian records. More recently Swiss archæologists have made public their discoveries of equally interesting relics of an ancient people who dwelt in pile-houses on the margins of the lakes ; and in Ireland ancient lake-dwellings, known as "Crannoges," occur, and have received some, but as yet not much examination. To this phase of archæological research into the popular topic of the day—the antiquity of man,—Mr. Lubbock, F.R.S., the son of the eminent banker, has paid special attention during the past few years, and recently made it the subject of a very interesting lecture at the Royal Institution. To the pile-dwellings of the Swiss lakes,—which in a general manner are resembled by the pile-houses of Borneo at the present day,—attention was prominently drawn in 1854. The waters of Lake Zurich in that year, from meteorological causes were one foot lower than at any previous period of drought—not even excepting the memorable 1674,—and the inhabitants living on the shores of the lake at Meilen thought it a good opportunity to acquire more land by banking up the earth to keep out the water when it returned again to its former level. In dredging up the lake-bed for this purpose the piles of ancient habitations were encountered, and numerous relics of stone, bone, and bronze were brought to light.

Similar lake-habitations were subsequently found in other, indeed in almost all the Swiss lakes ; and it is evident that a careful examination of the remains found in them is calculated to throw much light on their ancient inhabitants. They afford, too, an interesting confirmation of the description given by Herodotus of the Pæonians, who dwelt in a similar manner over the waters of Lake Prasias. In a recent visit to Wauwyl, in the Canton of Lucerne, in company with Colonel Suter, Mr. Lubbock observed the piles still standing two or three feet above the ground, and extending round an island of stones artificially heaped to secure the piles. On this occasion several objects were collected, and many pieces of pottery, bones, &c. The total list of objects yet found at Wauwyl is 22 axes of serpentine, 22 arrow-heads, 136 flint-flakes, 13 corn-crushers, 80 sundries, 90 implements of bone. Some articles of wood were met with, but there was so much ligneous matter in the peat, that it was exceedingly difficult to make them out. Rude pottery was also found, but much broken up. Traces, too, of flaxen cloth it is believed have been detected ; moreover, quantities of corn occur, as well as some fragments of cakes or bread, and fruit. Amongst the latter, apples are plainly distinguishable. Professor Rutimeyer has determined amongst the animal remains those of the wild boar and ox, but it is singular all traces of hare are absent. Cæsar mentions a superstitious reluctance amongst the Ancient Britons to eat the flesh of that creature. Fox-bones, however, have been met with. But although these ancient lake-dwellers may have been reduced by hunger to eat those animals, they appear not to have been ever reduced to the strait of eating each other—no traces of cannibalism having been seen. Indeed, no human remains at all have been found which can with certainty be referred to the stone age, and we are at present quite ignorant of what kind of race the builders of the Swiss lake-dwellings were.

It is considered there are indications of a commerce, or rather barter, at the period of even the earliest of the pile-villages, as the materials for many of the stone articles do not exist in the lake district. The material of some of these is believed to have come from quarries in France, and it has been suggested that the lake-people may have made visits to those places, like the Red Indians of America to the pipe-stone quarries at Coteau des Prairies. Some amber found at Meilen belongs probably to the Bronze age. Nephrite, of which a few fragments have occurred, is supposed by the Swiss archæologists to have been brought from the East, but this substance is conjectured to have been passed from hand to hand as a rarity. Mr. Lubbock has also inspected Colonel Schwab's collection from

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Nidau, on the Lake of Bienne, where there were not only objects of stone and bone, but also a surprising number of articles of bronze,—knives, axes, sickles, bracelets, 600 pins, more than 100 fish-hooks, and numerous rings, the use of which is not easy to understand. How so many articles that in those days must have been valuable came to be left at the bottom, has been a matter of mystery to some; and it has been asked, if Colonel Schwab could recover them, why could not the lake-people do so? This difficulty has caused a suggestion to be made that the lake may have been deemed sacred, and that they were offerings thrown in; but, if we remember that at the time these relics would have been accidentally dropped in, the site where they are now found was covered over with the platform of the pile-village, and therefore inaccessible, much of the seeming difficulty at once vanishes.

The antiquity of the bronze age must be great, as at the Roman period iron weapons were already in use by the nations north of the Alps. And the people who used these bronze articles must have been widely spread, for we find instruments extremely similar in use in different geographical regions, widely remote from each other, as in Denmark and Switzerland, at the same epoch—instruments of the same model, and if not actually cast in the same moulds, so like that it is evident the makers must have seen and been familiar with the same patterns. The union of copper and tin into bronze shows so much advance in metallurgical art, that we naturally look for a precursory age of copper. No trace of any such period is, however, met with in Europe; while the large quantity of copper and tin in use, and the fact that only at two places in Europe could the latter metal be obtained, indicate a rather extensive commerce during the Bronze period.

At the pile-houses of Nidau articles of iron have been found, but too few to permit the relics there to be classed in the Iron age. At Téne, on Lake Neuchatel, iron swords, differing in shape from those of bronze and unlike those also of the Romans, have been found. At Tiefenau, near Berne, however, similar swords have been found with Gaulish coins, and we may therefore refer these weapons to a period not much anterior to the invasion of Northern Europe by the Romans. Their historians, however, contain no allusion to any lake-habitations, and therefore it may be presumed the inhabitants at that time built their houses on dry land.

When iron came into use, its superiority in affording a cutting edge was so decisive that it supplanted bronze at once, and we have very few cases of bronze and iron weapons used together, except that bronze is sometimes used for the handles or scabbards of iron swords.

Mr. Lubbock exhibited classified tables of the articles found in these lake-dwellings, and showed thus they were of different dates. The strongest case of high antiquity was that of Waugen, on the Lake Constance, belonging to the stone age. At this place 1,610 stone and 350 bone relics were obtained, without a trace of any metal weapon whatever. Morges, on the other hand, is as decisive an example of the bronze age, 210 articles having been met with, and not a single axe of stone.

At Nidau there is evidence of the development of agriculture in the stones for grinding corn which are much more numerous than elsewhere. The bronze articles found there amount to 1,480; but it is not in the number of the bronze articles nor the mere absence of stone that renders this fact of importance, but the decoration on the articles. This is very beautiful, and yet there is not in it the slightest attempt to represent animal or vegetable forms,—the decoration consists entirely of linear ornamentations. The pressure of obtaining the means of subsistence, moreover, was not such but that time could be spared for dress and attention to the person. The pottery, as in the stone age, is very coarse, containing large grains of quartz, and has not been turned on the potter's wheel. The animal remains exhibit more domesticated species. By this kind of inductive reasoning and by calculations of the rate of deposit by the lake mud, the growth of peat, and similar means, Mr. Lubbock considers a relative and even something like an approximative chronology may be given of these singular pile-habitations in the Swiss lakes.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

At the Philological Society, a paper was read by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge on the elementary sounds in the English language, with a view to their notation in the proposed National Dictionary, now in the course of preparation by this Society. The discussion principally turned upon the vowels. These, the author maintained, were to be noted, as they are distinguished by organic form, by quantity, and by accent. Assuming the full Italian A in "mart" to be the central vowel, which gradually closes through the E and O groups, towards the guttural, and labial extremes I=Ee and W=Oo, the author held that the ordinary English *a* in "man" was a little closer, as if lying towards E, while the broad Northern *a*=aw in "call" lay on the other side, towards O; the *e*=eh and *o* were each asserted to have a closer and a more open sound, corresponding nearly to the *e* and *o fermé* and *ouvert* of the French and Italian. The open *u* in "cull" was subjected to a special investigation; and it was further maintained that the I=Ee is susceptible, like the other vowels, of a more or less open enunciation, though the former is heard in the English language only when the vowel is short. All these vowels, it was held, whether free or closed by a consonant, might be either long or short, with or without the accent. This was stated to be primary, secondary, and in some cases tertiary, long words in English being generally characterized by an iambic or trochaic rhythm. The notation, of which a scheme was suggested, should, it was maintained, be at once precise, convenient, and instructive, explained by scientific analysis, and fixed, as far as possible, by reference to foreign standards; thus serving as a guide to foreigners and as a protection against provincial or individual solecisms.

Considerable difference was expressed by several members, not only as to the pronunciation of particular words, but as to the exact sound of particular vowels. This was to be expected, every educated Englishman being ready to uphold his own practice and trust his own ear. Still it was possible, by a wide and careful induction, to arrive, at least approximately, at the true standard; and this, if recorded in a work of authority, would, it was hoped, prove to some extent regulative, with great advantage both to the refinement and practice of the spoken tongue.

Sir Roderick Murchison brought on, at the Geological Society, a subject lately made a matter of dispute by Dr. Geinitz's desire to substitute for the group-name Trias, hitherto employed, that of Dyas, on the ground that the natural divisional arrangement of the beds was binary and not tripartite. The title of Sir Roderick's paper was "The Permian Rocks of North-Eastern Bohemia," which district he has recently visited in company with Dr. Fritsch, of the Geological Survey of Bohemia. From a transverse section of of the rocks exposed by railway-cuttings, &c., between Josefstadt on the south-east and Semil on the north north-west, Sir Roderick arrives at the conclusion that the rocks hitherto termed Roth-todt-liegende by the Austrian and Saxon geologists are of a very different petrological character and of great thickness. He especially stated one case brought under his notice by Professor Keilhau, that of Erlbach, in the adjacent country of Saxony, where the inferior half only of these deposits, or the lower Rothliegende, has been sunk through in search of coal to the depth of 2,300 feet. The deposits are in ascending order: 1st, coarse conglomerate and sandstone, followed by thin courses of schist, with fishes (*Palæonisci*, &c.), and interstratified igneous rocks (basaltic clinkstone, porphyry, &c.); 2nd, alternations of coarse grits and sandstone, with large *Araucarites* and other plants; and 3rd, of bituminous schists in parts containing coal, with some layers of limestone, copper-slate, &c., and many fossil fishes in bituminous flagstone, passing up into red-and-green-spotted sandstones and marls.

From the animal remains enumerated by Geinitz, Sir Roderick is disposed to view the group as having chiefly an estuarine character—the various sauroid fishes leading to that inference. At the same time he admits that portions were probably freshwater and terrestrial accumulations. He then pointed out the chief localities of the large fossil stems of *Araucarites* and other plants, alluding to the opinion of Göppert and Geinitz, that the fauna of this group of rocks, as a whole, is distinct from that of the carboniferous age.

Considering the general relations of these rocks, Sir Roderick maintains that as they vary very considerably in different geographical regions, they are best defined by the old term Permian, which, according to its original definition by himself and his associates in Russia, simply means that such rocks lie between the upper coal, on which they rest unconformably, and the lowest portion of the Trias, by which they are covered.

Proceeding from north to south in Eastern Germany, the Zechstein thins out; and from the vast dimensions which the group assumes there when the true Zechstein is no longer traceable, it may be that the higher members of the Bohemian Rothliegende are the representatives in time of that limestone. Sir Roderick objected to the recent application of the term "Dyas" to the whole group by Geinitz, first, because the reason assigned for the change is based on the erroneous theory that the lower portion of the Permian is exclusively of freshwater origin, and secondly, that the geographical term "Permian," which is widely adopted, is preferable in itself, as involving no theory.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

In our last number we left the Princess Alexandra with the Royal squadron, which accompanied her from Flushing, off Margate. As briefly as we can, we must now relate her progress from the landing at Gravesend to the hour when, after a day of rejoicing such as England has probably never seen before, she was received into the Queen's embrace at Windsor Castle.

Shortly after ten on the morning of Saturday last, the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, brought her head down the river opposite the pier at Gravesend, and presently came alongside the pier. The Princess, dressed entirely in white, with the exception of a few coloured flowers in her bonnet, left the Royal cabin, and came over to the starboard side of the yacht. Here she was received with tremendous enthusiasm, which she acknowledged with an expression of pleased astonishment and wondering pleasure at her reception, bowing from side to side, and every now and then speaking earnestly to her mother, apparently directing her attention to the extraordinary scene of delight. "Occasionally," says the *Times* report,

"As the port-side spectators grew deafening in their cheers, as a gentle reminder that they were there as well as the visitors on the pier, she went to that side also, but, as may be guessed, her appearance did not stop the cheering. Nothing did, in truth, till she with-

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drew at intervals altogether, but not for long. Her white bonnet and delighted face were soon to be seen peeping round from some unexpected window, when in a second she was discovered, and cheered, till she came forward and bowed, and had to go to another."

Presently the signal-bells announced the arrival of the Prince of Wales in Gravesend, and the sixty young ladies who had been chosen to strew flowers before the bride elect, filed two and two from the waiting-room, and ranged themselves—clad in red and white, the colours of the Danish kings—on each side of the path down the centre of the pier. At five minutes to twelve, the Prince arrived, in a plain morning dress, and with a face radiant with happiness, traversed the pier with rapid steps. For the loyal people of Gravesend was destined the most interesting event in the day's history.

"The Princess watched his coming from the window, but, as he neared the vessel, first came to the door, and then, after a moment's hesitation, out upon the deck towards the Prince, who hurriedly advanced, and, removing his hat, gave her an earnest, hearty kiss, in the presence of all the assembled thousands, who thereupon went into such ecstacies of delight and applause as made the shores of the river ring again."

We make no attempt to describe the splendour of the scene;—the river covered with steamers and boats decked with flags, the pier and the shores alive with thousands upon thousands of spectators; "a scene of such enthusiasm, and yet of such impossible beauty from the numbers which made up the display, that we cannot expect to look upon its like again in England for many years to come." At a quarter-past twelve the Princess re-appeared upon the deck, wearing a mauve-coloured silk, with a richly embroidered violet velvet mantle, and bonnet of the same colour, and taking the Prince's arm, came ashore on the pier at a quarter-past twelve, preceded by a brilliant suite, and followed by the members of her Royal family. Again a wild burst of enthusiasm welcomed her, when the Mayoress, Mrs. Sams, advanced to meet her, and presented her with the bouquet which had been subscribed for by the ladies of the town. This she received, thanking the Mayoress in good English, and shaking hands with her; and then, the sixty young ladies throwing their flowers before them, at them, and over them, she and the Prince proceeded to the end of the pier—the ladies clapping their hands, the gentlemen shouting and crying, "God bless them," and everybody apparently out of their senses with joy. There they received the addresses of the Corporation.

So much for the pier at Gravesend. The Royal progress through the streets was accompanied with equal enthusiasm. At ten minutes to one the Royal train left Gravesend, and proceeded to the Bricklayers' Arms at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour through the stations, which were thronged with visitors and guards of honour, amid Royal salutes and *feux de joie*, the route being lined with crowds, which became more and more dense as it approached the metropolis.

The station at the Bricklayers' Arms was a perfect marvel of magnificence. Wherever a garland or a human being could be put they were there. We should quite exceed our limit were we to attempt the faintest description of the display of taste and beauty which was provided at this point for the reception of the Princess. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Saxe Coburg, the Prince of Prussia, and his Highness the Count of Flanders, occupied a foremost place, apart from all the other personages in waiting, ready to give the first welcome to the Royal bride. At twenty minutes to two the train drove slowly up to the middle of the platform, and a thrill of excitement ran through the assembled company, every one standing up uncovered. As the Prince alighted, with the Princess leaning on his arm, "radiant with youthful smiles and innocent gratification," they were welcomed by a hearty burst of cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Bowing low and repeatedly in response to this greeting, the youthful pair passed to the refreshment-room. Here luncheon was served, and addresses from the Lord-Lieutenant, High Sheriff, &c., of Surrey, presented, without being read. The gracious and sweet manners of the Princess on this, as on every other occasion, and the frank, manly pride of the Prince, won all hearts.

At two o'clock his Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief led the way to the Royal carriages, and the procession set out, the Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, the Members for the County and Borough, the High Bailiff, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with their retinue, leading the way through banks of spectators; flags, garlands, arches, banners, streamers, floral devices, and the most deafening acclamations, and ringing of church bells, till it reached the foot of London Bridge. For several days previous the bridge had been almost impassable, so thronged was it with visitors to see the preparations the City had made for the entrance of the bride-elect. The parapets were ornamented with statues of the Kings of Denmark from the earliest period, affixed to Danish standards thirty feet high, surmounted by gilt figures of ravens and elephants, the Danish national emblems. Between these were tripods of burning incense. At each end of the bridge were pedestals bearing statues of Fame, surrounded by Danish warriors bearing the "Danebrog," or national flag. At the entrance to King William-street a triumphal arch was erected sixty feet high, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, those facing the Borough being surmounted with the statues of Saxo-Grammaticus; Holberg, the poet; Thorwaldsen the sculptor; and Juel the painter—all Danes. As far as the eye could reach on either side of the bridge, the shipping and the houses were decorated with flags; and every conceivable place, even the cage on the top of the Monument, swarmed with spectators.

About half-past two o'clock the procession entered the City by London Bridge, and the City companies fell in, but not before the Royal carriages had been stopped for nearly half an hour about the centre of the bridge by the dense masses of people. This was the first symptom of bad management which was visible along the whole route to Temple Bar. It had not apparently occurred to the authorities that the instinct of the people led them to see what was to be seen, and that if a road for the procession was to be kept, it must be done by the police. With immense difficulty the cavalcade worked its way to the Exchange, accompanied by boisterous cheering, but at that point it seemed doomed to stop short. The whole space in front of the Exchange and Mansion House was so packed with human beings that long before the arrival of the procession it seemed as if fatalities would occur. The shrieks of women were every now and then heard above the uproar, and boys were struggling for life. At one time a baby was held up in the crowd which had all the appearance of being dead or dying. A woman, to save the life of another child, threw it into a passing carriage, and was then swept away into the vortex of the crowd. How dense was the mass of people, and how eagerly every spot which offered a view of the proceedings was seized upon, may be imagined when we mention that people were seated among the hoofs of the Wellington equestrian statue, and that others bestrode the horse itself before and behind the duke. Had not the crowd, and the few mounted police who were present, been pervaded by infinite good humour and perseverance, many lives must have been lost.

"In this emergency," says the *Times* reporter, "it would be unjust to leave unmentioned the signal service rendered by Lord Alfred Paget, who rode as equerry beside the royal carriage. By an adroit mixture of firmness and good-humour, and a skill in 'chaffing' which charmed the multitude, he coaxed a passage where it was impossible to force it, and again and again rescued his charge from what might have proved a serious embarrassment.

In this way the procession crept along Cheapside till it came to St. Paul's-churchyard. This was one of the most splendid scenes along the route. The Corporation had provided sittings for 12,000 spectators, at a cost of £9,000; sittings as handsomely fitted as the boxes of a London theatre; extending from the extreme north-east of the Churchyard to its south-west corner, at the top of Ludgate-hill. This structure was covered with scarlet cloth, and was ornamented with orange-blossoms and wreaths of colossal size, with medallions of the Prince and Princess, and with groups of flags, to the number of many hundreds, of every nation under the sun, but principally of English and Danish. Every house in the churchyard was alive with brilliant flags and streamers, every window with spectators, and even the coping-stones and "chimney-tops" of the warehouses had their occupants.

"The appearance of the whole pageant, as the procession turned in from Cheapside and defiled round the Cathedral, was truly gorgeous and imposing. . . . . But the scene that took place, when the personages of the day came in view, was one of the most extraordinary in the whole route of their Royal Highnesses. Every lady of the many thousands, seated round the glorious edifice that presented itself to the admiring eyes of the Princess, sprang to her feet, a myriad of handkerchiefs were waved simultaneously, the boys of St. Paul's School gave 'the fire,' and the exuberant joy of the multitudes in the streets, in windows and on the roof tops, broke forth in deafening cheers that the roar of artillery would scarcely have drowned, and which were kept up till the Royal party had passed into Ludgate-hill. The young Princess first glanced at the wonderful dome of the stately pile before her, and then looking at the not less marvellous sight prepared for her own especial honour, her Royal Highness became visibly affected, and bowed her acknowledgments with much grace and feeling. Prince Christian (her father) stood up in the carriage, and removing his hat, saluted the people repeatedly; and the Princess Louise (her mother), to whom the Prince of Wales gave some explanations in reference to this magnificent demonstration, returned the warm greetings of the assembled ladies."

Down Ludgate-hill and up Fleet-street to Temple-bar, the procession moved by inches at a time. At Chancery-lane the civic retinue turned off; and the honor of conducting the Princess from Temple-bar was delivered over to the Westminster authorities. What they failed to contribute to the procession in point of display they made up by speeding its progress, for from this point the course was kept clear.

We cannot stop to enumerate the displays of loyalty and welcome which greeted the Princess through the Strand, Trafalgar-square, Pall-mall, St. James's-street, and Piccadilly into the Park. Throughout it was a scene of flags, and banners, and cheering multitudes; the Princess winning all hearts by her modesty and beauty, and her graceful acknowledgment of her hearty reception. In Hyde Park 17,000 Volunteers kept the road, and behind them on either side was the surging multitude. At five minutes past five the procession reached the Paddington Station, and in ten minutes afterwards the Royal train departed for Slough, where the decorations for the reception of the Princess had been entrusted to a committee of taste. The rain, however, had preceded the Royal party and compelled them to perform the rest of the journey in closed carriages. Daylight was gone when they arrived, and the rain fell in pitiless showers. From both causes the progress to Windsor was deprived of much of its splendour. But the town was splendidly illuminated, and the streets were crowded with people who defied the elements, and cheered with all their throats and hearts. For an hour or more before dark the Queen,

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with the Princesses Louisa and Beatrice, was seen seated at a window immediately above the suite of rooms occupied by the Princess Alice, and did not retire till after dark. By-and-by the sound of distant guns and a volley of rockets announced the approach of the Princess, and at half-past six the procession passed under the York and Lancaster gateway to the grand entrance. In a few minutes afterwards the Princess was received into the arms of Her Majesty on the grand staircase; but little fatigued after the toil and excitement of the day, through which she had borne herself with a grace which won the admiration of all beholders.

THE MARRIAGE.

If we have found it impossible to give more than the feeblest idea of the procession on Saturday, we are fairly dismayed by the hopelessness of conveying to our readers even such an idea of the marriage at Windsor. We must ask our readers to imagine for themselves how gorgeous was the scene in St. George's Chapel, to which the oldest historic associations, joined to all that the rank and pomp and wealth and beauty, and all that is most high and mighty in the England of to-day, contributed their richest emblazonment. By eleven o'clock on Tuesday those who had been favoured with tickets had been conducted to their seats, the ladies exceeding the gentlemen by three to one, representing many of the most distinguished families in the empire, gleaming with diamonds and wonderful in millinery. Next came a gorgeous array of heralds in their magnificent tabards, followed by a *posse* of gentlemen ushers, stiff with bullion and edged about with gold, while the Queen's private band assembled in the gallery, where the ladies who were to sing the hymn of praise were already in their places, Madame Goldschmidt among them. Then the Marchioness of Ailesbury enters and seats herself in a stall of a Knight of the Garter, next to that over which her husband's banner floats. Other ladies, the Countess of Derby is one of them, follow their example; and in a few minutes more the distinguished visitors come in and take their places, all in full Court dress, but without trains, and all dressed in velvet or satin, either of blue, mauve, or violet colour, with feathers and diamonds in their hair, and some with tiaras of brilliants, covering their heads like a regal crown. At a quarter to twelve o'clock the Usher of the Black Rod makes his appearance, and the Knights of the Garter, headed by Lord Palmerston, follow, all robed and jewelled in their almost regal costume, the Premier, "the most observed of all, as he stepped up lightly into his seat and looked round him with a brisk joviality, as if about to quell a troublesome member or evade by a most voluminous reply an awkward question." The Knights being seated, the Lord Chancellor, "a perfect pageant in himself," and carrying the Great Seal, passed on, slow and stately, to his seat at the head of all. Then came the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Oxford, Winchester, and Chester, and the Dean of Windsor, with the canons and minor canons of the Chapel. For a minute they kneel and pray, then rise and take up their position inside the altar rails. Finally, the whole diplomatic corps take their places underneath the Royal pew—a cluster of gold and jewels.

And now the Queen enters her pew, accompanied by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

"The Queen wears the simplest and plainest of widow's weeds—a widow's cap, a black silk dress with white collars and cuffs, and black gloves. The only colours which appear upon her are the star of the Order of the Garter, and its blue riband, narrowed to the width her Majesty usually wears, across her left shoulder. She looks well in health, but thinner and older, with the permanent traces of deep grief and care stamped on every lineament of her features. She stands at the window of the Royal pew, a little withdrawn from general gaze, and only to be seen at all by those on the opposite side of the choir glancing quietly into the interior, while the Duke of Saxe-Coburg speaks, and apparently explains to her the arrangements going on below for the great ceremony which has drawn her forth from her mourning and seclusion. After a few minutes she seats herself a little away from the window, and the Duke retires, the Hon. Mrs. R. Bruce, clad, like the Queen, in deep mourning, taking his place."

At twelve o'clock came the procession of the Royal guests, "a blaze of Danish and Prussian, and Belgian and German green and blue, picked out with English scarlet," headed by Dhuleep Singh, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Prince Leiningen; but chiefly interesting, because in it are the lovely Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the bride, followed by her Royal mother, the Princess Christian, leading in each hand the Princess Thyra and Prince Waldemar. The Royal guests, as they reach the dais, turn and make a deep and reverend obeisance to her Majesty, and then pass on to their seats on the south of the altar.

Immediately after came the procession of the Royal Family and the Queen's household, conspicuous in which, above all others were the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, Prince Arthur, Princess Louise, Princess Helena, the Princess Louis of Hesse, and the Crown Princess of Prussia, leading his Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia by the hand,—a procession "slow in pace, brightly coloured, and greatly resplendent." All make an obeisance to her Majesty, the assembly standing; and as the Crown Princess does so, the Queen rises, "and bows to her daughter with a kind and winning smile—the first that has passed across her face since she entered the chapel." Instead of resuming her seat she remained at the closet window, watching her Royal children as they passed one after another to their seats, and even when they were seated she leant over the front, and remained gazing down at them steadily with an expression of fond pride, in which no trace of grief could be discovered.

The sound of louder and more sustained cheers from the outside and the blare of trumpets and the rattling of kettle-drums in the nave of the chapel, now announced the approach of the bridegroom. Again the assembly rose, all save the Queen, and every eye was turned on the Prince of Wales as he came slowly up the choir in his uniform of general, but wearing the insignia and proper mantle of a Knight of the Garter, attended by the Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, similarly robed. The Queen rose and came fully forward as the *haut pas* was reached, when all three turned in line towards her and bowed deeply. The Duke and Crown Prince then retired to their places, and the Prince of Wales, after kneeling a second or so in prayer, rose and stood alone, facing her Majesty, "the watched and observed of all observers, neither bashful nor confident, but with a manly, royal bearing, that became his illustrious birth and exalted station." When the renewed cheering outside heralded the coming of the bride, he turned his head every moment to look for the Princess; and when, with a great clangour of trumpets, the procession at last came, he looked once more, and then kept his eyes fixed upon the Queen until the bride stood beside him.

The *Times'* report, which we have followed, thus describes the entrance of the Princess:—

"The hush was now so deep and breathless that even the restless glitter of the jewels that twinkled everywhere seemed almost to break it, and, despite the stately etiquette which had hitherto regulated every word and gesture, all now bent far and eagerly forward as the hum and rustle in the nave beyond showed the young bride to be drawing near. In another minute she had entered, and stood

"'In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
"'Queen lily and rose in one,'

the fairest and almost the youngest of all her lovely train that bloomed in fair array behind her. Though not agitated, she appeared nervous, and the soft, delicate bloom of colour which ordinarily imparts a look of joyous happiness to her expressive features, had all but disappeared as, with head bent down, but glancing her eyes occasionally from side to side, she moved slowly up towards the altar."

Robed in snowy white, and wrapped in veils, the eight bridesmaids—"the very choice and flower of the fair scions of our most ancient houses"—followed their Royal Mistress, bearing her gorgeous train of white and silver. Arrived at the *haut pas*, the Princess and her bridesmaids bowed low to the Queen; and all others retiring a little apart, the Prince and Princess were left standing in the middle of the *haut pas*, the Princess surrounded by her bridesmaids.

One of the most affecting incidents of the day now occurred. Handel's march from "Joseph" had been played at the entering of the processions of the Prince and Princess, but as the party stood round the altar the music had ceased. Now it rose again in the solemn words of the chorale:—

"This day, with joyful heart and voice
To Heav'n be raised a nation's pray'r;
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessing to the wedded pair.

"So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their early days;
But happiness in endless round
Shall still encompass all their ways."

"The exquisitely soft music of this chant," says the *Times* report, "at once solemn and sorrowful, was composed by the late Prince Consort. It may have been this, or the associations and lifelong memories called up by the scene beneath her, but certain it is that as the hymn commenced her Majesty drew back from the window of the pew, and after an effort to conceal her emotion, gave way to her tears and almost sobbed, nor did she throughout the rest of the ceremony entirely recover her composure. The bridal party saw nothing of this; the Bride's face was turned from the pew, and the Queen was withdrawn too much from the front for the Prince to see her, though his looks were often turned in that direction."

The Prelates now advanced to the communion rails, and the Primate commenced the marriage service with the words, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and woman in holy matrimony." Then after a solemn pause, he repeated the words, "Wilt thou, Albert Edward, have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" The Prince rather bowed than responded, so indistinct was his utterance; and the reply of the Princess was just audible, to the question, "Wilt thou, Alexandra Caroline Maria, have this man to thy wedded husband?" But the Prince repeated clearly, word for word, after his Grace, the form, "I take thee, Alexandra, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth." The Princess, when her turn came to repeat the words, was heard to answer almost inaudibly. Her cheeks were suffused with a crimson blush, and she seemed very nervous. To the question, "Who giveth this woman to be

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married to this man?" Prince Christian bowed, and moved towards the Princess, who was hurriedly removing her glove. The Primate then joined their hands, and the Prince, in a clear and soft voice, firmly and deliberately repeated the words, "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Amen." All kneeling down, the Primate repeated the prayer commencing "O Eternal God, Creator and preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life, send Thy blessing upon these Thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name." Then they rose, and the Archbishop joining their hands, said the final words, "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." The ceremony then proceeded to the benediction, at which the Queen, who had been deeply affected, knelt down, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"The bride and bridegroom then joined hands, and, turning to the Queen, gave more a nod of kindly friendship than a bow of state, which the Queen returned in kind. In another minute the Queen, giving a similar greeting to the Princess, quitted the closet, and the whole pageant went pouring in a gorgeous stream or flood of colours, of waving plumes, and flaming jewels, out of the choir. None can tell but those who were present how grand and solemn was the whole ceremony, or with how much deep hope and true devotion the marriage of the second Prince of Wales was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor."

Shortly after four o'clock the Royal pair left Windsor Castle and departed for Southampton amid frantic cheering. Addresses were presented to them on the way at Reading and Basingstoke. At eleven minutes past six they arrived at Southampton, where the most splendid preparations had been made to receive them. There again addresses were presented. At twenty-five minutes past six they descended to the deck of the *Fairy*, where they stood for some minutes bowing their acknowledgments to the assembled thousands; and then, amidst a perfect hurricane of cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs and Royal salutes from the ships of war, the yacht proceeded down the river to Osborne.

The *Court Circular* of Wednesday states, that immediately after the marriage ceremony was concluded the Queen returned privately to the Castle, by the North Terrace, to be in time to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales at the grand entrance, when her Majesty cordially embraced them, and accompanied them to the Princess of Wales's apartments. Invitations will be issued by the Lord Chamberlain, by command of the Queen, for an evening party at St. James's Palace, on Friday, the 20th of March, in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, at which their Royal Highnesses will be present. A second party will take place after Easter. St. George's Chapel, with the temporary state rooms at Windsor Castle used at the marriage, will be open to the public from ten to five o'clock to-day and on Monday and Tuesday next. No tickets of admission are required.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Lord Grey moved for a select committee to inquire whether the power given to landowners to charge their estates with terminable annuities, in order to raise money for the improvement of their land, should be extended to the raising of money for the purpose of taking shares in railways calculated to increase the value of their property, and under what guarantees and limitations such power should be given. Lord Redesdale thought the proposal mischievous, but did not oppose it, and the House agreed to it. Lord Dalhousie called attention to the inefficiency of the City police in restraining the crowd on Saturday, and recommended an amalgamation of the City with the Metropolitan forces. The Duke of Newcastle and Lord Llanover concurred, and the subject dropped.

In the Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated that the Budget would be brought forward on an early day after Easter. Mr. Adderley moved a resolution for an address to her Majesty, thanking her Majesty for having issued a commission of inquiry into the operation of the Acts relating to transportation and penal servitude, and praying that, pending that enquiry, the Acts should be strictly enforced. Sir George Grey said it would be inconvenient for the House, in the absence of the information obtained by the commission, to pledge itself to an address which would not accomplish Mr. Adderley's object. The efforts of the police and the sentences of the judges had checked the crimes of last year, and the House would act prematurely in voting an address while the subject was under consideration, and the report of the commissioners would soon be in its possession. The motion was withdrawn. Sir G. Lewis moved in committee of supply the army estimates, and congratulated the committee on the reduction of £1,000,000 which the estimates presented. The reduction of men from 152,403 to 148,242, had been effected by reducing 100 rank and file in each battalion, the number of battalions remaining the same as last year. He then moved the first vote of 148,242 for the land forces. The vote was agreed to.

In the Commons on Wednesday, Sir J. Trelawny moved the second reading of the Affirmations Bill, the object of which was to admit the testimony in courts of justice of persons having no religious belief. The Attorney-General, speaking for himself alone, moved that it be read again that day six months; and the House on division adopted the amendment by 142 votes against 96. The Bill was therefore lost. Mr. Adderley moved the second reading of the Security from Violence Bill, the principle of which is to add whipping to the punishment of garotting. The Bill was read a second time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We regret to find that the illuminations of Tuesday night did not pass over without loss of life. Six persons, all women, were crushed or trodden to death; two near the Mansion House, about eight o'clock in the evening, and the remaining four at the foot of Ludgate-hill at a later hour. Of the two women killed near the Mansion House, one was accompanied by her husband, who carried their child, about twelve months old, in his arms. A fearful rush took place, and the woman was thrown down. In attempting to save her, the father let fall the child; the woman was trodden to death, but some one caught the child as it fell, and saved its life by throwing it into a passing van. The crowd at this point—the east end of the Poultry, opposite St. Mildred's Church—was so dense, and surged about so fearfully, that an inspector of police and the gaoler at the Mansion House, both tall and strong men, were obliged to cling to a van to keep their feet. Many other casualties occurred during the afternoon and the evening. A boy received injuries near the triumphal arch at London-bridge, which rendered the amputation of a leg and an arm necessary, and he now lies in a precarious state. About the same place a woman had her leg broken, and a man fell from a van, and broke seven of his ribs. A woman was crushed in the crowd in Mansion House-street, and was taken to the hospital insensible. In Upper Thames-street a man fell and broke his leg. Between twenty and thirty people with scalp wounds, broken legs and arms, dislocated shoulders, &c., were taken to St. Bartholomew's in the course of the night. A great number of fires also took place during the illuminations, and at one time the National Gallery was in jeopardy, owing to the woodwork behind one of the numerous stars in front of the building taking fire. At Manchester, a man was crushed to death. Another had two loaded pistols in his pocket, one of which exploded accidentally, and shot him through the lungs. He died during the night.

The Royal marriage was celebrated in Dublin with magnificent illuminations and a fight between some of the students of Trinity College and the townspeople. The former escaped into the college. Six ringleaders of the latter, captured by the police, were rescued, and got off. During the day, the general good conduct of the crowds was interrupted by some "roughs," who followed the 21st Regiment, as it was returning from the Park to Beggars' Bush barracks, yelling, knocking off people's hats, and insulting all respectable persons. A stone thrown by one of them into a room in Kildare-street, knocked a tumber of punch out of a gentleman's hand, and another hit his wife. Colonel Lake, the Commissioner of Police, followed the mob on a car, marked the ringleaders, and, when the soldiers reached the barracks, the mob, by a clever manœuvre, was enclosed within their ranks, and the most outrageous of the rioters captured.

An explosion occurred on Friday, the 6th, in Coxlodge Colliery, two miles from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by which nineteen pitmen and pit-lads lost their lives. The pit has been open half a century and its workings are very extensive. The area of the explosion was limited, and it appears that the deaths were principally caused by the men and boys running back upon it and into the choke-damp. At Plymouth an explosion of fireworks took place on Friday morning in a small and wretched-looking house in King-street. The police were passing up the street shortly after two in the morning, when they saw the windows and shutters of the house blown right across the street, and at the same time there was an explosion of rockets and fireworks which went off with a noise as loud as the firing of a file of musketry. The place was instantly in flames. Several people were in the upper part of the house, a portion of which was blown up by the explosion. Two men jumped into the street, and were taken to the hospital in a precarious state. Another made an almost miraculous escape by passing from the attic window over a deeply shelving roof without any ledge to the attic of the adjoining house. Another man, who, with his wife and three children, also occupied the upper part of the house, jumped out of window, but as the wife was about to follow him the flooring of the room gave way, and she and her children were buried in the flames. When the fire was extinguished the remains of five bodies were found "like charred pieces of wood," so burnt that whether they were male or female could not be distinguished. It is certain, however, that six lives have been lost; Mrs. Lismore and her three children; Mr. Lawrance, the pyrotechnist, and his son. The former leaves a widow and nine children, who had but a few days before taken apartments in another house, their own being so over-crowded.

Dr. Kenealy has withdrawn his prosecution against the editor and proprietors of the *Weekly Review*. The author of the "New Pantomime" has been turned from his wrath by an article in the *Times*, deprecating actions for libel, and especially criminal prosecutions for libellous matter contained in a literary criticism. This article has convinced him that it is no longer necessary to continue the proceedings; and he adds that his friends on circuit fully concur with him in this view. There can be no doubt that his friends are right, and as little that he has been wrong. To withdraw from so grave an undertaking as a criminal prosecution argues either that he was in error in commencing it, or that he fears to follow it up. There was no argument in the *Times* article which any man of ordinary intellect could not have suggested to himself. Its remarks were so obvious, as to be almost

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trite. The *Times* expressed its astonishment that any one, especially a satirist, should think it worth his while to resent the language of the *Weekly Review* by legal proceedings, since its very grotesqueness and extravagance must be its own antidote. This is all true; true also is the remark that the article bore every sign of having been written in a spirit, and from motives, of personal malignity. But there was nothing in it so grotesque and extravagant that it could not have been capped by passages without number from the "New Pantomime" itself. And it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Dr. Kenealy, having obtained the committal of the defendants, grew uneasy at the prospect of being brought face to face with his own work in the witness-box by some unsparing barrister, and exposed to the ridicule which such a confronting would bring down upon him in a Court of justice. We think he has done wisely in withdrawing from the prosecution. But the act is both a tardy reparation of a fault, and a confession of a weakness. The whole case furnishes a striking instance of the sensitiveness of a class of writers who are reckless in the wounds they inflict on others, while they roar with pain and indignation under the least castigation applied to themselves.

A curious case was brought before the Dublin magistrates on Tuesday, when Joseph Harcourt, a respectably-dressed person, aged 30, was charged with inciting two men to murder a gentleman of property near Newry, in the county of Down. On the 14th ult. he called on William Smith, and said he had come to Dublin to get a job done, and he thought he might as well put it in Smith's way, as he was "hard up." He said there was a person near Newry who did not live amicably with his wife, and that it was the wonder of the country he was not "popped" long ago, as he was in the habit of acting improperly with his servant maid. This gentleman, he said, had a fine estate: "no money would stop the job," and after it was done they could go to America. Harcourt proposed that Smith should be concealed in a shrubbery opposite a window, where his intended victim was to be playing chess with the prisoner. This conversation was resumed in the house of a witness named Graham, who said to the prisoner, "Young man, you had better be very cautious what you are at. It strikes me very forcibly that you only want to get the man out of the way, in order to have the widow and get the estate." The prisoner then offered Smith a revolver and £50 for the job. Both witnesses added that the prisoner told them he had got prussic acid from a person named Donnelly. Upon their sworn informations, the police went down to Newry to arrest the prisoner, and found prussic acid in his possession and a six-barrelled revolver, with a letter from Mr. Donnelly, acknowledging the receipt of one from the prisoner, in which the latter asked for a revolver. The prisoner was committed for trial.

At Dorchester spring assizes, on Monday, Edwin Alfred Preedy, aged twenty, was tried for the wilful murder of Charles Evans, at Portland, on the 8th of September last. He had stabbed the deceased when he came to the prisoner's cell, in the course of his round to collect the prisoners' knives and tins. While the first witness was giving his evidence during the trial, the prisoner, who at first seemed a harmless young man, became restless and endeavoured to get over the front of the dock. The two warders who were in the dock with him at once seized him, and others jumped in to help them. A terrific struggle ensued, the prisoner kicking, fighting, and roaring more like a wild beast than a human being for several minutes, during which it took ten men to overcome him. Finally it became necessary to have him heavily ironed and strapped, and even then three men had to hold him. After this extraordinary scene, never before witnessed in a court of justice, he became completely exhausted, and appeared as if asleep. The opinions of three surgeons were taken as to his sanity, and all pronouncing him sane, the trial proceeded. An attempt was made to raise the plea of insanity for the defence; but the jury found him guilty, and the judge passed sentence of death without holding out the least hope of its mitigation.

Sir James Outram died in Paris at one o'clock on Wednesday morning.

FOREIGN.

The Polish insurgents increase and multiply. More than that, they hold their ground, while the atrocities committed by the Russian troops inflame the resolution of the Poles and further their cause in the public opinion of Europe. General Langiewicz has proclaimed himself dictator and chief of the national Government, in a proclamation which he has issued, dated the 10th instant, and which has produced a prodigious effect. He declares that the great population of Poland, "in the name of the Most High," have commenced a struggle directed against the eternal enemies of liberty and civilization; that under the most disadvantageous circumstances this struggle of an unarmed people has already lasted two months, has gained strength, and developes itself with energy. In the presence of this war to the death, and the massacres, pillage, and conflagrations of the enemy, Poland feels the absence of a visible central power, and therefore, after consultation with the Provisional Government, he assumes the supreme power of Dictator, which he will surrender to the representatives of the nation as soon as the yoke of the Muscovite is shaken off. He then summons the Poles of all provinces beneath the Muscovite yoke to join the struggle. The Emperor of Russia has replied to the French despatch. His answer is described as stating that, whatever may be thought of the abstract justice of the demands of the Poles, the Emperor can listen to no overtures so long as they continue in armed insurrection A Cabinet Council met immediately upon the receipt of this despatch. All parties in France are united in sympathy for the Poles; and there is no doubt that, if the finances could afford it, a war in their behalf would be popular. But the Mexican embarrassment increases. General Forey cannot move; and he has advised his Government that without large reinforcements an advance on the capital is out of the question. It is equally certain that the Poles, unaided, have gained considerable advantages over the Russian troops. In the battle which we mentioned last week, as having occurred at Pryzkowaskala, the Poles, after a fight which lasted an hour and a half, retired upon the neighbouring heights. On the same day, the 4th instant, Langiewicz fought the Russians near Tarnowa and Skala, defeated them, and put them to flight. The previous battle of Malagasz, on the 24th ult., it now appears, was a complete victory for the Poles, in which, under Langiewicz, they routed a body of 6,000 Russians. In council as well as in the field, they seem to be acting with prudence. The two factions of the national party, called the white and the red parties, have come to an understanding. Proclamations, issued by the revolutionary committee, have been printed in Prussian Poland and Galicia, exhorting the people not to be induced to rise in insurrection, as the only mortal enemy to Poland is Russia. Meanwhile the Russian Government is beset with difficulties. The treasury at Warsaw is empty, and the Government dares not send treasure there, on account of the frequent attacks made by the insurgents on the railway trains. The insurrection has revived in the Government of Podlachia, and is reorganized in that of Plock. In Lithuania the insurgents have taken possession of Pinsk, disarmed the garrison, and proclaimed a national Government; and young men are constantly leaving Posen in parties of 200 and 300 each to join the insurgents.

From America, the news is unimportant. An attempt has been made at New Orleans to shoot General Banks, whose administration has been so much milder than that of his predecessors, that he has incurred the displeasure of his Government. A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from Hilton Head, on the 19th ult., mentions a project for sending 5,000 armed negroes, led by whites, into one of the most densely populated districts of the South, to incite the slaves to rise upon their masters. The bombardment of Vicksburg has subsided into an occasional interchange of shots. On the 25th ult., General Stuart, with a party of Confederate cavalry, crossed the Rappahannock in the night, in order to destroy the railroad communication of the army of the Potomac; but finding himself met by superior numbers, after he had broken the Federal lines, he was forced to return, having captured fifty pickets of the enemy, and lost thirty of his own men. The House of Representatives has passed the Conscription Bill with some slight amendments; and the peace resolutions of the New Jersey Legislature have passed the Senate, and are made the special order in the House for the 10th instant. If we add that General Butler has not yet been restored to his command at New Orleans, and that General Tom Thumb and Mrs. General Tom Thumb have been publicly received by the President and Mrs. Lincoln at the White House, our readers are in possession of the most important American news up to the 27th ult.

The Pope has refused to accept the resignation tendered by Cardinal Antonelli.

In the Lords on Thursday the debate on the second reading of the Great Eastern Railway (New Metropolitan station and branches) Bill was adjourned for a fortnight, that the House might be in possession of the report of the Board of Trade on the general subject of metropolitan railways. In the Commons Mr. Lindsay moved a resolution "That it is not expedient to commence at the present time building wooden ships which are to be cased with iron armour." After an animated debate, the resolution was negatived by 164 to 81.

On Tuesday, Denis Dillane was tried at Limerick, on an indictment charging him with being an accessory before the fact to the murder of the late Mr. Fitzgerald, and found guilty.

An article has appeared in the *Constitutionnel* explaining the relations between the French Government and Mr. Serjeant Glover; and denying that there was ever any agreement between them except for the concession, without subvention, of the telegraph between France and America; a concession which was cancelled owing to Serjeant Glover's failure to execute the project.

The Archbishop of Warsaw, Monsignor Felinski, and the other independent members of the Council of State for Poland, have tendered their resignation. The members of the Municipal Council of Warsaw have also resigned. A proclamation of the Revolutionary Committee at Warsaw was published on the 10th instant, denouncing those whom it terms the "infamous men who would lay Poland vanquished and dishonoured at the feet of the tyrant." It also states that the committee, "in emancipating the peasants, is not led by the fantastic theories which elsewhere threaten to upset European society." The *Schlesische Zeitung* of the 12th states that, before marching, General Langiewicz received 2,700 muskets, with ammunition, a supply of provisions, and a reinforcement of cavalry. A Kattowitz telegram mentions a sanguinary engagement between the Russians and insurgents at Sosnowicz, on the 12th. The Russian officials in the town had taken flight, when reinforcements arrived, and the insurgents were dispersed.

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.*

Mr. Freeman, in the preface to his very able work, guards himself against the hypothesis that its origin was due to the present American war. Such a disclaimer could be scarcely required by a reader whose studies should extend over any considerable part of the volume. The internal evidence is too strong that an amount of thought and labour has been expended upon it sufficient to raise it out of the category of books produced by such temporary excitement. He adds, however, that the war of Secession has increased his interest in a subject which had long occupied his thoughts, and has hastened the appearance of the work. The publication may be thus considered opportune, in so far that it will tend to contradict some of the vague maxims referring to Federal Government in general, to which the war has given rise. Mr. Freeman, for example, speaks, in the first part of his volume, which is devoted to a general view of the subject, of the condemnation of Federalism as a system, which some hasty writers deduce from the late events in America, and propound as a deep philosophical axiom. He shows conclusively that such maxims can only escape from being unmeaning platitudes by being false or inaccurate. The greater part of the volume is, however, filled with an account of the constitution and history of the Achaian League. Future instalments will be devoted to the history of other Federations, especially to that of the Swiss Cantons, of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and, finally, to that of the United States of America.

Probably the first question which will occur to his readers is, whether Federal Government is a fair subject for a history at all? The mere consideration of the four great leagues we have mentioned, would seem to suggest that nations so widely scattered in time and space must have too many points of difference to allow of their histories being combined into a whole. A history which is to begin with Aratos of Sicyon, and to end with President Lincoln, of the State of Illinois, passing by way of William Tell and the Prince of Orange, involves some rather incongruous materials. A history of Monmouth and Macedon would scarcely be justifiable on the ground that there were salmons in both; and it may be doubted whether Achaian and American politics can be moulded into a continuous narrative because there was a league in each case. The forces which tended towards cohesion and repulsion in the two unions were so entirely unlike, and the units subject to the common bond so totally different, that we might despair of finding any general proposition that could be affirmed of both. At any rate, the maxims which would hold good with respect to America and England, or with respect to America and any modern country, are so infinitely more numerous than the maxims which would hold good of the United States and of any system of ancient Greek Republics, that the classification implied in the title of a "History of Federal Government" seems to go to the most superficial instead of the deepest characteristics. The resemblance is confined to the external forms of government, and scarcely reaches to the great internal forces by which societies are really moulded. This objection, however, is not a conclusive one. If there are, in fact, any points of resemblance between States so widely removed, the problem of investigating their origin is doubly interesting. If the forms of government which resulted from a union between ten little towns in Greece in the third century before Christ, resemble, in any respects, those of the thirty-four united States which, only two or three years ago, spread over half a continent, it is worth while to inquire into the cause of the resemblance. Mr. Freeman warns us well and emphatically against drawing inferences as to the goodness or badness of particular forms of government. The warning is no doubt wise. Of course no one can say more truly that federal government, for example, is good or bad in itself, without considering the particular circumstances of the case, than he can say that a coat is good or bad, without knowing whom it is meant to fit. But although the influence of particular forms of government has been most absurdly exaggerated by some writers, the nature of that influence will always be an interesting study, and the most legitimate way of studying it is by comparing its results in widely different cases. If we agree, for example, with Mr. Freeman's account of the merits of Ægion as the federal place of meeting, and believe that "it was a better place for the federal government than Corinth or Megalopolis, for the same reason that Washington is a better place for the American Federal Government than New York," we arrive at a conclusion which, if not very important, is very general. The weakness and strength of the American Union, which will supply for many years one of the most interesting problems in modern history, probably depend only in a slight degree, upon tendencies common to federalism in general. In so far, however, as they do so, those tendencies are well worth studying, and we shall anticipate Mr. Freeman's opinion on them with great interest. America has already supplied the subject of some of the most valuable of modern historical inquiries. Tocqueville's great work considered the United States solely as an illustration of the advancing influence of democracy; by tracing those influences with the singular patience and carefulness of thought characteristic of him, he succeeded in throwing more light upon history than has been done by perhaps any other single book.

* History of Federal Government. By Edward A. Freeman. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge. 1863.

Amongst the crowd of works called forth by the present contest, Professor Cairnes's singularly able volume has been perhaps not yet sufficiently remarked for the skill with which it applies the principles of political economy, to explain another most deeply-seated class of influences. There is still room for a history such as Mr. Freeman promises us, which shall treat the questions arising from the action of causes common to all confederacies as such. His general view may be shortly explained. It may be considered as an expansion of one of the thoughtful and compressed chapters in Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." Tocqueville's judgment is there summed up in the words "the Union is free and happy as a small nation, glorious and strong as a great one." Montesquieu had said before, that whilst a confederation of small republics enjoyed the internal happiness of each, it possessed itself by means of the association of all the advantages of large monarchies, and one of Hamilton's papers in the Federalist is an elaboration of the same text. Adopting this point of view, Mr. Freeman carefully compares the relative advantages of the system of large and small States. To the federal system he assigns a place intermediate between the two. The advantages of small States, according to him, consist principally in the intensity of the patriotic spirit and in the excellence of the political education. Mr. Freeman, indeed, admits what can hardly be denied, that the first of these is by no means an unmitigated advantage. Patriotism is a very noble virtue in its proper place, but it is apt to become rather an inconvenient one. It is very right and desirable that an Englishman should be ready to devote his life to his country, and it is excusable if he thinks that England is the greatest, wisest, and freest country upon earth. But when this virtue is applied to a series of small States, each about the size of a London parish, the sublime passes into the inconvenient, if not into the ridiculous. To devote a man's life and fortune to the canton of Uri might be respectable; but a conviction that it was the greatest, freest, and wisest corner of the earth would be equally silly and patriotic. We can hardly conceive anything more obstructive to all real progress than this kind of parish patriotism, where a small country is split up into a multitude of small cantons, each firmly believing in the greatness, freedom, and wisdom of its own diminutive population. The comparative faintness of the sentiment when the country is extended, is more than made up for by the increased nobility of the object. A native of a small village may be prouder of his beadle than the Cockney may be of the Lord Mayor of London; but, on the whole, the emotions kindled by the sight of the beadle are less valuable than those which every true Briton feels in the presence of the Mayor.

In Mr. Freeman's opinion, however, the great gain of the system of small states is the political education of the individual, and this, he says, is an unmixed gain. The chief example of this benefit is, of course, to be found in Athens. "The Athenian citizen, by constantly hearing questions of foreign policy and domestic administration argued by the greatest orators that the world ever saw, received a political education which nothing else in the history of mankind has ever been found to equal." This may be true, and no doubt was true of Athens; but it seems to us scarcely fair from this one brilliant example to draw a general conclusion. It is true that in the case supposed, a large number of citizens would have to deal with political questions of a high order; but it is surely also true that in a system of small States, the ordinary result would be not so much to elevate the minds of the citizens as to depress the dignity of the subjects discussed. In such a system, foreign politics would generally be reduced to the level of squabbles between county towns, and the highest motives which would be present to the minds of the constituency would be of that order which determine a municipal election in England. The important problems relative to trade or to social arrangements which affect a large State would be scarcely capable of either solution or discussion. In fact, the political education of the individual in a small State may be measured by his patriotism. It would be narrower, though more intense. A larger proportion of the population might take an interest in political debates, but those debates would turn upon far more trivial considerations.

Against these advantages of small States, Mr. Freeman weighs the comparative and undeniable disadvantages of less permanence, of more frequent wars, and of increased bitterness of faction. Even in his judgment, though he estimates the advantages more highly than we can do, the disadvantages on the whole prevail. The small republic, he says, "developes its individual citizens to a pitch which, in the large kingdom, is wholly impossible. But it developes them at the cost of bitter political strife within, and of almost constant warfare without." The truth, apparently, is, that a system of small States is incompatible with an advanced stage of civilization. If England was broken up into three or four, much more into twenty or thirty small independent States, it can hardly be doubted that it would neither be so rich, nor so powerful, nor so intelligent as it is now. The test of many of the qualities which go to produce a high order of civilization, is the possibility of holding together a large extent of country in one State. The intelligence of the inhabitants, the closeness of communication between different sections of the community, and the comparative importance of small local factions, all help to make a large State possible and desirable. We should describe a confederation not so much as a compromise between a system of large and small States, as an imperfect attempt to combine the disjointed body of disconnected atoms into a whole in every way superior. Mr. Freeman gives as a definition of a "perfect Federal Government," that it should combine two requisites. Each of the

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members of the union, he says, should be wholly independent in those matters which concern each member only. On the other hand, all must be subject to a common power in those matters which concern the whole body of members collectively. But, if we except merely municipal matters, this definition leaves precisely the most difficult cases untouched. How are we to decide on those matters, which concern the different members in different degrees—which are of vital importance to some, and of secondary importance to others? Take the case of slavery in America. No one can doubt that it affects the Southern States far more than the Northern; but it certainly affects the Northern also to some extent. Would that be the most perfect union in which the central power could abolish or retain slavery at will, or that in which the question of slavery was left to the decision of each member of the confederacy? We do not see that Mr. Freeman's definition helps us much in this question; but we can hardly doubt that the more powerful the union was in this case, the more "perfectly" it would answer most purposes for which unions are made. But this seems to point to the conclusion that a federal government is more perfect, as it approaches more to that of a consolidated State, and that it would attain perfection when all its members were merged into a whole. The Federal Government in America has failed, so far as it has failed, because the people have not yet reached that stage of education at which it is possible to hold together so vast a continent in the blessings of peace and union. But federal government still exists in both the present confederacies, and must long continue to exist, unless the American people should split up into a disjointed group of small rival States.

We have not room to do justice to Mr. Freeman's history of the Achaian League and his account of its constitution. The history, indeed, scarcely professes to be a complete one. It takes in only those points which have a special bearing upon federalism: in other words, it leaves out a great many of the most interesting details. The especial merit of the narrative is the care with which Mr. Freeman constantly checks the accuracy of his descriptions and increases their liveliness by constant illustrations from modern political history. Thus we hear of the science of electioneering as practised in the Achaian League. We have a notice of an Achaian "caucus" where the leading men of a party met to discuss the general interests of that party, to discuss their ticket for the next election, ending by the nomination of a president and a general of cavalry. The constitution of the Achaian senate and its relation to the general meeting is illustrated by the analogy of the Oxford senate and congregation. In another place, Mr. Freeman shows complacently the incapacity of the best German scholars to understand a problem which, to Englishmen accustomed to free institutions, is sufficiently simple. Finding that in practice the high magistracies in Achaia were always filled by rich men, they had presumed the existence of a property qualification, of the existence of which there is no proof or likelihood whatever. The fact, no doubt, is, that the poor men were prevented from becoming generals in Achaia by the same causes which prevent poor men from becoming cabinet ministers in England. That is, they could not afford it. The constitution was democratic enough, but all that legal democracy can do is, to give a fair start to birth, wealth, talent, and happy accident, and let them find their level.

Another example of Mr. Freeman's method is a careful comparison between the characters of Cavour and Aratos. Cavour had, he thinks, greater advantages, and was not guilty of so black a treason in delivering up Nice and Savoy to Napoleon, as Aratos in delivering up Acro-Corinthos to the king of Macedon. On the other hand, he would shrink from placing the king of Macedon on so low a level as Louis Napoleon. For Louis Napoleon, indeed, Mr. Freeman entertains a hearty aversion which would satisfy even Mr. Kinglake. He never can pass by a Greek tyrant without bringing in a comparison with the French Emperor, in which the Emperor generally gets decidedly the worst of it. Napoleon's character is made into a regulation standard by which to estimate the various shades of atrocity of Greek tyrants, the shade being the deeper the nearer they approach to him.

The notice we have given will sufficiently show that Mr. Freeman has given us a work of great and sterling interest. In the future course he will have to cover a great deal of ground, and to relate histories widely separated from us and from each other. There can be no doubt that, if he pursues the same course as he has done in the present work, he will be able to make them both interesting and instructive, and that we may have the pleasure of adding another to the really philosophical historians of the country.

THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES.*

Considering the rapid progress which the study of language has made during the last thirty years, it is no small praise of a book written in 1833 to say of it, as we do with confidence of Sir Cornewall Lewis's Essay, that it retains nearly all its original value. We admit that we should have liked to have seen it brought down—as the school-book advertisements say—to the present time. It might, for instance, have been made much less controversial in its character. The theory of M. Raynouard, which it was chiefly written to refute, is so universally abandoned that many pages of Sir C. Lewis's elaborate arguments are now directed against mere men of straw; the shadowy ghosts of old opponents. On the other hand, the essay would have gained much in completeness had it been extended so as to include the Wallachian language, which, although not one of the dialects originally called *Romance*, has been admitted with great scientific propriety into the number. However, since Sir C. Lewis's occupations, both literary and political, are so numerous—*cum tot sustineat et tanta negotia solus*—it is, perhaps, too much to expect him to give up the time necessary for the comparatively easy task of enlarging the scope of this essay. It is a signal proof of accuracy and sound judgment that, whatever he might add, he has nothing of importance to withdraw after so long an interval. "The problem is one which," to use the words of Sir C. Lewis's preface, "cannot fail to interest all who have considered the intimate connexion of the development of languages, as well with the political history of the communities by which they are spoken, as with those refined processes of thought of which language is at once the exponent and the evidence." Thanks to the labours of Dean Trench, English readers are already familiar with some forms of this kind of illustration. What he has done for the "fossil" history, poetry, or morality, of various individual words, may be extended to the far more interesting field of grammatical forms. The words upon which Dean Trench expatiates are often technical or unfamiliar; their use is often influenced by caprice; or if caprice is not to be admitted in philosophical etymology, by circumstances of narrow and special operation. Moreover, in many of his most favourite instances—those, for example, in which moral ideas are involved, there is an irony in language, which vitiates any conclusion to be drawn from them. On the other hand, the terminations and little connecting words, without which no meaning can be expressed, and by which each language builds up, in its own way, the indissoluble unity of the sentence, form a system which depends upon the perfectly unconscious operation of mental and physical laws of the utmost generality. Nothing is more markedly characteristic of the advance of scientific philology than the accurate estimate of the relative importance of different classes of words and inflexions, as the basis of its conclusions; and the advantage promises to be equally great of using the like discrimination in applying etymology to the illustration of other branches of knowledge. The immediate gratification of curiosity will be less, and the moral lessons not so obvious; but the results are sure to be more significant for historical and psychological inquiry.

The most striking series of changes that Latin has undergone, and that which throws most light upon the general processes of thought, is summed up by saying, in Sir C. Lewis's words, that "Latin has passed from the synthetic to the analytic class; that is to say, instead of declining nouns and conjugating verbs by the inflexion of their terminations, it resolved the ideas into their component parts, and expressed them by means of propositions and of participles with auxiliary verbs." The only objection to this, as a definition, is that it states the differences between the two kinds of languages in too absolute a form. In all the Romance Languages the number of inflexions both of nouns and verbs is still considerable. Italian, although analytic as compared with Latin, may be fairly called synthetic as compared with English. In fact, no clear line of demarcation can be drawn between the two classes; the distinction is one of degree only. It is none the less remarkable that the changes of inflected languages are nearly always in the direction of analysis; and it cannot be doubted that Sir C. Lewis's solution of the problem is the correct one: namely, that it was the effect of the German conquest.

> "The conquerors, not understanding the complicated and refined system of inflexions on which the Latin language depended, naturally sought to express their ideas by the more circuitous, but less artificial method of analysis; according to which each phrase is, as it were, built up of the single ideas which compose it, instead of their being all expressed by the modifications of one word."

Every one who has learnt to speak a foreign language is familiar with the device of expressing, by a circumlocution made up of easy words, an idea which ought to be expressed by a single more idiomatic phrase. The speaker in such a case is driven to analysis by the mere force of circumstances; having no one word at hand to convey his meaning, he is compelled to do so by a combination, more or less skilful, of several words. If there is a standard by which such mistakes may be corrected, the barbarous idioms produced in this way are soon unlearnt, and thus do not permanently affect the history of the language. But if there is no such means of correction, or if the speakers have no motive for studying purity of idiom, and are sufficiently numerous, their barbarisms become habitual; the same difficulties suggest the same means of evading them, and all the most characteristic forms of the language are translated into roundabout phrases, and soon drop out of use altogether. It is true that changes of this kind, as Sir C. Lewis elsewhere says, take place apart from the influence of a foreign language. In reality, each new generation shows the same tendency, only in a much less degree, to alter and simplify their native language. It is only the influence of books, and the example of an educated class, which prevent a language such as English or French from "breaking up" into a number of still more analytic dialects. We cannot, however, say with some writers, that the Romance dialects were really formed before the German Conquest, and only brought out, ready made, by that event. The presence of the Germans as conquerors in Italy or France must have had of itself a much more active and rapid influence on the language than the mere withdrawal of the restraint imposed by books and regular teaching. While we claim for the barbarians the chief share in the reconstruction of Latin, we must not forget that the Latin which

* An Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages. By the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis, Bart. Parker, Son, & Bourn.

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they encountered in the mouths of the people had already degenerated, in many respects, from the classical standard, and was by no means the same in different parts of the Roman world. On this subject readers of Sir C. Lewis and Prof. Max Müller may be puzzled by accounts in appearance at least, contradictory; for the latter has maintained, with great eloquence, the thesis that no literary language can ever be said to be the mother of another language; that the sources of Italian, for example, are to be found in the old popular dialects of Italy. The contradiction disappears when it is considered that these old dialects were merely Latin as spoken by the common people of the various districts; and, although they may have retained words from the præ-Roman languages, all their grammatical forms were derived from the classical speech. The history of the extension of Latin first over Italy, then throughout the Roman world, is sketched with great terseness and point in the first few pages of M. Raynouard's great work. It runs parallel with the history of Roman conquest, and is neither less systematic nor less ruthless. It throws some light on the method of Roman rule that, as Sir C. Lewis observes, "the Romans should have completely eradicated the Celtic language from a large part of Gaul, while the same causes which appear at that time to have produced so great an effect have, during the last eight or nine centuries, produced so little effect among the Celts of Brittany, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland." The degree in which the different local dialects have yielded before or been assimilated by that of the capital, might be used as a criterion of the centralizing forces in any given community. In Italy the process has taken place twice; and it may be that the greatness of the change from Latin to Italian is owing to the circumstance that it was not the supremacy of the old capital which, at the Renaissance, reunited the scattered *patois* of Italy into a new and beautiful language, but the literary pre-eminence of Tuscany. It was from the provincial idiom of Florence that the second great literary speech was diffused over the peninsula; but the want of political unity seems, as in Greece, to have permitted unusually great varieties in the dialect of the different provinces. In Roman times, on the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that the differences hardly went beyond great peculiarities of *accent* and *style*. Some forms of the popular styles are known from the ancients; others are indicated by certain universal characteristics of the Romance languages. The use of *ille* for the article—the pronominal forms *celui*, *cestui*, *quello*, *questo*, &c.—the use of the prepositions *de* and *ad*—the new meanings and new compounds of other prepositions—the nearly universal loss of the Latin numerals between sixteen and twenty—all these point to an agreement which can scarcely be resolved into the independent operation of similar circumstances. They must have arisen in the common dialect of the soldiers and government underlings quartered in the various provinces, while the more correct Latinity continued to be the official language of pro-consuls and quæstors. They are the more important as they extend to Wallachian, where there was no German element. Sir C. Lewis remarks, that it is a singular circumstance that all the Romance languages should agree in retaining the Latin numerals up to sixteen, and deviating from Latin in the formation of the three numerals before twenty (p. 164). This, however, does not hold good of the two languages which lie at the eastern and western extremities of the Roman world; for in Portuguese *sixteen* (*dezaséis*) deviates from Latin, and in Wallachian all the numerals between ten and twenty are new formations. The loss in French of the original words for seventy, eighty, and ninety, offers a curious parallel. Such facts as these afford illustrations of the law that the hold which a word has upon popular memory, depends partly upon the frequency with which it is used, and partly upon the clearness with which it describes the thing signified. The higher numbers are not so often employed, and they require for their management more of the aid of analysis and calculation. It is a good instance of the extreme accuracy with which the vitality of every word is tested in usage, that in French *sexaginta* has been retained and *septuaginta* rejected.

The general tendency of language to more analytic forms is liable to some important exceptions. The new formations may again become synthetic through the operation of phonetic corruption. Thus, in the well-known instance of the French future, the syllable *ai* in *j'aimerai*, originally an independent word (*j'aimer ai*), has lost its individuality, and become a mere inflexion. This possibility has not been taken into account by Sir C. Lewis, in the valuable remarks at p. 179 of the "Essay on the Analytic Character of the Latin verb." "The destruction of the more perfect form of conjugation which is shown in the Greek verb had already been begun by the change which compounded the Latin language of a Hellenic and a foreign element, so that some of the Latin passive tenses are formed by inflexion; as, *amor*, *amabor*; others by means of the verb substantive, *amatus sum*, *eram*, *ero*, *forem*, &c." But the forms *amor*, &c., are as little Hellenic or original as the more obviously analytic tenses; for, by comparison with the other Indo-Germanic languages, it becomes evident that all the tenses of the Latin passive, as well as a large proportion of the tenses of the active, are new formations, which came into existence after the Latins had separated from the Hellenic tribes. This fact strongly confirms the view advanced by Sir C. Lewis (p. 10), that Latin is a "mixed language, formed by the union of different races in one community." Latin possesses, indeed, a number of inflexions that are more primitive than the corresponding forms of Greek, and therefore it can no longer be derived from Greek; but, upon the whole, Latin is a much more developed, and, therefore, later type. It is a sister, but a much younger sister, of Greek; and bears to it nearly the relation of modern French to Provençal. No one can fail to be struck with the parallel in the number and variety of the grammatical forms between the language of the Troubadours and Homeric Greek. It would be a curious speculation to inquire whether, had any one of the Troubadours possessed the genius of Homer and collected the scattered lays into a great national epic, the language would have gained an ascendancy sufficient to have made the classical language of France. This question, however, we leave to the philosophical historians who can estimate the possible influence of individual genius. By the side of analysis we find occasional instances of new inflexions formed, not by corruption of analytic forms, but by analogy to the inflexions which have become regular in the language. Thus, from *esse* are formed, in Italian, *essere* and *essendo*; and in one dialect of the Grisons the perfect tense of *vegnir* is entirely formed in this way,—*ion vegnitt*, *ti vegnittes*, *el vegnitt*; *nus vegnitten*, *vus vegnittes*, *els vegnitten*. Here *vegnitt* has first supplanted the forms of the other persons; and then the regular terminations have been added to it as a stem. The extent to which this is done is interesting, as showing the hold which the method of inflexion has upon the mind of a people. Originally all inflexions are formed by the amalgamation of auxiliary words with the stem, but when the compounds are established in a language their origin is forgotten, and they are employed as mere inflexions. At this stage of language inflexion has been generalized, and from a series of similar facts has become an idea.

The investigation of the foreign or "intrinsic" element in the Romance languages does not enter into the plan of Sir C. Lewis's Essay, but he has given in an appendix a valuable list of German words in French, Italian, and Spanish. It is an interesting question, what words are most likely to be retained by a people compelled to learn a new language; and an answer from the Romance languages might be applied to other cases where we have less material for inquiry. It will be found that the common remark, that each people contributes words for the objects with which it is most familiar, is far from a complete solution of the problem. Some adverbs, interjections, and particles of affirmation are German; prepositions, numerals, and conjunctions are almost without exception Latin. In many cases derivations present themselves, both from Latin and from German: thus, *siège* is from Germ. *sitz*, rather than from Lat. *sedes*; zanna may be Germ. *zahn*, or Lat. *sanna*. Perhaps in such cases it would not be wrong to ascribe an influence to both possible sources. Such words as were nearly the same in both languages would be the first to enter into the dialect in which the two nations endeavoured to communicate. In some cases there are remains of the earlier language which Latin supplanted. In the language of the Grisons it has been conjectured with high probability that there are words that have come down from the original Rhœtian.

In Wallachian the most recent writer, Mielosich, considers that besides the Latin and the Slavonic elements there are remains of an original language close akin to Illyrian, and consequently to be ranked as a member of the Græco-Italian family. This theory has the advantage of furnishing an explanation of the early spread of Latin in the province of Dacia; it being obvious that the progress of a language must be rapid in direct proportion to the facility of acquiring it.

Very much that is interesting and important might be obtained by extending the inquiry of this Essay to the numberless local dialects of the Roman empire. How many of these are entitled to be called distinct literary languages is a matter in the nature of things somewhat uncertain, and it is a curious illustration of the desire for a fixed definite number, that they are always spoken of as the six Romance langnages. When we inquire which are the languages received into this favoured number, we do not find anything like perfect agreement. In fact, the languages form a vast series, stretching one into another, from Portugal to Wallachia. It gives no inadequate idea of the Roman power to consider that it was able to determine the daily speech of the inhabitants of so vast a territory; and we may venture thence to form a dim conception of the earlier Aryan empire, which has diffused the grammatical system of what was once a dialect of Thibet, over a space reaching from Iceland to the East Indian islands.

LOST AMONG THE AFFGHANS.*

THERE has been of late a great dearth of books of romantic travels. The public are accustomed to the thought of Mr. Atkinson's Siberian eagles which swoop down on packs of wolves for food; even Dr. Gray must be tired of gorillas and Nshiego-Mbouve's, and we were all wanting excitement from a new quarter, when just at the right time a book appeared, which will satisfy the most eager admirer of novelty and the most *blasé* reader of travels. This book is the account of the wanderings of Feringhee Bacha, alias John Campbell, in the wildest parts of Central Asia, from his eleventh to his eighteenth year. He was found by the Affghans, an infant with his nurse, on the field of Tezeen, where the British army was massacred: a noble Affghan adopted the child, having none of his own, and he was brought up in luxury in Affghanistan till his eleventh year. Then having been insulted by Dost Mahomed and hating the people who had murdered his parents, he rode off,

* Lost among the Affghans; being the Adventures of John Campbell (otherwise Feringhee Bacha) among the Wild Tribes of Central Asia. Related by Himself to Hubert Oswald Fry. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

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and for seven years managed to travel between the boundaries of Chinese Tartary and Russia, undergoing many changes of fortune and adopting many professions, until soon after the sack of Herat he fell in with the English envoys. To them he stated that he was English, and that he was in fear of death on account of his Christian belief; and they, after many questions about his story, though rather astonished, seemed inclined to believe it. After a further cross-examination by Mr. Thompson and Mr. Lawrence, whom he satisfied of the truth of his wanderings, he was sent by Lord Elphinstone to a schoolmaster at Bombay, and then educated for a short time at a Baptist school in Brighton at the expense of the Government. He has since been appointed Deputy Interpreter at Kurrachee.

As there is no possibility of confirming his strange story from without, it becomes necessary to examine very carefully its internal evidence. The volume is edited by the son of his schoolmistress, who became his great friend, and who states that he has simply taken down the story from Campbell's own lips, adding nothing of his own. We can hardly imagine a position in which a boy would be more tempted to romance than this, where nothing that he said could be contradicted, and where a bold imagination would both captivate his friends and sell his book. A person very carefully brought up might resist this, and confine himself to the bare truth; let us hear what the lady who had charge of him says on this point: "I found much to interest me in our strange guest: he evinced a reverence for religion in whatever form worship might be offered; *but his ideas of truth were decidedly Jesuitical:* he argued that a lie was justifiable if it were to accomplish a right end; which is the theory maintained by Madame de Genlis and other French writers." "During the ten weeks that John Campbell was in our family he gained the confidence of all. His failings arose from circumstances, not from wilful wickedness: he appeared to be naturally gentle, trusting, and affectionate; but his strange destiny had thrown him early on his own resources, sharpened his suspicions, and made him wary, keen, self-reliant, and determined. May we not hope that one so tutored by misfortune, so wonderfully preserved, must be designed to accomplish some great end?"

Thus from the preface we learn, that during the short time in which he was dictating this book he was found very deficient in any respect for truth. It would be very unfair to demand this virtue from him, opposed as it is to all the instincts and habits of savages, but, at the same time, the fact detracts very much from the value of the book.

But we are told that it must be all correct, because he satisfied so many gentlemen of the truth of his story. As to this he does not tell us that he recounted all the marvellous adventures of this book to them; and, most probably, their belief only extended to this, viz., that he has travelled in these wild countries and does know the languages. But, says the editor, had they not believed all his stories, would the Government have had him taught English at its expense, and then appointed him Deputy Interpreter? If he knows the languages of the tribes from Cabul to China and Russia, no one would be more fit for the post or more likely to be helped by the authorities, though they might not believe the personal feats, which, probably, he never told them.

There is one special point in which he does not give a clear account of himself. He never tells us where he picked up the Christianity in an imperfect form, for which he was always offering to die, to the subsequent delight and admiration of his Baptist friends. He tells us of his friendship with the Shitan-parast, or Satan-worshippers, and of his joining in their sacrifices; he travels among the Kaufirs with a small image of Buddh glued to his forehead; he always follows the advice of his friend the prophet of Swat, to have some religion or other and to stick to that, not being particular about which it was; and we think that, in telling these stories about his zeal for Christianity among the Persians, he is following the precepts of the same prophet. The only wonder to us is that his friends did not, by cross-examination, induce him to give the particulars of his conversion. From the preface we learn that his ideas on the subject were very vague, and that, notwithstanding his long study of the New Testament, he was much astonished at hearing of the duty of loving our enemies. If he is so extremely inconsistent and vague in the account of his religion, how can we feel more than a tendency to belief in the special incidents of the story, though its leading statements may, as the editor says, be "substantially correct?"

His account of the Affghans is very interesting. He appears to have made great inquiries about the English war, and to have heard some new particulars. When the English first came to Affghanistan, they said the Affghans called them angels, and imagined their trumpets were the trumpet of Gabriel, and the roar of their cannon they thought to be thunder; but when they saw them eating and drinking, especially when they saw them eat pork, they rose up against them, fought with them, and drove them out of Affghanistan. When the British army encamped at Tezeen, the Affghans pursued with 8,000 men; they turned the stream on the English camp, and overwhelmed the army with water and ice. Dr. Wolff was told that the dissolute conduct of many English officers had a great deal to do with the massacre. It is possible that that may have been the excuse, but the jealousy which the Affghans feel towards any other warlike people, who might interfere with their reputation as the best soldiers in Asia, afford quite sufficient reasons. He was also told that Akhbar Khan himself murdered Burnes and Macnaghten; but the English Government was quite satisfied with the more probable account given at the time, that the chief would have restrained the murderous populace had he been able. When Campbell was eight years old he accompanied the Affghan army in an expedition against a band of outlaws, who came out to meet them, "women, girls, and all." The robbers got the better of the army, which he describes as completely panic-stricken, and after besieging them in a fort, compelled them to capitulate with great loss. The child was now occupied in saving up money to escape with, and describes his pleasant country life in pleasure-gardens near Bangkok, with his adopted mother, and the severity of the winter in Cabul, "where the people are so completely shut up in their houses by the snow that no one knows till the spring what deaths have occurred." Soon after this, when he was eleven years old, he rode off northward with about £250 in his pocket, and carrying a double-barrelled gun and four pistols. In this direction it was said he could travel for a year among people who were so savage as not to understand the use of money. This, however, turned out to be false, as we find him establishing himself soon after as Persian tutor, with a fixed salary in money. Arriving at a place called Swat, he met a great prophet, who fed four thousand people every day, and told their fortunes gratis. His advice to young Campbell was curious, and rather European. "Take a religion, no matter what; only be sure to believe it thoroughly."

The next "sensational" adventure which he records, is a horrible execution at Santropoor, where he with twelve others were made to "see all the stars." The others were massacred, and the child was hung by his wrists from a plank for twelve hours with a weight at his feet; an adventure which would probably be the end of most children of his age. He, however, in about three weeks, escapes with a friend, and proceeds further northward, where "he gives lessons in the use of fire-arms."

Here it will probably strike the reader of the book, that he is always giving lessons in everything; and, from his own account, not only never missed a shot, but was also an expert artilleryman, a general by intuition, and many other things, for instance, professor of Persian and seven or eight other languages. All this may be the unconscious exaggeration of a boy compelled by his circumstances to be thoroughly self-confident and independent; but when he gravely shows how the small army of Khokan, in which he fought, beat six regiments of Russians, with their cavalry and artillery, in two battles; and that he, having turned sides, the Russians, solely by acting on his counsels, beat the Khokans, we must attribute it to preternatural vanity. The absurdity is so transparent, when we consider that the Russians are the next neighbours with the Khokans, and understand their manners perfectly, that we wonder at the editor believing that they would adopt the somewhat old device of leaving a camp full of gold and silver to confuse the army of their enemies (that they might attack them while looting), at the advice of a fugitive from the savages, about fifteen years old. We do not, however, wonder at the boy believing it himself, and we do not think that it necessarily detracts much from the general truth of the story. He records one rather astounding feat of strength, which would have puzzled Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, to do, much more a slim lad. We will give it in his own words: a jealous gunner wished to assassinate him some time before he joined the Russian army, and tried to stab him, upon which—

"With desperate energy I seized the broad-sword that hung at the belt of my enemy, dashed it twice across his face, and swung it heavily down on to his shoulder. The keen blade passed *right through his body*, coming out just over the hip. He staggered and *fell asunder*, deluged in blood, and, horrid to relate, drunken curses mingled with the gurgling sound of the very fountain of blood which continued for some moments to well up from his heart."

It is a pity that such good swords can only, as he says, be found in those Eastern countries, or he might, on his arrival in England, have made a decent livelihood by holding *tours de force*, and perhaps have become an elder among the muscular Christians.

There is a wild story about four naked musicians living in a hut with their servant: he was alarmed at their appearance, as their nails were like eagle's claws, and they kept their heads between their knees. He was about to try if they were flesh and blood with his sword when they called to him, "Young man, what are you about?" Campbell was struck by their prescience, and stayed in their hut some days, during which he was drugged and intoxicated and shown strange sights. Only the most genuine of spirit-rappers could feel much interest in the delirious dreams which he believes that he acted in; and he will obtain their deepest sympathy for his firm belief that his final escape, minus gold and gun, was due to the accuracy of his shots at three enchanted eggs full of fierce demons. However, he got away at last on his horse, Lightning, the winner of a sixty miles for four-year-olds, at the capital of Chiob. This seems an incredible distance for a race-course, but Mr. Burnes is quoted as saying that races of forty and fifty miles long are not very uncommon in those parts. On this horse he goes through many deserts, charges a band of Turkoman robbers, defeats them and gets off by swimming "Zangi" through a whirlpool, while the robbers stand on the bank and clap their hands at his braveness.

At Yarkand he entered the Chinese empire, and gives an interesting account of the place. Here the hotel-keeper told him an anecdote, which, if true, makes Du Chaillu's ghoul-like Fans appear civilized and refined beside some of the Chinese.

"There is," said he, "a district in China called Surboodaly: it is in

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this place the people are most known to be cannibals. When any of this tribe dies, his brethren do not bury him, but eat him."

Babies roasted in oil seem to be the greatest delicacy of this region. The hotel-keeper came to a house and asked for food, and they brought him "a man's hand most temptingly prepared." On his refusal of it, he was told that he was to be reserved for the table himself. He was, however, saved by a pretty young cannibal eloping with him.

"She informed me that it was her father's amiable weakness to be constantly on the look-out for strangers, whom it was his custom to kill and eat. This was a pleasant prospect for me! I asked the young lady if she could devise any plan of saving me. She replied, 'If you will be my husband, I will deliver you from my father's hand, and be your faithful wife.' We were soon out of danger from her father, and travelled together till we arrived here at Yarkand, where we were formally married, and have lived together very happily ever since."

This story made Campbell give up all projects of visiting Pekin, even under the protection of some Chinese officers who took a fancy to him. He went instead to Ko-ten, which is a great mart for exchanging Chinese goods against those of Russia, Bokhara, and even England and France. The book ends with an animated description of the siege of Herat by the Persians, which they finally take, notwithstanding the temporary success of some stratagems which were adopted at his suggestion; and it is then that he is threatened with death for refusing to become a Mussulman, and his friends massacred for harbouring him.

It is hard to know what to say in conclusion, about this book. With a great deal of bombast and evident exaggeration, it is still very interesting; and though the conversations are necessarily diluted by being translated into English by Campbell, and then thrown into a familiar form by the editor, they seem graphic and vivid. It is evident that Campbell has a very powerful imagination, and has also been tossed about in very curious and little known places, and with these materials has composed an amusing and perhaps instructive narrative.

THE GATE OF THE PACIFIC.*

If the secret of England's greatness is to be found in those free institutions which afford scope for the development of individual energy and enterprise on the part of her citizens, it should also be remembered that the soil is good upon which the seed has been sown, and that the restless character of the Anglo-Saxon fits him, above every other man, to make a proper use of that liberty which he so largely enjoys. Those schemes which have ultimately developed into sources of wealth to individuals and of power to the country, have invariably owed their origin to some obscure projector, whose indefatigable energy and determination have at last triumphed, and who has probably himself been sacrificed in an early stage of the struggle. A knot of traders founded our Indian empire, and a half-pay lieutenant in the navy established the overland route to it, and fell a victim to his zeal. In the work before us, Commander Bedford Pim, undaunted by the fate of his celebrated predecessor, has devoted himself to the task of promoting a railway across the Central American Isthmus, and by way of a beginning has purchased a harbour from the King of Musquito. He has also written a book for the purpose of enlightening the public upon the merits of this scheme; and since, not only as a commercial speculation, but as a question of foreign policy, the subject is full of interest, we gladly call attention to the best practical account which has yet appeared of the Central American republics; of their capabilities for development; and of the mode by which they may be best turned to advantage by this country.

Captain Pim shows conclusively what all persons conversant with the regions he describes will admit, that the policy pursued by our Government during the last ten years has been radically mistaken; it has been influenced partly by a fear of the United States, and partly by a misapprehension of the true bearing of that filibustering crisis through which these republics have passed. The result has been that we have made treaties diametrically opposed to our interests, and instructed our diplomatic agents in those parts to pursue a course which will in all probability produce the very complications we have most dreaded. It was the popular impression in this country that General Walker was prosecuting his aggressive schemes in Nicaragua in the interest of the Cabinet at Washington, and with their connivance—an assumption on the part of our Government which Mr. Marcy did all in his power to encourage, as the great object of his policy was to crush Walker, and he was glad to make use of our fleet for the purpose. Had the British squadron which lay at Greytown in 1856 been under the American flag, it could not have acted more directly in American interests than it did when it prevented the filibusters from forcing their passage up the San Juan river. In other words, the support we gave the Costa Ricans, who were led at the time by Americans—emissaries of Vanderbilt and Marcy—proved the ruin of Walker, and the United States were relieved by us from the danger of seeing a rival Anglo-Saxon Republic, stretching from Mexico to New Grenada. The value of an independent State as a counterpoise to the Northern Union is even more important, in anticipation of the formation of the Confederate States as a separate power, which will no sooner have established its independence, than it will begin to extend southward. It is needless, however, to regret mistakes which the public generally were too ignorant ever to detect, and the nature of which even now they will not understand. We merely allude to the past in the hope that people may be induced to investigate the subject for themselves. It must be clear to the most superficial observer, that, with such colonies as Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia still clamouring for an accelerated route to England, the Central American isthmus possesses the highest importance, as offering greater advantages as a highway than any other. At present, the only railway which connects the shores of one ocean with the other is in the hands of Americans, and is little used by English passengers, except those bound for British Columbia. Captain Pim proposes to establish lines of steamers in connection with his railway, and gives us all the data of mileage, trade statistics, &c., &c., necessary to enable us to form a judgment on the matter. The success which attended the Nicaraguan route, before the internal convulsions of that country destroyed it, form the best guarantee for another through the same State; and although the line proposed by Captain Pim will involve a greater outlay than the old one, it possesses advantages which will render competition almost hopeless. The merits of the seven different routes which have at various times been before the public are discussed at some length, and the extracts given by our author from the pamphlet of Louis Napoleon in favour of a route almost identical with that proposed by Captain Pim, are not without significance. "England," says the Imperial author, "has more than the other Powers a political interest in the execution of this project. England will see with pleasure Central America become a flourishing and powerful State, which will establish a balance of power by creating in Spanish America a new centre of active enterprise, powerful enough to give rise to a great feeling of nationality, and to prevent, by backing Mexico, any further encroachment from the north. England will witness with satisfaction the opening of a route which will enable her to communicate more speedily with Oregon, China, and her possessions in New Holland." The most convenient route in many respects has always appeared to us one which should cross the Isthmus of Panama at its narrowest point a little to the south of the present railway; a stipulation in the Company's charter gives them a monopoly of transit in New Grenada, however, and we are therefore driven to look for a passage further north. The great difficulty has always been the absence of any harbour on the Atlantic side. The rapid filling up of the river San Juan at Greytown is destroying that port as a terminus, and the population has already begun to leave it. Under these circumstances the discovery of a good harbour about thirty miles to the north of Greytown by Captain Pim is a fact of the utmost significance. The line of railway proposed will be 225 miles long, and the Nicaraguan Government are prepared to grant the necessary concessions upon advantageous terms. The gratuitous abandonment of the Musquito Protectorate by our Government has deprived British capitalists of many privileges they might otherwise have enjoyed in carrying out the enterprise. Still the King of Musquito, in whose territory Captain Pim's bay lies, is anxious to assist an undertaking from which he is likely to derive great benefit.

We do not share Captain Pim's sanguine views with regard to the colonization of the Musquito territory by whites. It is, no doubt, one of the best cotton fields in the world, but the importation of a few Caribs which he proposes would not suffice for its development. The want of labour is the curse of Central America. The country is capable of producing almost anything, embracing within its limits every variety of climate and favoured with a most fertile soil; but the population is too thin and apathetic to develop its resources, and a large importation of coolie labour would be required to bring it into cultivation. These, however, are considerations not directly affecting the scheme we have been considering: before we can venture to pronounce any decided opinion upon its practicability, the country between Gorgon Bay and Lake Nicaragua must be surveyed. At present, all we know is that there is a good harbour at both ends of the line, and that throughout two-thirds of its length it is free from engineering difficulties. When Captain Pim has surveyed the remaining third, he will be in a position to lay his scheme before the public. In the meantime, he has done society good service by collecting a vast mass of most valuable information, and by putting it together in a condensed, and at the same time a readable form.

* The Gate of the Pacific. By Commander Bedford Pim, R.N. Lovell Reeve.

SCAPEGRACE AT SEA.*

What is the worst kind of novel? Probably few persons who read novels with that regularity which is essential to proficiency in the art will have any difficulty in answering this question. Each of them will have his own pet abhorrence. Misplaced moralisings are especially irritating to one, overstrained sentiment to another, ineffectual attempts at being comic to a third. Yet we question whether the variety we are in search of is really differentiated by any of these characteristics. The novels in which they are found do at least make some impression on us. After a course of intense moral analysis there is a satisfaction in feeling recklessly and exceptionally wicked. The lowest spirits may be moved to smile at

* Scapegrace at Sea. London: T. C. Newby. 1862.

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the touching sentiments of an emotional heroine. When you have once realized that the writer's object is to make you laugh, there is a certain pleasure in observing the curious inefficiency of the means which he takes to accomplish it. Now, if the end of novels be to amuse, it is clear that the novel which gives no amusement at all is the one which misses the end most completely. But none of the kinds we have mentioned succeeds in doing this always and altogether. From all of them you may extract something. You may not experience the right sensation in the right place, but then you are sure to feel the wrong one in the wrong place. You are not amused when the author intends that you should be, but it will be strange indeed if you can keep your countenance when he means you to be serious. You do not profit by his preaching, but it will probably suggest to you some happy remark in depreciation of the virtues he inculcates. In this respect there is a considerable analogy between novels and sermons. After a pretty large experience, we can state with some assurance what is the most trying sermon to be exposed to. Heterodoxy may arouse your indignation, excite your sympathy, or test your philosophical indifference; solecisms in grammar only improve by repetition; peculiarities of delivery suggest a little subdued mimicry; an omitted aspirate is a fund of amusement for the afternoon. The real trial of patience is none of these. It is the stock half-hour's discourse which leaves you at the end wholly ignorant of its drift, but quite unable to pick a hole in its theology, its style, or its pronunciation. It is dull itself, and it is the cause of dulness in you. You try in vain to recall a single phrase on which to hang an appropriate criticism in the walk home from church. Nothing of the kind suggests itself. From the text to the blessing is a series of level platitudes, not one of which lifts its head above its brethren. So, too, there are novels about which you can hardly form an opinion. They give you nothing to lay hold of. They never rise to being absurd, or sink below a commonplace. "Scapegrace at Sea" belongs to this class. It stands in the same relation to fiction as the beforementioned sermon does to theology. Indeed, the resemblance is so striking that we are inclined to believe that the author must be the gentleman who undertakes to supply the clergy with original discourses for twenty-four stamps, and an answer to "Essays and Reviews" for five shillings. We feel a modest confidence in introducing it to our readers as the worst novel we have ever lighted upon.

But even a bad novel must have been published with some object; and this is generally connected, in the minds either of author or publisher, with the idea of pecuniary gain; but in the instance before us it seems impossible that this could have been the case. It never could have been intended to pay. For some time we saw no way out of this difficulty; but at length an explanation suggested itself which we think meets the case. It must have been designed as an antidote to sensation novels—a composing draught to be taken immediately after an overdose of Mr. Wilkie Collins. This end it certainly fulfils to a very remarkable degree. It is an antidote, and nothing but an antidote. Looked at apart from the poison it is intended to counteract, it has no qualities at all. It is merely the most uninteresting of possible stories. But considered as a contribution to mental hygiene, it is obvious that it is this negative characteristic which gives it its value. A short sketch of the course which the narrative takes will prove the care with which the author steers clear of any possible source of excitement, and thereby demonstrate more clearly the therapeutic merits of his work. The story is fitted up with two heroes, Mr. Ernest Plantagenet Montagu and Mr. Julius Montagu Scapegrace. They are brothers, the younger having changed his name for a fortune. One is in the army, the other in the navy. The first half of the first volume contains the events of a day; the principal of them are these. Montagu joins his regiment in country quarters; he buys two horses from a brother officer, who makes by the transaction; his brother comes to pay him a short visit; at night some of the officers attempt to break open the door of his room; the colonel comes to see what is going on, and Scapegrace throws some water over him; Montagu is put under arrest. It must be admitted, we think, that these incidents are admirably chosen for the end in view; but in case the reader should take too much interest in the result of the court-martial which follows upon the arrest, Montagu is described as being indifferent to the chance of being dismissed the service, and quite undetermined whether he shall not quit it of his own accord. Without this precaution it would perhaps have been difficult to endure the suspense of such a conversation as the following, which takes place on the very morning the sentence is made public. One of the speakers has just told the hero that the decision has come down :—

"'Is it against me?'
"'Perhaps.'
"'Is there any chance of its being for me?'
"'Perhaps.'
"'Why, it cannot be both.'
"'Perhaps.'
"'Why?'
"'I suppose I mean what the decision means—everything.'
"'Who is your informant?'
"'Colonel Loosefysh.'
"'What did he say to you?'
"'Nothing.'
. . . . "'Now what am I to gather from what you say?'
"'This, that, and the other.'
. . . . "'Where did you see Loosefysh?'
"'In his own quarters.'
"'What took you there?'
"'My legs.'
"'What did you hear.'
"'Much profane swearing.'
. . . . "'What, then, am I acquitted?'
"'No, I should say nothing of the sort.'
"'Well, then, what do you?'
"'Nothing.'
"'Then what has brought you here?'
"'To tell you everything.'
"'Well then, do tell me everything.'
"'No, I shall not.'
"'Why not?'
"'Because I have changed my mind.'"

The explanation of the mystery is that Montagu has been found guilty, but that the finding has been annulled by the Horse Guards; and as these facts are communicated to the reader upon the same page his anxiety is soon at an end. In the interval between the arrest and the trial Montagu goes to a ball. This takes fifty pages to describe, and of these twelve are devoted to his first interview with the heroine. In real life the conversations which take place under these circumstances present difficulties of no common magnitude, and the attempt at opening one not unfrequently results in finding yourself hopelessly stranded for want of something to say. In this case we are inclined to think that the best course is to abstain from useless and undignified struggles, and to wait calmly until your partner comes to tow you off. If she omits to do this, the opportunity is very favourable for abstract meditation. The unsatisfactory character of earthly enjoyments is an appropriate subject, and one which will probably occur to you without any effort of your own. Montagu and Miss Wyndham, however, were more fortunate. Each it appears had lost a friend, and the lady's friend was the gentleman's cousin, while the lady had once seen the gentleman's friend. Under these reciprocal influences they become rapidly intimate, and in the interval between his asking her to dance and the formation of a quadrille, they respectively express themselves thus :—

"'I have always considered that love is to be the great reward of Heaven; that when our spirits have thrown off the clods of clay, we shall be able to feel in all its perfection that transcendant emotion which deifies, even in this sad, dull world, everything which it illumes. I believe that in a future state its great reward will be the filling of the soul with a love so perfect, that its extacy shall know no more of diminution, hindrance, or cessation, than the flight of time itself.'

"'That idea,' said Montagu, 'never before presented itself in that form to my mind, but now you offer it to my consideration, I admit the picture is a thrilling one, and the happiness sufficiently known to man to be capable of appreciation, and yet at the same time so infinitely beyond his present capacities as to fill the intellect with amazement, and, if I may use the expression, overwhelm it in the labyrinth of an endless maze of joy.'"

If the scenes of the whole work were laid in country quarters it would have given but a poor sample of the author's powers. His best claim to our respectful admiration lies in the fact that when the hero's regiment is sent to the Crimea the same healthy tameness pervades every page. There is a good deal about green coffee and raw pork, and as soon as the author has said his say on those novel subjects, Montagu is wounded, and sent to Scutari, where he remains unconscious for some weeks. No amount of consciousness, however, could have enabled him to turn this interval to better account, since in a very few minutes after he has recovered his senses, he makes the following profound observation :—

"Alas! how little we know of war, when as boys and children we read of the glory of great conquerors. From the little I know of it, I would not accept the greatest fame ever attained by all the conquerors in the world put together, and in fact nothing that I have seen can justify war, except it be in such a case as that of Washington or Tell."

Probably, had he been wounded under either of those commanders, he would not have made this exception. After such a speech as this we are rather disappointed that his remarks on the occasion of the ball being extracted are not more original. As they are very brief we give them in full :—

"'Oh!' shrieked the patient.
"'All right,' said the assistant surgeon, 'here's the ball.'
"'Ah,' shrieked the patient.'"

It is almost needness to say that in the hospital at Scutari he meets Miss Wyndham. We should hardly have thought it worth while to mention so obvious an occurrence, had it not been signalised by a remarkable and, indeed, hitherto unrecorded effect of love. The sight of each other is stated to have produced an "electric shock on both sides of those young beings." So far as we are able to conceive this sensation it must have resembled two digs in the ribs, given simultaneously by two funny friends, between whom you have been walking. We are thus enabled to realise with new force the excruciating torments of this absorbing passion.

To the younger brother, who gives his name to the book, only a small part of its contents is devoted. This is partly accounted for by the fact that he is only fourteen years old, although the sentiments which are constantly escaping from his lips would do honour to any age. At the present moment, perhaps the most interesting of these pearls of speech is one which he drops while dining

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in the ward-room of H.M.S. Saucebox, shortly after joining her :—

"The Northerners already hate the Southerners to such an extent, there is no abuse in the vocabulary they do not expend in describing each other to strangers. Law and order are things for which they do not even profess the slightest respect. Slavery and trade are both subjects on which all their feelings and interests are opposed; and the whole United States, when I travelled in them with my father, reminded me of a powder magazine with a bonfire burning at the door."

A writer who puts this prophecy into the mouth of a boy of fourteen, ten years before the American civil war, must have an appreciation of human nature, the law of probabilities and the like, which is vouchsafed but to few. The personal history of this hero is marked by even fewer events than that of his brother. The most exciting moment is when he asks leave of absence to go and nurse his brother, and is refused. But even here the author is ready with a palliative. The captain is signalled for by the Admiral, before the midshipman has left the cabin, and immediately after he gets leave from the first lieutenant.

After all, however, there is some reason to fear that the class of persons for whom this work has apparently been designed—the sufferers from sensation novels—may not be much disposed to read it. Any child will eat poisoned sugar-plums if he gets the chance, but it requires some resolution to enter upon a course of lukewarm water by way of corrective ; and we doubt whether the young ladies, who have been kept from their natural rest by "No Name," or the "Woman in White," will care to make up for lost sleep by sitting down to "Seapegrace at Sea." Still we have so much respect for the writer's obviously benevolent intentions, that we feel a real pleasure in suggesting two quarters in which, if it is once properly introduced, it can hardly fail to secure a steady and perhaps even a large circulation. It the first place it will prove a most valuable resource to mothers who have sons in the army, when they are at home on leave. It is strictly a professional novel, for nearly every person in it belongs to one or other of the services ; it has a fast title, and the name of "Colonel Loosefysh" will in itself be a considerable attraction to the young military reader. And yet it is so proper, that any mother may let it lie on her drawing-room table, strong in the double security that none of her daughters will be able to read it through, and that it will prove perfectly harmless if they do. Secondly, it may be of use to the convalescent inmates of a lunatic asylum. There is a stage in the recovery from mental disease in which the patient requires to be provided with intellectual occupation in a form which shall not contrast too vividly with his late unhappy condition. Here is just the kind of thing he wants. The author himself is in full possession of his senses—the book is too dull to leave any doubt of that —while at the same time there is an absence of plot, of character, and of connection between one scene and another, which must attract notice even at Hanwell or Colney Hatch. We strongly recommend the publisher to send copies to the medical officers at all the principal asylums. No one has, up to this time, devoted himself to providing a supply of literature for the mentally afflicted. We are happy to say that the void is now filled up, and we shall look forward to a succession of fictions of approved imbecility from the peculiarly gifted pen which has given us "Scapegrace at Sea."

SHORT NOTICES.

An affluence of poetic words and the power of making them rhyme often delude a young writer into the idea that he is a poet. But neither are more than aids to poetry, and wanting a higher faculty, they do little more than betray. Mr. Spens has them ; whether he also possesses the higher power remains to be seen. His case is not proved by the book before us,* yet if he will control his fancy somewhat, eschew dreams, and addict himself more to realities, there is evidence in what lies before us of superior ability. Some of the minor poems, in which he has done this bear reading frequently, and improve upon acquaintance. After all, no matter what class of readers a poet addresses, he can never afford to lose sight of nature. Whether we peruse a novel or a poem, we look to see something kindred to our own feelings or thoughts reflected in their pages, and the fewer and simpler the words employed to produce that reflection, the better. The poet is a creator, not a vocabulary. Mr. Spens has yet to learn this. His verse is musical after its fashion, but his ideas are choked with fine words and extravagant imagery, of which he must get rid, if he hopes, as in his dedication he intimates, to write anything which will live. Such a rhapsody as this is not promising.

"My heart was somewhat weary, with a sense
Of longing for something yet unknown,
When I saw *her* clothed with an affluence
Of beauty, awe-inspiring as a throne;
Concentrating itself on her alone
The stately hall shed its magnificence,
The music breathed through her, and an intense
Glory of light around her presence shone—
A majesty of soul was poured on me,
New voices woke within my heart and brain,
And then there came a strange strange reverie
Tongue may not tell, heart shall not feel again,
Past, Present, Future chanted melody,
And cried, 'Thy life no longer shall be vain.'"

* Dreams and Realities. Edinburgh : Edmonston & Douglas.

Nor this ;—when after the lady's father has consented, their marriage is appointed—

"All seemed a wond'rous sea of light, when I
Entered her glorious presence, and her hand
Lingered in mine ; the words that I had planned,
Though living in my heart did fade and die
Ere they could reach my lips. Her majesty
Bewildered me, as too excessive day
May the clear vision of the uplifted eye
Dazzle into a dim obscurity."

This is the poetry of sound, not of thought and feeling. To contrast Mr. Spens with himself, it is a relief to turn fron his more ambitious poems to his minor ones. They, too, are occasionally spoiled by his love of airing his vocabulary ; but their metre is too short to admit of long-winded phrases, and compels a simplicity, against which, however, he fights manfully wherever he can. Here are some lines from the poem "Heaven's Shadow," which are worth a dozen of the rhapsodies from which we have already quoted :—

"The shades of stilly evening
In peaceful glory fell,
On the day memory loveth best,
In the sweet mossy dell.

* * * *

"All sweetly ! Oh, how sweetly !
To the wild gush of the tune,
That asked her love responsive,
Came the music of her own.

* * * *

"All sadly ! Oh, how sadly !
Memory brings up the day,
Where her baby at her bosom
I saw her fade away.

* * * *

"Oh, the huge earthquake change within
That time so dear before;
I thought that Nature's music then
Was hushed for evermore.

"And every lightest trifle touched,
And every trifle seen,
Linked with my own lost darling's life,
In curious ways had been."

But for the last poor line this verse would have been unexceptionable. Perhaps it is natural that, as a young poet, Mr. Spens should incline too much to the dismal ; but cheerfulness is an essential element of the true poet.

Mr. McCorkindale's poetry* is of an unpretending character, and though rarely rising above mediocrity, is notable for simplicity of expression and healthy tone of feeling. Many of the later portions of his book, he tells us, were written in moments of convalescence during a severe and lengthened illness, to divert the author's mind. If they succeeded in doing this they have probably exercised the highest influence destined for them. But there are lines here and there that spring from the heart, and we close the volume with the feeling that our time has not been wholly misspent in perusing it.

A lecture upon waste† seems from its title to promise some moral reflections on the imprudence of housekeepers and servants, with hints for their amendment, and practical suggestions on marketing, cookery, and the whole science of household economy. But when we glance down the title-page, and find that the author is not a modern Mrs. Glasse, but a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, we conclude that this idea must be a mistake, and that the "waste" to be descanted upon is of a more highly scientific character. So it proves. It is to the "waste" of the great Housekeeper, Nature, that Dr. Symonds calls our attention ; the waste of the fabric of the earth, of vegetable and animal life, and of man himself, "by his own folly and wickedness," by his fellow-man, "by greed and recklessness, and oppression and cruelty," by the elements, the failure of crops, the poison of marshes and jungles, by floods and earthquakes, and mysterious pestilences. These are topics fruitful of interesting reflection. Dr. Symonds is struck by the very little which man has done, considering how long he has been in possession of the world, and how his race has been multiplied.

"History tells us what myriads lie buried in the old Greek and Roman lands, and in all our modern Europe. Something, too, we know of the human relics that are blown about in the desert dust of Egypt and Palestine. Asia, mother of the nations, bewilders the imagination that tries to call up the series of races that, according to the most limited chronology, have hung on her mighty breast. Whoever has dared to push towards the pestilential interior of that quarter of the world, the fringe only of which, till in these latter days, travellers have been contented to touch, has found human life ever teeming, ever exhaustless : while, in what we call the New World, cities actually overgrown by ancient forests, and remains of old polities long worn out, and traces of a civilization which it must have taken ages to accomplish, and which it has taken ages to efface, tell how man there, too, has abounded. I say nothing of the tribes now dimly looming through the mists which have enveloped the primeval anthro-

* Poems of Early and Later Years. Simpkin & Marshall.

† Waste : a Lecture by John Addington Symonds, M.D., F.R.S. of Edinburgh. Bell and Daldy.

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pology of the earth, but which have had some light thrown upon them by the combined researches of the antiquarians and naturalists of these latter days. Every part of the survey increases our awe, and brings back on us a humiliating feeling of ignorance, far surpassing that which ensues on the contemplation of fossil infusoria and fossil saurians."

There are some interesting passages in the lecture upon that waste which is really transformation, of which the most striking type is seen in the changes of the great forces of nature "ever vanishing, ever re-appearing, ever destroyed yet ever preserved, going through endless phases of regenesis by virtue of their reciprocal convertibility." Again, on the lost literature of the world, and on the decay of aboriginal races before civilized intruders, there is much suggestive matter and good sense. But occasionally subjects are hinted as to which it is especially true that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and with this caution we recommend Dr. Symonds' lecture to the perusal of our readers.

Sermons are not in themselves objectionable things, but sermons in disguise are not fair. Under a title which promises something like personal interest, the author of "What my Thoughts are"* sermonizes through some hundred and thirty odd pages upon such topics as "The Meaning of our Life," "The Mystery of Suffering," "Christian Progress," "The Heavenly Kingdom," &c., all important enough, but not what the title of the book promises. Still, to those who are in want of such reading it will be welcome, for it is written with earnestness, and contains much that may be read with profit, and occasionally even with interest.

Mr. John Timbs presents the public with another of his useful books under a kindred title to those he has already published.† It is like his other works, full of information carefully compiled, and upon a wide variety of subjects. Anecdotes are interspersed bearing happily upon each topic; for instance, on "Teaching Young Children," Mr. Timbs tells the following story:—"Coleridge relates that Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. 'I showed him my garden,' says Coleridge, 'and told him it was my botanical garden.' 'How so?' said he; 'it is covered with weeds.' 'Oh!' I replied, 'that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.'" "A Trip to Constantinople"‡ will not add much to the information of those who have read anything about the women and eunuchs of Turkey, or concerning Miss Nightingale, her nurses, and the sisters of charity at Scutari.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, 16th March.

Medical—At 8½ P.M. "On a Case of Successful Excision of the Elbow Point." By the President.

Asiatic—5, New Burlington-street, at 3 P.M.

London Institution—At 7 P.M. "Opera." By J. Pittman, Esq.

Tuesday, 17th March.

Medical and Chirurgical—At 8½ P.M.

Ethnological—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8 P.M. 1. "Ethnological Notes on Formosa." By Robert Swinhoe, Esq. 2. "On the Commixture of Races—Western Asia." By J. Crawfurd, Esq.

Photographic—At 8 P.M.

Civil Engineers—At 8 P.M. 1. Discussion "On the Perennial and Flood Waters of the Upper Thames." 2. "Description of the Lydgate and Buckhorn Weston Railway Tunnels." By J. G. Fraser, C.E.

Statistical—12, St. James's-square, at 8 P.M. "On the Recent Financial and Taxation Statistics of the United States. By C. Walford, Esq.

Pathological—At 8 P.M.

Royal Institution—At 3 P.M. "On Animal Mechanics." By Professor Marshall.

Wednesday, 18th March.

Meteorological—At 7 P.M.

London Institution—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. (Soirée.)

Geological—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Correlation of the several divisions of the Inferior Oolite in the Middle and South of England." By Harvey B. Holl, M.D., F.G.S. 2. "On Recent Changes in the Delta of the Ganges." By James Fergusson, Esq.

Society of Arts—At 8 P.M. "On the Suppression and Extinction of Fires." By Mr. C. B. King.

Thursday, 19th March.

Royal Society—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On peculiar Appearances exhibited by Blood Corpuscles under the Influence of Solutions of Magenta and Tannin." By Dr. W. Roberts. 2. "On Quinidine and some Double Tartrates of the Organic Bases." By Dr. Stenhouse.

Antiquaries—At 8½ P.M.

Linnæan—At 8 P.M. 1. "Description of some Remarkable Malformations affecting the Genus *Lolium*." By M. F. Masters, M.D. 2. "On the Species of *Fusidæ* which inhabit the Seas of Japan." By A. Adams, Esq.

Chemical—At 8 P.M. 1. "On Native Coppers." By Professor Abel. 2. "Decomposition of Gun Cotton." By Dr. Divers. 3. "Chinoline Series." By Mr. C. G. Williams. 4. "Oxamide." By Dr. Attfield.

Numismatic—At 7 P.M.

Royal Institution—At 3 P.M. "On Chemical Affinity." By Dr. E. Frankland.

Friday, 20th March.

Royal Institution—At 8 P.M. "On the Nature of the Forces producing the Greater Magnetic Disturbances." By Balfour Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.

Philological—At 8½ P.M. "The Keltic Races of England; a Chapter of the History of England from its Dialects." By Rev. J. Davies.

London Institution.—At 7 P.M. "On Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

Saturday, 21st March.

Royal Institution—"On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller.

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The Recent Excavations at Rome.—In our description last week of the discovery of the remains of the church of San Clemente at Rome, we expressed a hope that the money would not be denied which is needful to our countryman, the Rev. Father Mullooly, for the completion of his disinterested task. We have much pleasure in stating that arrangements have been already made for the safe and speedy transmission to Rome of contributions from the archæologists and antiquarians of this country. Through this channel, donations from the Royal Society of Antiquaries of London, and from private sources, have already been remitted to the Prior of the Irish Dominicans at Rome. A subscription book has been opened at the publishers of the *Ecclesiologist*, 78, New Bond-street, and Mr. Murray, 50A, Albemarle-street, and Messrs. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East, have also kindly consented to receive contributions to the fund for these interesting excavations.

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THE HOPES OF POLAND.

SYMPATHY with the Polish race is not confined by any means to the Liberals of the Continent. It has suddenly become the fashion in the most eminent and the most Ultramontane circles. His Holiness the Pope has determined, if such be the will of Heaven, to have one more flirtation with nationalities before he dies, and to bestow the affection which Italy asks in vain upon revolutionary Poland. His example has been followed by his European flock. All over Catholic Christendom, pontiffs, bishops, and clergy follow in the train, executing the most sacred and the most paradoxical of dances in honour of the Poles. The Bourbons have caught the general infection. The Orleanists, or such of them as are penetrated with the spirit of true religion, have done the same. M. Montalembert, after a long seclusion, reappears, missal in hand, among the friends of liberty. His Grace of Orleans comes down from his pulpit where he has been cursing Garibaldi, with his face full of beaming love for the Catholic insurrectionists of Warsaw. In that part of the Tuileries which is sacred to piety and beauty, the effect has been, it is said, of a similar description. Tears have been dropped for Poland in a certain *boudoir*. Nor has Compiègne itself—the golden-sandalled, the bare-armed—forgotten to be moved. At so universal a storm of sympathy the saturnine De Morny shrugs his impassive shoulders all in vain. Poland, for the moment, is the rage. The Church and State unite, for the nonce, to tolerate revolutionary sentiments. The Imperial eagle and the golden lilies join in weeping tears of joy over the once truant and apostate, but now converted, regenerate, and Catholic *drapeau rouge*.

It is enough to turn the head of the "Revolution" to find itself suddenly in the very odour of sanctity, with its banners blessed by the Church and its praises sung by the esquires and ladies of the Court. When Austria is seen adding her contribution to the common fund of goodwill, it is time for Poland to reflect whether there is not something unnatural in all this sudden enthusiasm. M. Kossuth at this crisis appears, in the character and with all the solemnity of a political spectre, to warn the Poles that they are the victims of hallucination. He stretches his bony hand and tells them that the friendship of Austria is fleeting and visionary. It is the skeleton of the Egyptian feast. "I once have trusted Austria," he cries, "and lo! here I lie!" With all possible respect for the present decent intentions of the Austrian Court, it is impossible not to feel that M. Kossuth is right. Austria is, no doubt, to be congratulated on the new-found dignity which forbids her, upon any consideration, to play the part of the Russian police; or to return, in kind, the hideous favours she received at the hand of Russia during the Hungarian Revolution. Nor is it improbable that the indignation which the Vienna Cabinet exhibits at the Prusso-Russian convention is sincere, or at all events permanently assumed. A splendid opportunity has offered itself to them of catching infidel Berlin upon the hip. The chaste German Pallas has been found tripping, and the virtue of Imperial Juno shines out with triumphant austerity. Besides all this, there are many Austrians who would view a resuscitated Polish kingdom with anything but disfavour. Austria would reap advantage from it both as regards her influence in Germany and her relation to Russia. For all that, the Revolution had best not trust Austria. Her statesmen come of a reactionary stock, and she cannot gain territorially by European revolution. The flame of Poland may kindle flames elsewhere, and so long as the Poles are in armed rebellion, Austria cannot but tremble lest her outlying provinces should take advantage of the temporary paralysis of the despotism on her northern frontier. *Paries proximus ardet.* The house of her neighbour is on fire. She may resent the officious interference of the bystanders, and take a malicious pleasure in watching the progress of the conflagration; but it will probably be a relief to her to know that all is over.

For all available purposes, Poland has but England and France to look to in the hour of her emergency. England, when it is a question of making war for an idea, is apt to fight shy. As regards the Continent, we live an isolated life. Their politics touch us but little. Their language is as foreign to us as their habits of thought and action; and there is no common revolutionary instinct which makes our heart vibrate with theirs. England, moreover, is keenly sensitive to the horrors of a war. It is easier to kindle the spark than to know whither the wind will blow it, or in what the blaze will end. The natural impression of a bystander would, in all likelihood, be that Englishmen would never consent to a wild-goose chase after Polish independence. The Lord Mayor may hold his meetings and the public may subscribe their thousands of pounds to assist the wounded Poles; but when it comes to fighting, it may be said the Lord Mayor and public will retire and leave the Poles and the Russians to massacre one another. There is some truth in this view of the English nation. We are a generous, but by no means a Quixotic people; and when we are asked for our money or our life, we prefer giving our money. At this moment the French press accuses us, not without a show of plausibility in the opinion of impartial spectators, of a desire that France should bear the burdens of a Polish war, and that we ourselves should enjoy the privileges of neutrality. For these reasons, it cannot be said that Poland should rest her hopes in England or look for the gleam of British bayonets on Polish soil. As the French said in

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1831, we cannot get to Warsaw in balloons. On the other hand, it is plain that the misery of the Polish people has made a deep impression on all classes in the country. There is far more excitement and anxiety in their favour than there was in favour of the Italians at the beginning of the campaign in Lombardy. The nation, in a word, is in a state of mind in which an able Ministry might lead it as they chose. Lord Palmerston most probably will not be driven to ulterior measures by the public, should he choose to adopt the *laissez faire* policy that we have adopted recently in foreign politics. But the country will be prepared to follow Lord Palmerston, should he think fit to interfere between the Cossack and his victim. The question, therefore, is, Is it right and expedient that an English ministry should so interfere, and can they interfere safely, honourably, and with reasonable hope of success?

For France the question must present itself in a different shape. The epigram of Madame de Staël has at last come true. Napoleonism is now not merely a man, but a system. The Emperor has a part to play as chief and representative of the French Empire, independent of his personal feelings or his personal ambition. That Napoleon III. is made up of contradictory impulses, of a strange mixture of candour and reserve, of audacity and vacillation, of generosity and calculation, is evident. But those who attempt to scrutinize his conduct from this point of view alone, take but a one-sided view. The Emperor is more than an unusual combination of extravagant and romantic qualities; he is the head, and therefore also the slave, of a system. The Empire has taken upon itself a character to which it must be true, or forfeit half its power. France is the armed missionary of the revolution, of national independence, and of all that the French understand by the complex word civilization. Under this guise she has, within the last ten years, wrapped Europe in two wars, and threatened Europe with more than two. As such she has interfered in all quarters of the habitable globe, and is at present maintaining a large army on the banks of the Tiber and on the heights of Orizaba. The inconsistency would be monstrous if she laid aside the apostle's robe simply because it becomes dangerous to wear it. The French are proud and daring, and those who rule them must be the same. The Emperor cannot afford to seem to pocket an affront, or to bate anything of the immoderate pretensions he himself has raised. Much of the popularity of Imperialism rests upon the fact that the Empire found the French flag trailing on the ground, and has restored it to its old position. To obliterate the memory of Waterloo is the chief and foremost portion of the Imperial programme. By that its authors mean, not so much vengeance on those who humbled France in 1815, as to destroy and trample on the arrangements and agreements in which Waterloo compelled the French people to acquiesce. At that period of universal excitement Europe was at the mercy of the great Powers, and they did with her as they willed. To obliterate Waterloo is to undo all that was done after Waterloo. The restoration of Poland and Italy thus becomes dear to the French nation. They are not simply making war in such a case for an idea; they make war for the sake of satisfying a wounded, and yet an insatiable, pride.

When Louis Napoleon mounted the throne, he brought with him a written programme, to the spirit of which he has since adhered. Its main and leading idea was to break up and render for ever impossible a European coalition, and at the same time to place France once more at the head of the Continent, and in the van of progress. "*Ni la guerre universelle*," he cries, "*ni la paix sans honneur*." The wheel of Fortune has presented him in turn with varied occasions for dissolving confederate Europe into its component parts. The Russian war separated Russia and England, and sowed distrust between Russia and Austria. The Italian for ever severed England and Austria, and made Austria hate the very name of Prussia. A Polish campaign would perhaps complete the cycle. Austria, Prussia, and Russia would henceforward be at enmity; and the two sworn allies, England and Prussia, might be parted. Meanwhile old European reactionary systems—for the Emperor is generous and an idealist—would be passing away. A new Europe would be forming under the tutelage of France. The map of the future would define itself, the coming years would not seem all so dark. Such, perchance, might once have been the full purpose of the great Imperial Dreamer who presides over the councils of the Tuileries; and had it been so, Poland might have hoped. But years are thickening upon them. Age takes away the visions of youth and manhood, and even quenches the fiery purpose of Ambition. The great Duellist stands irresolute. Will he accept the courteous rebuke offered him by the Despot of the North, or will he descend into the plain, and submit to the perilous arbitrament of war? Should he decide on the course most suited to his name and least suited to his years, the conflict may be severe, but the result does not lie in shadow. To doubt that Poland would ultimately be free would be to disbelieve in the bravery of Europe's bravest soldiers, and in the progress of liberty and order.

THE BREAK DOWN OF THE CITY POLICE.

THE City authorities admit that their police arrangements broke down on the Saturday of the Royal reception, and that after this ample warning they broke down again on the following Tuesday evening. They exert all their ingenuity to prove that in the nature of things this must have been. Nor is their reasoning without some force, if we admit the premiss from which they start—the absolute necessity of a Lord Mayor and Corporation, with a force of peace officers under their exclusive control. Unfortunately, in an age which questions everything even this great dignitary and his colleagues may be called upon to show cause why they should exist, or at all events why they should retain their present powers. And it is certainly rather an awkward fact with which to commence the inquiry, that on the two days we have mentioned disorder reigned supreme within their jurisdiction, while order was maintained in the rest of the metropolis. No one who is acquainted with the circumstances will accuse Lord Alfred Paget of exaggeration, when he compared his feelings on approaching Temple Bar to those of arctic navigators who, after having been for some time locked up in icebergs, see in the distance open water. In order to ascertain whether it was really beyond the wisdom of man to prevent the Princess Alexandra from being in the hands of a dense and immovable mass of people at the north end of London Bridge for some twenty minutes, and suffering a like detention in front of the Mansion House; in order to solve the still more serious problem which arises out of the crushing, trampling, suffocating to death of some seven or eight persons on Ludgate-hill and in the Poultry upon the subsequent night,—it is requisite to recall the state of things which, by common agreement, existed on these occasions. In reference to the first, we need do little more than allude to the absolute helplessness of the City police, which compelled her Majesty's chief equerry to "chaff" and coax a way for the royal *cortége* through the good-humoured multitude. The indifference of the subordinates, like "No. 68," who refused to worry himself by assisting to prevent persons hanging upon the very carriage in which the Prince and Princess rode, was well matched by the heedlessness of their chief, who allowed the great centres of attraction to be occupied in such a manner as to preclude the clearance of a proper passage. That morning's crowd was, however, stationary; and no accidents occurred. But to those who could learn wisdom, without its lessons being driven home by fatal casualties, it might have been evident what such a crowd must be, if put in motion through the narrow streets of the City. And yet on the Tuesday night no steps were taken to hinder persons from debouching into the space before the Mansion House from each of the seven streets which meet there; nothing was done to prevent two streams meeting in the Poultry, while other streams flowed in from the thoroughfares on either hand, and vehicles forced a passage through the pedestrians; opposing currents were allowed to set both up and down Ludgate-hill without the slightest direction on the part of the police; the confusion certain to be created in a street of this limited width was aggravated by the multitudes who came over Blackfriars-bridge and down Farringdon-street and pushed their way into or against the body moving either east or west; barriers were nowhere erected to assist the constables in managing the traffic; and the constables themselves were barely discernible here and there in the agitated mass amongst whom they were supposed to keep order.

The reply of the Corporation to the heavy indictment involved in these facts is, first and foremost, the standing answer of all feeble and inefficient men or public bodies

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when anything goes wrong,—"It couldn't be helped." That it was helped west of Temple Bar, strikes them as a matter of no importance. They fall back at once upon the narrowness of their thoroughfares and the superiority of their attractions, which, they say, collected a greater crowd here than elsewhere. But, at the best, this only proves that the difficulty within was somewhat greater than that without their jurisdiction, and that it required to be met with greater precautions and a stronger force. According to their own account, nothing happened but what might have been foreseen, and therefore provided against. The straitness of these streets must have been obvious to them before, as after, the night of the illuminations. They were not insensible to the probable effect of some at least of the shows they provided. We have not forgotten how they sulked at having to turn up Chancery-lane, or the frankness with which they declared that no one would deign to look at the procession east of Temple Bar, unless Sir G. Grey allowed their Royal Highnesses to be set off by the brilliant escort of the Common Council in cabs. What we complain of is, that knowing all this beforehand, they did nothing to prevent the natural results. A narrow street may be passed through safely by as dense a column as can get into it, if this be not met by another column, or cut into and across from the sides. With a sufficient force of police, it is not impossible to prevent those going one way hustling those going the other, for each set can be compelled to keep its own side of the road. The Lord Mayor and Inspector Foulger are doubtless right in deprecating the erection of barriers, so placed as to obstruct the principal lines of traffic; but that does not prove that at the end of the side streets they would have been useless in preventing cross-currents, or in checking the sudden incursions of "roughs." But it is really quite unnecessary to argue this point, because the conduct of the City authorities on every Lord Mayor's Day settles it, so far as they are concerned. They then always erect barriers in exactly the positions we have described, and evidently with the object for which we contend they are useful. Their foresight was therefore shown by omitting, on an extraordinary occasion, the measures they deem judicious on one of so ordinary a character as the annual municipal procession. We might easily mention other arrangements which would have suggested themselves to an intelligent man at the head of an efficient force. But it is not worth while to inquire further what might have been done, when it is perfectly plain that nothing was done at all. The reason of this is not far to seek. Nothing was done, because nothing could be done with so small a body as the ordinary City police force. Barriers are useless unless you have men to keep them; traffic cannot be regulated unless you have the means of enforcing your regulations. No doubt it was felt by the chief, as well as by the rank and file—to quote Lord A. Paget again—"that they were so few in number that they were completely overwhelmed;" and, in point of fact, "they gave it up as a bad job." But that only raises the really important question, Why were they so few? How was it that, while there was an abundance of efficient police protection west of Temple Bar, any one who went east carried his life in his hand? By this time every one is aware that it was because the City, with its 130,000 inhabitants—about the twentieth part of the population of London—insists upon having a separate corps of a few hundred men, and is thus precluded from drawing, like the neighbouring districts, upon the large reserve which a small army like the metropolitan force can always supply for the wants of any locality where unusual crowds are gathered. The latter is elastic in proportion to the smallness of the area in which extra duty is ever required to be done, compared with that whose usual wants it is calculated to meet. The former cannot adapt itself to emergencies like those in question, because if every man were taken from his beat and transferred to the scene of action they could not cope with the multitudes who then fill the long line of streets which require to be strongly occupied. The civic authorities admit as much, by the plea that their police is adequate to ordinary demands; but that, for one so extraordinary as was lately made they cannot be expected to provide. Some of them, indeed, seem to think this is all that need be said, and that the public will thereupon acquiesce in their fatalistic reasoning, and accept as purely inevitable the slaughter of last Tuesday week.

Their friends in the press are, however, quite aware that this is not the inference likely to be generally drawn. They know that the public expects to be protected when the streets are overcrowded, as well as when they are in their normal condition. Conceding, therefore, that the City force is and must be too small to meet the call which great occasions make upon its strength, these writers urge that it is unnecessary to merge it in the metropolitan body, since their assistance can always be obtained when it is wanted. Why then was it not obtained on the 7th and 10th of the month? Or, rather, why were the offers made by Sir R. Mayne refused? Because, we are told, the Lord Mayor and Corporation were so irritated at the treatment they had received from Sir George Grey, that they determined to stand on their dignity and have no interlopers within their boundaries. If they were not allowed to go to Paddington, the metropolitan police should not come into the City. Some absurd notion of this kind must have prompted their conduct, or they would not have rejected assistance which they accepted under much less trying circumstances,—when the Emperor Napoleon visited Guildhall. But can anything show more strongly how inexpedient it is to leave the order and peace of any part of London at the mercy of men who are thus influenced by pique and vanity? We cannot consent to soothe by human sacrifices the wounded self-love even of a Lord Mayor. After our remonstrances with the King of Dahomey, consistency will not permit us to connive at the City potentate having a "grand custom" of his own, every time that his municipal territory is illuminated. It is time to deprive of power those who have shown that they exercise it without any due sense of responsibility. Apart, indeed, from this, it is most desirable, on general grounds, that the police of the whole metropolis should be under one and the same head. The existence of a small separate jurisdiction in the very midst of the large district over which Sir R. Mayne rules, must necessarily cause embarrassment and delay in the every-day work of the police. The action of two bodies under distinct heads cannot be so well combined or so prompt as that of one force under a single chief. And, as we have already pointed out, it is only by dealing with the metropolitan force as a whole that it is possible to concentrate on a particular district the strength requisite to meet unusual pressure. We are, however, told that although practical convenience would be served by this amalgamation, it is not to be thought of, because it would be a measure of centralization—would in some way or other strike a blow at the sacred principle of local self-government. This seems to us a singularly pedantic objection. What principle is saved by keeping the police of one-twentieth part of the metropolis under a head appointed by an elective body, when a Government functionary rules over that of the other nineteen-twentieths? The theoretical gain, if there be any, is certainly not sufficient to compensate for the practical disadvantage. Besides, it is quite possible to push local self-government too far. It is all very well that a parish should manage its purely parochial affairs; and we do not grudge the City the control of those matters which exclusively concern itself. But in the preservation of peace and the protection of life in the City, every inhabitant of the metropolis is interested; and we may, therefore, refuse to leave these entirely to the discretion of men who have shown that confidence reposed in them is peculiarly ill-placed. The day may perhaps come when London, united in one grand municipality, may see her whole police force under the direction of her elected representatives. But we cannot afford to wait until then for the abolition of the anomalous jurisdiction now exercised by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. It has proved itself a nuisance and an obstruction. Its maintenance serves no purpose except to gratify the pride of aldermen and common councillors,—a whistle for which we have already paid far too dearly.

THE DEBATE ON GREECE.

THE discussion this week on the policy of the Government with respect to the vacant throne of Greece was a striking illustration of some of the advantages enjoyed by her Majesty's Opposition for the time being. The loaves and fishes of office are, no doubt, chief among the desires of ambitious politicians, but the shady side of the House has also its pleasures, which they must leave behind when they cross the floor to the Treasury Bench. Revenge is proverbially sweet, and so is the self-complacent criticism of our rival's failures. To express the loftiest sentiments amid the

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cheers of your party, without the fear of receiving on the morrow a demand for explanations from the indignant representative of a great Power, and of creating a panic on every exchange in Europe,—to pour forth a flood of inspired prophecy after the events predicted,—to condemn the conduct of a government out of the mouth of its own results, without feeling called upon to indicate a different line of conduct which might have averted those and even worse results,—to move and set in order of battle the docile army of propositions furnished by "might, could, would, and should," when your opponent has nought but the comparatively scanty and stubborn array of accomplished facts,—surely these must be keen delights to men not gifted with more than an average share of forbearance and magnanimity.

Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better; and so, though argument and eloquence are useful things in politics, they are a mere feather in the balance when weighed in the opposite scale to success. And on Monday night the Government were placed in a disadvantageous position for meeting a discussion on the affairs of Greece, by their hitherto unsuccessful efforts to find an occupant for the undesirable throne of that ill-fated country. For this service they have morally bound themselves to the Greeks; but, as yet, their overtures to one prince after another have been rejected, and the well-wishers of Greece are beginning to fear that discord and anarchy may at length grow out of the long interregnum. For whatever is now amiss in the state of Greece, and for whatever mischief may there be brewing, the English Government, say the Opposition, are responsible; but, for our own part, as we have applauded the conduct of the Government from first to last, so now, notwithstanding their partial failure hitherto, we are still of opinion that they could not wisely have acted otherwise than they have done.

Though Mr. Gregory and others did their best to lead the debate far away from the point, the real gist of the charge made against the Government was, as Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald observed, very simple and narrow. It amounted to this, that after Lord Russell had explicitly told the Greeks that they could not have for their king a Prince connected with the Royal or Imperial family of either of the three Powers, he suddenly altered his tone, and instructed his agents to hold such language as gave the Greeks hopes of obtaining Prince Alfred for their king. This charge was evaded, rather than denied, both by Mr. Layard and Lord Palmerston; and it would be difficult for any candid mind to read the published correspondence without seeing that Lord Russell and Mr. Scarlett, after a time, ceased to tell the Greeks that Prince Alfred could not be allowed to accept their crown. Surely, then, it would have been better and more manly in Lord Palmerston to avow the truth, that this was done to baffle the French and Russian Governments; for, so far are we from thinking with Mr. Fitzgerald that it was "a disingenuous and tricky policy," we hold it to have been a perfectly fair manœuvre in diplomacy. The extraordinary popularity of Prince Alfred in Greece put in our hands a diplomatic weapon of irresistible might against the French and the Russians, and the Government would have been guilty of culpable negligence had they not turned it to the best account. There can be no question that the English Government were from the very first prepared to adhere loyally to the Protocol of 1830, and they expected a like fidelity to solemn engagements from the other two Powers; but when their suspicions were aroused, and they found the Russian Government in league with the French to violate the spirit, if not the letter of the protocol, by securing the throne of Greece for the Duke of Leuchtenberg, they at once drew back and put themselves in a posture of defence. "The long delay" (we quote Lord Russell's despatch of December 3rd) "which took place, the doubtful language of Prince Gortchakoff when Lord Napier asked whether the Duke of Leuchtenberg belonged to the Imperial family, and other circumstances, gave rise to the suspicion that the intention of Russia has been all along, in the first place, to exclude Prince Alfred, and, in the second place, to support the Prince Romanoffsky as the choice of Greece; or, at all events, Prince Alfred being removed from the scene without any corresponding stipulation on the part of Russia, Prince Romanoffsky might then have been put forward with every chance of success." Ample proofs of "the shuffling and evasion" with which Lord Palmerston charged the Russian Government are to be found in the correspondence. Mr. Fitzgerald had no words of condemnation for the Cabinet of St. Petersburg; but could any subterfuge be more contemptible than Prince Gortchakoff's "judicial" doubts about the exclusion of the Duke of Leuchtenberg by the terms of the protocol? For the Russian Minister must have known all along that the Duke of Leuchtenberg was not only the grandson of the Emperor Nicholas, but that he had been made a member of the Imperial family by a special ukase, and that his name was included in the official list for 1862 of the Imperial family of Russia. Well might Lord Russell drily say, "the judicial doubt raised by Prince Gortchakoff, and repeated by Count Bloudoff, seems at length to have been resolved by the unbought popularity of Prince Alfred, and the determination of the British Government that the protocol should not hold good for excluding an English Prince, and be deemed invalid for excluding a Russian." It is easy to imagine the taunts and invectives of which the opposition would have been lavish, if Lord Russell had suffered the Duke of Leuchtenberg to escape through the meshes of a diplomatic net, which had caught Prince Alfred. But, says that strenuous and daring statesman, Lord John Manners, it was the duty of the Government to stop the election of Prince Alfred, and then, if the occasion arose, "to proclaim boldly and manfully that England would not accept or respect the election of Prince Romanoffsky." This is all very well, now, for a would-be Cabinet Minister; but let us suppose that the English Government had suffered the exclusion of Prince Alfred without an express exclusion also of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and that the Russian Government, acting in concert with the French, had thereupon secured the election of the Duke of Leuchtenberg. We should then have been compelled to hurl remonstrance and menace in the teeth of the French and the Russians united; and supposing our opposition to the election of the Duke of Leuchtenberg had been successful, half Europe would have rung with denunciations of selfish and perfidious Albion, who had exposed the Greeks to the perils of anarchy by withholding from them the king of their choice, the man after their own heart. Whereas all these dangers were quietly put aside by the simple device of letting the Russians see that the Duke of Leuchtenberg was out of the field, so long as the Greeks had the faintest hope of inducing Prince Alfred to be their king.

It may, however, be said that this was shabby treatment of the Greeks, and that it was immoral to cheat them with false hopes for the purpose of checkmating a Russian intrigue, but for our own part we do not believe that practically the position of Greece has been made one whit the worse by the policy of England. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that the Greeks would have been deterred from electing Prince Alfred if an English agent had been posted at every polling-place to tell them that the Prince could not and would not accept their throne. They had set their hearts upon him, and they would think of none other. They made no disguise of the conviction that their stedfast will would triumph over diplomatic objections. "We know," said the National Guard to Mr. Elliot, "that there is a certain protocol which places an obstacle in the way of the realization of our wishes, but our act is Divine, for it is called the voice of God—'Vox populi vox Dei;' and who is he among human beings who will assume the responsibility of gainsaying the voice of God? We will persist, then, till our prayers are granted." No one, moreover, has yet ventured to complain, on behalf of the Greeks, that their chances of obtaining a king have been in any degree diminished by the fruitless election of Prince Alfred; and surely it is not for Englishmen to lament that an intelligent people, with a glorious past, have had an opportunity of marking their admiration both for constitutional government and the reigning dynasty of this country. Thus, a little diplomatic reticence did us a vast deal of good, while it did the Greeks no harm.

THE GAME LAWS.

THE House of Commons has maintained the reputation which it acquired last session, as a collection of determined game preservers. Smarting under the organized gangs of poachers, the senatorial sportsmen passed an Act by which the police have been converted into gamekeepers, and persons are practically obliged to account for being in possession of game. All inquiry into the facts which were supposed to justify this measure was denied—there was no evidence

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except that of some constables upon which its introduction was justified. The country gentlemen and the rich manufacturing sportsmen were determined to have their own way, and they had it in spite of the opposition of the Government and in spite of the strong arguments against such a course.

It was very amiable of Mr. Forster to propose the appointment of a committee to inquire into the mode in which the Act had worked. But the victorious squires had no notion of surrendering what they had just won. Indeed, it was only with great difficulty and amidst the uproar of those around that even the Home Secretary could obtain a hearing. Mr. Forster was defeated; and although the defeat was inevitable, it serves to show the temper of the present House of Commons and the elements of which it is composed. That there were good grounds for inquiry, it is impossible to doubt. According to Sir George Grey, a large proportion of the crime of the country is connected with the Game Laws, and there is a great and continuous increase in that class of crime. The number of persons proceeded against before the magistrates during the year 1857 for trespassing in the daytime in the pursuit of game was 3,567, and for night poaching 1,883; in all, 5,534 summarily charged with offences against the Game Laws. In the year 1861, the last year for which the returns are complete, there were 8,563 persons summarily charged before the magistrates for this class of offences, of whom 7,007 were convicted. The number of game cases brought before the magistrates in 1862 was no less than 10,135. Thus in six years there has been an increase of from 5,534 to 10,135 cases before the magistrates; nor does this include the heavier class of cases under the Night Poaching Act which are sent to the assizes. Now one of the main grounds upon which the committee was granted in 1845, was the connection between the Game Laws and the general crime of the country. And if in six years this class of crime has actually doubled, the same reason applies now with redoubled force.

The truth is that no legislature has any moral right to declare any act to be criminal which is not regarded as criminal by the mass of the people. The only effect of such legislation can be to demoralize our workpeople and to convert tolerably honest men into blackguards. Surely poaching is not worse than adultery or seduction. The peace of families is not less worth preserving than pheasants and partridges. These violations of morality are civil wrongs to be punished by damages in a civil action. But there is neither any rule of law nor any Act of Parliament which punishes them as crimes. On the contrary, they neither incapacitate a man from a seat in Parliament, from a place at the Board of Admiralty, or from filling some of the highest offices of the State. Even if the House of Commons were filled with immaculate angels, it would be unwise to alter the nature of such social offences, because the members of society would not sympathise with the severity of the law. If Parliament were filled with men who really cared for the labouring classes, or with labouring men themselves, the law of last session would never have been passed, because they would never have been brought to regard poaching as a crime. And the only reason why these laws are now maintained, is because the majority of the House of Commons are, in this case, bent upon gratifying their own selfish wishes, and care little for the welfare of their fellow-citizens in the lower ranks of society. Not only is the present Game Law too severe for the general sense of the public, but it does not accomplish its purpose. The real cause of the enormous increase in the number of poaching charges and of poaching gangs is to be found in *over-preserving*. In some counties there is none of that lawless spirit of cupidity which, as in Cheshire especially, induces great gangs to sally out armed at night in order to take game. How is this? Is it that in the counties where crime is rife there is an excess of game-preserving, whilst in those counties in which it is not so, game is preserved only to a moderate extent? However this be, the result of this inquiry would throw considerable light upon the policy of maintaining or extending the Game Laws.

Some men, struck by the admission that game is not property, and yet that attempts are continually made to protect it as property, insist that until this anomaly is got rid of the Game Law must be unsatisfactory. It is argued that pheasants and hares which are reared and fed upon a man's land are just as much his property as his fowls and dogs, and that the person who steals the one sort of property ought to be punished just as a man who steals the other sort. It is true that game has never been looked upon in this light; but then it is answered that game has never been considered of so much value. Perhaps, say the senatorial sportsmen, there is a difficulty about identifying a pheasant or a partridge which has been bred on a particular estate; but then they reply there is the same difficulty in identifying sovereigns and bank-notes. Nevertheless, it is obvious enough that the difficulty of identification is almost conclusive against the idea of making game property. Game is not like sheep or domestic fowls, or even money, because it has never been reduced into possession. If the man upon whose property a pheasant is bred is to possess a permanent property in that pheasant, it would become necessary in every poaching case to show where the bird was hatched. This, as it seems to us, would be practically impossible; and the difficulty of furnishing strict legal proof would compel magistrates and juries to stretch a point against the poacher. On the other hand, if the person upon whose land the pheasant is found is to have a special property in the bird, then there is no reason for any change in the old law.

The ground upon which a property in game is claimed is because of the trouble and expense to which land-owners have been put in rearing and feeding the game. But if the property is to be vested in those upon whose land the game is found, and not upon the land where it was reared, it is clear that the whole argument in favour of having a property in game must be abandoned. Nor is this all. Even if game were like money or cattle in its nature, it ought not to be protected at the public expense more than other commodities. If any man chose to strew Pall Mall with sovereigns, or if Messrs. Garrard or Hunt & Roskell were to allow their stores of jewels to remain open all night, Sir Richard Mayne would be perfectly justified in refusing to increase the number of his police officers, in shutting up the shops in question, and in carrying the distributor of sovereigns to a lunatic asylum. Proprietors must co-operate with the governing powers in protecting their property. And those who expose goods of enormous value, and thus excite the cupidity of their neighbours, must be allowed to do it at their own risk, and not, as is the case under the new Poaching Act, at the expense of the public.

OBSTINATE BELLIGERENTS.

WAR is a course of action which, *primâ facie*, requires an apology. Any war needs for its justification a definite object, and a reasonable prospect of success. A great war, a sanguinary war, a war on a gigantic scale, needs for its justification not only a well-defined but an attainable aim, not only a great purpose but a righteous one,—an object adequate in its magnitude, its desirableness, and its defensibility, to the blood that is shed, the treasure that is wasted, the suffering that is inflicted, the wealth that is destroyed, and the demoralization that is entailed. The original cause of the war may have been just, but the war may still be criminal if the bone of contention be very small, and the cost in men and money be very great. The object of the combatants may be of vast importance, and well worth a struggle; but nevertheless, if success be hopeless, the guilt of those who continue the struggle becomes manifest and heavy. Now, tried by any or by all of these principles, the persistence of the North in their endeavours to subjugate the South is clearly indefensible and wrong.

We may readily concede that at the outset the Federalists were justified, from their own point of view, in saying, "The dissolution of the Union is so great an evil, and so terrible a blow to the greatness of our country, that we prefer trying all the hazards of a civil conflict to tamely accepting such a catastrophe." We do not agree with them; but they might well think this honestly, and were therefore warrantable in acting accordingly. But having tried and failed—having found the task incomparably more difficult than they anticipated—having fought for two years, and raised two armies, and yet made no approach to the desiderated aim—the very grounds of their argument are cut from under them, and their obstinacy stands self-condemned. For not only has the preservation or restoration of the Union become, month by month, more utterly and obviously impossible, but the war itself has proved a greater blow to the grandeur, and a more complete sap to the strength of the country, than the dissolution itself could be. It becomes clearer and clearer that the subjugation of

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the South—even if any politician capable of weighing means, and facts, and chances, deemed it within the limits of sane anticipation—would not restore the Union, in any sense or shape in which such Union could be a source of either power or grandeur, since the intense animosity felt by the Secessionists to their foes, and now pretty well reciprocated by the Federalists, would render them far more formidable enemies, far more fatal elements, if re-incorporated, than if independent and outside. It would not be easy to picture to ourselves the degree of weakness for external action and of disturbance, suspicion, and danger within, to which the United States would be reduced, if the result of the war were so far favourable to the North as to impose upon that section the task of permanently keeping down, under Republican or quasi-Republican institutions, eight millions of fierce, exasperated, humiliated fellow-citizens, rendered still more ferocious and despairing by the disorganization of their daily life and industry which must follow upon the forcible and (so to speak) *penal* emancipation of their negro labouring class. The war, therefore, being no longer waged for an object which is at once distinct and attainable, has become a crime on the part of those with whom the question of its continuance or cessation rests.

Again. At the commencement of the conflict and before as yet any actual blow had been struck, all the most able and eminent statesmen of the Republic took a very clear and unassailable position. They avowed that, according to the fundamental principles on which the Governments of America were framed, if the people of the Seceding States really and unanimously, or by a considerable and indisputable majority, wished to leave the Union, the other States had neither the power nor the right to retain them by force; and that it would be at once suicidal, hopeless, and unjust to attempt it. This was the language, as we well remember, and as Mr. Russell's "Diary" has lately recalled to the world, of Mr. Seward, as well as of every other leading politician of the least weight and reputation. But they declared, at the same time, that they were satisfied that the majority in the South were in favour of remaining in the Union; that this party were coerced by a tyrannical and overbearing minority who had got the reins of Government into their own hands, and prevented any free or fair expression of public opinion. It was to liberate this silenced and cowed majority, to give this fancied section the means and the opportunity of speaking out, of organizing themselves, of asserting their freedom and their views, that the war was professedly commenced. "You will see," was the cry, "that as soon as our fleets and armies penetrate into the Southern States, all these loyal citizens will flock to our standard, repeal the Secession ordinances, and dissolve and disperse all these pseudo-Congresses and illegal Conventions, and the Union will be at once restored." Well, the experiment has been tried, and no one pretends now to doubt the result. There is *no* Union party in the South, and only a very modified one even in the Border States. The few, or the many, who, before Mr. Lincoln's warlike proclamation and first levy of 75,000 men, were opposed to Secession, soon disappeared, or became as vehement Secessionists as Jefferson Davis or Mr. Benjamin; and each succeeding month and every fresh opportunity of expression has brought to light a degree of unanimity of hatred and determination such as has scarcely been paralleled, except when Prussia rose against Napoleon, or when France, in 1792, conceived herself menaced with invasion by the Continental despots. On the very principles and showing of these Federal statesmen, therefore, they ought to abandon the war as no longer justifiable on any plea whatever; for the moment it ceased to be an attempt to enable the suppressed Unionists of the South to show their strength and avow their sentiments, it became an endeavour to suppress and enslave the Secessionist majority. No one now doubts that if the South were polled by the freest and most honest ballot, the result would show an almost or altogether unanimous vote in favour of total separation and independence; and no Federal politician dares to put the question on that issue. They are fighting, therefore, not to free the coerced Unionists, but to coerce the unanimous and ardent Secessionists; and there is no *American* doctrine on which such a fight can be defended. But those who saw clearly and justly in 1861 have become blinded by their exasperated passions in 1863, and have forgotten their old position.

The South, then, it is now almost universally admitted, cannot be forced back into the Union, and would be useless and worse than useless, if it could; a source of weakness, not an element of strength. The object, therefore, which in a certain sense warranted the war at first—or, at least, made the attempt worth while—cannot now be put forth as the justification for its continuance. But there is more than this. It is becoming abundantly evident that those very interests of the Union, which dictated, or were supposed to dictate, the war at first, now as peremptorily forbid its longer prolongation. Many Americans defended their resolution to bring back their "wayward sisters" by compulsion, on the plea that if they were suffered to go, others would follow the example, and that the first secession would not be the last. They fought to prevent the *further* disintegration of the Union—or, at least, they said they did, and the plea was admitted to be a strong and plausible one. But it now appears—and each successive mail seems to make it plainer—that the continuance of the war, the methods by which it is being carried on, the policy which it is developing, and the measures to which its exigencies compel the Federal Government to have recourse, are fast preparing that further disintegration, that second secession, which were so much feared. The Border States, though originally they desired the preservation of the Union, have, as we well know, far stronger sympathies with the South than with the North. Slavery, and the character which that institution developes, make them far more in harmony with the Confederates than with the Federals; and it is becoming probable that as soon as they are free to choose, their hesitation will not be as to which party they should join, but whether they will join either, and whether they had not better form a distinct confederacy of their own. The South-Western States, moreover, have given some warning intimations that they have elements and ideas of secession fermenting within them, and Illinois and Ohio in particular are little disposed to submit to the dictation of New England and New York, or to permit their interests to be trampled under foot or their citizens to be sacrificed in order to carry out the plans and crotchets of a party Government at Washington. They dislike slavery, and they insist upon the free and equal navigation of their great common artery; but they are not fanatical abolitionists like the men of Maine and Massachusetts, and they are weary of the bloodshed and disorganization consequent on a series of fruitless and bungling campaigns. If the war were to terminate now, there might be formed two powerful nations on the American Continent, each of which would have a grand future open before it. If the war continues much longer, it may well end in the creation of three or four confederacies—of which that of the New England States will assuredly not be the most populous, the most fertile, nor the most powerful. They should consider this very probable contingency in time.

THE POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF VOLUNTEERING.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S new Volunteer Act will soon be in the hands of the House of Commons, and the time is favourable for taking stock of the position and probable future of the Volunteer force, who by this Act are to be put on a more defined and regular basis, and are to be acknowledged as a permanent institution of the country. Originating in a moment of panic, and looked upon at first as a temporary resource, the system is now seen to be thoroughly suited to the genius of the nation, and all are agreed that it must be kept on foot were it only for the purpose of preventing panic for the future. Indeed, the Volunteers may be considered as a luxury which we have got accustomed to; and just as Sam Slick found that, wherever he left one of his clocks for a month on trial, it became a necessary of life, and was sure to be paid for when he called for it at the end of that time; so now "human nature" requires that we should pay what forfeit may be necessary in order not to lose our "third line of defence." Already the nation has been drawn on some way in this direction. First ten per cent. of the rifles, then all the rifles,—then ammunition, adjutants, drill instructors, have been given by the War Office. But still the Volunteer corps, like a legion of Oliver Twists, opened their mouths, and asked for more; till the Volunteer Commission was appointed to decide in effect the question, for how much the fee simple of the Volunteers might be bought; at what price the Government might hope to keep up their numbers at the present point, so as to increase the efficiency and not

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to interfere with the general character of the force. Of the witnesses examined nearly all earnestly asked for further aid, for pecuniary aid; and all persons, Commission, witnesses, and public, are quite agreed that finality should be the object aimed at; that a settlement should be made, once for all, of the claims of the Volunteers; that they should be admitted into the Estimates on a recognized system, and that no hope should be held out to them of getting anything more.

That the Volunteers do require further aid may be taken as admitted. The captain of a corps in the rich suburban district about Harrow, and one commander of a country corps in Sussex, whose affairs seem to have been managed with unusual judgment and economy, told the Commission that they could do without it. But these are exceptional cases; and if such corps as these will not be the better for the aid proposed, they will scarcely be the worse for it. On the other hand, the evidence was overwhelming to show that, without aid, especially in clothing, very great efforts would be necessary everywhere to keep the force at all on its present footing, and that many of its most valuable portions, as for instance the artisan corps of Glasgow and other places, must infallibly fall to pieces. The country has scarcely a right to call on Volunteer officers for such efforts as in some places they are making, for what is, after all, a national purpose, even if it were likely that such efforts could continue. In one great English town, it is said, the method of obtaining new uniforms is as follows. The Volunteer, when he finds his uniform getting shabby, absents himself from drill. On remonstrance from his captain, he informs him that he regrets his inability to attend, but that his uniform is not fit to appear in; upon which the captain writes back to say that if the Volunteer will call at a certain tailor's, he will be measured and supplied with a new uniform, of course at the captain's expense. This state of things is scarcely desirable, and must soon end. On the other hand, the proposed extra vote of £200,000 for Volunteers, a mere drop in the ocean of the army estimates, will relieve many zealous supporters of the movement, and will be felt as a burden by nobody.

There seems little reason to doubt that the form of aid proposed, that of a capitation grant, to be applied to certain purposes by the commanding officer at his discretion, will prove the best form which could have been adopted. This system, applied by Government to schools with success, has nevertheless found strong objectors in the case of the Volunteers. Yet the cases are very nearly parallel. If a school produces a certain number of boys trained in a certain way, each boy having attended so many times, and can satisfy a Government inspector, you give so much public money in aid of the school, calculated upon the number of boys trained. By a complete analogy, if a Volunteer corps can muster a certain number of men trained as per regulation, with so many attendances each, and who satisfy a Government inspector, you may fairly give it a sum of money calculated upon the number of Volunteers trained. The principle is precisely the same,—aid to voluntary effort in a matter in which the State is interested, and payment by results. The confusion has arisen from mixing up the idea of payment of £1 per head to the managers and supporters of Volunteer corps for each man drilled, with payment of £1 per head to each man drilled. This is what no one has for a moment thought of proposing. But even this, at which we all hold up our hands in horror now, is no more than is contemplated by the old Volunteer Act, under which the present Volunteers are raised; and the Volunteers of the war against Napoleon were regularly paid as soldiers are, whenever they assembled for drill and training. Moreover, the existing Act gave exemption from the hair-powder tax, then a real exemption from a tax of over £1 a year certainly to many, and probably to all Volunteers; and exemption from the Militia ballot, then an important privilege, now a dead letter. The only public privilege the modern Volunteer enjoys is that of passing a toll-gate when in uniform for nothing. Besides these exemptions, and their pay when called out, it appears from a War Office return appended to the Blue-book, that the old Volunteers received a free outfit, a clothing allowance of £1 per man every three years, and 6s. 8d. per head per annum for repair of arms; and that their average cost per man per annum was £4, exclusive of arms and ammunition.

In view of these advantages enjoyed by the old Volunteers, some of the witnesses before the Commission suggested that some really valuable exemptions should be extended to the Volunteers of the present day; that the horse-tax or the dog-tax at his option should be remitted to an effective Volunteer, and even that he should be exempted from serving on juries. We may even hear, if Mr. Walpole should be again at the Home Office, that it is proposed to confer the elective franchise upon the Volunteers. They certainly are fitter for it as a class than the Militia. It is not, of course, probable that Parliament really will grant any new exemption to the Volunteers, because there is now no tax which belongs to and affects volunteering as the hair-powder tax would have affected the old Volunteers whenever they dressed for parade, and as the horse-tax would affect the Yeomanry.

On the whole, the recommendations are wise, and it is to be hoped the Act may pretty closely follow them. But there are points on which much caution will be required, especially in dealing with the constitution of administrative battalions. These are a necessary innovation of the War Office in the last few years, and are not contemplated by the old Act. Colonel M'Murdo, indeed, in his evidence before the Commissioners, treats them as entirely provisional, and holds that in case of invasion almost every one of the corps composing them would become the nucleus of a separate battalion. But whether this be probable or not, it is very desirable that their present organization should be made as efficient as possible; and we hope the Government will deal satisfactorily with this knotty point of the modern Volunteer question.

But are the Volunteers worth all this expenditure? Adam Smith somewhere says that for a people to be untrained to arms is as disgraceful as for a man to be effeminate or emasculate. And surely in modern, as in ancient times, it may well be thought the duty of the State to promote the physical as well as the moral training of its inhabitants. It is no small thing to have, in case of invasion, 160,000 men well-armed, tolerably trained, subject to martial law, and organised in companies and battalions. But whatever would be the worth of the Volunteers if called on to face an enemy, at least they have given confidence, prevented panic, taken away our reproach as a shop-keeping nation, utilized in some degree for warlike purposes those sturdy and laborious classes whom, otherwise, nothing but the conscription or the Militia ballot could ever have touched. Rifle shooting steadily extends and improves. We have, and as long as volunteering continues we are sure to have, the best rifles, rifle instructors, and shots in the world; and our schools of musketry have been raised from mere army into national institutions. We have lately seen what the Volunteers are as part of a great national pageant or festivity. Again, the effect of volunteering upon the habits of all classes has been excellent: a sergeant in the London Scottish, himself a jobbing workman, actually declared, in his evidence before the Commission, that he considers "that a man who is a Volunteer is worth, in money value, 3s. a week more to a jobbing master than a man who is not." The proportion of town to country population every day grows larger; and if the Volunteer movement can be consolidated by Government help, the town corps, admitted to be the most valuable, should year by year steadily increase. Every great centre of population, where wealth most tempts invasion, would have its own citizen army, which, if invasion threatened, could meet and train in brigades and divisions without deserting their usual occupations. Bristol, Liverpool, Brighton, London, can concentrate with ease their 5,000, 10,000, 15,000, or 20,000 men; and what is done now for purposes of mere amusement and holiday making, is but a small measure of what would surely be accomplished, if patriotism called for it and the country really needed it.

THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

Our highly-instructed contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, after having devoted no less than four elaborate articles to the unqualified glorification of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," has now undertaken the difficult task of keeping that gentleman's reviewers in order. In what might fairly be supposed, from the nature of the authorities quoted in it, to be a *communiqué* from the historian himself, the *Saturday Review* attempted last week to meet a portion of the numerous objections which have been urged against the prejudiced and passionate gossip upon which Mr. Kinglake has founded many of his most telling slanders; and it has announced the probability that, in future numbers, further

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efforts will be made by it in the same direction. In a word, the *Saturday Review* has constituted itself Mr. Kinglake's official organ.

We are pleased to see that our highly-instructed contemporary has not accepted this onerous appointment without serious misgivings. He cautiously withdraws the entire confidence and admiration which he had previously expressed in the accuracy of Mr. Kinglake's facts, and in the justice and moderation of his sentiments, and now warns the public that henceforward he by no means pledges himself to all the details, much less to all the expressions of opinion which the History contains. All that he purposes to attempt is modestly to show that, "in having accepted Mr. Kinglake's book as history, he has not been as credulous or as precipitate as some of his contemporaries would make him out to have been." But an arrangement of this kind has its defects as well as its obvious advantages. If the *Saturday Review* is to be Mr. Kinglake's official organ for the future, its writers must unquestionably have free access to the reserved authorities upon which any disputed statements are supposed to be founded, otherwise it can hardly do effective battle in its client's behalf. Now, we will undertake to say that few persons can have read the preface prefixed to the History of the War without entertaining strong doubts whether Lord Raglan's representatives are justified in having handed over that nobleman's private and confidential papers, as they are stated to have done, to an extraordinarily violent partizan, to be utilized as his indiscretion or his passions may dictate. Mr. Kinglake tells us that the papers thus placed at his mercy comprise "not only all the military reports which were from time to time addressed to the Commander of the English army by the generals and other officers serving under him (including the holograph assertions of the part they had taken in the battles), but also Lord Raglan's official and private correspondence with sovereigns and their ambassadors, with ministers, generals, and admirals; with the French, with the Turks, with the Sardinians; with public men, and official functionaries of all sorts and conditions; with adventurers, with men propounding wild schemes, with dear and faithful friends." The entire secrets of the campaign appear to have been thus laid open to Mr. Kinglake, from "the strategic plans of the much contriving Emperor, still carrying the odour of the Havannahs which aid the ingenuity of the Tuileries," to "the rival schemes of the enthusiastic nosologist who advised that the Russians should be destroyed by the action of malaria; the elaborate proposal of the English general who submitted a plan for taking Sebastopol with bows and arrows; the hurried scrawls of commanders writing to their chief under deep emotion." In our humble opinion, the only party to whom this mass of most secret and strictly confidential matter ought with propriety to have been confided was the Government by whom Lord Raglan had been employed. It is clear that any subsequent misuse or abuse of such delicate materials might seriously discredit and embroil this country with her allies; might stamp with undeserved infamy the memory of the gallant dead; or might blight the professional reputation, or ruin the private characters of living men. Nevertheless, we are told that Lord Raglan's representatives have thought fit to hand over all these papers to Mr. Kinglake to deal with as he thinks fit, laying no restrictions upon him of any kind. The trust is indeed an important one; and one which should be scrupulously and delicately discharged. Documents such as those in Mr. Kinglake's possession ought to be carefully guarded and conscientiously handled; they ought neither to be hawked about the clubs and *coteries* of London by garrulous and over-officious quidnuncs, nor ought they, as we fear they have been, to be placed at the disposal of even such discreet and amiable commentators as the practitioners of the *Saturday Review*.

We say this, because we find, in last week's impression of that paper, a passage quoted from a private letter of Lord Raglan, which has not yet been given to the public, and which we therefore conclude forms a portion of the secret and confidential papers entrusted by Lady Raglan to Mr. Kinglake, and to Mr. Kinglake alone. If the letter in question was a letter fit to be published at all, it ought surely to have appeared unmutilated in Mr. Kinglake's work; and we cannot but consider it somewhat indecent, that papers handed to that gentleman for serious historical purposes, should, with his sanction, thus be doled out to the public piecemeal by professional controversialists. If Mr. Kinglake is himself the author of the article in question, our strictures are of course at once deprived of their point; but until we have positive evidence of that fact, we shall prefer supposing that it has emanated from the incapable pen of some indiscreet friend.

The disputed points to which the Reviewer, whoever he may be, has chiefly adverted, are—the alleged misplacement of the buoy by the French, and the imputations on the French Emperor's personal courage, in which Mr. Kinglake is asserted to have indulged.

The Reviewer considers that he triumphantly establishes the fraudulent misplacement of the buoy, by citing an isolated paragraph from an unpublished letter of Lord Raglan, which seems to state that when the *Agamemnon* came upon the buoy at daylight, Lord Lyons "found that the French naval officer had deposited it at the extreme northern end of the beach, and had thus engrossed the whole of the bay for the operations of the French army."

The Reviewer does not pretend to consider this testimony as conclusive, inasmuch as it was not Lord Lyons, but his flag-captain—Mends—who had been entrusted with the practical arrangement of the disembarkation, and who knew exactly where the buoy ought to have been placed. But he conceives it to be of sufficient importance to entitle him to crow with considerable shrillness over the *Times* and other critics, who have pooh-poohed Mr. Kinglake's absurd hypothesis, that the trick was designedly played by the French, in order to bring the expedition, of which they disapproved, to a premature and disastrous end. "When Captain Mends comes forward," says the Reviewer, "we shall know the truth."

Well, it happens, curiously enough, that Captain Mends has come forward, and has had his say on this point at considerable length, although neither Mr. Kinglake nor his exponent in the *Saturday Review* appears to be aware of the fact. In the *Journal of the Operations conducted by the Corps of Royal Engineers, published in* 1859, *by order of the Secretary of State for War*, Vol. i., p. 264, is to be found a report of the landing of the English army, by Captain Mends, "the officer who designed and had the charge of the arrangements for the disembarkation of the troops." Captain Mends gives a detailed account of these arrangements, accompanied by numerous carefully prepared diagrams, and states that the operations were accomplished with the most perfect order and success, and with no other *contretemps* than what was occasioned by heavy weather:—

"On the morning of the 14th," writes Captain Mends, "the *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, and *Spitfire*, steam tug-boats and transports, anchored at 6.50 a.m., abreast of the strip of beach which separates lake Kamishly from the sea, known on the charts as Old Fort, as did the French and Turkish fleets about the same time a little further south. *Owing to the circumstance of no enemy appearing to oppose the landing of the troops, the original arrangements were, to a considerable extent, departed from.* The French, on discovering the absence of an enemy, commenced disembarking their troops at 7 a.m., before the British ships of war, excepting those named above, and some few of the transports, had taken up their appointed stations. Lord Raglan (who by this time had come on board the *Agamemnon* from the *Caradoc*), Sir Edmund Lyons, and Sir George Brown, after a short deliberation, decided that the signal should be made to land," &c. &c.

A little further on Captain Mends says:—"The disembarkation occupied four days. Our allies, the French, having commenced landing before we did, and having a smaller number of men and no cavalry, completed the operation before us. On the evening of the 16th a French steamer towed alongside the *Agamemnon* six *chalandes*, placing them at our disposal in case we needed them; an act of courtesy that was duly acknowledged." And this is positively all that Captain Mends says in his report as to the conduct or misconduct of the French during the disembarkation of the armies at Old Fort. It is very singular that Mr. Kinglake should not have come across Captain Mends' report during the nine years which he has employed in collecting materials for his history; if he had, it is presumable that we should have heard nothing of this "profoundly designed scheme of the French to bring the enterprise to a premature conclusion by displacing the buoy, and thus criminally creating a scene of ruinous confusion, which would have mixed up our troops with the French, and have ended in angry and violent conflict between the forces of the Allies." Nor would there, in that case, have been any occasion to tell us that "Lyons, moving before dawn in the sleepless *Agamemnon*, saw where the buoy had been placed by the French in the night-time, and gathered in an instant the perilous import of the change. He was more than a mere performer of duty, for he was a man driving under a passionate force of purpose." Therefore, seeing an equally good beach to land upon a few hundred yards lower down, this wonderful man is stated by Mr. Kinglake to have actually landed the English troops upon it, and thus to have saved our army, and baffled the sinister machinations of our infamous allies! And this he is said to have done so quietly and secretly, that even Captain Mends—upon whom all the arrangements of the disembarkation devolved, and who subsequently made the detailed report from which we have quoted—never knew anything about the perils

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which the expedition had thus escaped, until Mr. Kinglake's book was published a few weeks ago!

The other point on which Mr. Kinglake has been arraigned before the bar of public opinion is the ignoble charge of personal cowardice which he has, not directly made, but persistently insinuated, against the Emperor of the French. The Reviewer flatly denies that Mr. Kinglake has ever made any such charge, and quotes a passage from the History, which we admit contains no charge of the kind. But this sort of defence is but a poor imitation of that made by the Irish prisoner, who considered that he had satisfactorily rebutted the evidence of two credible witnesses who had seen him commit a murder, by producing four other equally credible witnesses who were ready to swear that they had not seen him commit it. When a writer states that a General at the head of an army turns green when exposed to personal danger, and becomes incapable of giving either coherent or useful orders, we conceive that we may affirm, without fear of contradiction, that that writer has accused the General of personal cowardice. And this Mr. Kinglake has said of the French Emperor. The Reviewer, having energetically denied that Mr. Kinglake has accused Louis Napoleon of poltroonery at all, simply enough adds that he has evidence to adduce in support of what Mr. Kinglake has not said of him, viz., that he is a poltroon. And his evidence turns out to be that of one Kirwan, a barrister, who deposes that he was at Boulogne in 1840, when the Emperor landed there, and that he was there acquainted with a market-woman, of Bonapartist principles, who was in the habit of affirming that Napoleon was *un poltron*, and *un faux brave*, and who professed to be greatly scandalized at his appearance because he had the colour and complexion "*d'une feuille morte*." The Saturday Reviewer considers "that this expression exactly confirms one of Mr. Kinglake's most graphic touches, the accuracy of which has been especially called in question."

Now, if Mr. Kinglake, as the Reviewer declares, has brought no charge of poltroonery against the French Emperor, we cannot for the life of us perceive what this rigmarole story about an Irish barrister's acquaintance with a French *poissarde* of Bonapartist principles, who was in the habit of calling Louis Napoleon scurrilous names, has to do with the argument; nor do we see that the fact of a Mr. Kirwan, an entirely obscure and unknown person, having given permission to the Reviewer to mention an absurd piece of worthless gossip, and to give his name, enhances anything but the ridicule which ought to attach itself to an historian who is so gullible as to mistake such rotten chaff for good grain.

Mr. Kinglake has thought fit to question the truth of the description given by the *Moniteur* of the personal danger to which the French Emperor was exposed at Solferino, on the ground that but one of his staff and escort was wounded on that occasion. He states that "all these horsemen covered altogether a good deal of ground, ground as broad and long as many a whole street; and if they had really intruded themselves into any part of the field where there was what might be called 'fighting,' then, humanly speaking, they must have undergone dreadful carnage. It so happened, however, that of all this acreage of horsemen, not one was killed, and but one wounded." The Reviewer, on what authority we know not, states the exact number of the Emperor's staff and escort at Solferino to have been 250. Assuming the statement to be exact, we must remark that if either Mr. Kinglake or his exponent had been military men, they would have known that 250 horsemen do not cover ground as broad and as long as many a whole street, and that the entire acreage which they would have covered would have been something less than a quarter of an acre. They would have known, too, that a General taking his staff with him under fire for purposes of observation or example, would certainly not expose his escort also if he could avoid doing so; and they may ascertain, if they like to inquire, that Lord Raglan at Inkermann did not suffer the two troops of Hussars who formed his body-guard to accompany him to the front, where they could only have served to draw down upon him and his staff the attention of the enemy's gunners and riflemen. And we repeat that a reference to pp. 204-5-6 of the second volume of the History will show, that as far as the historian himself and Lord Raglan and his horse "Shadrach" were concerned, Mr. Kinglake considers it quite possible for both man and beast to be subjected to a fiery furnace of the most intense temperature for a very considerable time, and yet to emerge from it unsinged. Indeed, we consider those three pages to be the most graphic and thrilling portion of the whole book. We read in them of Russian gunners making admirable practice both with round shot and shell, the latter bursting "a little above the white plumes of Lord Raglan and his staff," so judiciously were their fuses cut.

"This method," says Mr. Kinglake, "was tried so industriously, and with so much skill, that *a few feet over the heads of Lord Raglan and those around him there was kept up for a long time an almost constant bursting of shells*. Sometimes the missiles came singly, and sometimes in so thick a flight that several would be exploding nearly at the same moment, or briskly one after the other, right and left, and all around. The fragments of the shells when they burst tore their shrill way down from above harshly sawing the air; and when the novice heard the rush of the shattered missile along his right ear, and then along his left, and imagined that he felt the wind of another fragment of shell come rasping the cloth on his shoulder almost at the same moment, it seemed to him hardly possible that the iron shower would leave one of the group untouched."

Now, supposing that the *Moniteur* had written all this of the Emperor of the French at Magenta and Solferino, and had added, what Mr. Kinglake is unluckily obliged to add, that "none of the staff were wounded at this time;" what merciless fun the historian of the Crimean War, and his exponents in the *Saturday Review*, would have made of that much bespattered monarch—what withering gibes he would have hurled at the impudent mendacity of the Men of December, bold only on the boulevards of Paris against peaceful citizens, cravens of the greenest hue when opposed to armed foes in real battle?

The odd grievance with which the Reviewer concludes his article possesses one merit,—that of originality. He complains that all the distinguished men whose reputations have been assailed by himself and his *protégé* perversely persist in maintaining a contemptuous silence, and utterly decline entering into a paper war with either of them. He asks whether this is creditable or fair conduct towards Mr. Kinglake and himself. "Why," exclaims he, "does not Sir George Brown write to the papers, and conclusively contradict what we have said of him? Why do not the surviving members of Lord Aberdeen's slumbering Cabinet plead before the tribunal at which we have arraigned them? Even Captain Mends cannot be provoked by our misrepresentations into pen and ink. Are we so insignificant or so unworthy as to deserve such mortifying neglect? What can this ominous reserve possibly mean?"

We should have little difficulty in answering these impassioned queries, but we have some delicacy in doing so, inasmuch as our explanation might not be perfectly agreeable either to the Historian or the Reviewer—we therefore forbear.

WIVES OR ANGELS.

The large number of marriages which took place on the 10th inst. show that in matrimony, as in other things, the example of Royalty is infectious. There can be little doubt that the Registrar-General will have to report an unusual increase of matches in this year 1863, and especially in the first quarter or so. Why ardent lovers should become more ardent at the spectacle of a Royal wedding may be difficult to explain on philosophical grounds; but, constituted as human nature is, there can be no doubt that the constant perusal in the newspapers of details of nuptial bliss—the constant sight in the shop-windows of the portraits of a young couple illustrious by station, but more tenderly interesting from the light of romantic affection that hangs about them—acts as a perpetual incentive to those who are not yet mated, but who desire to be. This, of course, is particularly the case with women; but even men are not altogether free from the genial influence. If the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales be really all that report has told us, it goes far to realize some of the pleasantest incidents in the fairy literature of our youth. Had Albert Edward but won his bride by perilous adventures and chivalrous achievements, it would be a story for some living Madame d'Aulnoys (if we only had one) to chronicle in alluring legends.

That the marriage may be as happy in its entire course as it has been at its commencement, we all desire. But what shall we say of the other marriages that have taken place in consequence of this bright example? We may hope the same; but how far are such hopes likely to be realized where the numbers are so large? It is one of the saddest facts in life that marriage is often a failure; and it is so, in many cases, not because of any great vice on either side, but simply by reason of a false estimate of the conditions by which the married state, like all other states, is governed. The root of the evil lies in perverse principles affecting the whole social intercourse of the sexes. In the minds of a large proportion of young men, the feeling with regard to women is a mixture of sham gallantry and real disrespect. They have no opinion of the female intellect, and no reverence for the female character. How so low an estimate of the feminine nature can be arrived at by any man who recollects that he has, or has had, a mother (for

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we may set aside as of no account the few monstrous exceptions to the sacredness of the maternal character), is difficult to explain; but the fact is too often manifest. It is a vice of fashion and of training, which, like most vices, has the power of reproducing itself by the contagion of example. We may deplore its existence, but we must take it into our calculation. Young men often find themselves expected, on entering the world, to be extremely complimentary and deferential to women before their faces, and cynically contemptuous of them behind their backs. The old schoolboy sense of scorn for "those girls" is retained, but is decorously hidden behind a thin veneer of gallantry. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that there is an attempt to hide the rougher and more genuine feeling, for the untruthfulness of the profession is made manifest by its fulsome exaggerations. The showy nonsense uttered by young men in ball-rooms is resented at heart by all girls of intellectual capacity and common self-respect; but it is unfortunately encouraged by the more frivolous, who do not detect the real indifference it masks, or who yield themselves willingly to an enchantment which they know is false, but which they feel is pleasant. There are, of course, two forms of gallantry—the true and the spurious. That feeling of tender, protecting regard for women, as the weaker of the two sexes, which seems to have originated with Christianity, or at any rate to be more directly encouraged by the religion of equality than by any other, is the genuine gallantry of cultivated and considerate men. It finds its loftier expression in the solicitude with which manly natures shield women as far as possible from the rough accidents of life; and its lighter in the brightness and gaiety of social intercourse. The spurious development of gallantry we all know too well. It is the reproduction in general society of the simpering airs of a Beau Brummell, rendering service itself distasteful by officiousness, and compliments offensive by their grossness. The type of true gallantry may be seen in the Chevalier Bayard; that of false gallantry in the vulgar gentility and barely disguised selfishness of Samuel Pepys, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty, and hanger-on at the Court of Charles II., or in Charles II. himself. It was, indeed, in the reign of that monarch that spurious gallantry became first systematised, and both professed and practised as an article of social religion. Women being regarded as nothing better than as ministrants to sensuality, there was no limit either to the hyperboles of flattery with which they were sated, or to the depths of degradation through which they were dragged. Few things in the whole round of literature are more horrible than the mingling, in the comedies of Wycherley and Congreve, of extravagant compliments to women with the systematic expression of a gay and laughing belief in their unvarying profligacy, worthlessness, and deceit.

We have long ago risen out of the worst corruptions of that evil time; but we have not yet entirely shaken ourselves free from the low estimate of women which was fostered and vaunted in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The misconception, as we have shown, is widely diffused among the unthinking, and it results in the frequent failure of the married state. The young fellow who from his eighteenth to his five-and-twentieth year has prided himself on having "no opinion of women," excepting as a kind of pretty plaything, suddenly finds at the latter period that he is under very heavy, yet very pleasant, bonds to one of that despised community. He has had flirtations and trifling fancies a dozen times before:—

> "The summer pilots of an empty heart
> Unto the shores of nothing;"

but now he is really in love. To that extent he is sincere, and so far his sham gallantry merges in the true. But he has been so accustomed to false pretences, that his very sincerity takes a form which is in itself insincere. He has no idea of truth apart from exaggeration, and has so accustomed himself to the language of excess, that he can speak in no other tongue. The old habit of unreality clings to the new-born truth, and ruins it. Because he finds the lady amiable and kind, considerate for others, and prone to do gracious things graciously, he fancies her supernaturally perfect. He constructs an ideal out of her best qualities, and does her a substantial injustice by expecting that she is always to act up to that impossible measure of perfection. She ceases to be mere woman (which ought to be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man), and floats in the ether of his fancy a winged angel. Her admirer is never modest enough to ask his conscience what right he has to expect an angel for his companion, himself being none. He probably makes no effort on his own part to rise above the weaknesses of humanity—the petty accidents of temper, common at times to all of us; the sordid instincts of daily life; the selfishness that insinuates itself under so many crafty forms; the meanness, distrust, and want of charitable allowance, that grow with our growth, unless perpetually checked and beaten down. He does not consider how far perfection on one side, and imperfection on the other, would be a possible or even a desirable association. He pays his sweetheart the egregious and even cruel compliment of trying her by a standard wholly impracticable and artificial, arbitrarily fixing her to it, and shaping all his future prospects by a law which he ought to know is non-existent. Perhaps he takes to writing poetry; which is generally a bad sign in one who is not naturally poetical. The man who is poetical by disposition and by habit can mark with the utmost exactness the limits between fact and fancy; and hence it is generally found that real poets are men remarkable for the plain common-sense of their views on all practical occasions. They have traced the windings of both worlds, and know their way in either. They understand the value of proportion and fitness; in a word, of truth, which is God's poetry. The prosaic man may be lifted by some overmastering passion into a brief sympathy with the ideal; but he is pretty certain to lose himself, to mistake emphasis for sincerity, and to confuse and bewilder his perceptions, instead of exalting them. True poetry makes the world grow clearer; false poetry darkens at once the intellectual and the moral vision, and turns truth itself into a lie. In the worst cases of breach of promise of marriage, we generally find that the defendant, during his courtship, wrote sentimental verses to the plaintiff. He may have thought for the moment that Mary Jane was "all his fancy painted her;" but he did so in obedience to an ostentatious habit of exaggeration, arising from confirmed irreverence for truth. We do not mean to say that every man who writes bad poetry to his intended, and decks her in flaring and preposterous figures of speech, will for that reason falsify his word, or act with harshness and neglect after marriage; but the proneness to conscious hyperbole is very apt to be its own Nemesis, by leading to painful reactions. The illusory ground breaking down under the first solid footsteps of life, the self-deceived suffers grievously from the fall, and learns, for the first time (if, indeed, he learns even then), the value of a correct appreciation of natural facts.

The man who began by thinking all women fools, and who passed out of that opinion into the belief that one particular woman was an angel, marries in the glamour of the latter faith, and anticipates a lifetime of celestial ministrations. Let us say the honeymoon is *all* honey; still, when the active, yet monotonous, round of daily existence commences, it will be strange if the angel do not sometimes prove mortal. She may be a true-hearted, loveable woman; she may have all the devotion, the self-sacrifice, the quiet grace and harmony, of her sex; but she will also have her wayward humours. She will be out of spirits once in a way, out of health sometimes, out of temper at others. Why did not Jones, her husband, think of this before? Why does he resent it now, as if his wife had married him under false pretences? *She* never put herself forward as a seraph; that was *his* mistake. Yet Jones thinks himself deceived because, after a little while, he finds those gauzy wings which he would needs fasten to the human shoulders of Mary Jane dropping off into nothingness. Affection and trust, sustained and rectified by mutual charity, are not enough for him. Those are the conditions of the best of mortal friendships; but they will not satisfy the prodigious requirements of Jones. He had bargained for an angel; and because he has not got one, all is a failure. Thence follow heart-burnings and quarrels; separation ensues, and perhaps the Divorce Court brings the miserable error to a close.

Marriage is the touchstone before which the deceptions of courtship fade, and are forced to declare themselves for what they are. Shakspeare, with that wonderful power which he possessed of implying a profound remark in the verbal mistakes of some of his characters, makes Slender say to Justice Shallow, when the latter recommends him to marry Anne Page, and asks whether he can love her:—"I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but, if you say, 'Marry her,' I *will* marry her." The great dramatist knew from his own experience, as well as from general observation, that the love in the beginning, whether much or little, is frequently "decreased upon better acquaintance," when the couple "are married, and have more occasion to know one another." Did he, with all his insight, make the mistake of expecting too much? Certainly Shelley did in his first marriage. This would seem to militate against our assertion that real poets are not likely to fall into such errors; but it should be recollected that both Shakspeare and Shelley were mere youths when they were wedded,

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—the one to Anne Hathaway, the other to Harriet Westbrook. The worst of the matter is, that the mistake is frequently committed by men of mature years.

We are not forgetful that the fault is sometimes on the woman's side. When a girl has kept on her company manners till the reading of the marriage service, and has then considered herself at liberty to indulge in all the vagaries of unchecked caprice and wilfulness, she has no right to complain of any unhappiness that may result from her fraud. We cannot agree with the remark which Southey is reported to have once made to Shelley, that "a man ought to be able to live with any woman;" for this is to suppose that Socrates is as common a character as Xantippe. But men owe it to themselves, and to those whom they contemplate as the companions of their lives, to act in the spirit of sincerity, and not to prepare the way for disappointments which they need never have endured.

RAILWAYS AND CITY POPULATION.

In the infancy of railroads many towns viewed them as of old pest-houses were viewed, and drove them far off as intolerable nuisances. After awhile, however, these sapient municipalities found themselves stranded high and dry whilst they had the mortification of seeing the main stream of life and commerce passing through hitherto unimportant hamlets, and suddenly swelling them into towns of consequence. One would have thought that a lesson still fresh in the minds of most middle-aged persons of the community would not have been without its influence, and that in these days citizens and the Legislature would be as ready to receive the rails into their midst as they were of old to banish them afar off. But if we are to believe the statements of a few noble lords of the Upper House, metropolitan lines are still greater nuisances than were the lines of old traversing the country. Lord Shaftesbury thinks the Great Eastern Railway Company ought not to possess themselves of Finsbury-circus. Open spaces are so many lobes of the metropolitan lung, without which the "tailors and shoemakers" cannot breathe. So far so good; and speaking generally we agree that we should rather multiply than diminish such wells of fresh air; but it does seem rather extraordinary that in the very next breath his lordship is found complaining that upwards of a thousand houses will be cleared by this same company for the continuation of its main line and branches into the metropolis. Now, to make a line is to make a very wide street, and to open up avenues of fresh air. In the one case the company are flagellated for building in an open space, and then, again, they are threatened with the lash for wishing to open new ones. It is quite clear that, hit high or hit low, his lordship is not to be satisfied. Then, again, we have a dismal picture painted by his lordship of the fever jungles in which tailors and shoemakers are obliged to live; and yet, when it is proposed to ventilate these fever districts with open lines, the hardship of turning them out "at a week's notice" is insisted upon. In our opinion, the only way to get rid of the pestilential nest of dens in which the working population of this metropolis at present live, is to separate them by moving among them railway lines in every direction, and in this manner disintegrating and breaking them up, just as the police do dangerous multitudes, by moving among them wedge-like divisions of their force. The Great Fire of London, which swept away the old town, was a mercy attended no doubt with much suffering; but we believe that the introduction of the scores of lines which are intended to form links of intercommunication between the great stations in the suburbs will end in a second destruction of London—a London, we may say, that, with all our boasting, is not in its back slums very much in advance of that of two centuries ago. The look of Mr. Stanford's Map of the Proposed Metropolitan Railway Schemes for 1863 is at first appalling enough, but it is quite clear the new lines make a greater appearance on paper than they will in reality, as many of them are to run underground. A very important feature of most of them is that they strike at the very heart of the metropolis instead of keeping in the far distant background. No doubt this very boldness will raise up opposition against them, but, as far as we can see, wholly without cause. The dealings of the great masses of the population are with the old channels of communication; we want to get into the great thoroughfares, and the great centres, and not into far-off boulevards and shabby half-populated neighbourhoods. The great drawback, for instance, of the Metropolitan Line is, that it runs far away from the points to which West-enders are mainly bound. Watch the lines of omnibuses, and where they gather thickest there the pulse of population throbs the fullest. We hear people expressing horror at the idea of a railway station at Regent's-circus. Of course, if it were proposed to run trains, or even to open an underground station in the centre of this crowded thoroughfare, the scheme might justly be pronounced absurd. But would it be supposed, from the outcry, that the plan is to clear away an open space for a station in the frowsy cholera district lying between Queen-street and Brewer-street, near to Golden-square, in order to put the many great roads that debouch close upon this spot in railway communication with the Great Northern station and the northern district of the town?

Go near to the great centres of traffic! Of course they do, just as fishermen make for the densest part of a shoal of herrings—for railway companies are but fishers of men. Then, again, we hear loud complaints against the route of the Kensington, Knightsbridge, and Mid-London line, because it proposes to run from the Great Western station, under Kensington-gardens and Hyde-park, and under Piccadilly to Leicester-square, and so on. Now, if there has been one road more demanded than another by the public voice, it has been one through these public parks, which, as far as public carriages are concerned, divide in half two of the most important portions of the town night and day, and during the hours of darkness even pedestrians. We know an underground line would do all that the public needs, and leave the greensward intact; yet the scheme is denounced, because for a short time it may necessitate some unsightly earth-heaps appearing there. A great sewer may be driven at a vast depth, and with infinite mess, along the same route, but a tunnel for the circulation of the people rouses an indignant population of objectors. We have seen Leicester-square cumbered by a private speculator with a most hideous building, without a word of protest on the part of the inhabitants, and we have seen the same building cleared away, and the site devoted to the purpose of a vast dust-heap, and yet the proposition to erect a comparatively low building for a most useful purpose is met by a yell of derision. If we kept our public spaces as well as they do abroad—planting them with shrubs, and laying them out with flower-beds and public fountains, into which the public had a free right of entry, the cry of those who are for protecting our open spaces would be tenfold more reasonable than it now is, considering that we lock up our squares, and rigidly exclude the great unwashed from touching its sooty and desolate-looking sod. If our open spaces are to be anything more than the "potatoes and point" of the Irish peasant—their flavour only to be enjoyed in imagination—we do not see that the public have so very much to lose by their appropriation, here and there, as railway stations.

There is one argument, however, on the part of those who are frightened at finding the metropolis threatened with being carried by the railway companies by assault,—an argument, by-the-bye, which even the *Times* has not hesitated to use; namely, that "cities are meant to live in," and not to be cut and carved about by railway companies. Now, that cities are made to live in seems a very obvious truth, but in reality sometimes it is not a truth at all. The City of London, for instance, is almost wholly deserted at night; the railway companies and the omnibuses every evening disperse the vast crowd to suburban houses, and return it in the morning. This attraction and repulsion from the central heart is going on year by year with redoubled force, and the end of it will be that railways, instead of condensing and compressing human beings together by reason of the room they take up, will spread the population over an area twentyfold the size they at present occupy. The time will come, no doubt, when London proper will consist of a series of vast suburbs connected by railroads with a central business district. Foreseeing this tendency of the time so clearly, we cannot but smile at the fears of those who apprehend that railways are about to exclude every mouthful of fresh air left to us. There are certain classes of the population who must be, at all times we suppose, resident citizens, but they will get more air in consequence of the flight of the wealthier portion of the population towards the suburbs; but we by no means apprehend that large portions of the working population are necessitated to dwell close to their work. In our opinion, the Legislature should exercise its authority over the railway companies, in the direction of obliging them to run early and late trains at such times and prices as would meet the means and needs of the working-classes, rather than begrudge them station space, in order to conserve the wretched dwellings that Lord Shaftesbury's "tailors" and "shoemakers" now inhabit, at a rent far higher, considering their accommodation, than his lordship and his class pay for their own houses in the comparatively pure air of the West-end.

We confess we do not put much faith in the value of the promised edict of the Board of Trade. The want of system in our railway communications cannot now be mended by the hurried consultations of a few officials. To attempt a consolidation of the different lines, such as shall give a free intercommunication between

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all parts of this vast metropolis, on any symmetrical plan, considering the want of symmetry that already exists in the exterior lines themselves, would be like attempting to mend a Gothic building by piecing it together with Greek work. All that we can now do is to gather up the ends of the different threads of communication in the best way we can, leaving that way to the ultimate judgment of the shareholding public.

THE PEOPLE'S ALMONER.

When the future historian, perhaps in the twentieth century, shall explain our social machinery of the nineteenth, he will have to take account of the part discharged by one institution which belongs especially to this age. Public journalism, as it now exists among us, differs essentially from anything in the literature of former times. It is not the individual utterance of certain writers claiming, by the authority of their superior knowledge or insight, to lead the opinions of the rest of the world. It is confessedly but an organ through which literary expression is given to the floating mass of thought and feeling engendered upon every topic of present interest by the active intelligence of the time. The paper which, besides reporting each day's news, and advertising everybody's needs, digests the common stock of current notions in a readable and effective form, is really a product of the general movement in the minds of the educated and influential classes. It is the business of the editors to watch this movement, and to keep pace with it.

In this vocation, as in others, the greatest abiding success naturally falls to those who best understand the principle upon which it is carried on. If one journal has won, and is likely to keep, an unapproached position in the favour of the higher and middle ranks of English society, that is because, consulting their average moral and intellectual standard, and renouncing all pretensions of didactic eminence, it reflects with marvellous fidelity the ideas by which this nation is actuated in the ordinary affairs of life. Indeed, the mental characteristics of the English race, if we can suppose it hereafter to become extinct, will be most vividly displayed, to the future students of our ephemeral literature, in the leading columns of the greatest London newspaper of this day. The national temperament, in all its robust and burly vigour, will be found pervading the style and prompting the direction of its comments upon every subject of passing concern.

In the relations, however, between the chief of our periodical press and that majority of the intelligent and active classes whose opinions and sentiments are daily combined for publication by the editorial committee which speaks the English mind, there is one feature of curious interest on which we mean here particularly to remark. This is the direct intervention of the paper, upon some occasions, in aid of those spontaneous efforts of public bounty which are among the most interesting features of our social state. The public press does, in fact, become the People's Almoner in these cases. It is not requisite to suppose that the conductors of any journal are animated by one whit more of the spirit of beneficence than most of their neighbours. Our observation merely goes to this,—that since the journal, as we have seen, lives in close sympathetic connection with a very large part of the community, including those who possess the means and opportunities for promoting voluntary subscriptions towards objects of charity, it has very naturally become their instrument for many purposes of that kind, accommodating itself to the pressure of a multitude of correspondents in various ranks of private life. If the most convenient organ of publicity has thus been converted into the most powerful financial agent for performing certain laudable works, we should yet imagine that it is far from the thoughts of any one concerned in its management as a newspaper to claim the least personal merit for its services in that respect. What, indeed, is shown by such facts as we are about to notice, is the unfailing spring of social benevolence which does exist in this country; and they are, secondly, remarkable as another singular instance of the functions discharged by a journal in serving expressly as the channel of a popular feeling, the tangible results of which in such cases are the pounds, shillings, and pence announced, and sometimes even collected, through the newspaper office. We must distinguish, however, between those very rare occasions upon which the proprietors of a journal like the *Times* may have consented to receive donations for a special object recommended by its advocacy, and those instances which occur almost every day, where the editor permits individual correspondents, of whose good faith he is assured, to make known some authentic particulars of distress, inviting contributions for its relief.

As a middle class of instances, we may observe that where the merits of the case, or the need to be provided for, have first been reported by the newspaper, in its ordinary business of gathering information, the subscriptions of money so procured have usually been paid in to some parties not connected with it. The most striking example of a successful appeal of this sort is that which was made on behalf of the Field-lane Refuge, in the winter of 1858, and renewed at Christmas, in each of the two following years, for the profit of other similar institutions, giving nightly shelter to many hundreds of homeless wanderers in the London streets. A description of the place at Field-lane and its inmates, by the graphic pen of Mr. Woods, accompanied by a leading article, in which the Christmas comforts of the respectable classes were forcibly contrasted with the misery of those who are destitute, was the instrument of provoking an extraordinary outflow of public compassion, attested within a very few weeks by adding to the funds of that one institution more than £8,000. By the next winter, that of 1859, an association had been formed, under Lord Shaftesbury's presidency, to erect houses of reception, in several parts of London, where numbers of poor vagrants, who are shut out from the casual wards of the workhouses, might be saved from perishing of hunger and cold. The *Times* and the founders of this society again most properly kept Christmas together, by co-operating in so merciful a design; the voice of that great organ of social feeling was lifted up as before to call for pecuniary aid. The pockets and purses of all who had enough and to spare felt a strange twitching, and were perhaps charmed open, as they perused, over a plentiful breakfast, the morning paper which preached the duty of Christian charity in its largest and fairest type. The result was that the subscriptions presently amounted to £15,000, of which sum one-third has been invested, under the name of "The *Times* Fund," for certain specific uses. The balance, having been set apart for a new building, and increased by successive appeals in later years, may now be seen in the substantial form of a large, roomy, and convenient mansion in Mutton-lane, where many human creatures have each winter been kept alive who else must probably have died from exposure to the frost or the wet in the midst of this rich and luxurious city. Altogether, we believe, something above £25,000 has been raised for this good object by means of articles in the *Times*, or as the direct result of its interposition. Jupiter thus descended in a shower of gold, to cherish with the embrace of kindly charity the shivering outcast Famine, who had not where to lay her head.

But of the *Times* undertaking, by its own agency, the collection and management of large sums of money sent in for benevolent or patriotic uses, there is only one instance which we at present remember. Other journals of a popular character, which may bear towards the multitude of a somewhat lower rank in society the same intimate relation that the *Times* seems to bear to the more influential classes, have recently followed this example. The *Daily Telegraph*, a skilful and sympathetic interpreter of the popular instincts, has thus started a special fund of its own for the relief of Lancashire distress, and raised already, we believe, £6,000 or more. *Lloyd's Weekly*, in a more professedly devoted spirit, bestowed its own profits for three weeks to feed the cotton-spinners out of employ. The great precedent, however, for these acts, was the *Times'* fund, created by subscription among its readers, to provide comforts for our soldiers in hospital during the Crimean War. In spite of Mr. Kinglake's paradoxical account of that journal, as a sort of mill which had been set up by a joint-stock company of speculators, to grind popular sensations into a form remunerative to themselves, we believe that the historical importance of the part it actually took, by encouraging, warning, advising, and criticizing a shiftless Administration, in the Russian War, will be recognized by wiser authors than Mr. Kinglake, when his volumes shall have been long forgotten. Never was there a more genuine example of that which we have defined as the characteristic function of the public press in our own day,—that of giving utterance, without any reserve or adulteration, to the sentiments and to the half-formed convictions of society in general. The editors of the *Times* frankly, as usual, declared one morning that they put themselves completely in the hands of the public on this question. They followed the general opinion. Excepting the letters of Mr. Russell—which were so eagerly read by all the world a few hours after they arrived—no means of information about the real state of our army was exclusively at their disposal; but their table was heaped, by every post, with private communications from a multitude of writers who, through their personal friends or family connexions in the camp, had learned its deplorable plight, and who pressed the *Times* to become the mouthpiece of their indignation. The next step was equally prompted by the natural relations of the paper to its host

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of readers and correspondents, as the agent of their purpose to remedy the crying distress of our sick and wounded in the East. Money was offered for that object by many of the people, who day after day wrote so many hundreds of letters to the editor of the *Times*. Before any special organization, such as existed at a later period of the campaign, had been formed, the *Times* found itself under the responsibility of either rejecting these offers, by which our suffering heroes were to be relieved, or else undertaking a very difficult task, to receive and to apply the funds subscribed. This charge, which the *Times* felt it a duty to accept, involved first the disposal of £10,000, raised in a very few days, in October, 1854. Believing that this sum would be enough for what they supposed to be only a temporary emergency, the proprietors then closed the subscription; but while doing so, additional gifts came in, making the amount as much as £12,000. Mr. Macdonald, one of their permanent staff, went at once to Scutari, to ascertain what stores the military hospital required, and to purchase in the local markets of Constantinople supplies of nourishing food, blankets, and clothing for the patients' use. Although the official commissariat had failed, and proved in fact quite incapable of attempting to meet this sudden need, we doubt if he would have obtained permission even to make good its avowed deficiencies, but for the presence of Miss Nightingale, who, in the attractive form of the volunteered personal exertions of English Sisters of Charity, had obtained access for the freely offered bounty of this nation, to assuage the pain that was notoriously caused by helpless inefficiency, if not by improvidence and neglect in the War Department. After several months of zealous labour, the expenses of his mission being wholly defrayed by the *Times*, Mr. Macdonald, whose health had given way, returned home when it seemed probable that the immediate necessity was past. But, as we all remember, the first months of 1855 displayed, owing chiefly to the want of proper transport at Balaklava, scenes of confusion, and of misery thence resulting to our soldiers, which were pronounced "horrible and heartrending" by the Ministers of the day. Again the *Times* opened its subscription-lists, and an additional fund of £14,000 was quickly raised. Mr. Stowe, the gentleman intrusted with its administration, hastened to the seat of war, and having exerted himself as much as any public servant who succumbed to the toils and dangers of that campaign, died there, leaving a balance of £8,000 to be further disposed of. By that time, however, the Government had been roused to action, and the worst was over. Of the money which has since remained in hand, £3,000 was given in 1857 to relieve the sufferers by the Indian Mutiny, while the £4,000 which now stands at interest, is, we believe, designed to form the nucleus of a provision for those poor broken soldiers, who, returning from an unhealthy service in tropical climates, and having no claim to a pension, are, when discharged from hospital, too often thrown destitute upon the country. We may observe, that when the *Times*, going beyond its usual course, assumed, in compliance with the popular feeling, this very onerous and responsible task, it furnished a good answer to the vainly censorious attacks of a Saturday detractor, which sought, in those days of England's stern grapple with the vices of her own system and with the Russian foe, to win its spurs by a weekly diatribe against the chief exponent of our national resolve to overcome both the one and the other.

The third category of instances, in which the publicity of journalism will often lend most useful aid to the efforts of private benevolence, may be illustrated by citing those frequent appeals for the relief of particular cases of distress, which go forth upon the authority of persons known to the editor, or holding some position, such as that of the parish clergyman, which is taken as a guarantee for their honest intention. The examination of a file of the *Times*, in which letters of this kind have abounded for the last six months, would supply a great variety of curious anecdotes, throwing much light upon our social condition, and proving, to an extent not perhaps duly estimated by mere cursory observers, the compassionate readiness of our people to bestow their alms wherever they are made acquainted with cases of human suffering, if properly attested, by such facilities as the public press can afford them.

A LOYAL DON.

Our amiable and elegant contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, last week surpassed itself in vivisection. Like Alexander, the critic "thrice routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain;" a "favoured doctor of divinity," and an opponent of High Church, was characterized as having produced "a noisome and offensive jargon of semi-religious, semi-cabalistic cant, or part-ludicrous, part-horrifying vaticinations of woe, in the vein of Zadkiel or Solomon Eagle." "The great Panjandrum of prophecy himself," their time-honoured butt, is "gaily bespattered with polemical mire," to use their own expressive phrase. One would think from this that a foolish doctor of divinity was indeed a *rara avis;* and we should perhaps rejoice in his discomfiture, were it not for the melancholy fact that the great organ of Anglo-Catholic opinion always ignores the follies and the offences of the "favourite doctors of divinity" on the other side. It is perhaps more pardonable to do a foolish thing than to write a silly book; it is certainly better to write anything, however much opposed to high orthodoxy, than to invent and apply a gratuitous and offensive insult.

There has been diffused through all classes a deep and genuine feeling of joy at the happy marriage of the Prince of Wales, and consequently a great number of congratulatory addresses presented to him. The University of Oxford has determined to follow this example, and, in a meeting of the Council, composed of heads of houses, professors, and members of Convocation, with whom rests the initiative of all university legislation, proposed to congratulate the Prince on having found a Protestant Princess, whom the Act of Settlement permits him to marry. One would think that this form, long sanctioned by usage, had nothing in it objectionable; yet a well-known (if not quite a favourite) Doctor opposed it and carried an amendment. Our readers will be surprised to hear that his objection was that the Princess Alexandra, being a Dane, could not properly be called a Protestant! He argued that Denmark was given up to Rationalism, and on that ground the obnoxious word was left out by a majority. Now, in the first place, though it may be true that many classes of Danes *were* infected with Rationalism, it is certainly not true now. There has been a double reaction in Denmark towards ultra-Lutheranism on the one side, and on the other to that school which in England is called Evangelical. So that the accusation was not even true; if it were true, it would still remain a monument of glaring bad taste.

Our readers will be still more astonished to hear the name of the learned divine who led the University on this occasion. It was Dr. Pusey.

Theodore Hook is reported to have crossed the street on one occasion to an old gentleman passing by, and, raising his hat, to have asked, "Pray, sir, are you any one in particular?" On this occasion we profoundly salute Dr. Pusey, and ask the same question of him. He is, and he is not. In Oxford he is renowned for having escaped a trial for heresy by a hair's breadth (which trial he has lately retorted on those who helped him in his trouble), for being a Regius Professor, and for preaching before the University (when not suspended for anti-Protestant dogmas). Out of Oxford he is remembered as the father confessor of a "Protestant nunnery" in the West, as the expositor of ingenious theology in the *Times* and elsewhere, and possibly most of all as the derivation of Puseyite. It seems, indeed, strange that this man should be allowed to define what is Protestant and what is not. He was unfortunately allowed this privilege, and joyfully took the occasion of firing the double shot of spleen against the Princess who would not put off her wedding for the Puseyites, and a sneer at his late reluctant opponent, Professor Jowett.

How did he know that the Princess had not heard of the indulgence kindly produced by a courtly bishop from the armoury of the unconscious Primate? Nay, how did he know that she would not sign the Articles "in a strictly natural sense?" The extreme High Church party did not appear to advantage in the late rejoicings. Some refused to take any part in the festivites,—one backed them in their ungracious work and then deserted to the enemy, and now we have Dr. Pusey rampant. Mr. Hallam once picked out an ancient scandal as a proof of "the folly and ignorance of learned academics." If the University of Oxford is thus easily led by its polemical prize-fighters to gratuitous unpleasantness, it may incur similar charges of sourness and bigotry.

We hope that this was merely a mistake or a carelessness, after all; for we know that the day has long gone by when Oxford would be responsible for the acts and opinions of an obsolete Professor and an ill-tempered party.

THE WATERLOW BUILDINGS.

Alderman Waterlow has erected several blocks of houses for the use of the working classes, which he alleges will prove in every instance remunerative to the landlord, and an immense accession to the convenience and comfort of the tenant. By adopting a sort of stereotyped and uniform pattern of the internal fittings, he is able, with the aid of machinery, to provide fittings at far less ex-

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pense than is usually incurred. His description of the whole process of manufacture is as follows:—

"1. A ground plan easily adaptable to any plot of ground, capable of repetition to any extent, and presenting in the elevation a pleasing and attractive appearance. 2. Suites of rooms at different rents, so planned as to secure the greatest economy of space, materials, and labour in the erection of the building, and at the same time provide for the exclusive use of each family, within the external door of the lettings, every essential requisite of domestic convenience. 3. The construction of a flat roof, capable of being used as a drying and recreation ground, so as to leave as much space as possible available for building. 4. Planning the positions of the doors, windows, and fireplaces with reference to a suitable arrangement of the furniture of the apartments, and the placing of proper fireplaces, cupboards, shelves, &c., in every room. 5. An efficient system of drainage and ventilation. 6. Making the joinery as near as possible to a uniform size and pattern, so that machinery might be brought to bear in economizing its manufacture to a considerable extent. 7. The discovery and adaptation of a new material combining the properties of strength and durability, adaptability, attractiveness of appearance, and cheapness, in an eminent degree. 8. The combination of these advantages in buildings which, when let at fair rentals, would produce a good return on the outlay incurred in their erection. 9. The selection of a locality where the ground-rent would not be excessive, although the tenants would be sufficiently near their work to enable them to take their meals at home."

The rent he requires for each suite of rooms—three in number—ranges from 5s. to 7s. 6d. a-week; and the return to the landlord, he thinks, will amount to nine per cent.

Taking the working classes as we commonly find them, it is doubtful if they will be able to afford 7s. 6d. a-week for three rooms, out of wages oftener less than 30s. a-week, and only in the case of skilled mechanics reaching £2. This accommodation, in order to yield seven or nine per cent., must be restricted to a superior class of workmen—that very class of men who are most likely to select, if such can be found, suitable and comfortable homes for themseves. We do not deny that Mr. Waterlow has accomplished a good work, and met what is a general want; and heartily do we wish him success. But we feel he has not overtaken, or even touched, the great and urgent necessity of the age. It is for a poorer class, squatting on a still lower level, that some more decent sanitary and habitable provision is most demanded. There are, at the very lowest calculation, 250,000 tenements in wretched, fetid, and filthy courts and "rents," or blind alleys, the tenants of which scarcely ever touch the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, and would be thankful for a much less provision of convenience, comfort, and domestic cleanliness than falls to the lot of the rich man's dogs. Mr. Waterlow's buildings are, for the upper class of respectable mechanics, very expedient and useful. But, to supply the more imperative want, we must bore deeper still. If we would lessen the area and intensity of fever, cholera, and epidemic disease—if even we would consult the safety of St. James's, we must do something for St. Giles's. What is required is a number of tenements at a weekly rental of two shillings, into which air, water, and light may flow freely, and attached to which shall be provided the decencies and necessities of civilization of the lowest type. If building ground can be secured at a reasonable rent, we are persuaded capital would be profitably remunerated on this plan, were it to provide blocks of houses divided into tenements of sufficient size, each adapted to a family of three or four persons. If this cannot be accomplished—and on a large scale, it is all but impossible—the problem that remains and demands to be solved is, how to repair and redistribute, and otherwise make habitable, such tenements as we find in Lincoln's-court, Drury-lane, and other retreats into which has drifted and settled the very refuse of a great metropolis. We do not want sentimental and elegant cottages or pretty and picturesque homes for fine ladies and *dilettanti* architects to admire. We want rough and coarse, but cleanly and well-ventilated tenements, such as can be created out of existing materials at little expense and at low rents, for costermongers, chance porters, matchwood-splitters, and hodmen, who at present live in dens and pigstyes, and create and localize and radiate disease, in due time, far and wide.

ART AND SCIENCE.

MUSIC.

Not even at the Popular Concerts has a more unexceptionable programme ever been offered than that of Monday last. Both in selection and performance it deserves to be cited as a model of its kind:—

PART I.

Quartet in E minor, Op. 44, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. Sainton, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque ..... Mendelssohn.

Song, "The Violet," Miss Robertine Henderson ..... Mozart.

Recit. and Air, "Deeper and deeper still," "Waft her angels," Mr. Sims Reeves ..... Handel.

Sonata in C major, Op. 53, for Pianoforte solo, dedicated to Count Waldstein, Mr. Charles Hallé ..... Beethoven.

PART II.

Sonata in B flat, for Pianoforte and Violin (Dedicated to Mdlle. Strinasacchi), Mr. Charles Hallé and M. Sainton ..... Mozart.

Songs, "Stars of the summer night," "When the moon is brightly shining," Mr. Sims Reeves ..... Molique.

Song, "Swedish Winter Song," Miss Robertine Henderson ..... Mendelssohn.

Quartet in G minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (by desire), MM. Sainton, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque ..... Haydn.

Mendelssohn's Quartet, one of the most impassioned and fervid of its composer's works, was admirably led by M. Sainton, who has now earned high rank among the few intellectual interpreters of classical music. With all the mechanical skill of an accomplished solo player, M. Sainton unites that intelligent appreciation of the distinguishing characteristics of various styles, without which mere executive power is but of small account. He was well supported by the other members of the quartet, M. Paque being an efficient substitute for Signor Piatti. Mr. Charles Hallé's performance (from memory) of Beethoven's sonata was in every respect admirable, both for finished mechanism and definite intention in the reading. This work contains some of the greatest difficulties to be found in Beethoven's solo pieces, and when composed must have been far in advance of the average powers of execution. The last movement especially, with the series of shakes combined with the subject of the Rondo given to the right hand, anticipates some of the difficulties of the modern school of pianoforte playing. Not less difficult are the rapid passages of octaves for both hands, which we have heard some eminent performers reduce to passages of single notes. All these were executed by Mr. Hallé with faultless precision, as written; and the Sonata throughout was given with a power and passion which do not always characterize his performances. The Sonata of Mozart was rendered with a perfect *ensemble* by Mr. Hallé and M. Sainton—indeed both these artists appeared throughout the evening to be in their best vein. Mr. Sims Reeves, notwithstanding the March winds, was in excellent voice, and sang evidently *con amore*. Miss Robertine Henderson (one of the best recent pupils of the Royal Academy of Music) sang with much unaffected expression. This young lady, who was warmly applauded, bids fair to become a favourite.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union have resumed their performances (at the Dudley Gallery) of glees, madrigals, part songs, and other vocal pieces: which are given with the careful preparation which has earned a high reputation for this party. The English school is here effectively represented by the works of Arne, Shield, Webbe, Bishop, Horsley, and other native composers.

The Vocal Association commenced their season at St. James's-hall on Tuesday evening; when, in honour of St. Patrick's Eve, the first part was largely composed of Irish airs, some of them harmonized for a full choir, and accompanied by six harps. These pieces were sung with great smoothness and refinement, and a delicacy of expression which is of modern growth among English choristers. The first portion of the concert, however, was generally of that *ad captandum* character which frequently distinguishes "benefit" concerts, and was unworthy of a society claiming the position of the Vocal Association. The second part of the programme consisted of a cantata, entitled "Harvest Home," composed by Mr. G. B. Allen. The vocal performances were varied by some clever pianoforte-playing by Miss Eleanor Ward.

The third concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir took place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Wednesday evening, when the selection comprised motetts, anthems, and psalms, by Palestrina, Bach, Farrant, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Goss, and Henry Leslie. This choir has earned honourable distinction among London choral institutions by the excellence of its performances, and the general interest of its programmes. It is only by a moderate number of voices that the delicate refinements of expression and the gradations of light and shade can be effectively given. A chorus of from one to two hundred will always have an advantage, in these respects, over the enormous masses assembled at the Exeter Hall performances; the larger number being necessarily more sluggish in movement and coarser in tone. Mozart's motett "Ave verum," as given on Wednesday, was a good illustration of the distinction just pointed out. Nothing could well exceed the refinement with which this piece was sung, or the pathetic expresssion, which is generally lost when dispersed among large numbers. One of the chief features of the evening was Bach's motett for two choirs, one of that series of noble works which Bach composed for his pupils, the scholars of St. Thomas's School, Leipzic. These fine compositions, sung, as intended, without any instrumental accompaniment, offer a severe test for any body of singers; and the excellent performance of the specimen selected by Mr. Leslie thoroughly proved the efficiency of his choir.

Her Majesty's Theatre is announced to open on Saturday the 11th of April with Verdi's "Il Trovatore;" the cast including Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Santley. The company is to comprise, in addition to the artists just named, Mdlle. Artot (her first appearance), Mdlle. Louise Michal, Mdlle. Kaiser (first appearance), Mdlle. Rosa de Ruda

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(first appearance), Mdlle. Kellogg (first appearance), Madame Lemaire, and Mdlle. Trebelli, Signor Bettini, Signor Baragli (first appearance), Signor Gambetti (first appearance), Signor Delle Sedie, Signor Fagotti, Signor Fricca (first appearance), Signor Bagagiolo (first appearance), Signori Bossi, Vialetti, Rovere, Zucchini, and Gassier. The orchestra is to be again under the conductorship of Signor Arditi. Verdi's last work "La Forza del Destino," Gounod's "Faust," and a new Opera composed by Signor Schira to a libretto by the Marquis d'Azeglio, are promised as the novelties of the season; with revivals of "Linda di Chamounix," and "Fidelio." The ballet is, as formerly, to form a feature at this theatre. Mdlle. Pocchini and Mdlle. Ferraris are re-engaged, with several dancers new to this country, but of Italian celebrity. The programme, altogether, promises a brilliant season for Her Majesty's Theatre.

SUNBEAMS AND STARBEAMS.

THE knowledge obtained two years ago by the analysis of the spectrum of solar light of some of the mineral constituents of the sun struck every one with amazement. The chemical analysis of the incandescent vapours of burning metals in a distant globe millions of miles away was indeed a triumph of science. Whatever credit is due—and it is very much—to the German philosophers who made such good use of the prism, honourable notice should be made of some Englishmen who had before laboured in this field of research and performed the excellent work which laid the basis of Bunsen and Kirchoff's success. One of these, Dr. Miller, has lately, before the Royal Society and the Royal Institution, given an account of his latest discoveries, and which show that that wonderful analysis of the sun is not the only marvellous result to be accomplished by the persevering continuance of these researches. We some time since noticed a series of experiments by Dr. Miller, on the photographic transparency of various media, by which it was shown that various solids, liquids, gases, and vapours, all seemingly equally or nearly equally transparent to the eye, yet exerted very different effects upon the chemical rays of a beam of light. Thus rock-crystal, ice, fluor spar, water, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbonic acid, allow 74 per cent. of those rays to pass, while thin glass only permits 20, oil of turpentine 8, and sulphuretted hydrogen 14 per cent. to go through them. The photograph of the spectrum of the luminous rays of any incandescent object would vary, therefore, as those rays passed through these or any other influencing media,—more or less of the spectrum being cut off in the photograph. These results guard us against error. But there is another set of phenomena acquired from recent experiments, which seem to encourage the hope of future important advances.

The chemical rays emitted by different luminous objects vary greatly in quality as well as quantity, some sources of light emitting rays of much higher refrangibility than others. Thus rays emanating from the intensely hot jet of the oxy-hydrogen flame are without action upon a sensitive collodion plate, but if the jet impinge on a ball of lime, the light emitted contains chemical rays to the full extent of the solar beams. The most remarkable source of chemical rays is the electric spark or voltaic arc, the chemical spectrum from which is actually three or four times longer than that displayed by sunlight itself.

In this class of experiments the most interesting results have been obtained by examining the spectra produced by varying the metallic electrodes employed as terminals to the secondary wires of the inductive coil. Wheatstone, many years ago, showed that a perfectly characteristic spectrum is displayed when the electro-magnetic sparks are transmitted between two surfaces of any metal; and more recent experiments have shown that even the various gaseous media become so intensely heated by the passage of the electric spark, as to furnish characteristic spectra; so that when the electric discharge of the secondary coil is intensified by the Leyden jar, the sparks not only produce the spectrum due to the metal points, but the spectrum also of the gaseous medium in which the electrodes are immersed—that of the metals being characterized by bands of which the extremities only are visible, while the gas spectra give continuous lines which traverse the whole width of the spectrum.

When the electric discharge passes through a compound gas, the spectra of the elementary components of the gas are exhibited, as though at the intense temperature of the electric spark chemical combinations were impossible. The ignition of a solid or a liquid always yields a continuous band of light containing rays of all degrees of refrangibility, but the same body converted into vapour usually produces a spectrum consisting of bright bands of particular colours separated by dark intervals,—gaseous bodies emitting rays of certain definite refrangibility only. The striped character of these spectra being preserved in their photographs, proves that the optical vibrations are emitted from the vapour of the metals, and not from mere detached particles projected from the electrodes by the disruptive discharge; and as it is uniformly observed that the higher the temperature the more refrangible are the vibrations, it is evident we are thus furnished with a rude but valuable means of estimating the exalted temperatures at which these variations in the spectral phenomena take place. And this means has been turned to a very remarkable purpose by Dr. Miller. The hottest wind-furnace yields a temperature not much over 4,500° Fahr. By calculations it has been shown that the temperature of the oxy-hydrogen flame cannot exceed 14,580° Fahr. By introducing lime and sulphate of magnesia into the oxy-hydrogen jet he has obtained the peculiar spectra of calcium and magnesium coinciding in their lengths with their equivalents in the solar spectrum. He therefore infers that the temperature of the sun is not higher than that of the oxy-hydrogen flame, but certainly far below that of the electric spark. The latter for this reason: magnesium, in the electric spark, gives a remarkably strong band just beyond the limits of the solar spectrum, and magnesium being clearly proved to exist in the solar atmosphere as an element, inasmuch as this special high-temperature magnesium band is wanting in the solar spectrum, it would seem conclusive that the temperature of the solar atmosphere must be below that of the induction spark.

From a comparison of the spectral lines of various metals with the dark lines of the solar spectrum Kirchoff concluded that potassium, sodium, magnesium, iron, nickel, chromium, and possibly cobalt were present in the solar atmosphere. Angstrom continuing the examination into the blue and violet extremity of the spectrum believes in the existence of hydrogen, calcium, aluminium, and possibly of manganese, strontium, and barium. These observations on the solar spectrum give great interest to similar observations upon the stars. But how different the dim and twinkling beams that tremble from those distant orbs from the glorious flood of light that makes our day! Of rays so feeble as the threads of light that reach us from the distant realms of space, how difficult, how delicate the examination! Fraunhofer examined four or five of the brightest, and considered that the light of Sirius and Castor had lines differing decidedly from those of the sun; Capella and α Orionis resembling the solar light more closely. More recently, Dr. Rutherford has made similar observations in America.

In conjunction with Mr. Higgins, Dr. Miller has, through his friend's eight-inch refractor, obtained some interesting results, and has *measured* the principal lines in Sirius, Betelgus, and Aldebaran, and obtained more minute details than any previous observer. At his recent lecture, the magnification of *a microscopic spectrum of Sirius* was projected by the electric light in view of a delighted but most critical audience. Sixty times bigger than our sun, its light, diminished by a journey of a hundred and thirty millions of millions of miles, appears no bigger than a radiant point. Yet this fine ray, that started on its way one-and-twenty years ago, enters as an agent in the chemistry of our earth, and paints its likeness on the photographic plate. Nay, more: the rays that left Capella more than sixty years ago possess the power to do the same! What shall be hidden from human intellect that can wrest out facts like these?

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE meeting of the Royal Society of Literature was one of considerable interest. The first communication was by Mr. R. S. Poole, "On the list of the confederacy defeated by Thothmes III. before Megiddo." This document has been already commented upon by M. de Rongé, and Mr. Poole accepted and extended his results. The battle to which the list refers is proved by the Annals of Thothmes III. to have been fought in the 23rd year of his reign, according to the general opinion, B.C. *cir.* 1450. The Annals state the king's line of march, proving that the city before which he conquered the confederacy is the Megiddo of Scripture, famous for the defeat of Josiah by Pharaoh Necho. The list is shown by its title to be an enumeration of the cities or tribes of the confederacy, of which the territory is stated to have extended from Megiddo to NeHAReNA, generally held to be Mesopotamia, certainly a country either to the east or to the north-east of Palestine. The list is not in geographical order, as is proved by the position in it of places mentioned in the account of the march. M. de Rongé had identified the following names of cities:—1. KeTeSHU, the great Hittite city on the Orontes. 2. MAKeTEE, Megiddo. 6. TeBeKHU, Tibhath in Zobah. 11. MARAMA, Merom. 12. TeMeSKU, Damascus. 14. AUBEERA. Two cities Abel. 15. HeMTU Hamath; ASTeRATU Ashtaroth. 30. RAWEESA, Laish. 31. HeTARA (HeZARA) Hazor. 33. KeN-NARATU, Cinnereth. 37. SHeNAMA, Shunem. 39. AKSeP, Achsaph, 52. 53. APRA, the two cities Ophrah. 54. KHASHBU, Heshbon? 56. NeKBU, Negeb, the south of Palestine. 61. YePU, Joppa. 79. KeRARA, Gerar. For the remaining names M. de Rongé proposes several probable Hebrew etymologies. The most remarkable is that of No. 100, YAKBA-ARA, which he reads JAAKAV-AAR, remarking, "La transcription hebraïque donne forcement יעקב־אל, nom au sujet duquel il serait facile de se livrer à des conjectures séduisantes; il est exactement composé comme Israel. . . . . Est-il permis de supposer que le nom de localité conserve un souvenir d'un des établissements de Jacob in Palestine?" The name, as here read, would, Mr. Poole held, most probably signify "God will supplant," for it commences with the future form, Jacob, which, in the case of the patriarch's name, is held to mean "He will, or does, supplant," but may mean "God will supplant (for him)," the name of God being in such forms almost always the nominative. A name perfectly analogous occurs earlier in the list, YeSHeP-ARA, which Mr. Poole proposed to read יסיף־אל, "God will add." We have no instance of the Hebrew samech being transcribed by the Egyptian SH, but conversely its Egyptian correspondents are used for the Hebrew shin. The name of Joseph signifies "He will add," the nominative understood being the name

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of God. Supposing that these are the names of Jacob and Joseph in the forms, Jacob-el and Joseph-el, there are instances of the same variation in Nathan, Nethaneel (Nathanael), Nethaniah, and Jehonathan or Jonathan, Jephthah (Jephthah) and Jiphthah-el. Mr. Poole was thus led to look for other possible tribe-names. RABANA may be Reuben, like KANANA for Canaan, SHeMANA possibly Simeon, though the equivalent of ע is wanting; ASHUSHKHeN, Issachar (Heb. Issaskar, the s's being ש), and KAUTA may, perhaps, be Gad. Supposing that these are tribe-names, it was remarked that the confederacies of the time of the Judges, mentioned in the Bible, were, if Canaanite, of cities; if Abrahamite, of tribes. In this period the Israelites do not seem to have united under all the tribes, but in smaller confederacies, always of tribes. A confederacy would, therefore, if of Canaanites and Hebrews, have been of cities and tribes. But, as we have no indication of any such confederacy, it may be supposed that the tribe-names indicate the service of mercenaries, especially as the large numbers of confederates precludes the idea of any but very small contingents in general. The names Jacob and Joseph are sometimes put in the Bible for the twelve tribes, but Joseph being for Ephraim and Manasseh, it seems possible that Jacob should be put for Judah, in the time of the judges separated from Ephraim as Ephraim and half Manasseh from the northern tribes, and all from them beyond Judar. The majority of the identifications proposed may be doubtful, but those of Jacob and Joseph could scarcely be controverted. M. de Rongé finds a difficulty in this trace of Jacob from his assumption that at this period the Israelites were in Egypt. The addition of the name of Joseph shows that his supposition of a reminiscence of some establishment of Jacob is untenable and that the Israelites must have been in Palestine in the time of Thothmes III. Mr. Poole showed that this would necessitate our adopting the date of about B.C. 1650 for the Exodus. In this case, the period in Palestinian history would about correspond to the oppression of Israel by Jabin, King of Canaan, whose capital Hazor is alone mentioned in this list of all those on the Egyptian monuments. The head of the confederacy, routed by Thothmes, was apparently the Prince of KeTeSH, not to be confounded with Kedesh-Naphtali, and not the King of Canaan. Was the King of Canaan, the only one mentioned in history, established by Thothmes after the overthrow of this great confederacy?

Mr. Birch remarked upon the reasons in favour of the concurrence of the Exodus in the reign of Menfilah, son of Rameses II., B.C. in 1300, and Sir C. Nicholson spoke to the same effect. Mr. Poole, however, contended that little could be inferred from the absence of any notice in Scripture of a conquest of Palestine by the Egyptians, as we had but scanty accounts of the period of her Judges, many years being often passed by, and as the Israelites were then mainly confined to the mountainous and hilly tracts, out of the route of the Egyptians to Mesopotamia and Northern Syria. Mr. Poole also observed that the APERIU—a servile people, thought to be the Hebrews—were still in Egypt in the reign of Rameses IV., which was later than the lowest date of the Exodus.

The second paper was by Prof. Tagore, "On the Ethnological Value of the Institutes of Manu." The writer traced in the names of the tribes of the military class certain original nations. The Chinas he held to be the Chinese; the Pehlevis, Persians; the Cambogas, a people on the north-east frontiers of Persia; the Javanas, Ionians; the Deradas, Druids; the Chasas, Cushites; the Critos, Cretans, &c. In the statement of Herodotus that Media was colonized by the Arii, or Aryans, he found a trace of the direction of the Aryan migration; and in the list of Median tribes given by the historian, he discovered the originals of tribes mentioned in the Institutes. So also, in the Shah-námeh of Ferdoosee, the names of the castes preserve traces of the nomenclature of those of India in the Institutes. Professor Tagore was disposed to think that some of the names furnished him by Mr. Poole, from the list of Thothmes, were traceable in those of the military tribes in Manu. In any case, he saw in the ethnic character of the tribe-names of the Institutes the formation of castes in their elemental state.

Mr. Vaux read a third paper, by Mr. Fox Talbot, containing a translation made by him of the "Annals of Esarhaddon," preserved on a clay cylinder, in the British Museum. In these annals, the Assyrian King describes his conquests of Sidon, the overthrow of Hazael, the conquest of the marsh country of Lower Chaldæa, a war with the Elamites or people of Lusiana, a war with Media, with a notice of the civil administration of the King after the wars were ended, together with an account of the magnificent palaces which he built.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, on Monday, Mr. Cochrane, in moving for copies of correspondence relating to the affairs of Greece, described the conduct of her Majesty's Government towards that country as neither just nor generous. He believed that Lord Palmerston was not aware of the course pursued by Earl Russell, which—especially in reference to the demonstrations in favour of Prince Alfred—he contended had been wanting in fairness and candour, in good faith and justice, and had involved the Greeks in difficulties and perils for the sake of a diplomatic triumph. Mr. Gregory, in seconding the motion, thought that Earl Russell's conduct had been clear and aboveboard, but condemned the proceedings of Mr. Elliott at Athens. He assented to the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece, and thought that the preservation of the integrity of Turkey should not in future be the standard of our policy in the East. Mr. Layard defended the Government and Mr. Elliott, and said that the prospects of peace had been marred by internal discords and extravagance. He warned Mr. Gregory of the terrible consequences of setting Greeks upon Turks, recollecting that in European Turkey there were no fewer than 4,550,000 Turkish landholders, and that if they were provoked to rise the result would be too horrible to contemplate. Lord Palmerston said that the Greeks were told at the earliest moment that they could not have Prince Alfred for their king. The British Government had lost no time in endeavouring to secure an acceptable candidate for the crown of Greece. It was for the Greeks to choose; the British Government could only suggest a choice. With regard to Turkey, he said that education was spreading there, and that the Christians, though many privileges and equalities remained to be conceded, were much better off than formerly. If Mr. Cochrane withdrew his motion, when further papers on the subject of Greece were received they could be laid on the table.

On Tuesday, in the Commons, Mr. Somes moved for leave to bring in a bill for closing public-houses on Sundays. Sir George Grey, without giving his sanction to the bill, did not oppose its introduction. On a division leave was granted by a majority of 141 to 52. Mr. W. Forster moved for a select committee to inquire into the operation of the game laws, and to report whether any and what alterations are necessary. He objected to the new power given by the Act of last session to the police, and thought it important to examine the question whether game should be regarded as property. The increase of poaching and the morals of the labouring classes necessitated the inquiry. Mr. Thompson moved, as an amendment, a resolution that it is desirable to postpone the appointment of a committee till further experience is obtained of the working of the late Act. He contended that the Act was working well. Sir George Grey said that the large proportion of the crime of the country which was connected with the game laws, demanded the serious consideration of the House. He thought there was abundant ground for inquiry. But the amendment was carried by 176 against 157. Mr. Roebuck moved for an address for returns of the names of all persons who have applied for licences to change their names since 1850; of the instances in which the licences had been refused, with the reasons for such refusal; of the principles which have been observed in granting or refusing such licences; and of the fees taken for licences, and the manner in which they had been applied. The motion was granted with certain modifications, and accepted by Mr. Roebuck. Leave was given, on the motion of Mr. Cowper, to bring in a bill for the embankment of part of the south side of the river.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen has commanded Sir George Grey to convey to the Lord Mayor the expression of the grief and concern with which her Majesty has read the account in the newspapers of the lamentable loss of life which occurred in the streets of the City on the night of Tuesday, the 10th inst. The Queen also desires that her sincere sympathy with the families of the sufferers should be made known to them; and it is, moreover, her Majesty's wish that an inquiry into their circumstances should be made, that the result may be submitted to her Majesty. The Prince of Wales has conveyed to the Lord Mayor a similar wish.

On Tuesday a meeting, convened in the name of the Lord Mayor, was held at Guildhall, to express the sympathy of the English people with the Poles in their present struggle. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Harrowby, Lord Zetland, several other noblemen, members of parliament, &c., were present aiding and abetting. The resolutions did everything but recommend war, but some of the speakers supplemented this defect by maintaining lustily that it would not do to give Russia the idea that under no circumstances would England go to war for the Poles. The first resolution declared that Russia had, by a system of confiscation, exile, and massacre, forfeited all right to the possession of Poland, and exposed the peace of Europe to danger. The second declared that "it is the duty of every Englishman to labour to obtain the cessation of all diplomatic intercourse with Russia until the present state of things in Poland be put an end to." The third proposed the embodiment of the preceding resolutions in a petition to be presented to both Houses of Parliament. In proposing the first resolution, the Earl of Harrowby limited our power of interference to moral intervention. He said "we could throw the whole moral weight of England into the scale, and tell Russia that, as far as the Treaty of Vienna went—and it was by that she held Poland—she had broken all her obligations, and the people of Poland were free to act for themselves," and "that all countries were entitled hereafter to look upon the Poles as freed from any obligations to a Sovereign who had betrayed his trust. That, he was sorry to say, was all we could do. He did not see that we could enter into hostilities against Russia." But this is poor comfort. It is saying no more than has been said ever since the partition of Poland. The Hon. G. Denman, in seconding the resolution, spoke more to the purpose. "He, for one, should maintain that if it were allowed to go forth to the world that England would never go to war on behalf of that unhappy country, we should not be doing our duty," a sentiment

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which the meeting cheered loudly. Still he did not counsel war "at the present moment," believing that the object we have in view may be attained by other means. But for England to allow any man to say "that she who had gone to war to preserve the integrity of Turkey and the independence of other nations from time to time, should on no account take active steps to secure her freedom from oppression to Poland, would be to tie her hands in a manner in which no man had a right to bind them." The tone of Sir H. Hoare, who proposed the second resolution, was still more warlike. He believed that Langiewicz and his fellow patriots would succeed of themselves in putting an end to the present state of things; and he described his camp as composed of 12,000 men, "who were spending their days in drill and other active preparations, and their nights in prayer for the success of their country." But "sooner than 'order' should reign in the Imperial sense at Warsaw; sooner than a stillness should prevail in the cities of Poland, broken only by the wailing of the orphan and the lamentation of the widow, the citizens of London would raise their voices in favour of a war with Russia." (Great cheering.) Mr. Pope Hennessy followed in the same strain. He asked if the assembly had met "to express a barren sympathy with Poland, or was it to strengthen the hands of the English Government in a very grave undertaking?" "If it went abroad that under no circumstances would England go to war on behalf of her own treaties, that meeting was an idle farce." The Earl of Shaftesbury thought it was not necessary to say how far we might be prepared to follow up an expression of opinion with blows. But nothing that was said at the meeting was more calculated to rouse a warlike feeling against Russia than his burning denunciation of the atrocious wrongs she had inflicted upon Poland. Mr. Danby Seymour, M.P., and Mr. Edward Beales insisted strongly on the propriety of helping the Poles with the sinews of war. The former urged the appointment of a committee in London to receive subscriptions for them—subscriptions in which other nations should be invited to join; and with that view he trusted that the Lord Mayor would communicate with the Prefect of the Seine. Towards the close of the meeting a letter was received from Mr. E. Romilly, enclosing a subscription of £20; and Sir H. Verney, M.P., read from a letter he had received from Florence Nightingale the following words: "If there is a fund for the sick and wounded in the Polish insurrection, would you kindly pay this little sum (£10) into it? It makes my heart burn to hear of that noble nation struggling again for freedom. God prosper her and bless her efforts, and bring her safe to port." When our women speak thus, what should our men feel?

Fears have from time to time been expressed that the prolonged subsistence of the Lancashire operatives on charitable funds would produce demoralization as one of its results, and we regret to see that there are symptoms that this anticipation is in course of being realized. The operatives are dissatisfied, and complain loudly of being reduced by the relief committees to a footing with the class of hereditary paupers. At Staleybridge they have memorialized the Home Secretary, complaining that "language of a harsh, brutal, and disgusting kind is habitually used, not merely by the agents of the committee, but by some of the gentlemen who compose it, and not merely to men, but to their wives and daughters;" and that the receipt of relief has for some time been accompanied by conditions little less humiliating than the oakum-picking, the stone-yard, or the crank of the Poor-law guardians. When, however, we examine the conditions referred to, and find that they consist in the compulsory attendance of women at sewing-schools and of men at reading-schools, their comparison to the crank and the stone-yard seems, to say the least, exaggerated. It may, however, be a hardship that no excuse for non-attendance is admitted, except at the discretion of the schoolmaster; and to apply either condition to persons of advanced life is clearly a mistake. Dr. Bridges, of Bradford, states that in a reading-school at Ashton-under-Lyne, he saw 800 men, some of them between 70 and 80 years of age, kept under lock and key. Again objection may fairly be taken to the practice of stamping every article of clothing contributed by the public with the word "Lent," and of distributing handbills, warning the recipients of clothes that they are not their own, but belong to the committee, and may be resumed if the wearers prove unworthy of them. The excuse that this is done to prevent pawning, though admissible, ought hardly to be pressed, if it is true that but few cases of pawning have occurred. The practice of feeding the people *en masse* may tend to break up home life, by separating the members of a family from each other; but it is not a ground for complaint. When the homes, or the power to support them, are gone, the committee must feed the people with regard solely to the most economic means of doing so. But surely it is not necessary that a policeman should be stationed in the soup-kitchens to compel the operatives to remove their hats when a member of the committee comes in. We do not question the difficulties with which the relief committees have to contend, or that, do what they will, they will not succeed in giving their myriad of clients perfect satisfaction. But looking to the fact that the latter were not long ago independent heads of families, with a social position of which they were justly proud, and which they merited by high qualities, it would be better that the funds and clothes of the committees should suffer some malversation at the hands of unworthy individuals, than that the whole body should be demoralized.

The Mansion House Relief Committee have again considered the question of affording facilities, by grants of money, for the emigration of the Lancashire operatives; and they have come to the same decision as before, that is, not to make such grants. But the Committee hold themselves at liberty to entertain the general question at some future period. It appears that both Mr. Villiers and Mr. Farnall were in favour of the Committee making the particular grant before it, on the application of Mr. Bazley, M.P. for Manchester; and Mr. Cubitt, M.P., the Chairman of the Committee, urged that it should be made. The Committee, however, refused the application.

The bonfire of bonfires on the day of the Prince's marriage was that at Aldershott on the brow of Cæsar's Camp. It was built in the form of a cone, fifty feet high, and 180 feet in circumference at the base, and was constructed thus:—A stout fir tree, 35 feet in height, was let into the ground to the depth of five feet, and supported by four struts. Round it was stacked the stouter timbers and materials to a height of ten feet, and to them succeeded fir branches to a height of five feet more. On this pediment five full tar barrels were secured round the central pole with wire, and the stacking of fir and furze bavins was continued to a total height of above twenty-five feet, the whole being pinned vertically with stakes. Then four more full tar barrels were secured round the pole, and the top of the pile covered with a layer of hurdles, pinned with stakes, forming a sort of staging. A topmast twenty-seven feet in length was now hoisted, and seven feet of its length secured by wire to the lower pole. The stacking from this point was continued till the pile reached forty-five feet, tar barrels being now and then emptied over the bavins, and allowed to trickle down—to the number of 300 gallons of tar. When the pile had reached forty-five feet it was covered in after the manner of the top of a sugar-loaf, and an empty tar barrel was placed on the topmast head. Surmounting all was a topgallant-mast, with a royal standard nailed to it, floating seventy feet from the ground and 670 feet above the sea. Seventy stout fir trees, about thirty-five feet long, were placed around the cone, forming its outer casing; the whole containing 42,000 cubic feet of material. On Tuesday evening a number of men armed with portfires were stationed at intervals around the pile, and at 8 o'clock, on the signal being given, they plunged their portfires into the mass, which immediately took flame, and presented a sight "grand in the extreme." For twenty-eight hours it blazed away, and had the weather been clear, this monster bonfire would have been seen over the greater part of Hampshire, Surrey, and Berkshire, an area of 2,000 square miles.

An instance of simplicity almost unique has just come to light at Salisbury. On the 3rd of the present month, a Mrs. Yarlett, who about five weeks before had been confined, was going to visit her mother at Salisbury, when she was accosted by a strange woman, who begged her to go with her to a neighbouring public-house, that she might get some peppermint, as she had been suddenly taken ill. Mrs. Yarlett complied, and away they went. But they had not been long in the public-house when the stranger said she was too ill to go for a parcel which had been left at a draper's in the town for a Mrs. Brown, and would feel mightily obliged if Mrs. Yarlett would fetch it for her, and that she meanwhile would take charge of her olive branch. Wise Mrs. Yarlett consented; but presently came hurrying back to say that the draper knew nothing either of Mrs. Brown or her parcel, when she found the stranger had decamped, taking baby along with her. On the same evening the woman, who was the wife of a shepherd named Shipsey, at Milston, rapped at her husband's door, calling out "Oh dear! oh dear! I have got your bargain!" The husband opened the door and said, "What in the world have you got?" to which his wife, handing him a baby which had nothing but a calico bandage round it, replied, "Oh, do take hold of it, and let I go upstairs." The happy shepherd, who thought that Providence had blessed their hitherto barren union, proposed, with marital fondness, to run for a surgeon; but to this the wife objected, bidding him call some of the neighbours; and two women being called, Mrs. Shipsey was placed under their tendance, while the baby was entrusted to her sister to nurse. This was on Tuesday. The police were meantime started in pursuit of Mrs. Yarlett's missing olive branch. On Thursday Superintendent Caldow made his appearance at the cottage, and found Mrs. Shipsey's sister nursing the little stranger, while the happy mother was upstairs in bed, doing as well as could be expected. Mr. Caldow, thinking the child unwontedly well grown for a five days' baby, called in a surgeon, of twenty years' practice at Amesbury, paid him the usual fee, and desired him to ascertain whether the woman had been confined or not. Mr. Pyle saw her, and, returning to the superintendent, told him that she had, that she had also milk, and that the offspring was a genuine five days' infant. Still doubting, Mr. Caldow called in two other medical men on the following day, who declared that the woman had not been confined at all, and that the child was at least four or five weeks old. A warrant for the apprehension of the husband and wife was now obtained; but the latter, shamming inflammation of the bowels, was not removed till the following Sunday. In the mean time, Mrs. Yarlett was brought to the house, where she at once identified her lost treasure and the bandage. Shipsey, the husband, was discharged by the magistrates, who also discharged Mr. Pyle, who had been summoned as an accessory. But the would-be mother was committed for child-stealing, having first called Heaven to witness that the child was her own, and finally protesting that if she had stolen it she had no recollection of having done so.

A notable character has lately disappeared from the scene, whose

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career is chronicled in the congenial columns of *Bell's Life*. In his latter years Mr. Gully bore the appearance of a gentleman of a commanding and dignified figure; and at one time he had a seat in the House of Commons, and was the owner first of Upper Harepark, near Newmarket, and then of Ackworth-park, near Pontefract, for which he was twice returned to Parliament in the Liberal interest. His early occupations did not promise such results. He was at first a butcher's boy at Bristol, where he was born. Like other butchers' boys he was ready with his fists, and to the ability with which he handled them he owed his first success in life. At 21 he came to London and was found by his fellow-townsman, Pearce, better known as "The Chicken," languishing in one of the London lock-ups, a prisoner for debt. Here "the Chicken" visited him, and, to cheer him up and beguile his solitude, brought a set of boxing-gloves and sparred with him. In their bouts Gully showed such ability that his fame began to be spread abroad, and the "fancy," thinking it shame that a man of such superior talents should rot in gaol, paid his debts, and made a match in which he and "the Chicken" contended at Hailsham, in Sussex, on the 8th of October, 1805. Gully was so awfully punished after the fifty-ninth round, that his friends interfered and stopped the fight. But though beaten, he was not disgraced. His pluck won him public admiration, which in those days meant much more for the pugilist than we can imagine now, and he was backed against a Lancashire Heenan whom he beat in two contests for 200 guineas each. On "the Chicken's" retirement he was offered the title of Champion of England, which, however, he declined. After his second fight with Gregson, he left the ring, opened a public-house, and commenced those operations on the turf by which he amassed his wealth. On the 9th instant he died at Durham, 80 years old.

At Maidstone, on Wednesday, a young man named Burton, eighteen years of age, was tried for the murder of a boy between nine and ten, on Chatham Lines, last summer. The prisoner's statement was that he had an impulse to kill some one; that he sharpened a knife, and went out with it for this purpose, and that as the boy was the first person he saw, he took him to a convenient place upon the Lines, knocked him down, and cut his throat. For the defence all this was relied upon as proof of insanity, but the jury, to the satisfaction of the audience, found Burton guilty, and the Judge, strongly approving of their verdict, passed sentence of death.

The Dean of Westminster has acceded to the wish of Sir James Outram's friends, that the remains of that distinguished soldier, of whom a memoir was some time ago published in the *London Review*, should be interred in Westminster Abbey.

INDIA.

THE Calcutta mail brings us news to the 9th ult. On the 5th the Governor-General left Calcutta for the North-Western Provinces, with the view of making himself acquainted with the whole country and people under his government. He will spend at least two hot seasons at Simla, and will be absent more than a year and a half from Calcutta. Sir Charles Trevelyan promises a large surplus in his budget, which he is endeavouring to produce by the end of April. The revenue from opium alone is expected to be one million sterling above Mr. Laing's estimate, and Sir Charles hopes that the general surplus will be sufficient to enable him to abolish the income-tax, which now yields a million and a half. When he has got rid of his budget he proposes to address himself to a reorganization of all the civil establishments, and the education of the people in their own vernaculars; and with the assistance of the Statistical Committee he will draw up, for trade, finance, and civil government, tables and papers, to be published periodically, on the basis of those adopted by the English Board of Trade. Dr. Forbes's report on the cotton gin factory of Dharwar, in the south of Bombay, for the half-year ending May last, has attracted much attention. To secure the cultivation of cotton from violent reaction, he holds that India must produce a staple equal to the ordinary kind of America. This is to be done by the use of American seed. Experimental farms for this purpose were established in 1843-44, and by 1848 the cultivation had spread over 20,502 acres. 1849 commenced the period of free cultivation; and in the Dharwar collectorate there are now 214,310 acres under America seed, the cultivation of which has also spread largely into the Nizam's country and Madras. Experience shows that the seed does not degenerate into the native variety. The want of proper machinery for cleaning the cotton, was supplied by Dr. Forbes in 1855; and American seed is now popular with the peasant, because it adds one-fourth to his produce without additional cost in labour. Since the demand for this cotton as many as 591 peasants have applied and paid advances for cleansing machinery; and now that the high prices are reaching their pockets they pay for the gins themselves instead of depending on the dealers. Another advantage gained to the cultivation is the establishment of the port at Sedasheghur, by which the cotton of the Dharwar—which is "Middling Orleans," the kind most in demand,—and the districts behind it, will reach England within six months from the time it is picked, instead of eighteen months or two years. Dr. Forbes promises that if the demand for cleansing machinery is fully met, the extent of ground under American cotton in West and South India next year will be 600,000 acres, which, at the rate of four acres to the bale, will give 150,000 bales of New Orleans cotton. By the time the new harbour of Sedasheghur is prepared there will be 300,000 bales of cotton ready for exportation. It is interesting to know that as the acreage under American seed increases, that under the native seed is on the decline. But Dr. Forbes insists strongly on the supply of cleansing machinery being kept up. Contrary to the popular belief here, India is under-populated, and has only sufficient labour to clean the ordinary produce; whereas, by the new gin, one man can turn out 100 pounds of cotton wool a day, while with his own "churka" he can clean only twenty pounds in twelve hours.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

The Federal Congress expired at twelve o'clock on the 4th inst. Its latest acts have placed in Mr. Lincoln's hands powers almost unlimited, and so plainly directed towards the suppression of all freedom of action in the States which remain to the North, such as Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Missouri, where dissatisfaction with the Government is at its height, that they can be destined for no other object. He is empowered to suspend the Habeas Corpus whenever he shall deem fit. He may imprison and keep in prison without trial, and for any length of time, any person in any of the States of the Union, not excepting judges, members of the various legislatures, or the Governors of States themselves. The press is placed wholly at his mercy, and he can stop any printing-press, imprison any public speaker or public writer when and as he pleases. Practically, this power is without limit; for, although the Secretary of State and the Secretary of War are to furnish the judges with the names of persons arrested as soon as may be practicable, the President and his Secretaries are alone to decide on this practicability. By the Conscription Act Mr. Lincoln can call out the whole able-bodied population between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five after the 10th of July next, and the first call is to embrace 600,000 men; and the provost-marshal is empowered to arrest all conscripts enrolled under the Act who may be "suspected" of treasonable practices. Finally, the Government is authorized to issue about 1,100,000,000 dollars in greenbacks, a sum which, with gold at 72 per cent., represents about £137,000,000. The Democrats have been powerless to defeat these measures; and what they will be able to do under the reign of terror which they will create remains to be seen. The Republicans are working might and main to remove from the Cabinet the last vestiges of Conservative influence, and to replace Mr. Seward with Mr. Charles Sumner. Mr. Lincoln, however, resists their efforts, maintaining, to use his own phrase, that Mr. Seward is "the bottom of the tub." By a disgraceful juggle the Bill granting an indemnity to the President and his Ministers for the arbitrary arrests of last year was smuggled, though that is hardly the right term, through the Senate. The discussion lasted till 4 o'clock in the morning of the 4th instant, when a motion was made to adjourn, which was not carried. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, who had been opposing it, resumed his speech; but the chairman called him to order, declaring that the Bill was no longer before the House, and had been carried. Subsequently it was arranged that a vote should be taken to decide whether it had been carried or not, when the House declared that it had, by a majority of 25 against 13. The attempt, however, to extort a party triumph, created alarm and disgust.

Rumours were current in Washington and New York on the 3rd instant, of a disastrous repulse of the Federal arms before Vicksburg, but they have not been confirmed. The Confederates have captured the *Indianola*, a Federal ram, twenty-five miles below Vicksburg. She had been sent to retake the *Queen of the West*, but was so fiercely attacked by that vessel and by three Confederate gun-boats, that, after an obstinate resistance of several hours, she was compelled to surrender. A brisk engagement took place on the 25th between the Federals and Confederates, near Strasburg, Virginia. A detachment of 80 Confederate cavalry entered the Federal lines, and captured 12 of the Federal pickets and a number of horses. They retired beyond Woodstock, pursued by 500 Federal cavalry, who recovered most of the prisoners and horses. Shortly afterwards the Confederates, being in their turn reinforced, fell upon the Federals, threw them into confusion, and drove them twenty miles, capturing 200 of them in their flight. The other New York journals deny the statement of the *Tribune*, that an expedition of negroes was being prepared at Hilton-head, to proceed into the South, and raise the slaves. In consequence of differences between him and General Hooker, General Sigel has resigned his command in the Federal army. The disagreement between Generals Hunter and Foster is said to have been adjusted. Mr. Opdyke, the mayor of New York, a prominent member of the Republican party, has voted a series of resolutions, adopted by the Board of Aldermen, condemning the dismissal of General Porter from the Federal service, and tendering him a public reception at the City-hall. One of the last acts of Congress was an amendment to the National Tax Bill, designed to check gold speculations. It provided that all contracts for the purchase of gold and silver must be reduced to writing, and stamped under the Stamp Act, at the rate of one-half per cent. on the whole amount, and bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Loans or deposits made for less time than three days, when renewed or extended, are to bear the same burden; and all loans of currency made by brokers on security of gold or silver shall not exceed par value of the coin, under penalty of non-recovery before courts of law. This produced a panic in Wall-street, and sent the premium on gold from 71¾ to 74.

News to the 6th inst. states that the Federals have again sustained a defeat, in a battle which was fought on the 5th inst. at Springfield, Tennessee; the Federals, under Coburn, and the Con-

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federates under Van Dorn. The fight lasted all day. The Federal forces consisted of three regiments of infantry, 500 cavalry, and one battery of artillery. Nearly all the infantry were captured or cut to pieces; the cavalry and artillery escaped. Van Dorn was said to have 18,000 men under him.

POLAND.

The cause of the Poles is steadily making way. On Saturday last the committee of the French Senate appointed to consider the petition in favour of Poland made its report, the sum of which is that, confiding in the determination of the Emperor's Government to do all that is just, possible, and politic, in favour of Poland, the matter should be left unreservedly in its hands. This was followed, the day after, by the production of documents relating to Poland, which were laid before the Senate. These despatches show that in 1855 the French Government thought the time opportune for reminding Russia of the obligations she had contracted towards Europe in reference to Poland. The French Minister in London was desired to ascertain the opinion of Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary, on this subject; and Lord Clarendon's opinion was that it would be expedient to take advantage of passing events to bring about, as far as possible, some change in favour of Poland, but not to make such an arrangement an absolute condition for the re-establishment of peace with Russia. More important than these is a despatch of the 17th ult. to M. de Talleyrand, in which M. Drouyn de Lhuys regrets that Prussia had departed from her neutrality in making the late convention with Russia; and observing that the Polish question has thereby acquired European importance, that the idea of unity between the different populations of Poland has been revived, that a really national insurrection has been brought about, that the Prussian Government had by this means cast itself into serious embarrassments, and that it has created a political situation already a cause of grave uneasiness, and likely to prove the source of future complication for the Cabinet. Another despatch, addressed to the Duc de Montebello, is dated the 18th ult. In this M. Drouyn de Lhuys states that the Polish question possesses, above any other, the privilege of exciting in France the sympathy of all classes; and he adds that, in a conversation with Baron de Budberg, he had not concealed that even "despite of us, events may grow embarrassing, and the pressure of public opinion become greater as the gravity of circumstances increases." He adds that, if the hopes aroused by the accession of the Emperor Alexander should not be realized, Russia would create embarrassments for herself, and place France in a disagreeable position.

Since these despatches were laid before the Senate, the *Moniteur* has published others. On the 21st ult., M. Drouyn de Lhuys writes to Baron Gros, the French ambassador in London, directing him to ascertain whether her Majesty's Government would join that of the Emperor and of Austria in a note to the Government of Prussia; at the same time inclosing a draught of the proposed note. This draught, after reciting the origin of the Polish insurrection, and stating that it was desirable that no incident should add to its troubles, proceeds to observe that the Emperor of the French has "learnt, not without anxiety, that the Cabinet of Berlin has signed a convention with that of St. Petersburg, by which the Court of Prussia consents to allow Russian troops to enter its territory in pursuit of armed bands seeking a refuge there, and engages to drive back on to Russian territory, until a sufficient national force presents itself, the insurgents in presence of the Russian troops." The note states that such an agreement would transform an incident in the affairs of Poland into a European question; that the co-operation it sanctions exceeds the rights of the Berlin Cabinet as laid down by the law of nations; and that it appears to emanate from a preconceived idea of a political responsibility, not established by European treaties, in settling the fate of Poland, and which might be detrimental to the general interests. Therefore, the Government of his Majesty the Emperor considers that it is its duty to itself and to Europe to point out to the Court of Berlin the anxiety caused by the convention; and flatters itself that these observations will be received in the same friendly spirit which dictated them.

Then comes a circular of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the French diplomatic agents abroad, dated the 1st instant, in which he states that the English Government has not adhered to the proposal of a joint note; and that Austria, while adopting the view of the French Government, has not thought herself justified in officially blaming a convention with which she had from the first declined solidarity. "In this state of things the Government of the Emperor has no further result to give to the proposition which supposes an agreement." Still it hopes that the two contracting parties to the convention will appreciate the observations which its arrangements have occasioned. "For our part," M. Drouyn de Lhuys continues, "we shall continue to follow those events with the degree of interest which they are calculated to inspire. Our duties in this respect concur with those of other great Powers placed in the same position as ourselves. The efforts which we have made to subordinate any proceedings of the cabinets to previous concert testifies, moreover, to the sentiments which we feel in an affair which involves on our part neither private policy nor isolated action."

The debate on the Polish petitions in the French Senate commenced on Tuesday. M. Bonjean spoke in favour of sending back the petitions to the Government. M. de Lagnéronnière thought there was yet time for Russia to carry out the treaties on the fulfilment of which the peace of the world depended. M. de Poniatowski could not understand how the Senate could reject the petitions by disdainfully passing to the order of the day. On Wednesday the debate was renewed. The Marquis de la Rochejaquelein supported the passing to the order of the day. M. Walewski opposed him. Prince Napoleon also would not pass to the order of the day. He enumerated the barbarous measures of the Russian Government. He said that men of all opinions and all ranks take part in the insurrection. "With this state of things it would be deplorable to be only able to give to the Poles counsels of resignation. To pass to the order of the day is to vote against the national feeling of France. Circumstances are more favourable than ever. The Emperor is in the prime of his years and his genius. Our prestige is great abroad, and affairs at home are on a solid basis. The moment has come to act."

Meantime the Poles are adding to their successes. On the 5th instant, under Lewandapski, they defeated the Russians near Breznuka, and captured two guns. On the 7th, under Lelewel, they beat the enemy near Wladowa, on the Bug; and also near Rataji, where the Russians were in considerable force. On the 9th they defeated the Russians near Myszewo, in the government of Plock, and killed 100 of the enemy. On the 16th, at Londek, three miles from Kalisch, 3,000 insurgents routed a body of Russian troops in an important engagement. Besides this, the insurrection is daily gaining ground; and the Poles appear determined to preserve their cause entirely distinct from all other revolutionary movements. General Langiewicz has just given a proof of this in declining the offer of Garibaldi's services. He had served with him in Sicily, and Garibaldi, it appears, wrote to him lately, assuring him of his devotion to the cause, and offering the aid of his sword. Langiewicz replied in terms of affection, but declined the offer for the present, saying he had need of the co-operation of all classes in Poland, and Garibaldi's presence might, for various reasons, alarm the public mind, and give to a patriotic movement an exclusively revolutionary character. If the statement is true, General Langiewicz has acted wisely. Another sign of wisdom is to be found in the letter of General Dembinski to *La Presse*, in which, after alluding to an article in that journal stating that "all the Poles share the sentiments of M. Mickiewicz"—namely, that Russia, Prussia, and Austria are alike to be regarded as foes of Poland—the General says, "I consider as an enemy to Poland, whether he calls himself Louis Kossuth or Ladislas Mickiewicz, any man who endeavours to give Austria the least ground for uneasiness as to the attitude of Hungary." To use the insurrection in Poland as a pivot for creating a revolution in Hungary, would be insane policy. Poland has enough to do to fight her own battles; and any one who would add to her difficulties is her enemy.

On the 17th, the head-quarters of General Langiewicz were at Dzialoszyce. On the authority of a Silesian paper, we may state that the General is a native of the Grand Duchy of Posen, and the son of a physician. He first entered the University of Breslau, whence he went to Prague to devote himself to the study of the Slavonian languages. He then returned to Breslau to study mathematics, and subsequently acted as tutor in the family of a Polish landed proprietor. Two years later he returned to Breslau to complete his studies, and then went to Berlin, where he served his year in the Artillery. Thence he went to Paris and to Italy, made the campaign of Sicily and Naples under Garibaldi, and at its conclusion was appointed one of the instructors at the Polish military school at Cuneo. He is of small stature, and about thirty-four years of age.

Other accounts describe Langiewicz as small, thin, but muscular; the head in proportion, but with a weather-beaten though fresh complexion; dark hair, and somewhat spare beard; the eyes dark and large, but very beautiful; his entire expression mild, but decided. He is very devout, and he advises his men to keep their consciences in good order, as there is hardly a moment in the day in which they are not exposed to danger. With him in the camp of Goszcza were Jiezieranski, Czieszewski, and other distinguished partisans; besides, a Miss Pustowojtow, a young and delicate brunette, who is attired in man's apparel, and fights like a man. She has been present at all the battles; on horseback flies like a bird, and is generally respected and beloved on account of her bravery and cheerfulness. There was a Capuchin friar also, who doubles the characters of field-chaplain and magazine man, and who, notwithstanding his multifarious duties, is ever polite, agreeable, and cheerful. The Poles serving under Langiewicz are in excellent health and spirits. Most of them are in the prime of life, some in the very bloom of youth, and others the grey-bearded patriots of 1831. Langiewicz is described sitting at the end of a table, round which, sitting or standing, were his officers carrying on an incessant conversation, in the midst of which, undisturbed, the General wrote, answered questions, and gave orders to persons who were continually coming in and out. Answers and orders were short and decided.

The *Times* Posen correspondent, writing under date the 13th instant, states that a fortnight before that date M. Petrikow, a dignitary of state, and one of the favourite squires of M. Wielopolski, repaired to General Langiewicz with proposals of peace, promising that if Langiewicz would lay down arms, or assent to a cessation of hostilities for a fortnight, the Government of the Grand Duke Constantine would not only endeavour to obtain the sanction of the armistice at St. Petersburg, but would also advocate the bestowal of a charter upon the kingdom, to be modelled upon the Constitution of 1815, with such alterations as the Czar might

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think indispensable. A general amnesty and administrative independence were also promised; but Langiewicz declined the offer.

The anticipation of favourable results to the Polish cause from the accession of M. Mieroslawski has not been realized. It appears that, though an able general, his views as a politician have not found acceptance with the Provisional Committee. He is an enemy to the nobility, and too strongly tinged with socialist theories to be desired by them; and he was also in favour of an extension of the movement beyond the Russian frontier into Prussian and Austrian Poland. On these grounds the Revolutionary Committee refused his services.

PRUSSIA.

In the Chamber of Deputies, on Monday, Herr von Forckenbeck proposed the following paragraph as an amendment to the law on the military organization of the country:—"The strength of the army in time of peace shall be fixed by a special law. The yearly budget of military expenses shall be based upon this law." With a slight addition, the paragraph was almost unanimously agreed to, only two members voting against it. None of the Ministers were present; but the Royal Commissioner who represented the Minister of War on the committee, declared that the Government would not agree to the amendment, and would not bring forward an organic law on the military organization. And he said further, that by such discussions the conflict between the Government and the members would not be avoided, but, on the contrary, increased. In the Upper Chamber, on Saturday, when, after the reading of the Royal Message, thanking the Chamber for having voted increase of pensions, &c., to the veterans of the wars against Napoleon, the President proposed three cheers for the King, they were given. But in the Lower House the deputies heard the Message standing, but in silence.

LATEST.

In the House of Lords, on Thursday, Earl Granville stated that the Home Secretary had taken measures to inform himself generally on the subject of the amalgamation of the City and Metropolitan Police, but at present no other steps would be taken by the Government.

On Thursday a large number of students, at the conclusion of a lecture delivered by Professor St. Marc Girardin, set out for the palace of the Senate, with the object of making a manifestation in favour of Poland. On arriving at the Place Odéon, they were dispersed by several brigades of police, who afterwards patrolled the Place Odéon and the Rue de Vaugirard in order to prevent the people from collecting together. Some arrests were made.

In the Senate, M. Billault regretted that words had been spoken likely to compromise the cause of Poland, and render more difficult the course of the Government. He said: "The Polish question is not forgotten, but a fresh insurrection can only bring fresh misfortunes; and it is neither good, useful, nor humane, to encourage it. The French Government persists in this language." He continued that Russia has replied to the communication of France by benevolent words, promising concession and amnesty; and said that if the destiny of Poland must be settled by a Congress, the voice of France would be listened to. The Senate passed to the order of the day by 109 votes against 17.

It is reported that all the marshals of the corporations in Lithuania, all the judges and judicial officers, and all independent public functionaries, have sent in their resignations *en masse*, resolving not to receive any communication from the Government in the Russian language.

A telegram received at Lemberg, from Tarnow, on Thursday, announces that Langiewicz defeated the Russians under the command of General Schachowsky, on the 17th and 18th, and captured considerable quantities of war material.

American news to the 7th inst. states that a great meeting was held on the 6th at the Cooper Institute, New York, at which a resolution, approving of the action of the President and Congress in declining, as unfriendly, the mediation of foreign Powers, was carried unanimously.

At Detroit, as some soldiers were escorting to prison a negro accused of an outrage on a white girl, the mob endeavoured to seize and lynch him. The soldiers fired upon the crowd, and a great riot ensued, in which every negro who could be laid hold of was violently maltreated. Several houses were burnt or gutted, and from ten to fifteen persons killed.

Richmond papers report from Savannah that the Federal fleet commenced bombarding Fort M'Alister at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd instant. The firing continued heavily during the day.

A loan to the Confederate Government has been introduced into the English market, and has constituted the main topic of attention on the Stock Exchange. On Thursday it ranged between 3 and 5 premium, with large and numerous transactions. The applications in London alone amounted on Thursday to £5,000,000. Sir Hugh Cairns has given his opinion that the loan is legal. Very little political feeling is manifested in the business, and as far as London is concerned, the loan derives its attraction from the fact that it is regarded as a cotton speculation; otherwise, the majority of capitalists wish that it had not been introduced.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

GERVINUS ON SHAKESPEARE.*

In reviewing such a work as the present, which to many of our readers will be entirely new, it is absolutely necessary that, with our limited space, we should confine ourselves to a consideration of the author's scope, and his treatment of the subject, passing over the translator with far less notice than he deserves. We will therefore merely record our opinion that the thanks of all English students of Shakespeare are due to Mr. Bunnett for rendering accessible to those unacquainted with the original this valuable commentary of Professor Gervinus. In the few passages where we have tested the translator's accuracy we have found him remarkably faithful; but if, as is not unlikely to happen in the case of so long and laborious a work, oversights are discovered by friendly or unfriendly critics, we can only hope that Mr. Bunnett may soon have the opportunity of correcting them in a second edition.

We fear that it cannot be disputed that to Germany we owe nearly all the best philosophic criticism on Shakespeare. Certain it is that many profound German scholars were engaged in penetrating the true significance of Shakespeare's genius at a time when Coleridge and Hazlitt stood almost alone in England as the founders of a more genuine appreciation of our greatest poet than we, misled by the artificial dogmas of the French dramatic school, had hitherto conceded. It may even be doubted whether Voltaire's estimate of Shakespeare, which was very much the same as that which Mr. Newman now applies to Homer, is not even at the present day widely prevalent among superficial readers of Hamlet and Othello. The doctrine that Shakespeare's genius, though grand, is essentially savage; that there are in him great faults compensated by great beauties, and a general absence of anything like art in the construction of his dramas, is not yet thoroughly extirpated. We are not now concerned with English writers who have combated this heresy; but, without in the least undervaluing their services to the cause of true interpretation, we do not hesitate to say that it is mainly through the teaching of Lessing, Goethe, the Schlegels, Tieck, and many others, that England, as well as the rest of Europe, has learned to weigh Shakespeare in a balance different from the one in which we test Corneille and Racine, and to recognize in him not the mere impatience of all rule, but the embodiment of an art more universal and sublime than any which had found utterance in the form of the Aristotelian unities. It is true that this instructive German criticism has been accompanied with much that Englishmen feel tempted to call nonsense, and that Shakespeare himself would have stared aghast at some of the amazing philosophical profundities which the most casual expressions of his exuberant spirit have been found to intimate. We could point out many passages in the book of Professor Gervinus which we think based on this non-natural principle of interpretation; but we believe his commentaries to be on the whole a worthy and not unimpressive result of a long devoted study, and in some sort a culmination of Shakespearian criticism in that country where the grand Elizabethan poet has found a second home. Accordingly we shut our eyes to whatever might tempt us to cavil, and content ourselves with indicating, so far as we are able, the character of the work before us. We will therefore refrain from any discussion of that part of the book which treats of Shakespeare's life, for the double reason that it is merely subordinate to the main subject, and that it exhibits a tendency to speculate on insufficient data. Indeed the Professor makes a curious avowal on this point. He tells us that every historical work of art reflects the mind of the narrator no less than the subject presented. His own recital, he fears, will be rather "a poem of the historian's than a history of the poet," and is in danger of containing "more fiction than truth." Truth being one and fiction manifold, it cannot be denied that a history evolved for the most part from the internal consciousness of the writer is likely to possess more of the latter element than of the former.

It will have been already anticipated that Dr. Gervinus, in the main body of his work, has attempted to tread the path pointed out by Goethe in his masterly analysis of the character of Hamlet. His great object is to show that every work of Shakespeare is, as it were, a Kosmos, and that a general unity of design may be discovered in each by those who seek for it. There is, according to him, everywhere a pervading symmetry, marred by neither defects nor excrescences. Irregularity may exist on the surface, but, from the true inner point of view, the proportion of parts is admirable. In the words of the translator:—

"He has perceived one ruling idea pervading every play, linking every part, every character, every episode, to one single aim. He has pointed out the binding thread in all that before seemed disconnected, and has found a justification for much that before seemed needlesly offensive and perhaps immoral. And in doing this, in thus weaving together materials apparently scattered, and in giving us a guiding thread through the intricacies of the plot, he has opened out to us a new source of interest, and has afforded a yet firmer basis to our former appreciation of the works of Shakespeare."

It will be far better to endeavour to follow him in a single instance than to scatter brief remarks upon the general success of his method as applied in a number of plays. For many reasons, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate, we select the drama of "Macbeth." According to Dr. Gervinus, it is the aim of this

* Shakespeare Commentaries. By Dr. G. G. Gervinus. Translated, under the author's superintendence, by F. E. Bunnett. London: Smith & Elder.

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play to lead Macbeth from a noble disposition and a fine nature up to that point of what was once called *security*, at which all moral restraint ceases to operate. To understand the deep poetic art by which this result is attained, we must first comprehend the exact character both of Macbeth himself and of the wife in whom he found (as the author well shows in opposition to Schlegel and others) his only external temptation; for in no case did the weird sisters do more than harp, by vague oracles and half-lying phantasms, upon the man's own already existent feelings: they originated nothing. Macbeth, then, is a complete contrast to Hamlet, the more so because there is a certain degree of resemblance between the two men. Both possess an excitable imagination, and at the outset the voice of conscience is in each equally loud. But that heroic physical strength, which Goethe found lacking in Hamlet, joined with an insatiate thirst for action and a profound spirit of ambition, places such a gulf between the two natures, that we find Macbeth, even early in the play, ready, for the sake of certain gain in this world, to "jump the life to come," which filled Hamlet with fear and irresolution. Thus the one is led on through blood and lawlessness to usurp the throne of his king and benefactor; while the other shrinks from reclaiming by a lawful act the throne that is his by right. Hamlet, again, finds a certain sort of delight in the torture of his forebodings and fancies; Macbeth rushes into action to escape the agony of mental struggle and terror. His heated imagination can show him air-drawn daggers, can assail his ear with ghostly voices, can make even spirits visible; but against the temptation to crime it is powerless, because he feels that action is the true remedy for his brain sickness, and the only field of action before him is crime. Hamlet may doubt and soliloquize, but Macbeth must *do*. All this is brought out at considerable length and with abundant detail by Dr. Gervinus; and even those who, following the remark of Coleridge, have been in the habit of recognizing this contrast, will probably find in the analysis much that they have been unable to think out for themselves. As for Lady Macbeth, she is the complete opposite of her husband; being unimaginative, calm in judgment, cold in blood. No presentiments alarm her before the deed; during it, no hesitation assails her; after it, she would have been able speedily to forget what had happened. She scorns the bare idea of failure, is always mistress of herself, and plays her part so perfectly that no suspicion falls on her. But though, from one point of view, she is almost devilish, she is altogether a true woman, though a bad one. We doubt whether any writer has exhibited this real womanly nature so successfully as the present author. The true redeeming point in her character is to be sought, not in those mere flashes of tenderness which occur in her speeches, but in the fact of her absolute devotion to her husband. It may be questioned whether she loves him, but she most certainly esteems him. She is far more filled with the idea of what he might and should be than he is himself; she knows him to be the worthiest to rule, and she wishes to confer the crown upon his merit; his manly nature is her pride and glory; where he sees danger, she, in her idea of him, is sure of the happiest success. She lives only in him; of herself and her own elevation she never speaks. She has also the true weakness of a woman. When the stimulus to exertion is gone; when, instead of realizing her golden expectations, she beholds only the ruin of the land and of her consort, her powers suddenly relax and sink. Her violated nature, though still repressed during the day, avenges itself in her sleep, and she finally dies by suicide.

Such being the two chief characters of the play, we at once discern the exquisite insight with which Shakespeare has made the woman invariably strike that chord in her husband's heart which would be sure to respond. He for his part, being what he was, could never bear to be despised by his wife for want of manhood. Accordingly, on this side of his nature she attacks him again and again, representing the scruples of conscience as mere cowardice. When she reproaches him with want of love, it does not move him; when she confidently promises him a certain success, it rather makes him hesitate; but when she says in effect, "Art thou afraid?" she manages him like a child. This was the spur which, as he says of his ambition, "pricked the sides of his intent," and made him overleap the bounds of humanity; and it is very remarkable that Macbeth, when he instigates the murderers of Banquo and his son, employs the very means which had wrought most effectually upon himself: he appeals to their manliness. We regret that we have not space to show how the whole machinery of the play tends to this result—the development of Macbeth's innate thirst for action, till he arrives at that state of mind in which he fears neither God, man, nor devil. Let us see him, however, as Professor Gervinus describes him on the brink of this moral ruin.

"This fear and this conscience are once more to shake his resolute manliness, when the ghost of Banquo appears to him. This unhinges his nature; his wife silences the company, palliates and excuses his paroxysms with her old presence of mind, and reminds him of his weakness with the old stinging reproof, 'Are you a man?' 'Ay,' he answers, 'and a bold one, that dare look on what might appal the devil.' She continues her bitter sarcasms at his want of manliness: 'These flaws and starts would well become a woman's story at a winter's fire.' Upon this he grows so bold as even to drink the health of the just vanished Banquo; and yet again the apparition shakes his iron nerves. He may assert, 'What man dare, I dare!' and yet his manliness disappears at this awful sight. These are the last struggles of his conscience and of his fearful imaginings. Yet before long (it ought to be *not long before*) he looked back amid the stings of remorse almost enviously upon Duncan's sleep 'after life's fitful fever;' he now sees himself 'stept in so far in blood' that 'returning were as tedious as go o'er.' Hitherto he had shrunk from Banquo's suspicion and pursuit; now he keeps spies in every house, threatens the escaped princes, summons the absent Macduff, and orders the slaughter of his family. Hitherto the qualms of conscience in the man who had murdered sleep, had manifested themselves in that he had murdered his own sleep, that he had lost this refreshment of nature, and suffered from terrible dreams; now, through all his cruel schemes he will sleep calmly 'in spite of thunder.' The time had been when his lively fancy would have been excited by a 'night-shriek;' now, 'supp'd full of horrors,' he had almost 'forgot the taste of fears.' Formerly he pondered over his actions, and consideration and reflection preceded and accompanied his deeds; now he has 'things in head which must be acted ere they can be scann'd;' he considers himself still young and unripe in deeds, until he has brought it to this, that the deed shall go with the purpose; that the 'firstlings of his heart shall be the firstlings of his hand;' that all boasting 'like a fool' shall be given up; and 'be it thought and done' shall be his only motto."

His end is thus described:—

"When Macduff says to him that he was 'from his mother's womb untimely ripped,' he yields to fear, and exclaims, 'I'll not fight with thee.' But a taunt in Macduff's words, as formerly in his wife's, and at once the hero revives, as a hero to die. Grand, like that Hagen in the 'Nibelungen Lied,' he compels admiration even while rising in cruelty; the impress of innate heroism is visible in him to the last; so that the greatness of his manly strength and the might of his resolution almost outweigh and equal the magnitude of his guilt."

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND.*

THERE was a legend long ago in England that a passage had been discovered at the end of the sixteenth century, between the mainland of North America and what is now Vancouver Island. An old Greek sailor, so the story went, Apostolos Valerianos by name, but better known as Juan de Fuca, was found in Venice, in 1596, who had sailed to and fro many places in those western seas, and had made discoveries of much importance. In his wanderings he had reached the 48° of latitude, entered a narrow strait between the 47° and 48°, and sailed therein for more than twenty days, until he came to the North Sea, when he found it "wide enough everywhere." The story of this ancient mariner was long current in England. There were many who believed it, and many who were sceptical, but none who had the courage to test its accuracy. In 1778 Captain James Cook was sent out to examine the shores and seas as far as the 65°. He searched with care for the old Greek's passage, but he failed to find it, and pronounced it to be a fiction, and Vancouver Island to be a portion of the mainland. Fourteen years later, Captain Vancouver, an officer in the English navy, and not a Dutchman, as has been erroneously supposed, was despatched to settle some official business with the Spanish Commission, and to survey the western coast of the new continent. He found San Juan's Straits, and entered on the Gulf of Georgia, which separates the island which now bears his name from what is now British Columbia; and after a long and difficult navigation, he forced his way among the islands of the gulf, and through the strait named by him Johnstone, until he came at length into the Pacific at Queen Charlotte Sound, probably at the very point where Juan de Fuca, the old Greek sailor, found it "everywhere wide enough" two hundred years before. Vancouver Island was thus discovered, and began to be colonized by Englishmen at the beginning of this century. But the colonization did not proceed rapidly until 1857, when the gold discoveries were made on the Fraser River, in the adjoining continent. Since then both the island and British Columbia have prospered, and one day they may be among the most valuable of the British possessions. In the mean time we look upon them as little known and very distant lands. We know that Vancouver Island is about half the size of Ireland, and that it had been granted to the Hudson Bay Company on condition of its being colonized. We know that British Columbia is about three times the size of Great Britain, that it has a coast line of some 500 miles, and that it is made up of lake, mountain, forest, marsh, and prairie. But that was about the sum of knowledge possessed till lately by the majority of the public who have not made our colonies an object of special interest. This book of Commander Mayne's gives much new and valuable information about these countries, and, though somewhat monotonous in style and tone of thought, it is on the whole not unpleasantly written. Portions are dry and statistical, but they are relieved by a judicious intermixture of personal adventure and practical speculation, and the reader is carried on without much weariness to the end.

Commander Mayne spent four years in the colony. He went out on board H.M.S. *Plumper*, despatched in 1857 to survey the waters between Vancouver Island and the mainland and the coasts and inlets of the colony, during the international dispute between the Americans and ourselves upon the question of the boundary line. The merits of the dispute are very clearly put in this book, and the reasons of the forcible occupation of San Juan. The question remains open for settlement at some future period. At present the island is held by equal bodies of English and American troops, about one hundred of each nation. If the question should arise again at the conclusion of the present war in America, the

* Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island. By Commander R. C. Mayne, R.N., F.R.G.S. London: John Murray Albemarle-street. 1862.

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distinct statement of the geographical difficulties given by Commander Mayne will be studied with interest. The *Plumper* left England on the 20th of March, 1857, and arrived at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, on the 16th of October. She remained there about ten days, during which time her officers spent some time at the friendly court, and in the general society of King Kamehame-ha II., and his consort, a pleasant, sensible woman, daughter of an Irish settler in the islands. From the Sandwich Islands the *Plumper* went northwards to her station, and Commander Mayne remained with her till October, 1861. During that time he was constantly employed both on the coast and in the interior of British Columbia in exploring and surveying the country. He has given the result of his explorations in the earlier part of his book. The latter part contains an account of the Indian races, both in the island and on the Continent, and a general summary of the state of the countries.

The Indians are divided into the Coast, or Fish-eating tribes, and the Inland tribes—like the sea and land Dyaks of Borneo—and they number altogether about 60,000. The Coast tribes are more numerous, but much inferior both physically and morally; proximity to the white man seems to cause degeneration. Those who live far inland are fine, handsome, intelligent men; but they gradually fall away as they approach the coast, and those who live around Victoria are more degraded than the lowest negroes. Their ceremonies in celebration of any domestic event, birth, marriage, death or burial, are sufficiently peculiar. Their traditions and religious feasts, the savage ceremonial on the initiation of their "medicine men," their "palavers," and their unquenchable taste for fire water and gambling, and the consequences of their indulgence in such tastes, are well described, and are brought out in a manner indicative both of considerable insight and observation.

Among other idiosyncrasies and fashions, there is one which is peculiar to these Indians, and which is interesting on antiquarian grounds; it is their respect for the representation of certain animals which they look on as of especial virtue. They carve strange figures upon the fronts and roofs of their houses, which are intended to represent various members of the animal kingdom, such as whales, porpoises, eagles, ravens, frogs. These are adopted as crests by different families, and are considered to form close ties of relationship between those who bear them. Those of the same caste may not marry; a whale may not marry a whale, or a frog a frog. The crests, however, descend by the mother's side, so that if a male frog were to marry a whale, the frogs become absorbed in the whales, and unless there should be female frogs, they become extinct.

The most useful and practical information, however, in this book, relates to the productions of the country and the prospects for the settler. A colonist can get out to British Columbia by the Isthmus of Panama—which he crosses by rail in something under three hours—to San Francisco in about forty-five days, and at the cost of some £90. This is the most convenient route, but the most direct goes across the American continent. There is a regular route opened between New York and San Francisco, a distance of 3,000 miles, which, partly by rail, partly by coach, is travelled in about seventeen days, and passes by St. Louis on the borders of Illinois and Missouri, and across Nebraska and Utah, by the Great Salt Lake, into California. Once established at Victoria or New Westminster, there are two lines of life open to the settler. He can proceed up the Fraser River and take to gold digging, or he can purchase good land at 4s. 2d. per acre, and become a prosperous agriculturist. There is an area of nearly 120,000 square miles from which he may choose his land, and every facility is given to him to settle and thrive. The climate closely resembles our own, the cold during winter is never excessive, and the summer heat rarely rises above the average of an English summer. The soil is rich, so far as it has been tested, and what has already been cultivated has invariably proved fertile. The only drawback to extensive cultivation is the occasional want of rain, and the lengthened periods of drought. But owing to the great abundance of water in the colony, the innumerable rivers, streams, and lakes, this apparent difficulty is obviated by means of irrigation. It is no exaggeration to say with Governor Douglas, that "there is a watercourse and rivulet for every moderate-sized farm that will be opened in the district." To this abundance of water may be ascribed the richness of the pasturage, which is one of the striking features of the colony. In Vancouver Island neither the arable nor the pasture land is so valuable as on the mainland, but that drawback is more than counterbalanced by the excellence and abundance of the timber. In Columbia the best land is inland, some sixty miles from the sea. The coast, which is deeply indented by a variety of inlets running far into the interior like the fiords in Norway, is fringed with dense forests of pine trees, sometimes growing on low ground, but generally covering mountain ridges of various sizes which terminate inland in a number of irregular peaks shooting up in every possible form and in heights varying from one to ten thousand feet. Behind all these minor ranges and inland of the heads of the inlets, some sixty miles from the sea, there is a long range of mountains running parallel with the coast called the Cascade Range. It rises to a great height, and forms a barrier which must be surmounted before the settler can reach the Eldorado that lies beyond. There is no friendly valley leading up by easy approaches to the interior. The Fraser river has forced its way through the barrier, but the rocks close in upon it so precipitously as to form an impassable gorge or "cañon," as it is called, in which there is hardly footing for a goat along the high precipitous banks. The Cascade Range, however, once passed, the whole aspect of the country changes. The dense pine forests cease, and the country is open, clear, and, in spring and summer, covered with bunch grass, excellent for cattle. There are no enormous prairies, as in Australia or the eastern portions of the American Continent, without a hill or wood to break the green monotony of the scene. It is rather what the Californians term "rolling country," broken up into pleasant valleys and sheltered by mountain ranges of various heights. These hills are generally well clothed with timber, but with little if any undergrowth. The valleys are clear of wood, except along the banks of the streams which traverse them, on which there is generally a sufficiency of willow or alder to form a shade for cattle. The timber upon the hills is very light compared with its growth upon the coast; indeed, there is nothing more than the settler wants for building, fuel, and fencing. The prospect for the colonist is, on the whole, a good one; but, besides the more substantial advantages, there are other attractions which may tempt some visitors to the country, even if they be not settlers. Sport is always plentiful. There are salmon and trout in all the rivers and streams and lakes in numbers that seem fabulous in this country. "The quantity of salmon," says the author, "is almost beyond description, but it will give some idea of it to say that a Hudson Bay Company officer, who lived many years on the Columbia, told me that on a sudden falling of the water such numbers were left upon the bank as to cause the river to stink for miles." The average weight of the fish taken, either by the spear or net, varies from 15 lb. to 25 lb., the average value of a fine salmon from 2d. to 6d. In England such a fish would cost from £3 to £4. Game is more plentiful on Vancouver Island than on the mainland, but in both there are Wapiti deer, elk, buffalo, grizly bear, black bear, racoon, and wild sheep, in sufficient numbers to keep the most ardent sportsman in constant occupation. On the whole, whether for a sporting tour or for a permanent residence, these colonies form a land of promise to which Commander Mayne is an admirable guide.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING.*

With the confidence of anonymous partisanship, the editors of this selection avow in their preface that they expect to accomplish a very unusual feat. They believe that they will reverse a popular judgment of more than twenty years' standing. "This little book," as they somewhat affectedly style a volume which contains not less than the whole works of Virgil or of Milton, "originated with two friends who, from the first appearance of 'Paracelsus,' have regarded its writer as among the few great poets of the century, who have seen this opinion since gain ground with the best readers and critics, and who believe that such a selection as the present may go far to render it universal." Even were the selection, which has been much overweighted with the dullest of all extracts—extracts from plays, more judicious, we fear that the *vox populi*, through the wisdom and the folly that are in it, is little likely to fulfil the editors' expectation.

Immediate popularity is, indeed, no proof that first-rate poetical merit exists. But, where it does exist, we are disposed to think that immediate popularity is very rarely wanting. English literature alone supplies a great number of cases in point. The world of readers (not a large world, unhappily) has now and then underrated a poet on some other ground than his own characteristic powers,—as the glory of Shelley was long obscured by theological anathema, and the coarse, unintelligent criticism of Wilson and Croker for a while placed Keats under a cloud of political disfavour. An earlier instance of contemporary misappreciation, arising from very similar causes, was conspicuously dwelt on by Wordsworth in one of his remarkable prefaces. He treated the reception of "Paradise Lost" as a proof that high and original poetry is naturally destined to a period of non-recognition. Nor is it to be denied that Wordsworth was himself (though not without extenuating circumstances for the readers of the day) one of the clearest examples that his opinion may be occasionally verified. Yet, on the whole, a survey of the fates of books will lead to a different, to a more pleasant conclusion. When such subsidiary and personal incidents as we have alluded to have been eliminated, we shall find almost all true poets the pride of their day from the first. Chaucer was honoured throughout his life after the only fashion in which popularity could then display itself. The fame of our Elizabethan poets appears to have been steady from the beginning. Before 1616 Shakespeare was already enthroned in a supremacy only less decidedly recognized than now, because no one could then foresee that it would remain so long unapproached. It is enough to name Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith. Even Gray is only an apparent exception to the rule of immediate popularity. What prevented the "Odes" from sharing the instantaneous recognition of the "Elegy" was not their profusion of poetry, but their profusion of learning.

There is, in truth, sound reason why the contemporary estimate of genuine poetry should in general be a trustworthy verdict. High and elevating pleasure is the end of this, as of the other fine arts. The poet is, by necessity, rather the child of his age than the forerunner of his age. He is more the seer than the prophet of his generation. To anticipate the future of religion and politics, to preach unwelcome novelties in science or criticism—this is rarely

* Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning. Chapman & Hall. 1863.

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his province. Hence his work, in its subject, appeals almost always to present feelings and intelligible interests, the things "which have been, and may be again." And whilst thus amenable to immediate judgment in its matter, as a pleasure-giving art it also submits itself to immediate judgment in regard to its form. So essentially popular in its aim is poetry, that we might almost say its excellence is measured by the area of the circle to which it is addressed, and by which it is ultimately accepted. No doubt, by virtue of the law that genius only adequately comprehends genius, those who grasp the whole force of high utterance will be scanty in proportion to its height,—it is they who are the "fit audience, though few." Yet this same highest song must be also, like "the common sun, the air, the skies," comprehensible and enjoyable by the multitude. That poetry which is "caviare to the general" condemns itself. Excellent as it may be, it has somewhere lost sight of its vocation. It should please not only much, and long, but many. All who please at once are not true; all recognition does not last; yet in the vast majority of cases what we call eternal fame, is but the echo of the voice which hailed and encouraged the singer.

Where such fame has for many years been wanting, although no subsidiary or personal prejudices have intervened, it must always raise a strong presumption that the *silentia populi* (if we may venture on the phrase) rest on grounds which it is in vain to expect will be abandoned. Like Mr. Browning's, the poetry may be true and high in an uncommon degree, yet in matter or in form there cannot but be a *too little*, or a *too much*. And it does not appear difficult to discover the causes which have hitherto rendered the gifted writer before us unfamiliar to his contemporaries, and which, we fear, are not less likely to render him such to their children. The editors claim for the contents of their volume "range and variety of power." This praise hardly appears discriminating. Mr. Browning, indeed, possesses not only power, but an intensity of power rarely exceeded. Some of his descriptive touches rival Dante or Lucretius in pregnant picturesqueness. Many lines show a strength of sad irony acrid as that honey which of old suggested the word sardonic. The subtle analysis of passion, the anatomy of the uncertain heart or the perplexed conscience, are touched with a lucid and almost poignant brevity. The reproduction of the circumstances of past phases of life is often, though perhaps not uniformly, successful. The verse, though in general to our ear deficient in music and in flow, is generally adapted with rare skill to the expression of the thought. All this is power; but it is power exercised upon subjects more remote from the ordinary experience of men, than in the work of any other true poet we are acquainted with. Mr. Browning has a profound feeling for the English character, and for the English landscape. Yet none of our lyrical writers has taken so few of his pictures from England. Excluding the fragments from plays, which not less unfairly to the poet than unwisely for his readers have been inserted, we find in one of the most elaborate pieces a minute analysis of the aspect in which the old Florentine painter, Lippo Lippi, regarded his art. Another is a similar study on Andrea del Sarto. A third paints the composite feelings with which a sensual and æsthetic bishop of the Cinquecento regarded his monument. Two are devoted to different phases which poisoning assumed at the same corrupt period. "Cleon" is intended to paint the eclectic mode of thought on life and on art prevalent in Greece at the Christian era; "Probus" is a sketch from the least familiar portion of Byzantine history. The sermon which the Jews of Rome were compelled annually to attend,—the wrath roused in a modern reader by the pedantry of a mediæval schoolman, and the consequent persecution of his book,—the ideas of an idle Italian in the country and of a bad monk in a Spanish convent,—the fashion in which a sensible worldly Roman Catholic bishop in England might talk religion with a Saturday Reviewer, supply other motives. It may be doubted whether the highest poetical genius could render these and analogous subjects more than what readers at large must consider literary curiosities. At least they must be either dramatised with Shakespearian force, or treated as canvasses to display elementary human sentiments, if they are to fulfil the common conditions of first-rate poetry, and be at once the delight of the many and the passion of the few.

Mr. Browning's are, indeed, finished works of art in their way; but that way (we must think) fails to satisfy these conditions. That he recognizes that his genius does not lie in the dramatic form, we may infer from his abandonment of it announced in the dedication to his last drama. With high and unusual excellences, his plays appear to confirm the author's decision. In his dialogue each character is prone to the same searching introspective habits, the same hesitating self-analysis. They are, indeed, often skilful monologues in disguise: the poet answering the poet through the long procession of subtle and well-elaborated verses. Nor, again, are the passions represented or the phases of life described, such as most men can sympathize with. They are often such as few men can follow. The reproduction of the past is generally excellent, the details especially marvels of sharp, decisive handling. The intricacies and dark corners which most writers would not perceive, are brought out with lucid keenness. But the wider interests of life, the elementary passions of mankind are so subordinated meanwhile, that the excellence of the work is almost as much archæological or psychological as poetical. It is addressed to students of the bye-places of the heart,—of the cross-lanes of history. Thus the success of the poem is too deeply staked, not on its universal poetry (as in "Coriolanus"), but on its historical accuracy. Yet even here we must doubt whether any real phase of Greek thought is represented by what at least seems to us the pervading modernism—the subjective self-scrutiny—of "Cleon,"—whether any Arabian before the preaching of Mahomet would have written in the spirit of "Karshish,"—whether the Bishop's Tomb be not anachronistic in its fine details. The peculiar style of the art, the notice of "brown Greek manuscripts" as a legacy, of the law-Latin of the Bishop's predecessor,—these elaborate touches refer—or seem to refer—to fifty years earlier than the date of the Gesù Church, also mentioned. So arduous a task—so hopeless—is it even for such ability as the author's to photograph the past!

Quitting the subjects chosen by the poet for his manner of handling them, it will not be disputed that Mr. Browning is an artist who has a genius for vivid point, rather than for harmonious completeness. There is a frequent sacrifice of repose to accent. Quaintness in thought, words, and metre, as in subject, runs through all he touches. It is undoubtedly the quaintness of genius; yet, of all the qualities of genius, the history of literature proves that this is the least easy to combine with the high harmonies and passionate sweetness of immortal poetry. The unconscious sense of the multitude knows this, not less than the critical sense of the few—the demand of art, to put it in a word, is curves, not angles—whence our reluctant fear that the *vox populi* is likely to be here once more ratified. Everywhere we find a keen rhetorical faculty, a direct reference to nature, an only too decided originality. Each line has a telling touch of detail and character; yet the picture, as it is unfolded before us, though it advances in force, does not always equally advance in artistic unity. The parts are often of striking excellence, the rounding into a whole less perfect. Hence Mr. Browning appears comparatively unsuccessful in his longer pieces. They are far too brilliant and forcible to be tedious; yet we have a sense that the writer does not know when to hold his hand. Half (to quote the old proverb) would have been more than the whole of the dithyrambs of the "Saul," or the ingenious *pros* and *cons* of Blougram over the wine and walnuts. The openings of the tales are admirable, but the flight is not always sustained. Thus, the "Flight of the Duchess" turns on a gipsey song, which is described as having had such a force of melodious magic in it as to allure the heroine from the Duke's castle to the Bohemian camp. In lieu of this, we find a rather obscure discourse, for the poorness of which the supposed narrator offers an apology:—

> More fault of those who had the hammering
> Of prosody into me, and syntax,
> And did it, not with hobnails but tin-tacks.

But this defence is not valid for the poet. We want, not the apology, but the song:—especially when half a dozen lyrics are close by to prove that he could have given us one which would have added to our treasures for ever.

Mr. Browning's command of concentrated force and colour renders him most successful in his shorter pieces. Those who can master the strangeness of the situations, and accustom themselves to his manner in language and metre, will find it difficult to forget many of these lyrics. The "Ride to Aix," the "Laboratory," "Love among the Ruins," "In a Year," grasp their subjects with a vital insight, a downright originality, which leave us in no doubt under what class Goethe would have ranked them, when he said "There are so many echoes in the world, and so few voices!" And others might have been added, although it is in another form that we venture to think the poet's power most satisfactorily exhibited. His genius is eminently successful in that "brief form" of picture which has lately regained the name of Idyl. Amongst these, the peculiar gifts of his nature render him happiest in the descriptive monologues; in the poems which more directly involve thought or argument, he appears to us to be no exception to the law which places these matters within the grasp—not of the singer, but the thinker. The problems of the schools, the riddle of the earth, receive imaginative treatment in his hands, but are not interpreted. This is not the poet's function. But taking them within their peculiar limits, for what they aim at, several of those named in the earlier part of our essay are perfect. Taking the larger standard of universal art, little appears wanting (to name two special favourites) to the perfection of that sketch of a poet which is named "How it strikes a contemporary," or to the stanzas in which Mr. Browning has repainted, in sweeter colours, the "Guardian Angel of Guercino." We quote these lines, because they contain a repose and music, which we sometimes desiderate in the other masterpieces of the volume.

> Dear and great Angel, would'st thou only leave
> That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
> Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
> Shall find performed thy special ministry,
> And time come for departure, thou, suspending
> Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
> Another still, to quiet and retrieve.
>
> Then I shall feel thee stop one step, no more,
> From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
> And suddenly my head is covered o'er
> With those wings, white above the child who prays
> Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
> Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
> Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door!
>
> I would not look up thither past thy head,
> Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
> For I should have thy gracious face instead,
> Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low

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Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garments spread?

If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy, and suppressed.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty:—
What further may be sought for or declared?

SISTERHOODS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

THE interest of this book lies, not so much in the religious as in the psychological considerations which it suggests. It is curious, and scarcely credible to find, that in the nineteenth century, the educated classes of the most enlightened country in the world should produce the description of intellect which receives comfort and satisfaction from works of charity only when they are performed under conditions calculated to inflame the imagination and degrade the mind. It is true that this remark applies only to the ladies, and that charity is not the only motive by which they are actuated. The idea that a life of penance may propitiate an exacting Deity, and secure for themselves eternal salvation, no doubt operates strongly; and if the home circle is not congenial, and its duties are irksome, an additional reason is supplied for seeking heaven in a more romantic channel.

As the novices generally join these religious establishments at an early age, we may also be permitted to suspect that those tenderer motives which often induce their poorer sisters to fling themselves into the Regent's Canal, sometimes drive young ladies into sisterhoods. We can, indeed, understand and make allowances for circumstances under which home might be trying and the world distasteful, and we should be the last to object to female organizations, formed with a view to mutual comfort and the interchange of sympathy. That charity and good works should be the ostensible, if not the real object, of those who thus unite together, is most natural, and that when a number of women are collected together stringent rules should be necessary in order to secure harmony and concord, we should most readily admit. But we must protest against the notion of religion having anything whatever to do with the matter. No one who reads Miss Goodman's book will fail to see that the travestie of religion, which is the result of this sort of weak feminine enthusiasm, damages its best interests; and although fortunately few minds are sufficiently puerile to be influenced by it, a certain degree of contempt and ridicule is brought upon the cause. The Bishop of Oxford's objection to the religious character with which these sisterhoods seek to invest themselves, exactly meets the case:—

"One single word," says his lordship, "on the use of the word 'religious.' I confess, after all that has been said, that I have the very deepest objection in any way whatever to applying the word 'religious' to such a life. I think it was adopted at a time when the standard of lay piety was very low; and at all events, as no good seems to me to be got by the use of a word ambiguous, at least, in its meaning, and which seems to imply that God can be better served in the unmarried sisterhood, than in the blessed and holy state of matrimony, I think it is a pity it should be used."

The subject is worthy of notice, for there are no less than twenty-five houses of Protestant Sisters belonging to the different orders scattered over the country. We will give some idea, by extracts from the work before us, of the one at Devonport as a specimen. "The sisters dress in brown serge and go about with bare feet; they take it in turns to sit up and watch all through the night; moreover, the watchers join in prayer seven times in the day with the Mother of the three rules, though they may be separated by distance." One of these is the rule of holy obedience, by which the novice repudiates all allegiance to her parents and acknowledges "that the Superiors bear the image of the divine power of God, which he vouchsafes to imprint upon them. And he will surely require it at your hands if ye despise his authority in them." Of course, each sister is bound, on the day of her entrance, to "renounce in favour of the community not only the possession, but the use and disposition of everything which is hers or shall be given to her." Perhaps the Devonport sisters took this very practical idea from the Plymouth Brothers. Occasionally "the Mother, in imitation of the act of our Lord and Saviour, the night before his crucifixion, washes her children's feet." The service is not worth quoting at length. It runs in this wise:—

"V. The love of God has gathered us together.
"Ant. As before.
"Let us rejoice and be glad in him.
"Ant. As before.
"V. Let us fear and love the living God.
"Ant. As before.
"V. And search ourselves with a true heart.
"Ant. As before.
"Let wicked quarrels cease. Let strife cease.
"Ant. As before.
"For endless ages. R. Amen."

The mother then girds herself with a towel, and in the costly basin described in another part of the book, washes the feet of each sister.

The following allusion at the commencement of one of the collects seems to imply some doubt on the part of the sisterhood as to the position which females occupy in creation: "O God, who didst form the body and breathe into the soul, who despisest no age, *rejectest no sex, &c.*" But the originality consists rather in the forms than in the wording of the services. The novice says: "My Mother, I will, by the help of God, obey you, as our rule doth direct, in all love, honour, and humility."

The Mother holds the Cross, and says:—

"The sign of the Cross is a sacramental symbol, in which lies a deep mystery. When thou shalt have learnt this mystery, thou shalt perceive that of self-surrender. When thou shalt have accomplished self-surrender, thou shalt have discovered wherein lies the mystery of Peace."

Courtesy to each other is so strictly enjoined and respect to rank enforced, that one of the younger members, who "was at immense pains to calculate how many reverences she herself gave during the day, found that she had bent the knee 321 times; but she added that she did not feel in the least fatigued; she had grown so accustomed to the exercise; only she lamented that she found herself acquiring a halting gait, as if one leg was a little shorter than the other."

The next in rank after the Mother Superior is the Mother Eldress. Then comes a lady called the Deane, dedicated specially to John the Baptist, "the symbol of whose office is a silver ring worn on the forefinger of the left hand, and this ring is provided with seven blunt-pointed knobs; the Deane being supposed to be constantly, with the forefinger and thumb of her right hand, turning it round her finger, that thus she may be reminded to be diligent in spying out any breach of the rules committed by those intrusted to her guidance." We are told elsewhere of this lady, that whenever any of the novices said, as they often did, of any task, "I cannot finish it in time," she would answer, "Ask the angels to help you, my dear; you should never say you cannot do anything when you are told to do it,—this is a breach of your rule of holy obedience; however hard and impossible the task may seem, you can do it with the help of the holy angels." To assist the Deane—and the angels—there are Eldresses appointed; then come the "Sisters" of the Society, next "Children," and lastly "Novices." We should have been inclined to class them all in the last category but one; children they certainly are, playing at nunneries, but the game is not to our taste, and leads to unpleasant results; not only does it destroy all family ties and break the hearts of parents, but it drives many to the Church of Rome, where their position, if it is in our view erroneous, is at least logical and consistent. More than half the ladies once connected with St. Saviour's House, in Osnaburg-street, are now in the Church of Rome. And the sisterhood some two or three years back went over bodily to Rome. That is to say, the Superior and all her "children" were received at one time. "Even to Dr. Pusey," says Miss Goodman, "it cannot be a small matter that twenty out of one sisterhood, and that not Miss Sellon's,—twenty whose consciences were for years in his hands, who obeyed his teachings and followed his leadings with the simplicity of children,—are now in the Romish Communion." Perhaps Dr. Pusey's success with the ladies has been greater than that of Professor Jowett with the youths at Oxford; but at all events, if we were to judge of teaching by the result, we should be inclined rather to back even the defendant in the case of "Pusey *v.* Jowett." "Friends," says our authoress, "whose good opinion I value, have objected that, by making public the weakness of a divine who has written upon personal piety so eloquently as Dr. Pusey, I may injure the cause of religion and piety." We must be permitted to differ from Miss Goodman's friends; that description of weakness on the part of a divine which drives young ladies to Rome by the score ought certainly to be published. Nor do we think many will be tempted to join a sisterhood after reading this exposure of these establishments. "In the arrangement of her household," says Miss Goodman, "Miss Sellon fell into a great indiscretion, though with the best intentions. She permitted women whose previous lives were not unsullied to live with pure women, and mingle with them freely." We will not allude to scandals which have arisen in connexion with these sisterhoods, let us hope without any foundation. The very fact that they are enriched by the reception of a wealthy novice naturally gives an opening to ill-natured criticism, and we have a story of a lady who wavered for some time between a nunnery and a sisterhood. "Ultimately a kind of struggle for her person took place" (this was at the door of a church between Romanist and Anglican ladies) "which ended in the triumph of the Anglican ladies, two of whom seized her by each arm, and she was dragged rather than walked into the Anglican church. I may mention that the sister was at that time of mature age, nearer forty than thirty, and also that a large fortune was at her disposal." It is to be regretted that the Anglican ladies who engaged in this personal struggle had not taken that vow of silence which on another occasion prevented one of their number from helping a sister in distress. A sister afterwards said to child

* Sisterhoods in the Church of England. By M. Goodman. Smith & Elder.

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Hombeline, "Why did you not pull child C—— out of the mud?" "I would not have broken my rule by putting out my hand even if she had been drowning," was the reply.

We have specimens in the work before us of the style of literature by which Dr. Pusey trains the intellects of his children. One of the most popular books is called "Rodolph, the Voyager," written in the form of an allegory, which, like John Bunyan, proposes to show the pilgrimage of the Christian, with the numerous by-ways which would lead his feet from the true paths. In the modern allegory, the place of Greatheart, the guide, is filled up by a certain Lady Althea, a sentimental middle-aged lady, very handsome, but very much out of health; and an ordinary reader of the volume would accuse this lady of being given to flirting with middle-aged gentlemen. Lady Althea is intended to represent the Holy Church. We trust that we have said enough to whet the curiosity of our readers; if the result be to induce them to read the book and avoid the errors it so graphically pourtrays our object will be gained. Meanwhile we congratulate Miss Goodman on the courage which she has shown in exposing the internal economy of these establishments; and if the daughters of England are too foolish to profit by the warnings her work contains, we trust that their mothers will, at all events, see the necessity of impressing upon them at an early age the distinction which exists between practical and sentimental religion.

MEXICO.*

M. Vigneaux has a better claim to tell us what he knows about Mexico than most men who take advantage of political excitement to assume the character of a guide. He has been in Mexico; he has been through it; he has fought in Mexico, and has fought, as he believed, for the good of Mexico. He invaded her for her own good, and was made prisoner by an unappreciating people; he had a narrow escape from the bullet, and did not altogether escape the gaol; he went through all the annoyances of duress within the tropics, and the agonies of a sea-voyage in an overburdened yacht, and never lost his temper. Nay more, he looks back with pleasure and regret to his adventure, and he has dared, even at the present conjuncture, to say a word for the Mexicans, and to breathe an honest hope for their welfare.

He introduces himself as a cosmopolite of some years' standing, animated with a zeal for liberty and the Latin race, and waiting at San Francisco for an opening to employment. He takes service with M. de Raousset Boulbon, an adventurer or filibuster after the model of Walker, in whose unsuccessful attempt upon the province of Sonora, in the year 1854, he had the misfortune to join. M. Vigneaux is himself, what his leader evidently was not, a man of sentiment and aspiration; he mourns over the distractions of Central America, and laments that republican institutions there have not had fair play. But with singular perverseness he ignores the share such expeditions as his own have had in rendering those distractions incurable. He does not, perhaps he cannot, perceive that the piratical invasions of wealthy and designing cosmopolites, shielding themselves, when unfortunate, behind the ægis of America or France, were precisely that unfair play which no struggling government can survive. But he was then young and sanguine. There is nothing like seeing a stronger hand playing your own game, to disenchant you of the illusions that veiled your own motives from yourself. There was a gentleman in Fleet-street the other day, who could not resist a tempting corner of his friend's pocket-handkerchief; but having (with the best intentions) transferred it to his own coat-tail, he immediately received his own from a well dressed individual, with the whisper, "I did not know, sir, that you belonged to the fraternity." When M. Vigneaux reads a certain recent letter to General Forey, he condemns the acts of an imperial adventurer; but he must blush to reflect that he, too, belongs to the fraternity.

With M. de Raousset and his schemes we have no sympathy, and with his historian, so long as he is occupied with them, little patience. He was devoted to the cause of liberty; but he had questionable intrigues with Santa Anna, the Domitian, as he is described, of Mexico. He was bound to combat, as a Frenchman, for "the Latin race" alone; but he opened negotiations with Walker. He lays claim to military honour; but he did not blush to effect an entry for his troops into the country by a feigned enlistment under the tyrant's banner. He set up the standard of democracy, and had letters from the Orleans princes in his pocket. M. Vigneaux supplies us with a climax; he was a disciple of Voltaire all his life, and he died in the arms of a priest. He was shot by the Mexican authorities, and we cannot agree with our author that he did not deserve his fate.

The second part of the volume before us contains its chief interest. Once free from the baneful influence of his chief, M. Vigneaux's notes expand from daily annals of a quarrelsome crew, and windy declamations about ideas, to a lively, faithful, and interesting sketch of his experiences by the way. The survivors of the expedition were marched up into the country, and afterwards shipped from Vera Cruz. Our author was employed by the authorities to superintend the board and lodging of the troop. He thus had more opportunities for useful experience of the country than a single traveller could reap even from unfettered movements. As purser of the party, he had melancholy proof of the debasement of Mexican coinage. Brigandage, not only in village rumours and hypothetical calculation, was brought constantly under his notice. The cities swarming with population in the extremes of degradation and superstition; the villages scourged by robbers and recruiting officers; the dead absorption of a Central Government with no organization but an army; the foul corruption of a priesthood that drained the life-blood of the body social at every pore: all these are laid before us not in general statements or inferences, but with a fund of lively anecdote and illustration which excites the reader's interest, while it supplies copious material for his conclusions. In the little tales of sentiment and manners among the lower orders, which we constantly stumble upon, M. Vigneaux is peculiarly happy. In nature and natural beauty he feels a keen enjoyment. Upon regaining his liberty, and starting alone upon his travels, he dives into the desert with a rhapsody of genuine pleasure:—

"Si ce n'est pas pour vous seul que le soleil éclaire, que le vent souffle, que la source jaillit, du moins ce rayon qui tombe sur la solitude, ce souffle caressant qui y cherchait en vain un homme, cette eau murmurante ou se désaltérait en vain l'animal peu soucieux de l'avenir, et le palmier et la fleur qui se balançaient melancholiquement à la brise, prodiguaient en vain, l'un son ombre, l'autre son parfum; toutes ces merveilles sans temoins doivent tressaillir de joie au bruit des pas du roi de cet univers, comme à la venue d'un nouvel Adam, et s'apporter a lui faire fête en reconnaissance de son admiration."

With this genial disposition M. Vigneaux is soon tired of finding fault: at all events, he soon finds excuses for transferring his censures from Mexican misgovernment to the objects of his greater antipathy at home:—

"Je n'oserais affirmer que le cancan, cette plaie de la province, ne fleurit pas dans l'Amérique espagnole; parce que je crois qu'il est un des fruits naturels du désœuvrement et de la stagnation de l'existence; mais du moins peut on y éviter, si l'on veut, cette solidarité, cette tyrannie, cette horrible espionnage de chacun sur tous et de tous sur chacun, qui rendent la vie de nos petites villes insupportable à tout homme d'énergie, qui pétrit l'individu dans le préjugé local, le moule dans la coutume locale, et ne lui laisse de sa nature primitive que les angles développés par un intense ennui."

One great defect we notice in our author's description of the inhabitants. He tells us much about the Indian population, but nothing of their masters of Spanish blood, except as regards the one point in which he came in contact with them—their uniform politeness. Reserving his descriptions almost exclusively for the lower orders, in whom he finds so much to praise, he leaves us curious to know how he will deal with the problem of Mexico in a state of social and political bankruptcy. A Frenchman is debarred from the careless superciliousness with which some Englishmen attribute the cause to race; for it is his pride to be the champion of all whom he calls "Latin," and he deems the Spaniard his cousin. Neither is he likely to ascribe it to corruption of blood; for the Frenchman has united in blood more freely with East and West than any other colonist. He is too liberal to ascribe it to free institutions; he is hardly mercantile enough to deduce it from neglect of political economy. An Englishman examines the good and bad qualities of the people; if Mexico is ruined, he will say it is because the Mexicans behaved badly. The Frenchman believes in the excellence of unsophisticated man; he is not satisfied without an external deteriorating cause, and he finds it in the agency of the priesthood. He has much to say on this head that is good and forcible; but he does not succeed in satisfying us that the superstition common to a whole nation is attributable to a peasant clergy, themselves drawn from among the people; or that the extraordinary prosperity of the United States is in any sense due to the absence of a Church Establishment.

His remarks upon the evils of foreign loans are newer and deserve attention. He is unfair upon the merchant creditor, without whose aid few popular revolutions could at this period be carried out; but there is something in a trenchant satire which may call attention to abuses of that resource; and that it is just now abused, the history of the present day will hereafter show.

The third cause of ruin he assigns is centralization. He would wish to see Mexico a Federal Republic, with municipal institutions. The latter are heartily to be desired in such a case; the former, though out of fashion just now, has its recommendations for such a people in such a country. Whether the material for any such edifice is to be found among these singular races, we doubt. M. Vigneaux anticipated a prosperous and improving future under Juarez: of this our doubts would have been still greater. But we heartily sympathize with the purpose visible through every page of his work; to deprecate, namely, the foundation of a Mexican Algeria by way of regenerating the Mexican people. Of their unwillingness for denationalization he has much to say, and we think he has made out his case.

* Souvenirs d'un Prisonnier de Guerre au Mexique, 1854—1855. Par Ernest Vigneaux. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie. 1863.

SHORT NOTICES.

One could hardly have a better instance of the force of an idea than the desire of the Ionian Islands to be united to Greece. But to estimate it fully we must regard it at a time when the rule of Otho weighed upon the kingdom, and when the clamour of the Ionians for union was much louder than it has been since Greece has shaken off her royal incubus. We cannot read Captain Whyte-Jervis's book* without being struck by the contrast

* The Ionian Islands during the present century. By Captain Whyte-Jervis, M.P. Chapman and Hall.

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between the state of the Seven Islands prior to the British Protectorate and afterwards. Without roads, without police, without laws, the prey of rapacious governors on the one hand and brigands on the other, they were entrusted to us by the Allied Powers in 1815 as the power least likely to abuse the commercial and political advantages their position offered; and unfit as a people with such antecedents necessarily were for constitutional government, the promise of a constitution was faithfully fulfilled. Sir Thomas Maitland, the first Lord High Commissioner, found on his arrival a peasantry ground down by the usurious loans of their landlords, judges openly bribed, and a treasury containing but three obolis. All this he changed. The peasantry were released from their bondage to the signori, courts of justice were released from the control of the higher classes; and a supreme court of justice, consisting of two British, and two Ionian judges, was established at Corfu to hold appeals from the local jurisdictions; roads were cut throughout the islands, the churches were repaired, and public credit restored. This wise policy was so faithfully carried out by the subsequent Commissioners that in 1851, Panajotti Soutzo, an intelligent Greek gentleman, writing to a friend, declared that in contemplating the advantages enjoyed by the islands in contrast with the state of things in the kingdom to which they desired to be united, he had "lived to envy servitude." Writing from Zante, he says—

"When contemplating the happiness of the Zantiots, and comparing it with the misery of us independent Greeks, I wept with grief.

"Unfortunate that we are! It is now nineteen years since royalty has been established amongst us, and we have security neither for money nor for property. Here you can proceed, loaded with gold, from one end of the island to the other, without the least fear. At home, we cannot, without the greatest danger, go even from Athens to Kiphissia.

"Here, what roads! what joyous hamlets! the children play, the women work peaceably within their dwellings, fearless of either the movable columns of official bandits, or of the bands of brigands.

"Do the Zantiots purchase so great a security by heavy taxes?

"In no ways. In the Ionian Islands, no tithe, no internal taxes; but simple duties on importations and exportations.

"Such is the state of the ENSLAVED Zantiots; and such is that of us Greeks, said to be free; men who have poured torrents of their blood and piled up heaps of their bones to reconquer independence.

"Panajotti Soutzo has lived to envy servitude. . . . . Shame, a thousand times, shame, on the system which reigns in Greece.

"After having spent a loan of sixty millions, with four hundred millions of taxation, we have neither harbour, bridge, nor road; we are a prey to robbery, assailed by pirates, infested with a thousand diseases; and, far from enjoying liberty, we are bowed down under the vilest slavery!"

But while the condition of Greece grew yearly worse, sinking deeper into a mass of corruption, with a despotic king, a bribed and servile assembly, the peasantry decimated by fevers caused by want of drainage, the courts of justice a mockery, and the police the mere agents of the banditti, the desire of the islands for union increased with the development of all those advantages which they owed to the British protectorate.

Captain Whyte-Jervis deprecates the idea of giving effect to this desire, believing that the union of the Ionian islands is the first step to the annihilation of Turkish rule. He ridicules the idea that the modern Greeks are the descendants of the ancient, and this passage is one of the most interesting of his valuable little book:—

"It may be that Providence does purpose that the Greek race should again form a mighty empire in the Levant. But it is right that this country should clearly understand of what the Greek race of the present day consists. It is idle for us to speak of them as descendants from those from whom we derive the arts that civilize nations, and to whom therefore we should owe a special debt of gratitude. When, century after century, hordes of barbarians devastated every province of the Eastern Empire, and at each invasion left some of their wild warriors, who preferred the sunny climes of the South to their own dark forests, in some cases even settling in such large numbers as to give their name to whole districts; when, in more civilized times, lordly adventurers from France, Italy, and Spain, looking upon Greece as a land which was destined only to be parcelled amongst themselves and their followers, without the trouble of a contest, divided it into numerous petty feofs, and erected their baronial castles on every inaccessible height; when to these succeeded the remorseless bands of Ottomans, who, with fire and sword, soon spread their dominions from the banks of the Danube to the southernmost point of the Morea, crushing Frank and Barbarian under an equal yoke; where are we to look for the descendants of the Greeks of old? Travellers tell us that, as late as the sixteenth century, Athens was but a castle with a small village; and that Sparta, divided by two tribes of the Slavi, the Ezeriti and the Milingi, had not only lost her ancient name, but it was impossible to recognize the site on which she had stood of old. As to the Ionian Islands, for hundreds of years they have had no connection with Greece. The Volterra's and Salamos's of Zante; the Loverdo's, Metaxa's, Tibaldo's, and Vocca's of Cephalonia; the Zambelli and Valaoriti of Santa Maura; the Bulgari, Dandolo's, &c., of Corfú, are all of Italian origin. But, like the Anglo-Irish, who became more Irish than the natives, these Ionian Italians are the loudest in calling out for a union with a country with which their forefathers had nothing in common.

"The Greek race are but the remnants of those various nations which once constituted the Eastern Empire, and who feel there is a bond of union in their geographical contiguity, in their profession of the tenets of the Eastern Christian Church, and in their hatred of the Turk."

Before the translator of Pastor Fisch's work* committed it to the public it would have been well if he had obtained the author's permission to modify those prophecies which he has made on behalf of the North, and of which, to speak mildly, the chance of fulfilment is wofully small. Of the nine months which Dr. Fisch spent in the United States only two were within the course of events which followed the breaking out of the war. It was reasonable at that time, pardonable at least, that he should look hopefully for the success of the Federal arms, and predict that the North would triumph in the ordeal through which it was passing. But what was excusable then is ridiculous now. Right or wrong in their attempt to subjugate the South it has long been evident that all hope of success has disappeared; and the prophecy that the triumph of the North "will be a moral prodigy well calculated to rouse up the latent energies that are slumbering amongst worn-out nations," becomes childish when every fresh mail for months past has been bringing us news of fresh defeats, of hopeless financial embarrassments, and of the gradual extinction in the North itself of all that has hitherto been its boast. Whatever, therefore, relates to political life, and to the prospects of the war in this book, is out of date. But there is much in it that is interesting respecting the state of religion in America, where the voluntary system exists without check. Dr. Fisch dissents from the common notion that the religious state of America is one of innumerable sects, varying like the forms and colours of a kaleidoscope. He maintains that the Evangelical Church is composed of communicants of four or five denominations, distinguished only by secondary differences. But this view is hardly consistent with his statement that the Presbyterians, who, after the Congregationalists of New England, are the most important of these denominations, are constantly forming large minorities, who, defeated in the deliberative assemblies, separate and form new communions of their own. Indeed, when we examine the Pastor's statement, we find that the comparison of the kaleidoscope is more in point than he admits. The minorities who have fallen away from the main Presbyterian body have divided it into six fractions. Again, "the question of origin prevents the Dutch and German Reformers from joining the American Presbyterians, and attachment to an old Version of the Psalms keeps together, as it were, a separate communion, the Reformed Presbyterian Church." Then, we are told, a little before this, that whereas for a time Congregationalists and Presbyterians by tacit arrangement joined each other's churches when passing from a Presbyterian into a Puritan state, and *vice versâ*, the Congregationalists are now forming churches of their own out of the New England States, which are their head-quarters. The Episcopalian church, again, is the resort of the fashionable world, and it has preserved the sacerdotal authority of its clergymen, while in other denominations "the idea of authority has completely disappeared." Even amongst the negroes there is a fashionable and an unfashionable church.

"Methodism and Baptism have long been the religious forms most in favour amongst artisans, as well as amongst the negroes. These two denominations share between them the task of evangelizing the slave population, and most admirably have they succeeded. Those who speak of the blacks of the South as hordes of savages or herds of wild beasts, ever ready to spread devastation and death, know well how unfounded is this assertion, for frequently these same blacks are depicted as angels when the object is to show how happy they are with their lot, and as model Christians, when the object is to prove that slavery is the best of missionary societies. A very large proportion of these unfortunate sons of Ham are men of great piety. This is the explanation of the admirable attitude they have maintained during a conflict from which they anticipate their emancipation. What particularly attracts them in the Baptist form of religion is the ceremony of immersion, which attests to them, under a sensible form, the remission of their sins and the renewing of their hearts. As a general rule, it is the most intelligent of the negroes that embrace the Baptist form. I was surprised at Louisville, in Kentucky, to find the slaves divided into two coteries—the aristocracy, who were Baptists, and the common people, who were Methodists. The former had a free negro preacher, whose sermons, in perfect academic style, were excellent in substance as well as in form. The toilets of the negro ladies far surpassed those of their mistresses. American Methodism is also in favour amongst the negroes, because of its somewhat vehement form of worship, which at times is accompanied by absolute thunders of *hallelujahs*. I was unable to be present at any of the camp-meetings, which I am told are amongst the most singular spectacles in America; but I was present in Cincinnati at a love feast, where extreme religious fervour prevailed. Solid nerves are, however, needed to stand these exciting scenes."

Apart from that portion of his volume which the writer devotes to the religious phase of America, there are chapters upon public instruction, the national character, and slavery which will well repay perusal.

M. Fenwick de Porquet, whose name is too well known to require mention of the works which have made it so, has compiled a book of fables† upon a plan calculated to promote general conversation in schools, the teacher questioning the pupil after each fable is read, and the pupil answering in the words of the fable.

* Nine Months in the United States during the Crisis. By the Rev.. Georges Fisch, D.D. Nisbet & Co.

† Fables Parlantes. By Louis Philippe R. F. De Porquet. Simpkin & Marshall.

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For example, take the first paragraph of *Le Malade et Le Médecin*. "Un monsieur, très malade, fut un jour interrogé par son médecin sur l'état de sa santé; lui demanda comment il avait passé la nuit; le malade lui répondit, qu'il avait beaucoup transpiré." This having been read, the teacher asks:—"Que dites-vous d'un malade?" The pupil replies: "Il fut un jour interrogé." Teacher: "Par qui, je vous prie?" Pupil: "Par son médecin." Teacher: "Sur quoi lui fit-il des questions?" Pupil: "Sur l'état de sa santé." And so on. The plan is simple, and promises well.

"The Religion of School Life"* is one of those subjects which men of a religious turn of mind, anxious for the welfare of youth, are apt to treat from a mistaken point of view. We fear that Mr. Cornish has done this, and that his addresses are too dogmatic for the limited patience and seriousness of boys. The success of his effort would have been more probable had he illustrated each of his addresses by some interesting example. This fault apart, the book is good. Messrs Virtue and Brothers have published vols. 138† and 139‡ of their rudimental and scientific series. Both volumes are carefully executed. The "Handbook of the Telegraph" will be useful to candidates for employment in the Telegraph service. Too much pains can hardly be spent on the production of children's books. The author of "Stories of Old" has written a little work§ to correct, by simple stories, those tendencies in children which display themselves in such sayings as "I don't care," "I quite forgot," &c. The book is level to a child's understanding, and is prettily, though somewhat sparingly illustrated.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, 23rd March.

Architects—At 8 p.m. "On the Abbeys of Ireland." By Rev. J. L. Petit, M.A., F.S.A.

Geographical—At 8½ p.m. 1. "March from Kurrachee to Gwadier, on the Mekram Coast, in the Cold Season of 1861." By Major F. J. Goldsmid. 2. "On the Harbour of Shedashagur." By Dr. Duncan.

Medical—At 8½ p.m. "Case of Obturator Hernia Operation." By Mr. W. J. Coulson.

London Institution—At 7 p.m. "Opera." By J. Pittman, Esq.

Tuesday, 24th March.

Anthropological—At 7½ p.m. 1. "A Day Amongst the Fans." By Capt. R. F. Burton, V.P. 2. "Indian Tribes of Loreto, North Peru." By Prof. Raimondi. (Translated by W. Bollaert, Esq.)

Civil Engineers—At 8 p.m. 1. "Description of the Lydgate and Buckhorn Weston Railway Tunnels." By Mr. J. G. Fraser. 2. "The Public Works in the Province of Pernambuco, Brazil." By Mr. W. M. Peniston.

Medical and Chirurgical—At 8½ p.m. 1. "On Diphtherial Nerve Affections." By Dr. Greenhow. 2. "On the Treatment of Stricture of Urethra." By Mr. Henry Thompson.

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. "On Animal Mechanics." By Professor Marshall.

Zoological.—At 9 p.m. 1. "On a New Bat from British Columbia." By Mr. L. Lord. 2. "On Anatomy of Sea Otter," and (3) "Anatomy of Humming Bird." By Dr. Crisp. 4. "On New Birds from China." By Mr. Swinhoe.

Wednesday, 25th March.

Archæological Association—At 8½ p.m. 1. "On Thuribles." By Mr. Pettigrew. 2. "On Ancient Snuffers." By Mr. Cuming.

Royal Literature—At 4½ p.m.

London Institution—At 7 p.m. "Vertebrata." By C. Carter Blake, Esq.

Society of Arts—At 8 p.m. "On the Present Sources of the Supply of Quinine, with Special Reference to the Introduction of the Cinchona Plant into India and other Countries." By Mr. Clements R. Markham.

Thursday, 26th March.

Royal Society—At 8½ p.m.

Antiquaries—At 8½ p.m.

Artists and Amateurs—At 8 p.m.

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. "On Chemical Affinity." By Dr. E. Frankland.

Friday, 27th March.

Royal Institution—At 8 p.m. "On the Discovery of the Metal Thallium." By Wm. Crookes, Esq., F.C.S.

London Institution.—At 7 p.m. "On Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

Saturday, 28th March.

Botanic—At 3¾ p.m.

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. "On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller.

* The Religion of School Life. Address to School Boys. By D. Cornish. Freeman.

† The Handbook of the Telegraph. By R. Bond.

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ANNUAL REPORT, 1863.

The THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY was held at Edinburgh, on Friday, the 27th of February,

JOHN DUNDAS, Esq., C.S., in the Chair.

The Manager submitted to the Meeting a Report by the Directors as to the Progress of the Business during the year ended 15th November, 1862. He also submitted—

Report on the Books and Accounts by the Auditor of the Company.

Balance Sheet certified by the Auditor and three of the Directors, in accordance with the Acts of Parliament constituting the Company.

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Annual Revenue at 15th November, 1862				322,896	18	8
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THE REPORT THEN PROCEEDED AS FOLLOWS:—

The most important duties committed to the Board of Directors are the selection of the lives proposed for Assurance, and the careful investment of the Company's funds.

The Report made on the State of the Investments, as at 15th November, 1860 (the date of the last investigation of the Company's affairs), by a Committee of Professional Gentlemen, who examined into the character and nature of each investment, was, as you are aware, most satisfactory; and the Directors feel confident that all their investments made since that date have been chosen with no less care than those which were on the books at the date of investigation. This Company have always proceeded on the principle that the Investments of an Assurance Company should be of a permanent character, as far as possible, and sound beyond all question; and it is with great satisfaction that the Directors are enabled to state that the Company's Funds, amounting now to upwards of Two Millions Sterling, are not only most satisfactorily secured, but of first-class character, consisting almost entirely of advances on the security of Land by Bond and Mortgage, of Land itself, and of Government Securities, the average return being upwards of 4½ per cent.

To the selection of lives the Board of Directors continue to give their constant attention. They are ably assisted in the performance of this duty by their eminent and efficient Medical Officers; but it is of great importance that the result of this care and attention should be demonstrated in a more appreciable manner than by a general statement, and the Directors are gratified in being able to report that the Manager has prepared and placed before them a most satisfactory detailed calculation of the Company's Mortality for the last Quinquennial Period, showing various results, from which highly important practical conclusions may be drawn.—A comparison of the actual with the expected mortality in Scotland, England, and Ireland, which have been separately computed, proves that the mortality has been very considerably less than that exhibited by the Tables known as the Carlisle Tables, on which the Company's Rates are based, and their investigations proceed. The calculations referred to have likewise been so tabulated as to show the power or influence of selection during the earlier existence of Policies when the lives are more select than at more advanced stages. The rate of mortality in the different classes of Assurances, with and without profits, has also been separately exhibited, showing results of great practical importance in connection with the selection of lives. The Directors do not propose to place these calculations formally before the present Meeting, but the Manager will be happy to submit them and explain them to any person connected with the Company who takes an interest in the subject. At the approaching Investigation in 1865 the mortality of a further Quinquennial Period will be added, and the Directors are confident that the results of those combined inquiries will be not only instructive to those interested in the Company, but be useful to all engaged in the business of Life Assurance.

In submitting to the present Meeting the satisfactory results this day exhibited, the Directors trust they will be excused for again referring to a feature which, in their opinion, should greatly tend to secure and extend public confidence in the Institution. They refer to the continuous steady character of the first-class business which the Company transacts. The Company has not allowed its business in any one year to fall behind in its results; thus retaining a foremost place among the Assurance Offices of this country. It has not lagged behind, or been inert at one period to be followed by awakened efforts at another, but its progress has been continuously successful; and it would be a false reserve to conceal the pride which the Directors have in stating that during the last sixteen years the Company have transacted a larger average amount of business than any existing Life Assurance Institution, and that without the aid of personal loan business or foreign agencies, to which many Offices have recourse for the extension of their business. The average amount transacted in the period referred to is upwards of Half a Million sterling of new business per annum.

But it is not only to the steady character of the new accession of business yearly to which the Directors would point in proof of their constant solicitude for the advancement of the Office; they also point with satisfaction to the lead they have taken in simplifying the Contract of Assurance, so as to render it a more perfect security on all occasions and under all circumstances. They would refer particularly to—

The system of declaring all Policies unchallengeable after five years' existence.

The system by which Policies of a certain standing cannot be forfeited until two annual premiums remain unpaid, the value even then being reserved for those interested for a period of years in a lapsed Policy Account.

"Free Policies," which are free from all restrictive conditions as to residence, in the case of professional and settled persons who have no intention of going abroad.

In short, they have so simplified the contract that nothing but wilful fraud or the very grossest neglect on the part of the Assured can vitiate the Policy.

The Directors of this Company have not carried out any of these important changes unadvisedly or in the mere spirit of competition, but each step was tested in various ways by diligent investigation, founded on the Company's experience; and probably the best proof of the soundness of their views is afforded by the adoption of these resolutions, in whole or in part, by the most successful of the Scottish Offices.

It has been alleged that no Policy is a complete Assurance unless it is declared unchallengeable from the moment it is effected; but the Directors wisely fixed on five years as a proper period during which the good faith of the Proposer should stand the test of circumstances. It would be most easy to give out Policies unchallengeable from the first, but no Assurer in good faith requires such a contract; he knows that with a first-class Office he has nothing to fear, while it is a safeguard to him that no designing person shall be able by false statements to obtain a contract, and then hold the Company bound to his (the honest Assurer's) disadvantage.

At the same time it is deeply to be deplored that cases occasionally arise in the Courts which tend to retard greatly the advancement which had previously been secured by an enlightened progress. One English Office has lately disputed a policy on the ground that the interest in the life, if it ever existed, had ceased, alleging that payment of the debt which the Assurance was effected to cover had been made otherwise, and the Company gained their case, the contract having been treated by the Court as an indemnity, to which Life Assurance has no resemblance. In Life Assurance the proof of interest is of great importance at the commencement of a Policy, to prevent speculative transactions, but it should not affect in any degree the payment in full of the claim after death.

The Directors do not ask public support on any grounds but those of sound principles, liberal dealing, and cautious management. Year after year passes away and the Company increases in magnitude, but they feel in that very increase a fuller weight of responsibility; and while they cannot but feel pride in their steady business, the increasing revenue, and rapid accumulation, they feel also this, that the more confidence the public place in them, the more careful must they be to fulfil the responsible trust which they hold in their hands, and on which the future support and happiness of so many thousands rest.

The CHAIRMAN, in moving the adoption of the Report, then addressed the Meeting in the following terms:—

Gentlemen,—It would be out of place for me on the present occasion to enter into any of the details embraced in the full and satisfactory Report which you have heard read. But looking generally to the state of our Funds and Investments—the number of Policies effected during the past year, notwithstanding the prevalence of unexampled depression in an important branch of industry—and the small percentage of deaths on Policies previously effected, I am sure you will concur with me in thinking that we have good cause of congratulation for the past, and encouragement for the future. And I therefore propose, with confidence, that the Report and relative statements of the Manager be approved.

We must not, however, forget how much of our success is due to the Manager and the other Officers of the Company, and I beg you will join me in a hearty vote of thanks to them for their zealous and effectual services.

The Report was unanimously adopted.

The election of new Directors to supply the places of those who retire by rotation, in terms of the Company's Acts of Parliament, then proceeded; and the Board was constituted as follows:—

EDINBURGH, 3, GEORGE-STREET.

ORDINARY DIRECTORS.

John Lindsay, Esq., Woodend, Perth.
John Dundas, Esq., C.S.
Andrew Wood, Esq., M.D.
Alex. J. Russell, Esq., C.S.
William Moncrieff, Esq., C.A.
George Ross, Esq., Advocate.
George Patton, Esq., Advocate.
Charles Pearson, Esq., C.A.
Jas. Hay, Esq., Merchant, Leith.
George Moir, Esq., Advocate.
H. Maxwell Inglis, Esq., P.C.S.
Anthony Trail, Esq., W.S.
T. G. Murray, Esq., W.S.
Andrew Blackburn, Esq.

LONDON, 82, KING WILLIAM-STREET.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD—THE RIGHT HON. LORD ELCHO, M.P.

ORDINARY DIRECTORS.

John Griffith Frith, Esq., Austin Friars.
Charles Hemery, Esq., 28, Threadneedle-street.
Lieutenant-Colonel James D. G. Tulloch.
Alexander Gillespie, Esq., 3, Billiter-court.
Lestock Robert Reid, Esq., 122, Westbourne-terrace.
John Scott, Esq., 4, Hyde Park-street.
Francis Le Breton, Esq., 21, Sussex-place, Regent's Park.

MANAGER—Will. Thos. Thomson, F.R.S.E.

RESIDENT SECRETARY in London—H. Jones Williams.

JOINT SECRETARIES in Edinburgh—Thomas Robertson and A. Wood Stewart.

A vote of thanks was presented to the Chairman, and the Meeting separated.

By Order of the Directors,

WILL. THOS. THOMSON, Manager.
H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Sec.

London, 82, King William-street.

LONDON: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Cox & Wyman, 74 & 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the County of Middlesex; and published, for the Proprietors, by JOHN KELLETT SHARPE, at No. 11, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 143.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863. [Price 4d. Unstamped.

America and Lancashire.
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Poland and the Western Powers.
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AMERICA AND LANCASHIRE.

EVERY day that the desolating and suicidal war in America continues is an additional day of folly and of wrong. Every day demonstrates more clearly the hopelessness of Federal success. Every day unveils more distinctly the sinister and impure motives which actuate the principal advocates for the prolongation of the strife. Every day adds to the severity of the distress which that strife inflicts on those industrious classes who are remote from its scene and are wholly innocent of its origin. The correspondence lately laid before Parliament, especially the reports of Mr. Anderson and the despatches of Lord Lyons, throw much light on the first of these points, and the riots at Ashton and Staleybridge render the last only too sadly certain.

There is said to be an appearance of a revival of the war spirit in the Northern States, and some persons are of opinion that those prospects of peace which were supposed to be indicated by the democratic victories at elections and the obvious and increasing discontent of some of the Western States, are, for the time at least, obscured. We scarcely think this. It is true that the Democrats do not seem at present prepared to avow either that they despair of the restoration of the Union, or that they are prepared at once to commence negotiations for an amicable separation. It is true also that the Republicans seem to be nerving themselves for one more desperate and unscrupulous attempt to crush their antagonists, without regard to the consideration whether liberty and justice may not also be crushed in the encounter. It is true that the rising discontent and the incipient desertion of some of the Western States appear to have been checked, for the time, by the peremptory threats and the repressive hand of the military chiefs. But all this does not invalidate our conviction, that the only parties who are now resolute and sincere in urging the prolongation of the conflict are the contractors and jobbers, who know that peace would bring about a cessation of their plunder, and might possibly involve the necessity of disgorging their ill-gotten gains,—the officials, high and low, who dread lest peace should bring about a day of retribution and punishment for their lawless and unconstitutional proceedings,—and the fanatical Abolitionists, who are conscious that peace must entail the abandonment of that Emancipation policy for the sake of which they seem willing to spend any money, to run any risk, to do any mischief, and to shed any blood. Now, enthusiasts who dread failure, administrative malefactors who dread arraignment, and corrupt tradesmen who dread detection and impoverishment, constitute together a very influential section of the people, no doubt, but still they are neither the whole people, nor even the majority of the people. We have no doubt that the jobbers will persist as long as "green-backs" and Treasury bonds pass current at any reasonable discount; that the government will endeavour to make the war last as long as Mr. Lincoln's term of office, and that the New England Abolitionists will move heaven and earth rather than voluntarily abandon their favourite scheme. But we think, nevertheless, that all these parties feel the ground crumbling away beneath their feet.

The last-named party, especially, are standing upon very hollow and indefensible ground. Only a very small minority of the people even in the North are "anti-slavery," in our sense of the word. The Emancipationists desire to free the negro, but not to fraternize with him. They wish to embarrass and injure the planter against whom they fight, but not to benefit the slave, in whose name and for whose sake some dreamers would persuade us the war was undertaken and is now being waged. The Anti-Negro riots in Detroit, the prohibition of negro immigration in several of the Western States, the bitter feeling which is nearly everywhere manifested against the negroes when they penetrate towards the North, combine to make this very clear. Mr. Anderson, who was sent to the Border and Western districts by Lord Lyons, speaks thus:—

"Nowhere in the Abolitionist States could I find that the freedom of the slave was connected in men's minds with the idea of the amelioration of his condition; nor did the question ever seem to have been seriously agitated what was to be done with the mass of emancipated negroes. I found there was only one point upon which opinion seemed to be unanimous, which was, that no general immigration of negroes into the Free States could be permitted: they must be freed, but they must be kept at a distance; but with these two conditions satisfied, there seemed to be little disposition to pursue the question any further. One of the few persons I met who had devoted thought to this matter, and who had brought very great intelligence to bear upon it, confessed to me that he could see no solution; that the North would not admit the vast body of fugitives, while they could not be returned to the South; and that any scheme of emigration would fail, from the unwillingness of the negro to leave the country. He said the question had been forced upon the country before it was prepared to deal with it, and that he could only trust that the future would develope a solution."

To us it seems very clear that a cessation of the war is as imperatively demanded by the interests of the negro as by those of the white men of both sections. We can conceive few things more deplorable than the prospects of the slave at the present moment, or more criminally reckless than the conduct of his *soi-disant* advocates and liberators. They are very desirous to free him, but appear to have no notion of befriending him. They will take him from his present position, but will place him in no other. If the war lasts much longer, and if it can really be carried into the interior of the Southern States, and if the Abolitionists are to be allowed, as is now rumoured, to decide and direct its

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movements and proceedings, it is by no means improbable that large masses of the negroes may become embroiled with their former masters, have their position made quite untenable, and their notions and habits utterly disorganized; may be emancipated into helpless destitution, with the certainty that, when they appeal to their liberators to ask what they are to do and where they are to go, they will be met with a repulse, if not with insult, and with the reply, "Do what you like, and go where you like—only don't come near us." Assuredly, slaves as they are, and maltreated as they are liable to be, we cannot conceive it to be for the interest of the negroes that the Federals should conquer.

Now let us turn for a moment to the suffering English working-class who lie nearer to our homes and hearts. For upwards of a year the operatives in our manufacturing districts (to say nothing of those in France and Germany) have been deprived more or less completely of their ordinary means of living. During that period they have been subsisting on about one-third of their usual earnings, have pawned their clothes, have sacrificed their property, have exhausted the savings of long previous years of industry and self-denial. During that period they have been assisted by the liberal charity of the country and by heavy burdens laid upon the ratepayers. Upwards of a million and a half of money has been distributed among them, and probably at least as much more will have to be contributed in one shape or another before the crisis is past. All this distress and all this pressure have been laid upon them by no fault of their own, and as the result of proceedings which no effort on their part could have averted. The suffering of England has arisen solely from the quarrels of America. The present prolongation of that suffering is due solely to the persistence of the Federals in a hopeless and almost objectless contest. Our operatives want nothing but cotton to be again prosperous and happy. The Confederate States wish only to be allowed to grow cotton for us and to sell it to us. Great quantities of it are actually at this moment waiting in the interior to be packed and shipped for our behoof. But the Northerners interpose their blockading squadron, and say that it shall not pass,—that Lancashire mills shall still be silent, and that Lancashire workmen shall still starve or beg. Hitherto we have borne this patiently. The blockade was an unquestionable right of the belligerent Federals; and so long as they were fighting for a definite aim, in which it was possible to fancy a good cause, and with a reasonable prospect of success, we bore the infliction without a murmur, accepted it as a dispensation of Providence, and magnanimously resolved that the Northerners should have fair play, and should coerce and subdue their adversaries if they could. They have tried hard for two years, and have not only failed, but appear further from victory than ever. Naturally enough, therefore, we are growing tired of this. We are weary of men who can neither advance their cause nor candidly abandon it as impracticable. Our operatives are weary of being destitute and idle; our capitalists are weary of seeing their mills standing still, and their wealth rapidly wasting away. Ratepayers are weary of demands for levies of 5s. and 8s. in the pound, which many of them are unable to pay. Relief Committees and Boards of Guardians are growing weary of their difficult and painful task. The people are growing turbulent and angry; the military have had to be called out to suppress riots; our towns have been disgraced by violence; and discontented citizens have been marched off to gaol. And all this because the Washington Government will neither listen to reason nor look at facts.

Now, we do not say that all this is a basis for positive interference or for diplomatic action. We do not think Lord Stratheden's proposal for a recognition of the Southern Confederacy would of itself do anything towards terminating this deplorable conjuncture. We do not say that we ought to insist on the raising of the blockade, and refuse to be kept without cotton because two sections of a distant people choose to engage in an internecine and interminable struggle. But we do say that the North should consider well that we cannot see our people demoralized, our purses exhausted, our industry paralyzed, and our prisons filled, and know that it is the Northern obstinacy alone which inflicts all these evils upon us, without sentiments of more than simple disapproval.

THE INNISKILLING DRAGOON.

WE are glad to observe that a question has been put to the Minister of War with regard to the now notorious case of Sergeant-Major Lilley, of the Inniskilling Dragoons. It is neither for the interest of the army nor for the interest of the public that such cases should be discussed in Parliament or in the press; but, unfortunately, experience shows that, without such discussion, it is difficult for any soldier, without powerful connections, to obtain justice. If Sergeant-Major Lilley, instead of being the son of a poor Lincolnshire carrier, who relied solely upon his own merits for his advancement, had possessed the social advantages of such officers as the Earl of Cardigan, General Windham, or Quartermaster-General Airey, there would have been no need to appeal to the public. Their commanding officers would never have dared to treat them as poor Lilley has been treated; or if they had ventured to do so, they would readily have obtained the most ample redress. In such a case as this it is difficult to be temperate. On the other hand, where so many eminent persons are to blame, it is difficult to believe that there has not been some exaggeration. It may be that the statements which have been made by the relations of the Sergeant-Major have been gross misrepresentations. Whether this be so or not, they certainly demand investigation. If the story told by Lilley's friends is false, Colonel Crawley and the military authorities in India have suffered, and are suffering, under the most grievous calumnies; and the press, both in India and in this country, have made themselves liable to no ordinary penalties. If, on the other hand, the story told by Lilley's friends be true, he was cruelly wronged by his commanding officer. Matters cannot be allowed to remain thus. The memory of the dead sergeant or the reputation of the living colonel must be vindicated. The honour of the British army and the character of the Royal Duke at the head of that army imperatively require the elucidation of this mystery. The facts of the case are sufficiently simple.

On the 25th of January, 1844, John Lilley, the son of a carrier in Lincolnshire, was attested for the Inniskilling (6th) Dragoons, at the age of nineteen. On the 19th of December, 1848, he became a corporal; and on the 16th of July, 1852, a sergeant. The next year he was promoted to the rank of troop-sergeant; and on the 3rd of July, 1853, to that of regimental sergeant-major. On the 25th of May, 1862, he died in prison. From the beginning of his career, until that period, he had continued to acquire the good opinion of all his superiors, and had, at least upon one occasion, been called to the front of his regiment, and had been highly complimented for the steadiness, coolness, and courage he had evinced on more than one occasion. If any further evidence were needed of the character which Sergeant-Major Lilley bore, it would be found in that furnished only last year, after his lamentable death, by Colonel Shute, of the 4th Dragoon Guards. This officer some years ago commanded the Inniskilling Dragoons. He "knew Lilley well during his whole service in the army," and, in answer to a letter from the Sergeant-Major's relatives, Colonel Shute thus wrote:—"I considered Lilley one of the most straightforward, truthful, and worthy men I ever knew, thoroughly sober and trustworthy, an excellent soldier, and respected by all who knew him." To prove the sincerity of Colonel Shute, it may be mentioned that whilst in command of the Inniskilling Dragoons, he recommended Lilley for his commission as an officer, and for the adjutancy of the corps.

So long as Colonel Shute continued to command the Inniskilling Dragoons there was no cavalry regiment in the service more contented or in more admirable discipline. No sooner, however, was Colonel Shute replaced by Colonel Crawley, than a transformation ensued. The causes of that transformation it is unnecessary to enter upon; it is enough to say that in the meantime the regiment had returned to India, and that whilst at Mhow the Paymaster, Smales, wrote a letter to Colonel Crawley, reflecting upon his conduct, whereupon a court-martial was ordered to assemble to try the Paymaster. The investigation lasted thirty days. The evidence was singularly contradictory—a counterpart of the celebrated Bentinck business at Dublin. But among the witnesses who were summoned by the Paymaster in his defence were three non-commissioned officers of the regiment, Sergeant-Major Lilley, and Troop-Sergeants Duval and Wakefield. Now it should be observed that none of these men were voluntary witnesses. They were summoned

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by Paymaster Smales. He was entitled to summon them, and they were compelled to attend. It was, no doubt, an awkward thing for Colonel Crawley to find that three of the most respectable non-commissioned officers in his own regiment were about to appear against him, and therefore it was not unnatural that he should wish to damage their testimony. However this may be, it is undoubtedly the fact that as soon as the summons to appear as witnesses was served, Lilley, Duval, and Wakefield were ordered to attend at the private quarters of their Colonel, were there privately examined as to having spoken disparagingly of their commanding officer —which, however, they indignantly denied—and were at once marched as prisoners to their respective quarters and placed in close confinement. Here we are told was a double injustice. In the first place the examination took place in the Colonel's private house instead of in the orderly room. In the second place, although there were two field-officers present with the regiment at this very time, and although these officers ought to have been summoned, no one was present in Colonel Crawley's house except his private friends. Nor was this all. The Sergeant-Major's house was a small bomb-proof building built upon arches, to which no doors were affixed, so that a sentry posted in one part had a view of most of the interior of the whole building. The unfortunate Sergeant-Major was a married man. His children had died a short time before the arrest, and at that period his wife was in the last stage of consumption, kept alive, in fact, only by stimulants ordered for her by the surgeon. Colonel Crawley, with his own lips, it is said, and in presence of several officers, desired the sentry "not to lose sight of his prisoner." Thus not only was the dying woman deprived of all intercourse with her friends or persons of her own sex, but she was compelled to perform every act of life in his presence. No wonder that Lilley, when he came to give his evidence before the court-martial assembled to try Paymaster Smales should have said, with tears in his eyes: "The last act (of harsh conduct) is still in existence by a sentry being placed over my bedroom where my sick wife is lying. The door is quite open, and the sentry is posted about two feet from my bed." Such conduct was barbarous. It was more. It was grossly illegal. The Articles of War distinctly declare that "no officer or soldier who shall be put under arrest or confinement shall continue in such arrest or confinement more than eight days, or until such time as a court-martial can be conveniently assembled." Neither Sergeant-Major Lilley nor his comrades had been tried by court-martial, and their confinement continued for more than a month. If they were really guilty of conspiring against their commanding officer, as he alleged, or if Lilley was a notorious drunkard, as he also alleged, his obvious duty was to put them upon their trial. If his object had been to maintain discipline, he would have done so. But if his object was to silence them, or to damage their testimony, he followed a more effectual course. No European, however strong, can endure for a month the heat of an Indian sun in quarters so confined as those occupied by these sergeants. Harassed and exhausted, poor Lilley and his comrade were gradually sinking, when, on the 25th of May, 1862, the order for his release arrived. But it was too late. That very morning he died. The other two serjeants were transferred to the hospital—Wakefield on the verge of madness, Duval utterly prostrated by his long imprisonment. Such are the facts alleged against Colonel Crawley. Are they true, or are they false? If they are true, how comes it that Colonel Crawley still bears the Queen's commission? If they are false, let there be a court of inquiry, that he may vindicate his character.

POLAND AND THE WESTERN POWERS.

M. BILLAULT'S speech upon the Polish question deserves the appreciation of Europe; for it is one of the most masterly expositions of the Imperial policy yet given to the world. The line of conduct sketched out by the Minister for his Imperial master is a sound and stable one. Prince Napoleon had represented with great oratorical ability the sentiments and wishes of democratic France. The Emperor stands in a peculiar relation to democratic France. The triumph of France and of her opinions shall be assured, but not by the hasty and feverish expedient of a desperate war from which all Europe, except France, is to stand aloof. For a single day Prince Napoleon took Paris by storm, and confounded the Bench of Ministers themselves. In the morning M. Billault returned with confidence to the charge, reinspired with courage by the reflections of the intervening night, and perhaps by direct communications held with his Sovereign. The Emperor of France shares all the sympathy which is felt by the French people for Poland. But are we, he asks, not unnaturally, by the mouth of M. Billault, to fling ourselves singly upon Russia, and by a one-handed enterprise to excite the envy, the jealousy, and the suspicion, of the united Continent? Not such is the lesson which the Imperial student of the Tuileries has learnt from the history of the First Empire or even from the experience of the last ten years. At the head of Europe, and supported by the public opinion of Europe, France is all powerful. But single-handed wars in the teeth of European opinion brought France to Waterloo. As the Apostle of a great movement a Napoleon is irresistible. As a solitary and suspected missionary no Napoleon is secure. Such is the view of the monarch who holds in his hand the destinies of the French Empire and the peace of Europe. He is ready to act with Europe in favour of the Poles. But if England and Austria decide upon inaction, nothing is left for the French nation but inaction too. It will be for those who steer the helm of empire to watch and bide their time, to neglect no opportunities, to make the most of chances, and to endeavour to secure by moral power and influence those salutary changes in the state of Europe which at present cannot safely be brought about by French bayonets.

There can be no reasonable doubt but that it is the English Foreign Office which has prevented active interposition in favour of the Poles. It would have been a piece of political Don Quixotism if the Cabinet of the Tuileries had broken with Russia only to awaken on this side of the Channel the same murmurs of dissatisfaction and suspicion that made themselves heard at the beginning of the Lombardy campaign. Not much Liberal sympathy could have been expected to grow upon the borders of the Austrian Dead Sea. Prussia has already pronounced for despotism; and Napoleon III. might have suddenly found himself face to face with an armed reactionary coalition. There is enough in the prospect to bid the most revolutionary dreamer pause. The Emperor has paused accordingly, and he has very fairly published his reasons to the Continent. It was his clear duty to France to engage in nothing singly. England, it seems, on the other hand, was determined to venture nothing—not even diplomatic remonstrance—in common. It will be for the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston to explain their reasons for the policy they have chosen to adopt. Once more the line this country has been compelled by her Government to take seems *primâ facie* to justify the ill-natured criticisms of the Liberals of other countries. A considerable crisis has occurred at which an unhappy and miserably-oppressed race is found struggling for existence against a semi-barbarous and despotic power. Proposals are made to the English Foreign Office for a joint action in the matter, in concert with the other leading Powers. These proposals Lord Russell has declined. He probably was of opinion that, at a great European crisis, the great thing for him to do was to write a letter. The noble lord is a fluent and a pertinacious correspondent, and by this time he has probably covered reams of paper upon the Polish question. Every English envoy, both in the Old and New World, down to the Secretary of Legation at Japan, has doubtless been gradually informed of what Lord Russell does think and what he does not think about Poland, and is undergoing the usual amount of instruction about all the various treaties on the subject of the Poles for the last hundred years. During the past month all the clerks of the Foreign Office have been working double time at the history of the Poles. Nothing is to be seen in that diligent department but maps, and indexes, and documents. Five or six of the ablest young noblemen, whose business has been to analyze everything they can lay their hands on, have almost written themselves away. Lord Russell himself never lays aside his pen except to look out a word in a dictionary; and whatever becomes of the Polish revolution it will be handed down to posterity with a careful and complete correspondence touching on everything that has happened, either at St. Petersburg or at Warsaw, since the era of Stanislaus. The spirit of autobiography and of historical research is making tremendous play in Downing-street.

We do not say that England ought to go to war for

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Poland, far less to push the French Emperor towards war. But certainly it lies upon Lord Russell to show why England, under his direction, has refused to act in diplomatic conjunction with France. The ways of the English Foreign Office are dark, and it may be that Lord Russell has hidden grounds for holding back. Unless he explains them satisfactorily the double responsibility will rest upon his head, of exposing us to the certain reproach of selfishness and sluggishness, and of gravely disappointing the friends of liberty all over the world. English hearths and homes are too dear to us for us to desire to see England wrapped in the flames of a great war. As yet there has been no question of war, nor can we believe that no alternative presents itself to us except either a desperate war, or, on the other hand, a sullen attitude of isolation on the Polish question towards France and the rest of Europe. Isolation Lord Russell seems to choose, and isolation England will probably find her portion when she wants it least. It is this policy of isolation on our part which has before now left Europe exposed to the dangers of war and revolution. We protest against it most solemnly and with all our strength. England does not wish for foreign alliances any more than for foreign enmities. But when the interests of civilization are at stake, and there is a question of a simultaneous expression of opinion on the part of liberal Europe, to take refuge in political isolation, as the only means of keeping safely out of trouble, is a policy that can only be excused by grave and indisputable necessity.

As for the Polish revolution, it seems that it is destined to run its course. The rival claims of Langiewicz and of General Mieroslawski to the Dictatorship point to an old and incurable Polish disease, namely, that of internal civic jealousy. Whatever the cause, the effect must be to dishearten the national forces. In time, it is more than probable that a bloody and cruel order will again reign at Warsaw. Poland will have to return to her chain, and the savage soldiery that now can scarcely make head against the Polish scythemen will be permitted to revenge themselves for their many defeats upon the unarmed women and children of Poland. It is a sad fate; but the Poles, while they undergo their destiny, will have the glorious consolation of reflecting that nothing has tempted England and France to break through the golden law of non-intervention. The women and children, too, while they are being tortured, will be able to bless Heaven that at last the great principle of non-intervention is safe. Let us hope they will appreciate the privilege of martyrdom in such a cause. To every generous mind in this country it will be a pain and a grief to look on while these things are being done. We are told it is a necessity to remain inactive; but at least we may be allowed to say that it is a sad necessity. Englishmen will not be the better pleased with a European *status quo* which leads to such miserable results, or with a foreign policy of which the necessities are so deplorable. The world is out of joint; and it is at best a meagre satisfaction to be able to think with Lord Palmerston that we are not born to set it right.

THE EQUALIZATION OF THE INCOME-TAX.

THERE are certain problems that are never solved, but the solution of which possesses an unfailing attraction for the ingenuity and industry of mankind. Enthusiasts are still engaged in squaring the circle or in endeavouring to discover the secret of perpetual motion. But these are either very young persons, or are conducting their studies under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Middle-aged, respectable gentlemen, residing at their own houses and free from all restraint, have not, however, given up the hope of adjusting the Income-tax, so that it shall weigh upon everybody, whatever his condition in life, with a nicely equivalent pressure. Mr. Cox, of Finsbury, once assured the electors of his borough that he had in his pocket a specific for the grievances which are so loudly complained of. Mr. Whalley has spared time from the study of the Romish theology taught at Maynooth to concoct another infallible scheme. But so far as we remember, neither of these proposals have seen the daylight, and at present Mr. Hubbard stands before the world as the most prominent, if not the only champion prepared to do battle with the monster that for the last one-and-twenty years has been ravaging our pockets and irritating our tempers. As to his courage there can be no mistake, for the bones of his predecessors lie thick around him. In 1850 the late Mr. Hume obtained a committee of the House of Commons, before which he vainly laid his little plan; while the same tribunal was favoured with a still more elaborate draft from a number of actuaries. Nothing, indeed, could be more beautifully precise or scientific than this. Every man's income was to be accurately taken at its capitalized value, having regard to the source from which it was derived, the nature of his interest in it, the period of his life, and a variety of other matters—and upon this capitalized value the tax was to be levied. As a mathematical speculation, it was perfect. Unfortunately, it was like those machines which would work admirably if only there were no atmosphere, and no friction, and no difficulty in combining delicacy and strength in the same working parts. The prettiest economical toy that was ever looked at,—every practical man saw at a glance that it would never act, under the conditions to which it would be exposed in this imperfect world. The actuaries piled mountains upon mountains of figures and algebraical formulas,—but their bantling fell absolutely still-born. No member of Parliament would have anything to do with it; and the committee arrived at the ignominious conclusion of reporting the evidence they had taken, without any resolutions or recommendations. Mr. Disraeli next indulged us with the hope that he would at least adjust the burthen of the tax between incomes derived from fixed property and those arising from trades and professions. But our confidence in his promised solution was early dashed by the discovery, that he had nothing ready except the vague outline of a project, while he had postponed for subsequent consideration the practical difficulties and the working details. However, we need not dwell upon this, for we all remember the fate of the memorable budget in which it figured, and of the Government by whom this was proposed. In 1853, Mr. Gladstone succeeded in convincing the House that it was hopeless to reconstruct the Income-tax; or to redress the injustice which he admitted, by anything short of its abolition—in 1860. The Crimean War and the high rate of expenditure which it left behind, were fatal obstacles to the realization of these brilliant anticipations of prospective finance. Still, so far as Parliament went, there was a general acquiescence in the present mode of levying the impost, until, in 1861, Mr. Hubbard himself obtained another committee and a renewed investigation. That body was composed of men of the highest ability and the greatest practical knowledge. It took a vast mass of evidence, and neglected no source of information. And it terminated its labours by a report not only condemning Mr. Hubbard's own scheme, but declaring that, in their opinion, there was no alternative between giving up the tax altogether and retaining it in its present form. In a word, they came to the conclusion at which Mr. Pitt and Sir R. Peel each arrived, when they respectively resorted to this source of revenue. There is thus an immensely preponderating weight of authority on one side of a question, where authority is of peculiar value. For its difficulties do not consist in laying down principles which every man can—or thinks he can—settle for himself; but in the application of principles to the most complicated, diverse, and ever-shifting states of fact. It is clear that such a subject can only be thoroughly sifted by a committee going carefully and minutely into the subject, with the requisite evidence before them; and that no justice can be done to it either in parliamentary debate or in brief articles. The House of Commons, at least, appears to be of that opinion, for it has tacitly refused, both last year and again on Tuesday evening, to discuss Mr. Hubbard's propositions; and has on each occasion rejected, by a very large majority, his appeal against the decision of his own committee. They evidently regard his motion as one of the "annuals" under which they must suffer, but under which they are determined to suffer for as short a time as possible.

Under these circumstances, though we can hardly affect to consider Mr. Hubbard's motion one of very great importance, it is worth while to expose the fallacies on which it is founded, and the injustice which it would leave unredressed. We do not pretend to deny that the present mode of levying the Income-tax is fraught with much injustice. It is clear that it is not the same thing to have an income of which a man can safely spend every farthing because he is secure of it for life and can bequeath it after his death; and to have a precarious income of the same amount, out of which the possessor is bound to make a provision "for a rainy day," for his old

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age, or for those who come after him. The latter income is effectively smaller than the other by the amount of savings necessarily made by a prudent man. Almost every plan hitherto propounded for equalizing the tax has gone upon the principle of estimating the number of years' purchase which a person might be said to have in his income, and levying the per-centage accordingly. But Mr. Hubbard discards this principle altogether. He takes no notice of the varying interests in the same kind of property; he would impose the same rate upon the holder of a life-estate in real property as upon the owner of the fee-simple. A Government life-annuitant of £100 would pay as much as if the same income were derived from an amount of stock of which he was the absolute holder. All Mr. Hubbard proposes is a variable scale according to the source from which each income is derived. At first sight nothing can be more captivating than his plan, unless you happen to be a fundholder. For while he leaves the whole weight of the tax upon the latter—whether he be poor or rich, whether his interest be absolute or limited—he promises to everybody else deductions and alleviations. Income from land is to be allowed a deduction of one-twelfth for the necessary outgoings, before it is brought to charge; income from houses a similar deduction of one-sixth; on that arising out of mines a still larger allowance is to be made; and—not to go at length through the whole scheme—the income from trades, professions, salaries, &c., is only to be assessed on two-thirds of the gross amount. It is obvious that all these deductions and allowances must create an enormous deficit, or what is taken off one man must be imposed upon somebody else. The latter will, we need hardly say, be the real operation; nor is it difficult to see who will be the scapegoats. The fundholders, who get no deduction, and the owners of landed property, who get the smaller deduction, must of course supply the void created by the larger allowance to trades and professions. We will say nothing as to the justice or policy of taxing the fundholder more highly than any one else, although Sir R. Peel deemed that such a course would be a breach of faith to the public creditor. But as between the rates upon incomes derived from real property and upon those possessed by traders and professional men, is there really a case for the readjustment proposed? Nominally the rates upon these are now the same, but practically there is a wide discrepancy between them. In 1853, Mr. Gladstone estimated that in consequence of the different modes of assessment, while Schedule D paid 7d. in the pound, "income derived from land and houses was taxed at 9d." There is, of course, at the present time, a difference proportionately greater, as the rate is higher. It must further be recollected, that there is no evasion under Schedule A; while fraudulent returns materially lighten the burthen of those who return under Schedule D. Upon the whole this is no inadequate compensation for any difference between the permanence of the incomes in these two classes; and we confess to sharing the opinion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that it would be highly unjust to increase the discrepancy to an extent which, under Mr. Hubbard's plan, would result in charging the owners of land and houses some 70 per cent. more than the wealthy, mercantile, and manufacturing classes. Again, objections may be fairly raised to making a large deduction from the receipts arising from mines, quarries, &c., while those from railways and canals are taken at the full amount. Nor can one altogether see why shareholders in a joint-stock bank should pay upon their gross receipts, on the ground that as they contribute none of the labour and skill by which a dividend is obtained, it is not in their hands "an industrial income;" although the sleeping partner in a private bank is allowed the full deduction of one-third, which is generally applicable to Schedule D. And lastly, a scheme which proposes to redress the inequalities of the present system falls very far short of its aim when it assesses in the same manner the owner of a good business—a bank or a brewery for instance—which he will transmit to his children, and the lawyer or medical man whose income is dependent not only on his life but on his health. It is, indeed, said, that we should not be deterred from attempting to diminish the existing inequalities of the income-tax because we cannot altogether remove them. But this argument, although specious, is unsound when used in support of such a plan as Mr. Hubbard's. If we could see our way to a measure which would substantially remove the discontent created by this part of our fiscal system, it would be worth while to adopt it, in spite of some theoretical shortcomings. It appears to us, however, very undesirable to take a step which would replace anomalies to which we have grown accustomed, and adapted ourselves, by others whose hardship would be aggravated by novelty. Nor would it be wise to run the risk of stirring up an agitation on points which appeal far more strongly to the popular mind than any of those with which it is now proposed to deal. To those who have not considered the subject carefully, nothing is more attractive than a graduated Income-tax; no difference between permanent and fixed incomes seems to rest on a clearer basis of justice than a provision which should charge a heavier percentage upon a wealthy landowner or banker with his £100,000 a year, than is levied upon a small farmer, or a poor widow bringing up a large family upon a limited income derived from the funds. But if once we impose different rates on different kinds of incomes, it will be difficult to resist a claim for the extension of similar consideration to interests of varying permanence or duration. According to the authorities we have already quoted, it is absolutely impossible to meet the multifarious difficulties and demands which start up on every side.

LOAVES AND FISHES.

THE apostolical succession is, no doubt, very good in its way, but there is also a grace not less worthy of cultivation called honesty. We feel much difficulty in dealing with one who accepts definite episcopal obligations, and stipulates to hold and teach certain lessons on condition of receiving a handsome stipend and a right reverend office; and, after his induction, candidly tells the world that he means to teach very different lessons, but to continue to enjoy the undiminished advantages of his bishopric. This is, to our mind, a strange episcopal phenomenon. For so much pay, and for such a respectable position, Dr. Colenso undertook to say the prayers and teach the tenets of the Church of England. This appointment was no misfortune which he could not avert. Nobody pitchforked him into the episcopal office, or put a mitre on his unwilling head, or thrust a pastoral staff in his reluctant hands. He voluntarily accepted the dignities and duties of a Bishop, and solemnly engaged to wear the former, and fulfil the latter, on receiving a handsome annual income. This is no "unhistorical" or "incredible" statement. It is not a "Pentateuchal myth." It is a sober matter of fact. We admit it is a very low view of the transaction, but it is just that view which nine out of every ten men in this prosaic country of ours are taking and discussing, very much to the discredit of the Bishop of Natal, and very little to the advantage of missions among the heathen.

Now let us see what Dr. Colenso undertook to do for his stipend, and then ascertain from his own words what and how much he refuses to do. At his ordination and consecration he declared his "unfeigned assent and consent to all things contained in the Book of Common Prayer;" and he engaged to conform to it in all the acts of public worship. On this solemn promise, he received institution, and became Bishop of Natal. He now declares that the Liturgy contains quotations from Exodus and Genesis of incidents, accepted therein as inspired truths, which he has proved to his own satisfaction to be recent apocryphal additions. The Noachian flood, and the passage of the Red Sea, the Passover in Egypt, the Exodus of Israel, the death of the firstborn, and other Mosaic records, incorporated in the Liturgy as historic truths, and used as illustrations of Christian rites and usages and sacraments, he can neither accept, nor read, nor believe. They are, in his judgment, transparent fictions, and he has the manliness to tell the world what he thinks. He declares that he will neither teach nor pray, nor in any way endorse such "unhistoric fables." This is not all. As a Bishop, he is bound by his office to exact from every candidate for ordination his "unfeigned belief in the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments." It may be very commonplace, on our part, to ask how he can require others to believe what he disbelieves himself. It seems to us that he has made it impossible for himself to continue any longer a Bishop. He admits that he can no longer fulfil his part of the contract. But does not this imply that the public can no longer fulfil its vulgar part of giving him money for doing the work of a Christian Bishop?

Why give a servant wages for not doing his work? Surely it is not an unepiscopal, as it is not an unchristian

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maxim, that "if any man will not work, neither should he eat." We refuse to discuss the question on any high ecclesiastical, patristic, or transcendental ground, for we hold common honesty and moral integrity to be grounds enough. We treat this question as we know such a question would be discussed on the Exchange, in the corn-market, and in the shops and counting-houses of London; and we may depend upon it that the frequenters of those places, however bad theologians, are marvellously acute in their appreciation of bargains, and compacts, and covenants. It will there assuredly be felt that a morality is defended and practised by this Bishop which they would not endure a single day among themselves, and they will marvel to see upheld in a religious office what in a clerk, a servant, or an apprentice, would be punished by summary dismissal.

The Bishop of Natal not only repudiates the obligations of his office, but he deliberately advises clergymen, his subordinates, to break the law he is appointed to maintain. He tells them to "break the law and take the consequences;" while, with strange inconsistency, he breaks the law himself and refuses to "take the consequences." Were any other high officials to imitate the Bishop, and not only denounce the laws they were appointed to uphold, but instruct their subordinates to follow their example, we should get into inextricable confusion, or we should have to adopt very stringent measures. Were the colonel of a regiment to publish to the world that he repudiates half of the articles of war, and to tell his regiment that they need not observe them, would not a court-martial very soon cashier him? Were a judge to proclaim from the seat of justice that he will not pronounce certain sentences on convicted criminals, because he objected to certain laws and dissented from the penalties attached to them, would he be allowed to remain on the Bench? Shall, then, official integrity, a fugitive from the Church, be respected only in the army and in courts of law? Would it be for one moment deemed by any sane man, that the removal of colonel and judge, when convicted of such inconsistencies, would be a persecution? Is it persecution to insist upon men doing the duties which they have voluntarily undertaken to discharge, in return for certain guaranteed remuneration? Is it intolerance to insist on the Bishop of Natal either fulfilling his part of the contract, so long as the nation fulfils its part, or else resigning an office which he refuses to execute? If it were but a difference of opinion on some minor question, or some rubrical observance, or some infinitesimal shade of theology, charity and good sense might refuse to awaken a sleeping controversy, or to inflict pains and penalties for a merely speculative opinion. But toleration is abused when it is summoned to connive at a dereliction of specific duty with the retention of official emoluments attached to its performance. Let Dr. Colenso retire from his office, and renounce a service which he can no longer believe in; and though his opinions are refuted, he will then personally still receive that respect which in this country is never withheld from the man who, in deference to conscience, suffers or makes a sacrifice of his private interest. We may reverence the earnest man who courts martyrdom rather than give up his conscientious convictions; but Dr. Colenso is as yet no sufferer for conscience sake; he is certainly no martyr; and all the sophistry of his friends and apologists cannot hide the inconsistency of one who is not ashamed to draw a stipend for duties which he proclaims himself disqualified to fulfil.

In thus dwelling upon the specific obligations, and professions of belief, which the Church of England imposes on her ministers, we by no means contend that they should be forbidden to discuss such questions of detail as are raised from time to time by the advance of modern science, by a profounder critical investigation, and by a more extended acquaintance with those countries where the historic incidents recorded in Scripture took place. The temperate and careful prosecution of those inquiries is a duty which they owe to the truth. But when a chief officer of the Church imagines that he has discovered the falsity of an article to which, as the condition of his appointment, he subscribed in token of belief, he ought surely, failing to obtain from the Church an admission of his own views, to resign his post in her service.

LONDON MUNICIPAL REFORM.

IT is to be hoped that the discussion, which is now pending, upon the subject of the London police, will lead to a fresh consideration of the relationship which should subsist, in respect of other and more important matters, between the City and the rest of the metropolis. It is absurd enough that a small space, little more than a square mile, in the heart of the vast metropolitan district, should have its own police and its separate police authority. Such an absurdity could only be tolerated in consideration of thoroughly good management. But recent events have forcibly reminded us that, of the whole metropolis, only the same limited area—containing scarcely a twentieth part of the metropolitan population—enjoys the advantages and the decencies of municipal Government; and this brings up a larger question, the tardiness in dealing with which speaks ill for the courage and resource of our statesmanship. Besides the City, the metropolitan district contains seven Parliamentary boroughs, each of which, with one exception, has a much larger population than the City. Not one of these is a municipal borough; and their local affairs are at present inconveniently and inefficiently administered by parochial authorities, by boards established under special acts, or by the Home Office. Why are these districts without the system of administration usually enjoyed by town populations? Notwithstanding the reports of two Commissions, concurring, at least, in the recommendation of municipal government for the metropolis, no Ministry has yet ventured to raise this question. Indeed, the more limited object of modernizing the municipal institutions of the City has been pursued by successive Home Secretaries with a caution which seemed to court defeat; their half-hearted attempts, being met, as was to be expected, with earnest opposition, have, in every case, been timidly abandoned.

When the Municipal Corporation Reform Act was passed, the Commissioners upon whose report it was founded had not inquired into the state of the London Corporation, and the report upon the City was not presented until 1837. In this report the Commissioners proposed to apply to the City the rule as to boundaries which had been acted upon in regard to ordinary boroughs,—to enlarge, *i. e.*, the boundary of the old municipality so as to include the whole of the modern town. As the area of the metropolitan district (the Registrar-General's district) comprises 78,029 acres, and that of the City only 723 acres, while the population of the metropolis was, even in 1837, about eighteen times that of the City, it was not to be expected that this proposal should be generally acquiesced in. It was, in point of fact, most unfavourably regarded by some cautious politicians, who—whatever they thought of it as a measure of organization for municipal purposes—dreaded the political effects of organizing a parliament of the metropolis. No doubt the necessity for deciding upon this proposal was one of the reasons why, for so many years after the report, the Corporation was left undisturbed. The Commissioners had spoken very confidently. They could see no reason for the City being more favoured than the rest of the metropolis; and they could see no alternative but the extension of the municipality to the limits of the whole metropolis. They could scarcely anticipate, they said, that it should ever be seriously proposed that new municipalities should be created outside the City; for the common interests of all parts of the metropolis would not permit it, and that plan "would, in getting rid of an anomaly, tend to multiply and perpetuate an evil." Thus they wrote in 1837. When, however, nearly twenty years afterwards, a Liberal Government thought seriously of reforming the City, and appointed a Commission by way of preliminary, the new Commissioners adopted the very scheme which their predecessors had thus stigmatised. The Commissioners of 1854 were men of mark,—Mr. Labouchere (Lord Taunton), Sir John Patteson, and Sir Cornewall Lewis; and these Commissioners certainly gave weighty reasons for their opinion. They held that the vast area of the metropolis and its immense population—especially in comparison, area and population, with the City—made it so far exceptional that the rule applicable to ordinary boroughs, applied to it, would simply defeat the purpose of municipal institutions. London, they said, is so large, that people usually know only their own quarter of it, and the persons living at opposite sides of it have few or no interests in common. The two main conditions of municipal government—minute local knowledge and community of interests—must thus be wanting; moreover, with so large a population and the vast interests connected with it, the work of administration must be extremely difficult. To extend the municipality would, they concluded, be a doubtful service to the districts

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now without it, and a certain injury to the interests now protected by it. They were at the same time strongly of opinion that a metropolis needs municipal institutions—needs them more than country towns—especially in districts which are rapidly extending; and with these views, the only scheme open to them was that of which the former Commissioners had thought so badly. So their proposal was that, the City retaining its present boundary, the rest of the metropolis should be divided into a system of municipal boroughs; their common interests being looked after by a Board of Works formed by representatives of the town councils.

We have now got a Board of Works, and we have had some good service from it; but, with two different proposals for the municipal government of the metropolis before them, successive Home Secretaries, even while attempting the reform of the City, have let this larger question alone. Why is this? Partly, no doubt, because some Home Secretaries have a genius for letting things alone, and Sir George Grey will hardly give us a Police Bill; but also because even the less ambitious of these proposals would involve much labour, would irritate many interests, and would therefore encounter much opposition, or, at any rate, cause much vexation and anxiety to the Minister who should bring it forward. There would be deputations without end to encounter, and interminable consultations with angry vestrymen, who would generally have more or less of right on their side. Moreover, the Corporation of the City could not be expected to desire any change. Make the City co-extensive with the metropolitan district, as proposed in the report of 1837, and we should have a Lord Mayor who would be all that foreigners are said to fancy the Lord Mayor to be—the head of a body representing vast interests, managing vast revenues, and wielding a great influence in the country. But erect the neighbouring districts into municipal boroughs, surround the City with mayors and corporations representing—as probably they mostly would—populations greater than that of the City, and it is impossible that the City and its officials should not sink considerably in importance. They could no longer so well affect to represent the capital of England, as they unquestionably do, in some public relations, at present. The Commissioners of 1854 expressed a hope "that the Corporation will continue, under an amended system, to possess abundant means, not only for purposes of public usefulness, but also for the exercise of a decent hospitality and splendour." From those who had not only proposed to cut down its revenue, but had struck, to the best of their ability, at its public position, this sounded much like irony. But if the City Corporation ceased to exist apart, it would certainly be an advantage for the whole metropolis to have a corporate representation, with increased efficiency of local management, a tighter control upon local expenditure, and improved experience of local self-government, of which, at present, Londoners have by no means too much. For this reason, we would not be understood as pronouncing against the idea of a great metropolitan municipality put forward in the report of 1837; but we think that the adoption of even the alternative proposal would be attended with great public advantage. Obviously, not the City only, but the whole metropolis, would suffer from the want of an organization suitable for representing it in public relations. And, after all, receptions and festivals fill no small part of our civic life. For such purposes a Lord Mayor of the metropolis would be incomparable, and that position would probably be sought by men who would fill it with dignity, honouring it as well as taking honour from it.

The few crotchetty people who are invoking against the impending Police Bill the name of local self-government, will find a fitter and ampler sphere for their favourite theory in its application to the metropolis. It is idle to talk of it in connection with an organization which has been condemned by every authority. It is well known that Sir Robert Peel would have included the City within the Police Bill of 1829, had circumstances been favourable to such a course; and the police of the City at that time, and for ten years afterwards, was in a condition which no admirer of order and the safety of the streets could regard without alarm and astonishment. It was local self-government run mad; for each ward of the City had its separate force of night-policemen, which was practically much the same thing as having no night police at all. The Bill of 1839, by which the City police was put upon its present footing, was passed in the face of a strong report from a Royal Commission; and the Commissioners of 1854 found that fifteen years' experience fully confirmed the views of their predecessors. Even Mr. Whittle Harvey, the late head of the City police, was constrained to admit that there would be, on the whole, advantages from combining the City with the Metropolitan police force; and the nature of the doubts which he professed about the measure show, better than anything, how little the City can have to say for itself. He feared nothing but that the Commissioners of the Metropolitan force would not send men enough into the City, and that they would not establish a central office in the City; but Home Secretaries and Chief Commissioners know they are answerable to public opinion, and dare not, even if they would, do their business inefficiently. It is not on account of such cobwebs that we should postpone a measure which the public welfare imperatively requires. On the other hand, the control of the police being in the hands of the Government, is a reason, in addition to the other reasons which have been suggested, for providing local organization through which the Government may be told authoritatively what the interests of the public demand.

THE COTTON DISTRICTS AND EMIGRATION.

The painful events in the north have impelled attention anew to the future which lies before the cotton operatives, and almost simultaneously with the intelligence of the riots at Staleybridge and Ashton, there has appeared in the *Times* a letter from Mr. Edmund Potter, in which he discusses and condemns any proposal of assisted emigration as a scheme of relief. Mr. Potter's letter is important, if only as an indication of the jealousy with which the cotton manufacturers, and those closely connected with them, view any suggestion of removing a portion of the factory workers. The extent of the proposals which had been made scarcely seems to warrant his elaborate argument, nor has there as yet been any suggestion of that which he more emphatically condemns—a system of emigration aided by an imperial grant. A few of the factory workmen themselves were desirous of exchanging their present condition for the chances of a colony, and they had applied to the Mansion House Committee for a grant from the funds at their disposal. Some members of the committee doubted whether the scheme was judicious, or whether they had power to apply to such a purpose the money entrusted to them by subscribers: the *Times*, in the exercise of its discretion, recommended them to accede to the proposal, and argued that every subscriber would support them in doing so. This discussion on the appropriation of funds raised by private benevolence, an appropriation which Mr. Potter admits he has no right to condemn, filled him with alarm, lest it should be followed by parliamentary grants for a similar purpose.

It is a matter of regret that the real questions at issue have been so much obscured by the introduction of irrelevant matter. Some writers have declaimed about the reckless extension of the cotton trade, and the criminal indifference of manufacturers to the insecurity of the source of supply. Both charges are founded on a mistake, and are capable of easy refutation. Mr. Potter disposes of the first, and if he is less successful in meeting the second, it is of little consequence, as neither has, in fact, any bearing on the present problem. What that problem is may be very simply stated. An English province has been occupied for a good many years in importing from other countries a supply of raw cotton at prices varying from 4d. to 6d. a lb., and, after manufacturing this raw material, has exported about five-eighths of the produce. A large quantity of machinery and an army of workmen have been collected in the province and devoted to this industry. Suddenly the supply of two-thirds, or, more correctly, of four-fifths, of the raw material is stopped. Its price rises rapidly and enormously. The machinery becomes disused, and from four to five hundred thousand workers are deprived of their usual work and wages. Within a year two millions and a half of money have been raised towards the support of the labourers reduced to this forced idleness, of which about a million and three-quarters have been contributed by men of good will in all quarters of the globe. The year is about to expire, and the question is, what plans had better be adopted for the time before us? It is conceded that for some time to come the loss of wages will be little abated, and it cannot be hoped that spontaneous benevolence will furnish equal aid through a second year. A compulsory tax is unavoidable; how shall it be raised, and how shall it be expended? Anyone who will review the conditions of the problem, will see at once that it is impossible to answer it in any fashion without first determining

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what hope there is of obtaining a greater supply of raw material. Could the missing cotton be restored to us three months hence, a very different line of conduct might be adopted from that which would be necessary if we knew we should be kept without it for three years. Putting aside for the time the consideration of the old source of supply, what can we expect from other quarters? The past year has shown us that cotton can be obtained at fancy prices from every quarter of the globe, but a moderate price is an essential condition of advantageous supply. But even at the enhanced prices which have obtained during the past twelve months, the increased importation of cotton from other quarters than the United States has been limited, and that increase has been obtained—not by a larger production of cotton, but by diverting to the English market raw material usually consumed elsewhere. The cotton imported from the East Indies in 1862 was double that imported in 1860, but the increase in the exports from India has been much less, and the increase in the quantity raised in India still smaller. The Liverpool market has drained India of raw cotton which had hitherto been consumed within it, or exported still farther east. If the American contest be prolonged, we cannot hope for a supply during the next twelve months of more than half the normal importation. But at what prices can this half be obtained? This is the most important part of the calculation, but, unluckily, it is that on which we are most in the dark. The *Times* has of late very properly insisted that attention must be devoted to this element of the horoscope; for, as was often said in our paper, during the past summer, a condition of the preservation of the manufacturing population of Lancashire and Cheshire is a supply of twelve hundred million pounds of cotton at a price not exceeding sixpence a pound. We are, unfortunately, here reduced to conjecture. The supply of cotton had, up to the American crisis, been comparatively steady; and there are other reasons why it is impossible to educe from experience any connection between a failure of supply and the corresponding increase of price. Raw cotton is capable of preservation for an indefinite time, and the consumers can for a considerable period abstain from a demand of the manufactured article. It follows that the enhanced prices which have followed on a bad crop in the States furnish little help in discovering the price which must result from a *continuous* diminution of supply to the extent of one-half. We may, however, take it as nearly certain that, though the present price of cotton can scarcely be maintained, yet it will fetch such a price that the total cost of the imported material will suffer no diminution. If the supply is diminished one-half, we may confidently expect the price will be doubled. We have left out of consideration the prospect of peace in America. The truth is, there is no immediate prospect of such an event. Although we on this side of the Atlantic become daily more assured of the impossibility of the attainment of the object for which the North is fighting, and recognize no object of the contest beyond the determination of a boundary, yet we have been of late disabused of the notion of returning peace, which a month or two since seemed possible. Democrats and Republicans are as one on the question of the prosecution of the war. The zeal with which the British nation supported Mr. Pitt in his war with France is weak compared with the resolution of the Federals to restore the Union. Mr. Fox and his friends always furnished a minority small in numbers, but eminent in position, who counselled peace. Only one man in the North has ventured to adopt such advice. There is plenty of criticism on the way in which the war has been conducted; but opposition to the war itself there is none. We should be deluding ourselves with vain hopes if we calculated on a pacified America as a spectacle soon to be seen; were it otherwise, the prospect would furnish us with little consolation. The South restored to the Union must exist in a state of armed occupation, and the cultivation of cotton would be attended with infinite difficulty. The South, severed and independent, would be without money, without capital, crippled with debt, either repudiating its paper-money, or slowly struggling to redeem it; with jealous neighbours, and above all, with an underground railway so near that its labour power must be closely watched to prevent its escaping. Whether it sought to restore its finances by an export-duty on cotton, or by internal imports, it is clear that the staple industry would have to bear the brunt of the burden, and that the produce which reaches us would be a diminished quantity, and at an enhanced price. Add to this, that as this source of supply was opened, others would close. The increase from other quarters, stimulated by the abnormal prices of the past year, would subside when that stimulus was withdrawn; and, on the whole, we may safely conclude that a very long period must elapse during which the cotton imported at Liverpool must be much reduced in quantity and enhanced in price. What is the prospect then awaiting the manufacturers and spinners of the north? Discard for a moment the consideration that the quantity of raw cotton is diminished. Were it otherwise, we know that an increase of price in the raw material is never accompanied by a corresponding increase of price. The spinners and consumers must divide amongst them the loss involved in an increased price. But here the quantity is also lessened, and we have a reduced supply of raw material exposed to the competition of an excessive supply of mill-owners and workmen. Each party will confess that half a loaf is better than no bread. The mill-owner would rather work without profit, than suffer his machinery to rust through disuse; the factory hand will submit to reduced wages rather than "clem" in idleness. Both classes must suffer and dwindle, and the weakest must go to the wall. This is not all; every feeling of humanity will interfere to prevent the workmen from dying of starvation; those who can get no work will have to be fed; those who get a little at the price to which competition must reduce it, will have to be aided. It is too possible that the redundant manufacturing population may pass through such a declension as agricultural labourers passed through under the operation of the great war. Mr. Pitt's Poor-Law Act was brought in at such a crisis as the present. The system of scales and allowances which it introduced so corrupted the labourers that it required the New Poor Law to get us out of the stye. But what prospect of relief does the scheme of emigration give us? It must be very limited in operation, it must be very expensive in actual money spent, it must involve the further expense of an abandonment of the labourer's main capital, his acquired skill. Nevertheless, it may be desirable to adopt it. At the outset, it must be understood that this is entirely a labourer's question. It may be and must be painful to a manufacturer to see his best hands passing off; although, considering the small extent to which emigration can be carried, and the rapidity with which the labour-market can be supplied with fresh materials, we do not think the manufacturer has much to fear. But it is a labourer's question,—that is to say, it is not a question to be decided by the golden dreams of colonial plenty, which the half-fed and idle mechanic may, like the sick landsman at sea, see swimming before his eyes,—but it is a question to be decided with strict reference to the condition of the labourer's position. The workman has to put before himself the abandonment of his skill as an operator, the expense of emigration, his want of skill, and possibly his defect of power in manual labour; and against this the prospect of half work and half wages at home. As he takes the expense of emigration into account, so he must take the expense of supplementary assistance at home. On the whole, it would probably appear that a workman severely scanning his own position would find it better, so far as he himself is concerned, to remain at home. But there is another consideration: it is impossible to keep the operative class *in statu* until they are gradually reduced to the population necessary for carrying on the home industry; the class will maintain itself in numbers, even if it does not increase. The spinner who considers the fate of his children after him will probably think that, though he will have to relinquish much, and to endure hardship as a colonist, he will have redeemed his offspring from greater evils.

No considerable emigration can occur without government aid; but, on the other hand, as Mr. Potter argues, the sustentation of the workmen at home during the next winter must require government aid. Nor is the operative without a claim to this assistance. It cannot be denied that he is a victim to the preservation of the law of commercial blockades, and is so sacrificed for the good, real or supposed, of the whole community. But we cannot enter on this subject at the end of a long article.

THE GARCIA GAMBLING SCANDAL.

To the foolish eyes of the young and the inexperienced, all over the world, Paris seems always an Elysium where happy spirits may wander as they please, draining to the dregs the cup of pleasure and extravagance and gaiety. The absence of all restraint, the endless possibilities of adventure, and the atmosphere of thoughtlessness and wildness which seems to pervade the very streets of the great city, make Parisian life for the young Frenchman of the provinces an imaginary and ideal existence, where all, even crime, is merry and joyous. The sombre temperament of Englishmen itself is affected by the air of the Paris Boulevards; Americans, who, even more than ourselves, live in a rush of business and excitement, are still fonder of the place. Paris, says the proverb, is where all good Americans hope to be taken when they die. Hither comes *la jeunesse dorée* from every quarter of the globe to banish reflection and to taste of the life which has been painted so brightly beforehand in the wild romances of all European

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literature. Nor do they find that Circe's wine is less luscious than they have been told. In the quiet estimation of experience and wisdom it would seem as if the sentiment and the idealism which writers of the "Camelia" school cast around their descriptions of the follies of youth were almost too transparent and fictitious to deceive anyone. It is not so altogether. Life at Paris probably is very much what it is represented. While it lasts we may be sure that it does in reality contain that admixture of romance and gaiety which in France is often found in the strong wine of epicureanism and vice. It is not true to suppose that there is no tangible enjoyment to be found there. Folly contrives to enjoy itself very well. A smiling face may often hide a cankered heart, but the truth is that many of the hearts in Circe's temple are not cankered or corroded by anxiety and care. The rod of the enchantress does not change her votaries into unhappy and discontented men—it makes of them happy beasts. The wisest of philosophers addresses his warning voice to the wise, and not to the foolish. He does not tell us that pleasure is not pleasure, but that all pleasure is vanity.

When the curtain is publicly lifted from some scene of Parisian frivolity and dissipation, as it has been lifted more than once of late, we find behind it the spectacles that we have been taught to expect, much as they have been described by the novelists and the poets, neither more degraded nor more refined than they are painted. Aspasia is as beautiful as her portraits: her *salons* are as fashionable, her reunions as popular and glittering. The nobles of the land are at her feet; historic names are upon the cards in her ante-chamber; the *ancienne noblesse* of France, driven from the Senate and the Legislative Assemblies by an Imperial parvenu, seem to have emigrated into her boudoirs. Wit and mirth and fashion may possibly be found collected under her roof; for Attic salt is not wanting at the festivals of Corinth. Many an Alcibiades, who has never had the ambition to be a statesman; many a poet, who has never taken the trouble to sing; and here and there an embryo philosopher, who has never chosen to reflect, mingle, and make merry in the crowd. The dice rattle and the wine flows. The prodigal sons are liberal and the queens of this society are kind. To the minds of *la jeunesse dorée*, these seem to be the suppers of the gods—*noctes cœnæque Deorum*. A duel in the morning or a fortune ruined over night does not detract from the charm, while it adds to the excitement of the scene. M. de Miranda is there, from the household of the Queen of Spain, and the Duke de Gramont Caderousse, his sword still stained with the blood of a plebeian victim. The nobles, the De Brimonts, and the De Poie's, have come to share in the amusements of the evening. Never has the demi-monde been more brilliant, or its triumph more marked. It is the occasion which Lais has chosen for her entry into her new hôtel, and the slaves who walk by her chariot-wheels come from the best families of France, from the noblest patrons of the *Cercle Imperial*, and the most elegant leaders of the Jockey Club. It is no shame, as the poet says, for Greeks and Trojans to undergo anything in the cause of such a queen. The sounds of revelry which lasted through half the night might have been prolonged into the frosty morning, had it not been that a wasp was found lurking in the honied bowers. In the midst of the merriment a tumult suddenly arose that some Clodius had been discovered cogging the dice. The aristocratic assemblage was engaged at baccarat tournant, and M. Garcia, the lion of Homburg and of Spa, was amassing a large fortune over his cards. M. Calzado, director of the Italian Theatre, was by his side, sharing his gains. Suspicion fell upon the honest pair. The cards were seized and found to have been marked. The plunder was discovered on the persons of the two notorious winners, who in vain attempted to deny their fraudulent partnership, to disavow their guilt, and to conceal the evidence of it. Fear of a scandal prompted some of the losers to desire that the matter should be hushed up. But things had gone too far. The arm of the law interposed, the scene suddenly shifted, and the actors in the spectacle found themselves in the presence of a Power in the background, which was no less than the Tribunal of the Correctional Police of Paris. A month later and the same fashionable group reunited; but this time it was in the court of justice, to listen to the trial of Calzado and of Garcia. The seats set apart for the public were thronged chiefly by the heroes of the fashionable world and the heroines of the demi-monde who had been collected at the now notorious supper-party. The experiences of the night were detailed in turn by Aspasia and her noble friends. M. de Miranda related his losses, and some few anecdotes of the earlier life and history of one of the confederate swindlers, one of whom had wisely disappeared without waiting to be put upon his trial. The result was that Calzado was condemned to thirteen months, Garcia to five years imprisonment, and both to joint penalties amounting in the whole to some two thousand pounds.

We may reasonably believe that the cloud which descended on the supper-party will not be of any lengthened continuance. The morality of the Jockey Club and of the *Cercle* has nothing hypochondriac about it. Beyond the inconvenience of a temporary scandal, the reunions of the Avenue des Champs Elysées will suffer nothing. The *Cercle* will be as gay, or gayer even than before, now that the troublesome knights of industry have fallen victims to the outraged justice of the country. Daylight, cold and unpicturesque, has indeed been let in to flood the spectacle. But daylight does not make the scene seem hollow, and unreal, and feverish, as it might if the scene were a picture of Hogarth's, instead of being an everyday scene of Paris life. There is nothing unreal about vice in the salons of the Parisian coteries. The cheeks which are bright and rosy overnight do not turn to paint and pallor in the morning. Black care does not sit upon the crupper of the horsemen and horsewomen who flutter gaily in the fresh spring sunshine up the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne. The demi-monde has nothing to be ashamed of, for the demi-monde has become the recognized centre of Paris life. Aspasia hardly blushes when she sees her name printed in the account of yesterday's proceedings. The dukes, and the marquises, and the viscounts start as pleasantly as ever on their daily round of pleasure and amusement. Lent will soon be over, and the occupations of the early summer will begin, with its breakfasts, and its promenades, and its questionable routs. *Fais ce que fait tout le monde, advienne que pourra.* The officers of justice have been called in to regulate, not to break up, the riot of the feast. They are gone, and the rogues are gone, and the harlots and the dupes may resume their banqueting and gambling. No philosophic gloom will fall upon a single soul; no celestial prodigies will occur to trouble those glorious suppers of the suitors; no pale Ulysses will be there, with his travel-worn air and his pre-occupied eye, to fling a chill on the festive merrymakers. The world has been admitted to watch them; and the world has again gone on its way, without troubling itself to censure and reprove. Curious but not censorious eyes looked in, and have moved on again. There is no cause for self-reproach or for regret. The sentiment of shame or modesty does not often come to harass or to annoy the Avenue of the Champs Elysées.

The cynics of the Continent reply—and reply with truth—that English society below its surface contains the same elements of vice which present themselves so conspicuously on the very forehead of the society of Paris. London has its temptations, its orgies, and its crimes; and one need not dig so deep to find them. We are reminded that folly is becoming even amongst ourselves more ostentatious and less reserved; and vice often now-a-days forgets to pay to virtue even the homage of hypocrisy. As England becomes more cosmopolitan in its manners and its ideas, it loses something of that old-fashioned austerity which kept Englishmen, not indeed from vice, but from a public recognition of vice. The public prints discuss not without indelicacy and freedom the latest fashions and habits of that class which is the canker of all honest society. Certain names and certain personages have become a byeword amongst us; and the acknowledged and ostentatious patrons of the demi-monde are promoted to high places in the Government of the State. This is a free country, and it would be dangerous in the highest degree to pry into the private life or morals of individuals, provided that they keep within the limits which the law has assigned to them. How men live—so long as they live according to law—is a matter for themselves and for their consciences. But there is an openness of immorality which is unblushing and profligate; and upon such public immodesty public opinion has a right to set its brand. The late revelations of Paris life which have been given to us are startling, not because English habits are more virtuous, but because vice and folly abroad seem to be unaware how gross such revelations appear. It is a serious offence in the rulers of this country to entrust places of honour and power to men who have hitherto distinguished themselves only by their folly and their profligacy. A debauchee may administer a public office wisely and well, but the debauchee who has been notoriously and avowedly a mere pursuer of pleasure, disqualifies himself, for a time at least, for political promotion. It is not because he is immoral, but because his immorality is conspicuous and open. At the root of it may be nothing worse than the carelessness and thoughtlessness of youth. But a period of purgation ought to intervene between years of levity and political distinction: otherwise honourable names would be tarnished by being connected with names fit only to be forgotten. The public cannot directly punish private improprieties. But certain penalties ought to be inflicted

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when the offender has a station of notoriety, and one of these should be temporary forfeiture of public confidence. The most notorious are not, it is true, invariably the most vicious; but where public morality is at stake, it is not so much vice as the appearance of vice that is discreditable. For the sake of themselves and their countrymen it is to be hoped that those who are in authority will not forget this. The recent scene at Paris has a moral for this country. There are Aspasias here as well as there, who can boast of acquaintances as noble and as fashionable. France does not seem to feel that there is an incongruity in the avowed juxtaposition of noble names with the names of the demi-monde. Let us hope that the time is far distant when Englishmen will cease to think differently.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND BAD TASTE.

Every new art, unfortunately, is sure to bring out a vast amount of bad taste on the part of its ignorant patrons. In these days everything is cheap—at least, most things are capable, so to speak, of being issued in cheap editions; and this tendency is not to be regretted. It is, indeed, one of the best results of civilization that the doors both of knowledge and pleasure are widely thrown open to the masses. The invention of printing first cheapened books; the development of science has cheapened the comforts and even the luxuries of life, so that a humble workman may now live in a manner far superior, in many respects, to the domesticities of a prince three hundred years ago. Art manufactures are making even our cottagers familiar with forms of beauty that will soon displace the monstrosities of former days; and schools of art are preparing the way for a still further extension of the principles of good taste. But it must be owned that the sudden development, in one particular direction, of a taste which as yet is but half informed, has led to much offensive vulgarity, and threatens, if it be not checked, to lower the standard of truthfulness in the popular mind. A large supply of anything, when combined with cheapness, as it is pretty sure to be, generally brings a large demand; and the demand, thus instantaneously and artificially stimulated, is certain to be attended by a considerable amount of ignorance and pretence. People require time to be educated up to the point of knowledge and refined perception. Those who supply them are often equally in want of correct ideas, and at any rate have an interest in producing that which the thousands can most readily appreciate; and thus the new art is for a time degraded. It was so with the invention of printing. For the first century or two after the great discovery of Faust, learned men were led to debate whether or not the printing-press had really proved a benefit to mankind; those who held the negative proposition basing their argument on the assertion that the labours of the compositor and pressman had given greater facilities than before existed for worthless scribblers to inflict their nonsense on the reading public. This evil, however, was one of those which always correct themselves in due time; and so it is with other mistakes of the same character. But in the meanwhile it is as well to see how we stand in regard to the æsthetic and intellectual uses of the most recent inventions.

Photography is an art peculiarly liable to be perverted to base uses. It is cheap (that is to say, when badly executed), and therefore appeals to a large class of uninstructed people; it is singularly well adapted to minister to personal vanity, and to keep pace with the incidents of the day; and it is capable of producing, especially when combined with the stereoscope, effects which are more startling than artistic in their nature. All these facts form a perpetual incentive to the photographic manufacturers to lower what might otherwise be esteemed one of the fine arts, to the level of clap-trap, and sometimes to far worse uses. The Society for the Suppression of Vice can tell us something of one of the purposes to which photography is applied, and we know not how many cartloads of immoral slides have been taken away from the sombre dens of Holywell-street and Wych-street. The police make a seizure of this kind every now and then; but there can be no doubt that the trade still flourishes, because a demand exists for these wretched incentives to evil. Then there are the photographs which may be seen even in respectable shop-windows, and which just dally with questionable situations—just faintly suggest ideas of impropriety. Let us hope, however, that both these classes of photographic pictures appeal to a comparatively limited class of buyers. The majority of bad photographs are reprehensible on the ground of taste rather than of morality. Considered in this way, the detestable portraits, executed "in this style" for sixpence or a shilling, are really a nuisance, though the annoyance is one which cannot be abated by any other means than instilling into the mind of the community better notions of art. Nothing can be more natural or commendable than that John Brown should wish to possess a "c'rect likeness" of himself, to be presented to Mrs. Brown, or to Jemima Higgins, his intended bride, or, perhaps, to his mother. But it is surely not a good thing that plain John Brown should be induced by the "artist" to assume the aspect and bearing of a brigand in broadcloth; or of a poet, Byronic and sentimental; or of a statesman, revolving in his anxious brain the fate of empires and of ministries, the consolidation of our power, and the liquidation of our National Debt. Nor is it at all desirable that when Jemima Higgins, in her turn, honours the "artist" with a sitting, she should be forced to take upon herself a Siddonian mien, as though just uttering the words, "Give me the daggers!" We say nothing of the cruelty inflicted on the general public by the wholesale exhibition of these monstrosities (framed and glazed) at the outer doors of the "studio;" or the annoyance of being pursued, for half a dozen yards along the pavement, by a loud-voiced, ruffianly-looking fellow, who bullying invites you to come in and be "done," and who, but for the fear of the police, would probably fight for the possession of your person, carry you into his den by main force, and "do" you in such way as he might consider best suited to your particular style of physiognomy. These are matters of social arrangement, which, according to our English custom, must be left to settle themselves. But we must, on artistic grounds, protest against cheap photographic likenesses. It may be said that, if they satisfy their purchasers, and enable poor and humble people to gratify a vanity, always harmless, and sometimes associated with affectionate thoughts of others, they do all which they pretend to do, and even answer a good end. This is very true as far as it goes; but if, by educating the perceptions of the lower orders to a better knowledge of what is truthful and reasonable, the more cultivated classes can save them from such nightmare phantasms of bad taste, it would surely be a desirable result. Vulgarity is not a necessary element of cheapness; it is only a necessary result of ignorance. The history of the last five-and-thirty years has shown what excellent literature may be published at a trifling price; and when good art is equally appreciated with good writing, art producers will find themselves obliged to seek for popular custom by a higher style of conception and execution than they at present display in the cheapest class of their works.

But it is not merely in the humblest stratum of society that bad taste in photography finds a ready market. It flourishes abundantly in the middle class. Every street passenger must have noted those portraits of Royal personages with which the shop windows have recently abounded. Probably he has got a round dozen or so of them in his album. He is a loyal man, and wishes to have about him what he considers authentic likenesses of the sovereign, of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of the other members of the family that reigns over us. Even if *he* does not care about such matters, his wife and daughters do, and the photographs must be had. Besides, they cost only a shilling each, so that for a guinea or two we might almost provide ourselves with illustrations of the whole "Almanach de Gotha." The photographic artists of Belgium know where their most numerous customers are to be found; and Brussels supplies England with the means of gratifying her curiosity in this respect. Paterfamilias buys a heap of shilling *cartes de visite*, and fancies that he has got the veritable effigies of Royalty. He does not know that a vast number of these supposed portraits from the life are "cooked up" by foreign artists, whose main object is to make everything look pretty and sentimental. The result is often miserably false and bad. Here, for instance, we have lying before us a card which contains portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, issued several weeks before they were married. His Royal Highness sits in a chair, while the Princess stands over the back of the chair, with her two hands resting on his shoulders. Pretty, is it not?—sentimental, sweet, and lover-like? Very—only not quite probable, or in the best taste. That a young lady may have stood, in that attitude of tender watching, at the chair of her future husband, is likely enough,—but she would never think of being photographed at so confiding a moment. The lover would certainly object to the artist "posing" his intended in any such way, and the lady herself would object to it with still greater vehemence. Can Paterfamilias possibly believe that the Prince and Princess allowed themselves to be shown after this fashion to the general gaze? Yet we believe that this particular *carte* has sold enormously, together with its companion, in which the position of the figures is reversed. Then there is another photograph, representing our widowed Queen, contemplating a portrait of the Prince Consort, with the Royal children grouped, in the manner of a tableau, around her; and there is another, still more theatrical,

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depicting the Queen and the young Princesses wreathing a bust of the departed with festoons of flowers. Within the last few days, we have even been introduced in this way to the very death-bed of Prince Albert! The publisher thinks the photograph will be an "attractive, though sad" memorial; and he is probably well assured of his ground.

It is quite lamentable that any one should believe these fancy pictures to be photographs from life, or real scenes; yet we doubt not that they are generally so accepted. People are actually so ignorant as to suppose that her Majesty, who has withdrawn herself from public life ever since her great affliction, would have permitted a photographer, for his trading purposes, thus to invade the very privacy of her grief.

The manufacture of these photographic impostures says little for the honesty of those who produce them; and it also suggests the existence of a great deal of bad taste in the English public, or these articles would not obtain here so large a sale as they do. But for the existence of that bad taste, the untruthfulness of such sketches would at once be detected. They are thought, especially by women, "pretty" and "interesting;" and the gross improbability of their composition goes for nothing. They are not beautiful as works of art; they are not truthful in any sense; but, like Packwood's razors, they are made to sell, and they *do* sell. The Belgian artists know our weakness, and find their own strength in it. A people possessing a widely diffused perception of what is artistic, would not be bamboozled by such false pretences; the power of apprehending the highest forms of art being one with an instinctive sense of verisimilitude. The strange part of the business is that we English, despite our dullness in matters of art, should not perceive, by the mere strength of our honest love of matter of fact, the absurdity that is palmed off on us. But when the matter-of-fact man takes to art in any form, he is generally best pleased with that which is false. The artistic world being an utterly strange world to him, he makes the mistake of supposing that untruthfulness is the law of its existence. He demands "effect" above all things—something that will give him a sensation beyond his ordinary round of ideas; and whatever does this commands his enthusiasm and his patronage.

CONTINENTAL TELEGRAPH MESSAGES.

A LIVELY correspondence in the *Times*, between the Secretary of the Submarine Telegraph Company and one of its customers, with respect to the delay of a message from London to Florence in January last, invites us to examine the actual regulations for the despatch of English telegrams to the Continental States. The gentleman who humorously signs himself "A Tortoise," and dates his letters from "The Slow Coach Office, Sluggard Square," might naturally be astonished when he found that, while the postal conveyance from London to Florence is accomplished on the fourth day, ten days were occupied in transmitting a message which ought with proper working along the lines of wire, to have been delivered within three or four hours. Mrs. Tortoise, whose name is Gallicised into "Miladi Tortue" by the gallantry of the Italian officials, though she did not arrive till the 17th in the fair capital of Tuscany, where the marital communication on the 7th had expected to find her, seems never to have received it at all; for she left Florence on the very day of her arrival, at an earlier hour than that at which the laggard message came in from Milan. In the meantime, she had got a letter from her husband, and he had got an answer from her. This will never do; and the explanation proffered, two months later, by the Continental Telegraph authorities, with their refusal to hand back to Mr. Tortoise the money which he had prepaid for their services, is most unsatisfactory. The blame, in this particular case, would appear to lie with the Swiss Administration; for the telegram reached Paris in four minutes from London, and it was safe at Lucerne before seven o'clock in the evening of the same day. There is a telegraphic line over the St. Gothard pass, with seven or eight stations between Lucerne and Milan; but an Alpine storm had swept away the posts and wires at some point along the mountain road, and the office in Switzerland, following its rule in such a case, thought proper to commit Mr. Tortoise's message to the ordinary post, under cover addressed to the nearest station-master in Italy whose portion of the line was in working order. As it happened, the St. Gothard road was for some days not only disfurnished of its telegraph apparatus, but impassable for the carriage of mails; hence the letter from Lucerne took a whole week in getting to Bellinzona, the first town on the southern side of the Alps, and was there again put into the post for Milan. It is probable that a few hours may also have been lost in telegraphing from Milan to Florence; but the main cause of delay was certainly the conduct of the authorities at Lucerne, or rather the faulty system of managing this department in most of the Continental States. This is a matter of so much commercial and political importance that we may now take occasion to remark upon it, with some practical suggestions of amendment.

It is known, perhaps, to all our readers, that all over the Continent, instead of being the property of private companies, as in this country, the lines of telegraph belong to the Governments, as well as most of the lines of railway, and that their mutual accommodation is prescribed by diplomatic conventions, like the postal treaties between foreign States. Throughout the French empire this business forms a special department of the Ministry of the Interior; and its regulations, collected in several volumes which are published from year to year, are sufficiently complicated and precise. The German-Austrian Telegraphic Union, which has its headquarters at Berlin, extends over not merely all the States of the German Federation, but the whole of the Austrian Empire, including its Venetian, Croatian, and Transylvanian provinces; thus covering a vast space of Central Europe, from the Belgian to the Turkish frontier, and from the shores of the Adriatic to those of the Baltic Sea. A uniform set of regulations for the management of this great network of telegraphic wires, which traverse so many different States, is printed in the German language, and enforced by the superintendence of the Prussian Government, under treaty with its Federal neighbours. The kingdoms of Belgium, Denmark, Italy, and Spain, the Republic of Switzerland, and other independent sovereignties, have each its own separate administration. The powers of the State, in respect of this monopoly, are nowhere conceded to private adventurers, so far as concerns land telegraphs, but are reserved as jealously as the control of the Post-office, or the sale of tobacco, or any other item of fiscal revenue, deemed indispensable to the budgets of Continental rulers. Between themselves it has been usual for the Governments of *pays limitrophes*, that is, those territories which border upon each other, to enter into certain stipulations or working traffic arrangements in this matter of telegraphic communications, but they have no direct dealings with the other telegraphic systems, which are separated from them by an intervening foreign administration.

The directors, therefore, of an English Company, such as the Submarine or the Electric Telegraph Company, must be content with such arrangements as they can make with the nearest Governments beyond the Channel or the North Sea, and leave it to those Governments—the French, the Belgian, the Dutch, the Hanoverian, or the Danish—to provide for the further despatch of messages sent from London. The office here engages to put upon the Continental telegraphs any messages entrusted to it in London; just as the South-Eastern Railway Company issues tickets for the conveyance of passengers over the foreign lines of railway, as far as Geneva or Vienna. In the case we have just noticed, it was the Vicomte de Vougy, Imperial Director-General at Paris, who had, at the instigation of the Submarine Company's Paris agent, to call the Swiss administration to account for the delay of Mr. Tortoise's message; and it was for M. de Vougy afterwards to insist on the repayment of the Englishman's money, or that portion of it at least which belonged to the telegraph in Switzerland. We do not, however, dispute the claim of Mr. Tortoise to the reimbursement of the whole sum, 19s. altogether, which he had prepaid at the office of the London Company; that being a matter for the English law to decide, having regard to the contract, the guarantee, or the agency, which may have been undertaken by this Company, as to the further transmission of messages beyond its own lines. But it should be well understood, that redress for such grievances as Mr. Tortoise justly complains of must ultimately be obtained from a foreign authority, with which the English Company have no immediate correspondence; and that it is not in their hands, but in those of the French administration, to amend, if necessary, the existing arrangements for sending on their despatches through Switzerland, Italy, and Spain; and wherever, from the failure of such arrangements, an English customer has suffered damage, the appeal can only be made to conventions between those countries and France. The same remark will apply to those messages which go *vid* Belgium. We believe that this department is very well managed, upon the whole, by the French and Belgian Governments. The want of punctuality and accuracy in foreign telegraphs is felt in a proportion exactly commensurate with their distance from our own shores. Those of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Turkey cause the most trouble and disappointment, both from their delays in forwarding or delivering the messages and from blunders in copying them. The submarine

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lines of the Mediterranean, between Sicily and Malta and Alexandria, being under English management, work very well.

In reference to the case of this message from London to Florence, it strikes us that there was no obvious reason why the French Administration should have sent it through Switzerland at all. From Paris to Milan, by way of Savoy, the Mont Cenis road, and Piedmont, there is a telegraphic communication in about two hours. The authorities at Paris ought to have been duly apprized by the Swiss management of the havoc caused by the storm, which had made it impossible to send messages for Italy beyond Lucerne. We find in the Imperial decree of April 12th, 1856, which embodies the convention still in force between France and several of the neighbouring States, Switzerland being one of them, a clause obliging each Government, whenever it shall, for its own convenience, put a temporary stop to telegraphic communication along its own lines, instantly to inform the other Governments of it; but we do not find any similar provision for the case of an accidental interruption. This seems to us a very grave defect in the international system. Switzerland was, in fact, obtaining money on false pretences if she purposely concealed the fact of the break-down of her Alpine telegraph from customers in Paris and London, who paid her for that service which she was unable to perform. There is another clause in the same convention which might probably be quoted as justifying the authorities at Lucerne for the way in which they disposed of this message when they could not send it on by the wires. It is clause 13, which directs that in such a case the station-managers shall send on by next post, or the next railway-train, a copy of the message, addressed to one of the stations on the further part of the line, beyond where the interruption has taken place. But we think it scarcely needs remark that the more useful course would always be, upon such occasions, to inform the senders of the message, behind, that the telegraph has ceased working from a certain point, so that they may send it, if they please, by a different route. If the Lucerne people, when they got Mr. Tortoise's despatch at seven o'clock in the evening, had signalled to the Director at Paris that they could not pass it over the Alps, it might have been put on the Lyons railway line, and safely and speedily delivered at Florence. The stupidity of their adherence to routine, in this instance, was enhanced by their probable knowledge of the state of the roads, as well as of the telegraph line, making them pretty well aware that the posted letter would undergo a considerable delay. In these circumstances, it is really provoking for Mr. Tortoise to be told, in reply to the demand for reimbursement of his money, which M. de Vougy has addressed to the Swiss management on his behalf, that they allege *le cas de force majeure*, or the physical impossibility of performing his errand, in support of their refusal to allow him what he had prepaid. So far, indeed, as the exceptions are to be inferred from perusing the rules upon this matter, they may plead clause 30 of their convention with France. It says, that the whole of the money shall be repaid, "in cases where the message has not reached its destination through the fault of the telegraphic service, or has been so much defaced and altered (*dénaturée*), that it does not fulfil its purpose; or lastly, if, from some cause or other, it arrives later than it would have done by the post;" there is, however, a general exception for the *cas de force majeure*. The total failure of this despatch might yet have been easily prevented, as we have shown, by a better arrangement between Switzerland and France. M. de Vougy should be ashamed to admit the plea of *force majeure*, till he has procured a revision of the international system with respect to these contingencies of the telegraphic service.

We would also suggest, that the diplomatic influence of her Majesty's Government might be exercised with some advantage in persuading foreign States to reform this department of their administration, for the greater convenience of British subjects using the telegraphic lines of the Continent; and especially that they should come to a distinct understanding as to the mode in which individual complaints, or demands of restitution, are to be met. Nothing can be more loose and unsatisfactory than the practically irresponsible conduct of this service, at present, in most of the countries which are not in immediate communication with the English lines. In justice both to the Submarine and the Electric Telegraph Company of London, we believe that their efforts have been unremitting to obtain a reform, and that their agents at Paris or Brussels have never failed promptly to call for the repayment of the cost of messages which were spoiled or delayed in the sending abroad. In more than one case, with which we happen to be acquainted, the reply to such a complaint has been kept back for twelve months; and in one case for exactly two years, before the Administration, for example, of Wallachia could be prevailed upon, through the agency of the Prussian (or German) Administration, set in motion by that of Belgium, to credit them successively with the price of a lost message, for which the London Office had demanded restitution as soon as ever its miscarriage was known at this end. We cannot but think, that if, with other commercial men in London, the numerous foreign merchants who reside here, Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese, Greeks and subjects of the Ottoman empire, would memorialise the ambassadors of their respective States to urge upon their own Governments at home an amendment of this matter, their action would have a most beneficial result. And it is to be hoped that Mr. Tortoise would then again come forward in the *Times*, with another effort of his dexterous pen, to advocate so desirable a reform.

THE DOG SHOW AT CREMORNE.

We have often wondered that our sporting fraternity have been so late in establishing dog shows. Pigeon and fowl shows have become pet institutions at the Crystal Palace, while Baker-street has exhausted all kinds of stock; and horses put in an appearance last year at the Agricultural Exhibition. Even baby-shows have been held, attended principally by British matrons. Yet the dog and the cat, the household pets of humanity, have been in some unaccountable manner slighted, or have been obliged to content themselves with domestic love and admiration. An abortive attempt at a dog show, it is true, was held in Holborn some time last year, and there was another in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, but Mr. E. T. Smith is, we think, quite justified in styling this, "The First Annual Grand National Exhibition of Sporting and other Dogs." The Ashburnham Hall is certainly very well fitted for the exhibition; and, on the whole, the collection of dogs is by far the finest ever brought together in England. We confess, however, that we are no judges of dogs, in the sense of the "fancy;" and we fear that very few of the multitude which crowded the hall on the first two days could say truly that they learned anything from what they saw. Sleeping dogs, curled up nose and knees—and a large majority of the nobler animals seemed to prefer thus taking their ease to being stared at—were not likely to show many of their good points, and gave the company few opportunities of seeing all their beauty. The bloodhounds were but few in number; and although full of that noble dignity Landseer has made us acquainted with, yet to our eye lacked that sense of savage power shown in every line of the hounds of the Cuban variety. We have been so accustomed to hear it said that the old English mastiff had become extinct, that we were rather surprised to see the range of deep-eyed, full-dewlapped fellows, which seemed to look on the spectators with a look so serene and dignified that it actually became a question with us whether we or they formed the show. There is nothing in the aspect of this noble animal that inspires the least terror; on the contrary, their heads, like some of the great human heads of antiquity, seem contemplating things far off and far removed from the petty trifles of this sublunary world. Not so with the huge black and white boarhound at the top of the room, which called to mind those terrible pictures of Snyders, in which this dog, in conflict with his enemy, puts on all the savageness of the wild beast. The fancier will say that there were some real beauties among the bull-dogs. We noticed especially the pet that won the first prize, belonging to Mr. Lamphier, of Birmingham; it seems to be a point of breed in these dogs to have the nose crushed in upon the broad massive forehead. On our happening to admire a little dog of this class, the attendant took him up and showed him. "There now, sir," he said, pushing up his nose with his thumb, "if he was so, he'd be a property." We perceive that Mr. Brown, of Hampstead, shows a fine lot of bulls, but being one of the judges, he was not allowed to compete. His premises, we should think, are rather secure, with these pets around him. Bull-terriers and terriers are shown in too great profusion, as many of them are but ordinary specimens of the faithful animals. It would appear as if everybody in London had competed for the prizes for Skye terriers, the number in the show being immense, filling up one side of the long avenue; and as they lay outstretched at their ease, seeming like so many hundred door-mats. Some of the Maltese dogs were charming specimens of their kind, but apparently so delicate that they were confined, like stuffed animals in glass-cases, lest they should come to any injury by the thrust of sticks. We perceive that some of the lady exhibitors treated their pets right regally; thus a pair of white terriers, rejoicing in the names of Albert and Alexandra, reclined upon velvet cushions of the thickest pile.

The sporting dogs show well, and that is all we can say. How

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they "work," or what means the judges had of ascertaining their capabilities in the field, is a sore puzzle to us; indeed we cannot see that their awards can be of much value, beyond pronouncing on the appearance of the animals, a method of judgment, no doubt, satisfactory enough as far as fat stock is concerned, but we should fancy very unsatisfactory where capacities of useful service are in question. Perhaps among the sporting dogs the retrievers made the finest display, reinforced as they were by so many Russian specimens. The Irish black-and-tan setters also attracted the attention of the sporting part of the spectators. We confess, however, the department that excited our attention most was that devoted to foreign dogs, a moral interest attached to some of these exceeding in our eyes all questions of breed. For instance, there was the "Etah," the only surviving Esquimaux dog brought home by Dr. Kane after his expedition to the Arctic seas in search of Sir John Franklin. This powerful animal, of a dirty white colour and fox-like physiognomy, seemed quite up to the work of dragging with others the heavy weights we hear of their doing—a fact we never could understand from the drawings of this dog by arctic voyagers, which show him to be generally of an insignificant size. Another odd animal is the reindeer or elk dog; so is the "thorough-bred Australian dog" or dingy we hear so much of, an animal in which the wolf predominates very much. The Turkish or Asiatic dog, the scavenger of the East, is also a beast we have read of in books, but never before have had an opportunity of seeing. There are also several Chinese dogs and a wild Prairie dog of India here—indeed the foreign collection of animals is the most perfect ever brought together, and is highly interesting to the naturalist.

The prize cups presented by Mr. Smith, to the value of £1,000, are exhibited in a central position. We must confess that they do not show much originality of design; indeed, the whole of them, great and small, seem to be simply stamped in a kind of diaper pattern of very mediocre design. As regards the dogs, they have made a very handsome first appearance, and we have no doubt that an exhibition of the kind may be repeated every year with increasing popularity and success. But we may be allowed to suggest that a Cat Show ought also to be provided, for the glorification of the feline race, which, under the special patronage of the ladies, might, as well as the dogs, enjoy the honours and rewards of a public competition like this.

ART AND SCIENCE.

MUSIC.

THE second Philharmonic Concert, on Monday last, was fully equal in the interest of the selection, and superior in point of execution, to its predecessor. The following programme will speak for itself:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in E flat, No. 10		Haydn.
Recit. "Giunse alfin"	Miss Louisa Pyne (Le Nozze	
Aria, "Deh vieni"	di Figaro)	Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, in G major, No. 11, Mr. H. Blagrove.		Spohr.
Recit. "I am safe"	Miss Louisa Pyne (Do-	
Aria, "Ah! what a night"	mino Noir)	Auber.
Overture (Preciosa)		Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5		Beethoven.
Two Lieder: "The Wooer"	Miss Louisa Pyne (ac-	
"May Song"	companied on the Pianoforte by Mr. W. G. Cusins)	Beethoven.
Wedding March		Mendelssohn.

The orchestra presents a decided improvement upon that of the past season. One or two changes in the wind instruments and several additions to the strings have resulted in a greater amalgamation and increased body of tone. When the Philharmonic orchestra was almost wholly changed, some few seasons since, owing to the impossibility of the same artists holding engagements, as before, both at these concerts and at the Royal Italian Opera, many strange players were necessarily introduced; and that consentaneous and sympathetic unity, which can only result from long-continued association, was, necessarily, largely sacrificed. Time, however, is fast remedying this, and the present body of Philharmonic instrumentalists is acquiring that confidence in each other and that attention to the varying shades of expression without which an orchestral performance is cold and colourless. The symphonies, overture, and March, in Monday's selection, were all well played; and Spohr's concerto was accompanied with a care and precision which must have relieved Mr. Blagrove from an anxiety that too often embarrasses a solo player. To hear Mr. Blagrove in a concerto of Spohr's is the next best thing to having heard the great master execute his own music. A worthy pupil of the greatest classic of the violin, Mr. Blagrove plays Spohr's music with that thorough acquaintance with, and comprehension of, its characteristics, without which it loses its chief effect. The peculiar mechanism which belongs to Spohr's school of violin playing, the intricate harmonic progressions in which he indulges, the alternate solidity and playfulness of the passages; all these peculiarities find their best interpreter in our excellent violinist, whose performance on Monday last was worthy of himself and of his master. It is rare to hear such perfect intonation as that of Mr. Blagrove in the difficult passages of "double stops" which commence the final rondo of the concerto; added to which, the purity and brilliancy of his tone can scarcely be surpassed. Judging by the applause which followed the conclusion of the concerto, the audience estimated Mr. Blagrove's performance as highly as we have done. Miss Louisa Pyne cannot sing otherwise than well; but some little trace was perceptible of the fatigues of the opera season which she has just concluded. The two charming "Lieder" of Beethoven lose by the translation of the text, however well executed; and the delicacy of the pianoforte accompaniments (carefully played by Mr. Cusins) cannot but appear feeble when so ill-placed as immediately after the C minor symphony, closing as it does with one of the grandest climaxes of any of Beethoven's orchestral works. The "Wedding March," chosen, doubtless, with reference to the recent Royal marriage, closed an excellent concert, the programme of which possessed the great and unusual merit of having a short second part. This is a precedent we would gladly see followed. As a symphony by Beethoven generally commences the second part, the attention and interest arrive here at their culminating point, and what follows is seldom more than an anti-climax. The second concert of the Musical Society of London took place on Wednesday evening, when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

Symphony in G—Letter Q	Haydn.
Scena—"Ah! lo previdi" (Andromeda)	Mozart.
Madame Rudersdorff.	
Concerto—Violoncello, Signor Piatti	Piatti.
Aria—"Questi avventurieri infami" (Il Seraglio)	Mozart.
Mr. Weiss.	
Overture—(Manfred)	Schumann.

PART II.

Symphony in C minor—No. 1	Mendelssohn.
Duo—"De quelle ville es-tu?" (L'Etoile du Nord)	Meyerbeer.
Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Weiss.	
Overture (Abu Hassan)	Weber.

Haydn's charming symphony, so full of that genial simplicity and learned skill which few other masters possess in such intimate combination, was given with that alternate refinement and force for which the orchestra of the Musical Society has long been remarkable. The novelty of the concert was Schumann's overture to "Manfred," being a portion of the illustrative music the composer wrote to a text founded on Byron's drama. It would have been more just to Schumann's reputation, about which there is such a diversity of opinion, to have produced the entire music of "Manfred," of which, as of his setting of "Faust," German critics speak highly. The overture to "Manfred" is written in a wild and gloomy spirit, reminding one of some of Spohr's mistaken efforts at what we must call the "metaphysical" style. The embodiment, in music, of the profoundest sensations of our highest nature can only be realized by a very exceptional genius. The attempt at such high expression by a genius of a lesser order, too often results only in forced effort and unintelligible mistiness. There are degrees of genius, and although it appears to us erroneous to assign to Schumann, as his greatest admirers do, the highest rank; still, competent and dispassionate critics must claim for him a grade far higher than has yet been accorded him in this country. It is, however, by his smaller works, especially his pianoforte music and his songs, that Schumann should be judged. Estimated by these, and they are many, it is difficult to conceive any dispute as to his possession of a fine and original genius. To return, however, to the overture to "Manfred." It wants not only definite design, but that coherence of thought which is mostly to be traced even in Beethoven's later works. There is an endless succession of climax upon climax, and a broken and fragmentary effect which gives the impression of the work having been put together piecemeal, and at intervals, rather than fused by mature continuous thought. While respecting Schumann's laborious ambition, we cannot help thinking that he would have done himself greater justice, and earned more uncontested fame, by limiting himself to the composition of pianoforte music and songs, rather than by measuring his strength, and challenging comparison with Beethoven in the loftiest efforts of the art. Still, the Musical Society deserve thanks for occasionally bringing forward such works, and thereby giving opportunity for judgment on Schumann's merits. Mendelssohn's first symphony, the work of his boyhood, is interesting as containing the dawn of his remarkable powers. It is easy to trace, in this work, his early predilection for the style of Weber; the brilliancy and fire of whose genius materially influenced Mendelssohn, although afterwards modified by the higher and more abstract styles of Bach and Beethoven. These transitions were well exemplified by the performance, by the Musical Society, of the Scherzo originally belonging to the symphony, and the Intermezzo by which Mendelssohn, in later years, replaced the Scherzo. Signor Piatti's execution of his own concerto was a marvel of execution and tone, but the composition was unworthy of the playing. It is seldom that a solo player combines great executive talent with creative genius; and where this is not the case, if he

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must play his own music, he should be limited to a piece of short duration. Weber's pretty sparkling overture formed an agreeable termination to the concert; the vocal music of which was worthy of the instrumental. By the report just issued, the Musical Society appears to be, in every way, in a flourishing condition. With a large subscription in hand to meet the expenses of the current season, and a rapidly-increasing library (a catalogue of which is published with the Report), this Society seems now firmly established in a prosperous career.

On Friday week the 125th annual festival of the Royal Society of Musicians took place at Freemasons' Hall. This excellent Society, the careful and inexpensive management of which is worthy of all praise, effects a vast amount of good in the relief of distress, and the provision for old age and sickness, among its members. There was a large attendance at the recent dinner, and many donations were received; among the principal of which was a contribution of £50 from Messrs. Broadwood, their eighteenth donation, besides many other acts of kindness and liberality for which the Society is indebted to that eminent firm.

On Saturday last, the Royal English Opera closed its season with "Le Domino Noir," for the benefit of Miss Louisa Pyne. An address was issued, promising renewed exertions for the next season, which will terminate the occupancy of Covent Garden Theatre by Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison. On the 7th of April, the theatre will open as the Royal Italian Opera, under Mr. Gye's lessceship. The programme of the arrangements promises a season of the highest musical importance. Mdlle. Adelina Patti is again engaged; and Madame Miolan-Carvalho, with most of the favourites of last season, and several *débutantes* of continental reputation, make up a strong array of lady-talent. Signor Mario and Signor Tamberlik are again the principal tenors; and M. Faure, Signori Graziani and Ronconi, and Herr Formes are conspicuous among the basses and baritones. The most interesting first appearance among the several gentlemen artists promised, will be that of M. Obin, a dramatic singer of high excellence, and great and deserved Parisian reputation. Verdi's new opera, "La Forza del Destino," is promised, together with Flotow's "Stradella." Among the revivals are to be "Fra Diavolo," "La Figlia del Regimento," "L'Etoile du Nord," "La Gazza Ladra," "L'Elisire d'Amore," "Orfeo," "Otello," &c. Mr. Costa retains his post as conductor, which is a guarantee for the continued excellence of the orchestra. The theatre is to open with "Masaniello," with all the scenic and musical splendour of its revival at the close of the last season.

ALUMINIUM GOODS.

In a compound and secret form aluminium has constituted the basis of that material which, for receptacle and domestic vessels, man has chiefly used from the earliest periods to the present hour—clay. But it was left for modern science to eliminate from its earthy condition the wondrous and beautiful metal itself, which in its pure metallic state has never been displayed to human eyes except by the skilful art of man. Slow and difficult are the steps by which the inventor wrests from Nature the results he seeks; in doubt and difficulty often he labours, perhaps to end his days without the attainment of that object which has been his life's desire, and only to leave an easy road for a follower in the field to crown himself with fame. Nearly forty years have elapsed since Wohler, of Goettingen, discovered the metallic base of clay, and nearly ten since Deville carried to a practical condition its commercial extraction.

On former occasions we have recorded from time to time the progress made in the mercantile manufacture of aluminium, noticing its more extensive production by Mr. Bell, of Newcastle, the various suggestions for its practical applications, and its qualities and properties. In the Great Exhibition there were many specimens of manufactured articles, both of aluminium itself and aluminium-bronze—a most valuable compound—as well as of both combined; the beautiful appearance of which articles attracted crowds of admirers. A great manufacture is not, however, rapidly established; and aluminium, although it possesses remarkably valuable properties, has been hitherto known rather as a curiosity than as commercially in the world's market. Our attention has been drawn afresh to the subject by an invitation to a private view of an exhibition of aluminium goods by Messrs. Mappin, Brothers, of Regent-street, who have commenced a commercial manufacture of them at their plate and cutlery works at Sheffield. Aluminium is thus practically introduced into one distinct and important department of trade, and brought forward as a competitor with silver and electro-plate. Messrs. Mappin's exhibition contains flower and fruit-stands, butter-coolers, spoons, forks, dessert-knives, napkin-rings, sugar-basins and tongs, caddy-spoons, card-cases, inkstands, dressing-case fittings, and communion services, tankards, clock-cases; ornamental, taper, and chamber candlesticks; figure groups; in short, all the articles usually made in silver, silver-gilt, or electro-plate, over each of which aluminium has advantages in durability, freedom from tarnish, and certainly in some instances, at the least, appearance. The cost of the aluminium articles is but one-half that of silver, and about equal to that of ordinary electro-plate. The freedom from tarnish is a quality which gives them an especial and high value. Aluminium itself, indeed, *never* tarnishes; aluminium-bronze but very slightly; and this tarnish is rubbed off by the slightest application of wetted rouge by wash-leather. Finger-marks and dirt will wash off with soap and water from the aluminum, and the article appears as bright and new as ever. How little aluminium-bronze even can be injured by any article of ordinary food we have witnessed in an interesting experiment. An aluminium-bronze spoon was immersed in vinegar—the most corrosive of gastronomic materials—for two hours, and subsequently left to the full action of the atmosphere. A mere film of tarnish only was produced, which gave way before the slightest application of wash-leather and rouge. The cleaning of silver or electro-plate, after such a test, would, we need not say, have been a tedious operation. The exemption of aluminium from tarnish has led to its being substituted for glass in some articles, such as butter-coolers and fruit-stands. Its specific gravity being about the same as glass, dishes or pans made of it are lighter, by reason of the metal being worked much thinner than glass could be.

Silver pans, although not in common use, are sometimes made for gourmands, and for these the specimens of aluminium stew-pans must be formidable rivals. Nothing can be purer for culinary purposes than this metal, and cost alone could prevent its introduction into daily use. At present, however, there are no mines of aluminium, no natural processes at work producing it for mankind; its elimination is as much due to the metallurgist's art as the production of mauve and magenta is to the chemist's skill.

The contrast in appearance of the golden aluminium-bronze with the whiter than silver clay-metal itself, is extremely pleasing and effective. While silver-gilt articles turning black and changing colour have, if water-gilt, to be passed through the fire to restore their freshness, or, if electro-plated, have to be recoated with fresh metal, those of aluminium and aluminium-bronze remain undimmed.

This absence of tarnishing has suggested the application of aluminium also for shako ornaments and military accoutrements. Aluminium-bronze affords a fine material for engraving writing, and linear ornamentation, as is displayed, in Messrs. Mappin's exhibition, in a trowel made for laying the foundation-stone of Mr. Bell's new seat at Rushpool, and in a very chaste offertory basin.

Another valuable property of this metal is that it can be cast and turned by the lathe. The same is the case with the bronze; the tools, however, require special hardening and tempering.

For chain-ornaments—such as the pendent chains of candelabra and chandeliers—aluminium is especially invaluable. Such chains in silver, or gilt, there is no possibility of cleaning. But perhaps the most attractive object in the Mappin exhibition may be, at this time, the simplest. A mere round disk of metal, as light as a plaster-medallion, impressed with the likenesses of the Prince and Princess of Wales—a marriage-medal executed by Mr. Browne, of the Crystal Palace—sharp, clear, and with an exquisite uniformity of surface has the aluminium taken the impress of the die, but the pale white-grey colour of the metal surpasses anything we have seen produced in gold, silver, or bronze. Ten or twelve shillings will purchase one of these beautiful works of art and science.

We have alluded to the undeviating employment throughout human history of clay for domestic and other pottery. The potter's art during the long past has not stood still; while other arts and manufactures have progressed, so also has his, and our shops display the loveliest biscuit figures, most beautiful objects in gilt, painted and ornamental porcelain, and elegant articles even in commonest Wedgewood and "stone" wares. Few, however, but would be surprised to learn that the "chinaman" was a competitor with the silversmith. Yet to some extent he is. Five and twenty years ago, when silver-plate was in high fashion, it would have been difficult to lay out in any household establishment £1,000 in British "china." It would be easy to do so now, and the result shows itself practically in the silversmith's trade when the comparison is drawn by customers between the price of a silver article and the cost of a similar one in clay—clay it may be of the finest sort, but the article made of which, like that of silver, acquires value from the expenditure of human skill and thought, and not from the intrinsic worth of the material. Not a little strange will it be if aluminium, fostering the taste for precious metals, should become a rival of its grosser oxide, as well as of the "precious metals" and their imitations.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

The spirit of rejoicing with which Austrian *savants* receive any concessions to the progress of science can scarcely be understood in this country, where science, like everything else, has been free and unfettered. The latest matter of congratulation amongst our Austrian *confrères* is the rescript of the Emperor, ordering the establishment of a Museum of Artistic Industry on a plan and for purposes analogous to our own at South Kensington. The motives assigned in the Imperial rescript for this foundation are "the necessity of favouring the rising native industry by affording adequate models for the diffusion of correct artistic tastes." The models exhibited will be changed periodically, and all objects exhibited in the museums will be regarded as temporary loans, the rights of the owners being legally preserved. The Emperor himself has laid the foundations of this new museum by presenting objects of art from the Palaces, the Treasury, the Royal Library and Arsenal, and assigned for their exhibition a portion of his own Imperial residence. A gallery for photography, and another for plaster-casts, are to be connected with the museum. Manufacturers are desired to exhibit their most select productions, and ecclesiastical, secular, and municipal corporations, as well as the nobility and gentry generally, possessing artistic objects, have been invited to contribute.

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Prince John Liechtenstein has been the first to respond to his Sovereign's summons by directing a selection to be forwarded of the valuable objects adorning his numerous and magnificent residences.

The Friday lecture at the Royal Institution was by Mr. Balfour Stuart, "On the greater Magnetic Disturbances or Magnetic Storms." Besides the ordinary changes on removal to different geographical regions, and the usual diurnal and other periodical changes, the suspended magnetic needle is subjected, at irregular intervals, to sudden and abrupt disturbances, known as "magnetic storms," but here the likeness to ordinary atmospheric storms ceases, for an atmospheric storm may be very severe in Europe and yet may not happen in America, while a magnetic storm is felt all over the world. The theory of magnetic storms as laid down by Mr. Stuart is that they occur simultaneously all over the earth; that they have a daily period not depending on the heat of the sun; that they have the same ten-yearly periods as the sun-spots; that they are associated with auroras and earth-currents, which latter appear to be induced currents due to those sudden and abrupt changes of the earth's magnetism which magnetic storms denote; and that they are of two kinds taking place simultaneously, the effects on the needle being the combined result of both. On Sept. 1st, 1859, it is thought the sun was caught in the very act of creating a disturbance. Mr. Carrington was observing a spot when a bright spark of light was seen to move over its disk. He subsequently obtained the photographic records of the variations of the magnet made at all the principal observatories, and found a magnetic disturbance or storm had taken place coincidently with this occurrence on the surface of the sun. Earth-currents are currents of electricity supposed to be traversing the earth, and are caught up by the railway telegraph wires, at times interfering altogether with their manipulation. In America, at the date in September referred to, they were so strong that the telegraph could be worked without any batteries. The maximum number of solar spots occurred in 1828, 225; 1837, 333; 1846, 330; 1839, 205 spots. These were also years of great magnetic storms.

In the production of auroras the earth must be looked upon as the iron core of a Rumkorff coil, the lower strata of the atmosphere as insulants, the upper strata as the secondary wires. When a sudden and abrupt change takes place in the electrical condition, a discharge follows;—if from excess of electricity, in one direction; if from a diminution, in another.

If the sun can produce auroras on the earth, why are they not possible on the solar atmosphere? Mr. Stuart thought the "red flames" observed during the late total eclipse by Warren de la Rue, Airey, himself, and others, might be auroras. The height of those red flames, 170,000 miles, was so great that he was not disposed, considering how vastly the gravitation of the sun must exceed that of the earth, to admit such a volume for the sun's atmosphere. Terrestrial auroras were often estimated as occurring at an elevation of a hundred miles; and as they possess an actinic power, carefully-taken photographs may lead to the ascertaining the height of our own atmosphere. For, as Gassiot has shown that no electrical discharge will take place in a perfect vacuum, the height of the atmosphere, and, perhaps, the nature of its components in those elevated regions, may be made out by examination of the auroral light. But these latter remarks of Mr. Stuart seem to us to negative his conclusions respecting the solar red flames, or, at least, those relating to the thickness of the solar atmosphere; for as no electric discharge can take place *in vacuo*, therefore the solar red flames, if auroræ, must take place *within* the solar atmosphere; and if so, then the solar atmosphere must be 170,000 miles thick. Mr. Stuart concluded his lecture by notifying that 1868 would be a year of maximum solar spots and magnetic disturbances, expressing a hope that our own and foreign Governments, as well as meteorologists and electricians generally, would be provided with instruments, and would undertake the labours of observation at various stations to gather conclusive evidence, if possible, on the interesting question of the relationship of the solar influence to our magnetic phenomena.

Some very interesting additions have been made to the Zoological Gardens during the past week, namely, a "clouded tiger," two Malayan sun-bears, a white-fronted lemur, a two-toed sloth, a Saka falcon, two little native grebes or "dab-chicky"—birds rarely seen in captivity—a female Sonarat jungle-fowl, a Cape francolin, and five tortoises. But the most important addition has been three wombats from Australia, the largest in size ever seen. These are new to science, unless any of them should prove to be the *Phascolomys latifrons*, or *P. platiceps*, described from bones only, some years since, by Professor Owen.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Lord Stratheden urged the recognition of the Southern States as a measure likely to take away from the North its last hope of subjugating the South, and therefore calculated to lead to an early conclusion of the war. As precedents, he quoted the recognition of the United States by France, of the South American Republics by England, and of Portugal, in 1641, by various European Powers. Earl Russell objected that these precedents were not in point. The recognition of the United States by France was nothing less than forcible intervention; and the South American Republics were not recognized till the soil was free from hostile troops. This was not the condition of the Confederate States. The determination of the North to carry on the war was as strong as ever; and recognition at such a moment would be a most unfriendly act to the United States. Our duty was to wait and stand still. We had in former times interfered in Holland, Portugal, and Greece, but with the object to secure the independence and freedom of a great portion of mankind; and he should be sorry to see this country interfere for any other purpose.

In the Commons, on the order for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. Hennessy rose to ask a question of the First Lord of the Treasury as to the nature of the obligations with respect to Poland involved in the treaty of Vienna. He thought the House was now entitled to ask what the Government were doing. He denied that the defeat of Langiewicz was so serious a blow to the cause of Poland as the press had considered it, and observed that while the operations of this general had at no time extended beyond an irregular circle of from forty to fifty miles radius, or a total area of 1,600 miles, the insurrection reigned over 150,000 square miles, and was daily spreading. He contended that England was under a moral obligation to interfere, and quoted from Lord Palmerston's despatches in 1831, passages in which the word "obligation" was applied to the duties in respect of Poland which devolved upon England by the treaty of Vienna. He concluded by asking Lord Palmerston whether it was his opinion that no moral obligation existed on the part of England with regard to the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna affecting Poland? Lord Palmerston replied that there was no obligation upon Great Britain to interfere greatly in the affairs of Poland, and that our moral obligation had been fulfilled in 1831 by the friendly representations made to the Russian Government. He thought the House would agree with him that it would not be fitting that he should enter into details of the negotiations the Government was at present conducting. He believed they would be able to convince the House that they had done their duty, and that their efforts had at all events been productive of some good to those on whose behalf they were made.

In the Lords, on Tuesday, Earl Russell in reply to a question from Lord Shaftesbury, said he had heard of no case in which Poles travelling through Prussia had been arrested, delivered over to the Russians, and subsequently shot. Two Polish students had been arrested; but they had been claimed by the French Ambassador, and it was to be hoped they would be given up.

In the Commons, Mr. Hubbard moved a resolution affirming as the prineiple of our Income-tax, that the incidence of the tax upon the products of invested property should fall upon net income; and that the net amounts of industrial earnings should, before assessment, be subject to such an abatement as would equitably adjust the burden thrown upon intelligence and skill as compared with property. Mr. Gladstone pronounced the scheme proposed by Mr. Hubbard as impracticable and visionary; and upon a division the motion was lost by 118 to 70. A motion for returns of the names of the persons killed or injured, during the procession on the 7th and the illuminations on the 10th inst.; for the number of persons killed and wounded during the lying-in-state and funeral of the late Duke of Wellington; and of a copy of any order issued by the Metropolitan Police Authorities with a view to prevent a recurrence of such accidents, was agreed to. A bill for extending the principle of limited liability so as to allow a capitalist to advance a fixed sum to any business, and become a partner with liability limited to that sum, was, on the motion of Mr. Scholefield, read a second time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The dissatisfaction of the operatives with the arrangements for their relief, has been vented at Staleybridge and Ashton by the most disgraceful riots. The proximate cause of this ebullition was the resolution of the Relief Committee at Staleybridge to pay in future by ticket instead of in money. This resolution was announced to the "scholars" on Thursday week, and when on Friday the committee's officers visited the Independent school to distribute the tickets, the scholars refused to receive them. Shortly afterwards, as two of the committee were riding in a cab through the streets the mob smashed the cab windows. This was the signal for a general riot, in the course of which the windows of obnoxious persons were everywhere broken, bakers' and provision shops pillaged, the police assaulted with stones and brickbats, and the stores of men and women's clothing broken into, and their contents thrown into the streets and carried off by the rioters. For hours the town was in complete possession of the mob,—Irish lads and Staleybridge lasses vieing with one another in the revelry of destruction. It was not until the military were called out that order was restored; then the Riot Act was read, and sixty arrests were made. Parties of police were sent in search of the stolen clothes, which the thieves now endeavoured to get rid of by burning them, throwing them into the canal and into the river. On Sunday the town was crowded by holiday-makers coming from all parts in the neighbourhood to view the vestiges of the riot.

On Monday the scene of riot was transferred to Ashton, upon which a mob from Staleybridge marched early in the morning. A troop of Hussars was called out, and special constables sworn in to prevent the rioters from entering the town. But the mob had already arrived, and were plundering the bakers' and provision shops. Here again the Riot Act was read; and by the aid of

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soldiers and police the rioters were driven out of the town, but not before they had done an infinity of mischief. As far as can be ascertained, none of the people of Ashton took part in the riot. But at Staleybridge, owing to the resolution of the Relief Committee to adhere to their plan of giving relief by ticket, the town continued in an excited state, the operatives refusing to accept the tickets. On Monday stones were thrown at the police; and a mob which proceeded to Hyde frightened the shopkeepers into giving them food. Five hundred special constables have been sworn in at Oldham. On Tuesday signs of active insubordination were displayed at Stockport. Stones were thrown, and windows broken, but not to any great extent. Special constables were sworn in here also, and organized into companies. A mob of rioters again marched from Staleybridge upon Ashton, but were intercepted by the police before entering the town, and driven back. An indigenous mob, however, renewed the scenes of the previous day, and compelled the bakers and shopkeepers to give them provisions. The police easily dispersed them. At Staleybridge, on Tuesday, a deputation of the discontented received a promise from the magistrates, who refused, however, to grant them an interview, that if they accepted the tickets their representations would be considered. To this they assented.

Last week the Sixth Chamber of the Correctional Police in Paris was crowded with a mixed assembly of men of title, members of the Jockey Club, high functionaries, advocates, and women of the demi-monde, to witness the trial of a couple of swindlers, who had defrauded the guests of a certain Madame Julia Barucci, *alias* Benini, *alias* Justi, who on the 4th of February last had the honour to entertain at her hotel—the Duke de Caderousse-Gramont, Viscount Gastin de Foix, Count Paul de Demidoff, the Marquis de Vivens, Count de Fontette, Count Dygneauville, Baron Albert de Schonon, Viscount de Noblet, the Marquis de Brimont, and other gentlemen, landed proprietors, &c., amongst whom was M. Miranda, a Spanish nobleman of the Queen of Spain's household. Madame had that day taken possession of her hotel, and having met a M. Garcia at Homburg, where he suffered the gambler's varying fortune in the loss of four millions of francs, consented to his request that he might introduce certain of his friends. M. Miranda, the Spanish nobleman, was one of these, M. Calzado was another. This gentleman had some time since made himself famous at Havannah by buying up all the playing cards, and importing "prepared" cards, which he sold to the dealers, and by whose aid he managed to win large sums at play. Garcia, in 1858, had been turned out of the Duke de la Rocca's for cheating at cards. Before meeting at Madame Barucci's, Garcia and Calzado had eased M. Miranda of 50,000f. at the Spanish-American Cercle, in the Rue de la Paix. But at her hotel he won back 20,000f., and was content with this result until after supper. The two swindlers, however, had been observed by the guests to talk apart, and presently "manifested," said Madame, in her evidence, "an intention of doing something." There were only whist-tables in the room. They procured a kitchen table, had it covered with a cloth, and sat down to play, but merely as a feint. After supper the game of baccarat was proposed, and M. Miranda played for small sums. It was observed that Garcia had absented himself. In an hour he returned, and when the cards came round to him, staked so heavily, that after a while, the other guests having left the game to him and Miranda, the stakes on either side amounted to 64,000f. Marvellous was Garcia's good fortune. Ten times running he won, clearing 150,000f., of which Miranda's loss amounted to 140,000f. This appeared so astonishing to the Duke de Caderousse-Gramont that suspicions of foul play arose in his mind. He rushed forward, and seizing the cards in Garcia's hands, found that some were of a lighter colour than the others. His pockets were searched, and quantities of cards were brought to light. Then he confessed that merely to change his bad luck, and without the least intention of dishonesty, he had brought in fresh cards. But the guests would not be satisfied. They insisted either that he should give back the money he had won, or go before the Commissary of Police. For a time he stormed, but at last consented to refund, and produced a bundle of notes to the amount of 50,000f., protesting this was all that he had won. "Ridiculous," cried the guests; whereupon M. Garcia fled from room to room, dropping notes as he went, and pursued by the flower of French nobility. M. Calzado, too, was made to disgorge; and the pair were finally handed over to the police. Thus ended Madame Barucci's little party. Her friend, M. Garcia, has been condemned to five years' imprisonment; and his friend, M. Calzado, to thirteen months. We regret to add that M. Miranda got back nearly the whole of his money.

The growing inclination of disappointed or irritable lovers to redress their grievances by suicide or murder was illustrated last week by a trial at York, in which James Cass was indicted for shooting at Eliza Spencer with intent to do her some grievous bodily harm. Cass and Spencer were "keeping company" with each other, and on Sunday, the 21st of September last, together with another couple, also in the interesting state of courtship, went out for a walk. Spencer seems to have been a lady of a lively and somewhat provoking disposition; for, as they were walking, she gathered a nettle and "nettled" the prisoner's face. Not liking this sort of billing and cooing, the prisoner said, "D— it, don't;" upon which the lively Eliza, of course, did it again, wringing from her lover the exclamation, "D— it, Liz, don't be so soft." After this they went home; but at night they met again, the girls walking out together and taking no notice of the pair of disconsolate males who followed. Stung by this arrangement as much as by the previous application of the nettles, the prisoner and his friend asked the girls if they meant to walk in this way; upon which Eliza turned round, took off her swain's cap and threw it over the hedge. The prisoner now warned her that if she would not walk with him she should walk with no other man; and presently, on arriving at a lonely part of Sprotborough-lane, he took a pistol out of his pocket, and, retiring some paces, fired it over her head. Upon this they all ran home, the prisoner first hiding the pistol in the lane. On the following day he went to the house of the prosecutrix's mother, who accosted him with "How dare thee show thy face here, thou villain?" to which he replied, "I've done it, I've done it; I'm ready to suffer," and then leaned his head against the wall. There is no doubt the pistol was loaded, for shots were found in the trees where the girl was standing when her lover fired at her. But the defence was that he only intended to frighten her, and the jury acquitted him. This is not the way to check the morbid feeling which is daily producing murders and suicides, and we should not be surprised if this verdict should be found to encourage other moody lovers to follow Cass's example.

On the same day Major Wombwell, of the 12th Lancers, was defendant in an action for slander and assault brought against him by Mrs. Strickland, a lady in whose house the major had taken apartments for himself, his bride, a maidservant, and two manservants. After a few weeks' tenancy Major Wombwell became alarmed at the amount of his bills, the grocer's bill especially. He found that from the 1st of November to the 22nd of December his butcher's bill amounted to £11. 3s. 1½d. In one month and five days he and his retinue, or some one else for them, had consumed 26 lb. of loaf sugar, and 17½ lb. of crystal sugar in one month. Though he used gas, and was charged for it, he had to pay for 7 lb. of dip candles, and 5 lb. of sperm candles in little more than a month. For fires he was charged 17s. 6d. a week; and 7½ lb. of tea were used in less than five weeks. This was hard to bear; and as lodging-house keepers are proverbial for rapacity, the major jumped to the conclusion that Mrs. Strickland was like the rest of her sisterhood, and in no measured terms told her so. According to the lady, he charged her roundly with stealing his tea and his brandy; called her a swindler and a thief; flourished his stick in her face; threatened to knock her brains out; told her that if her son were there he would shoot him like a dog; and said she was a —— drunken ——. He denied all this; but admitted that, upon being contradicted by her, he said, "I will not be called a liar by a —— bitch like that." If the tea and sugar lay heavy upon him, his imputations were not to be borne by the opposing party; and therefore when, shortly afterwards the major's wife expressed a desire for a mutton-chop, Mrs. Strickland, with fine irony, sent her up a loin of mutton with a pair of scales, requesting her to weigh the chops for herself. But irony was not a sufficient revenge for the indignant landlady. She brought her action and the jury gave her £50 damages.

A terrible scene took place last week on board the *Venus* hulk, to which the crew of the Peruvian corvette, *Arica*, had been transferred, while the corvette was being fitted out. The crew numbered 160, of whom 90 were soldiers. During the day the soldiers had been allowed to go on shore, where they got druuk, returning to the hulk at night, smuggling a quantity of liquor on board. Then they commenced to riot, and refusing to obey their officers, the sailors were ordered to arrest the disorderly. Upon this a pitched battle ensued, both parties armed with muskets and bayonets; the soldiers, by the free use of the bayonet, driving the sailors between decks. The captain was now sent for, and with drawn cutlass dashed down amongst the mutineers. This renewed the contest, and the yells and shrieks of the excited and drunken men could be heard for some distance up and down the river. Some were thrown overboard, others escaped into boats. One man, and it is feared others, was drowned; two soldiers were killed, and several mortally wounded. A midshipman who had been ill died from the excitement. In the end, however, the mutiny was suppressed, and the mutineers placed in irons.

A trial of importance to railway companies and railway travellers was held at Derby on Saturday last. The action was against the Midland Railway Company. The plaintiff on arriving at the Derby station, not observing that he was landed on the east instead of the west side of the platform, turned to an opening to the right, as he had been accustomed to do on the other side, thinking it the way out. The opening, however, proved to be the entrance into a horse-dock, three feet below the level of the platform, into which the plaintiff fell, broke his arm and sustained other injuries which kept him in bed for three weeks. The defence was that the plaintiff's contract was with the North Staffordshire Company, which used that station by arrangement with the Midland Company, and that defendants were not liable. But the Lord Chief Baron expressed a strong opinion that the Midland Company was bound to keep their station reasonably safe for all persons lawfully using it for purposes of business; and that the case was analogous to that where a person has dug a hole on his own land so near to a highway that a person lawfully using the highway falls into it, in which case the person on whose land the hole was dug would be clearly liable. Bowing to this opinion the defendants consented to a verdict for £300 damages, and to pay the costs of the action as between attorney and client.

On Saturday morning, at Sledmere Castle, near Malton, died

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that "fine old English gentleman," Sir Tatton Sykes, at the ripe age of ninety-one. His breeding stud was the largest in England, numbering upwards of two hundred horses and mares of all ages. His feats on horseback were almost fabulous. When a young man, he started from home to ride a race for a friend; rode it, weighed, and rode back again—a distance in all of 400 miles. He rode always from Sledmere to London when he had occasion to visit the metropolis, riding back as far as Barnet the same night. As a master of fox-hounds, he vied with the best gentlemen of England, keeping them solely at his own expense. He was an early riser, often up before the sun. Sometimes he would be seen labouring at a stone heap or slashing a fence, doing the work of some labourer, whom he sent to the Castle to refresh himself with a flagon of ale." "As a landlord," says the *Times*, "a master, and a friend, Sir Tatton was much beloved, and to him may justly be applied those words of commendation, 'He never lost a friend, or made an enemy.'"

On Wednesday the remains of Sir James Outram were consigned to their last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. The funeral, though not public, could hardly be called private. The carriages, containing mourners and special friends, were followed by a long *cortége* of private carriages; and a dense respectful crowd met it at the doors of the cathedral, where the coffin was taken up on the shoulders of the Mackenzie Highlanders, who had stood beside their chief on his march to Lucknow. In the Jerusalem Chamber a crowd of noblemen and gentlemen were assembled, who, when the funeral procession had entered, the choir was marshalled, two and two, and marched through the cloisters into the nave, and followed the procession into the choir. The burial service then commenced, and in a few minutes more—"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—the soldier lay in his last resting-place. During the service the nave of the cathedral was crowded with people, and the Westminster boys, who cherish the memory of Warren Hastings and other Indian heroes, filled the galleries.

Dog shows have emerged from the obscurity of public-house yards, and are now to be reckoned amongst the most interesting of our exhibitions. The first effort on a creditable scale in this direction was made at the proposed Horse Repository in Holborn. A few months later the novelty culminated in the splendid show of last year in the Agricultural Hall at Islington; and henceforth we are to have two yearly exhibitions, one at this Hall, and the other at Ashburnham Hall, Chelsea, which has, on a lesser scale, nearly every requisite for such a purpose except ventilation, a sad defect to bipeds with any powers of scent. The Chelsea Exhibition has been open during the week; and the show of dogs, though not comparable to that at Islington last year, and deficient in the large breeds, is good, numbering 1,200 dogs of every kind, from the largest and noblest down to the tiniest.

A singular accident took place at Brighton last week. A pair of horses, while the coachman was buckling the reins, darted off with the carriage at full gallop, traversed several streets till they reached the Marine Parade, dashed through the wooden railings and over the sea-wall, at a height of 70 feet from the ground below. The horses, worth £300, were killed on the spot, and the carriage broken into a hundred pieces.

The authorities of Edinburgh have resolved not to open the Botanic Gardens on Sunday.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

THE Conscription Bill has already begun to produce results, the most prominent of which are an exodus to Canada on the one hand, and the determination of all who can find the passage-money towards Europe. Crowds of English, Scotch, Irish, and Germans, who cannot afford to pay 300 dollars for a substitute, are claiming the protection of the consuls and ambassadors of their native countries. Discontent prevails amongst the working classes, who are unable to pay and unwilling to fight, but who have no consuls or ambassadors to appeal to; and the democratic journals have not failed to comment upon the late Polish conscription in terms so applicable to their own that the parallelism cannot be missed. But Mr. Lincoln by hook or by crook must have soldiers, and his difficulty in obtaining them is manifestly increased by the distaste to fighting which has lately come over the Irish and Germans, and which has been increased by the unfair play they have met with. This is particularly observable in the treatment of the Irish, who have done the best part of the fighting, and have been placed invariably at the post of greatest danger. General Meagher has memorialized the Secretary of War, urging that his brigade, which has been reduced to little more than 1,000 men, might be relieved from duty in the front, and sent to quarters where they could recruit their health. By their bravery they have deserved this favour, but it has been denied them.

There has been a great Union meeting in New York at the Cooper's Institute, and a meeting of the Young Men's Democratic Association in Broadway. The former was signalized by the Anglophobia of the speakers. The latter was called to hear an address from Mr. Vallandigham, the burden of whose oration was that the Union would be restored, but that it never could, would, or ought to be restored by war; and that the only chance left for the ultimate reconstruction of the Government on a new basis was the immediate cessation of hostilities. Mr. Benjamin Wood, one of the members of Congress for the city of New York, goes further. In the speech which he was not permitted to address to the House of Representatives, but which he was permitted to print, he declares that reunion is impossible, and that, if it were possible, it is undesirable.

Of military operations, there is not much to record. Neither at Vicksburg nor at Charleston have the contending parties made any movement; but disease, which in all wars claims more victims than the sword, has asserted its power at the former place. Despondency and the marsh fever, aided by relaxed discipline, have done their work in the Federal army so effectively, that, according to the report of an agent of the Sanitary Commission, nearly every tent is an hospital. On the 26th ult. the number of sick was 12,000, of whom a large number were daily dying, and out of the whole force not more than 20,000 men were fit for duty. On the morning of the 9th a body of Confederate cavalry made a sudden descent upon Fairfax Court-house within the Federal lines and succeeded in carrying off General Stoughton, Provost-Marshal Oscanner, from 50 to 100 prisoners, and 110 horses. On the 7th the Federal cavalry attacked the Confederates at Unionville, ten miles from Murfreesborough, Tennessee, capturing their camp equipage and a number of prisoners. On the 3rd, Fort M'Alister was bombarded without result for twenty hours, after which the iron-clads retired. Telegraphic despatches from Cairo, dated the 13th, report the capture of Forts Henry and Donalson by the Confederates; and there is also a report from Memphis that the Federal Expedition up the Yazoo river had captured Yazoo city and all the Confederate transports above it. Brigham Young, the Mormon chief, has been arrested at Salt Lake city by the Federal authorities, on a charge of bigamy, and held to bail in the sum of 2,000 dollars.

Admiral Wilkes, late commodore, and notorious for his seizure of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, has seized an English merchant steamer within sight of the harbour of St. Thomas, in pursuance, it is said, of his policy to seize all vessels *en route* to Matamoras, and send them, right or wrong, before the Prize Court at Key West, where an adjudication will occupy six months, with an appeal to New York or Philadelphia. By this delay he hopes to prevent the possibility of any supplies of goods reaching the Confederate States through Mexico. The case has excited great interest amongst the mercantile community, and was submitted to Earl Russell on Thursday. The *Peterhoff*, the steamer in question, and her cargo, are valued at £70,000, and she had also a British mail on board.

So much has been said and written, showing the determination of the South to endure extermination rather than give in to the Northern States of America, that the weight of an additional witness to the crowd who have already given evidence to this effect, is only important as confirming what we already know. Yet the speech of the Marquis of Hartington, at Lancaster, on Monday, deserves notice, because it not only rivets our conviction on this point, but gives us the evidence of an intelligent witness, that the North is as resolved as the South, and that we have nothing to expect from America for years to come but wars and rumours of wars. His lordship visited the South and the North; and not from conversation with a few politicians, nor the perusal of newspapers, but from the daily conversation of the people, their lives and conduct, he is convinced that to peace, except upon their own terms, they will never consent. Men who have lived in affluence are serving as privates in the army, badly clothed, badly fed, hardly with shoes to their feet, but "as savage and as bloodthirsty as if they had been trained up from their very youth to delight in war." Men who have been all their lives in poverty are equally eager, asking for nothing but to be led against the enemy. The women are as resolved as the men. Their very natures are changed. "They scarcely stop to mourn their relations and friends deceased, but they urge on the survivors, and would refuse to own them if they should hesitate for a moment to follow the footsteps of those who had gone before them." In the North the Marquis admits there is a party in favour of peace, but he has no faith in its power. The North will fight on. Their trade is flourishing; money and luxuries are as plentiful as ever; and if the States and the Constitutional party in the States will stand by the new conscription law, the war will be indefinitely prolonged. If, on the other hand, they do not, the war will fail for want of men.

POLAND.

THE gleam of hope for Poland which followed the first successes of General Langiewicz has gone out with his defeat, so far, at least, as the insurrection in the south-west is concerned. Hugging the Austrian frontier for the sake of the munitions and stores which he received from Gallicia, and moving within an irregular circle of from forty to fifty miles diameter, his doom was certain if the Russians could despatch a sufficient number of troops to hem him round, and unless he could effect his escape. This he appears to have felt; for about the 10th instant he left the village of Goszcza, south-east of Skala, and marched in a north-easterly direction, to avoid the troops who were marching against him from Walbrom, which lies to the north of Skala, Olkusz, which lies to the west, and Miechow, which lies to the east. He succeeded in reaching Ksjasz, a place to the north-east of Miechow, and there, it is probable, learnt that a Russian column was at Jedrzejow, which lies due north of Ksjasz. Quitting the high road, he now marched east

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to Chroberg, a village on the Nida, which he reached on the 16th. Meanwhile, the Russian column at Jedrzejow moved down from that place to Pinczow, a few miles to the north; a second Russian column advanced from Miechow eastward to Dzialoszyce, which approaches Chroberg on the south-west; and a third moved towards Chroberg from Stopnica, in the east. The second column, composed of 10,000 Russians, under General Szachawskoi, pushed on from Dzialoszyce to Chroberg, and in the afternoon of the 16th engaged the Poles under Langiewicz. The fight lasted from half-past two in the afternoon till seven in the evening, and terminated in the defeat of the Poles, who lost their baggage and forage waggons. It was renewed on the three following days at Zagoscie and Busk, with the total discomfiture of the Poles, many of whom crossed the Vistula into Gallicia. It is stated, in a telegram from Cracow, that during the battle at Zagoscie on the 18th, Langiewicz and his staff disappeared from the field; thus implying that he had deserted his post. This statement is denied. The *Débats* says that the general, finding it every day more difficult to get provisions for his men while they constituted a single corps in the Palatinates of Cracow and Sandomier, whose resources had been exhausted by two months' ravages, resolved to scatter them over several points, and go himself and his officers into another Palatinate, which he expected to reach by passing through Gallicia, and where he hoped to meet a fresh body of insurgents. Unfortunately he was recognized by an Austrian official, who does not appear to have given his Government much satisfaction by the act, and arrested. He was taken to Tarnow and thence to Cracow, where, according to the *Morning Post*, after some confinement in the castle, they were set at liberty on parole. The *Schlesische Zeitung*, of Tuesday, published a telegram from Cracow, stating that Langiewicz was not treated as prisoner in the citadel of that town. He has since been removed to Gratz.

We gave last week some particulars of General Langiewicz's antecedents, but the authorities on which we wrote appear to have been incorrect in stating that he had served under Garibaldi. He was Professor of Mathematics in the Polish military school of Cuneo, in Sardinia, till the establishment was closed by Ratazzi after the recognition of the Italian kingdom by Russia. Langiewicz then went to Paris and led the life of an obscure refugee in the Rue de Poissy. Upon hearing of the outbreak in Poland he borrowed fifty francs of a friend and set out to join his countrymen. He passed through Thorn, in Prussia, and, half-dead with hunger and fatigue, he was taken in and relieved at a small country house a little way out of the town. But he refused to stay there, and, on leaving, gave his name as Maryan Langiewicz.

The insurrection, however, much as its prospects are undoubtedly diminished by the defeat of Langiewicz, still exists. His dispersed soldiers, to the number of 1,000 men, rallied under the command of Colonel Schmiechowski; and, though a Cracow telegram of Saturday states that they were again defeated and dispersed on the 20th, Friday week, a telegram from the same town, dated Monday last, speaks of indecisive engagements near Lazy, Miechow, and Inglomia, the insurgents fighting under their chiefs Wisocki, Bentkowski, Schmiechowski, and Rochebrune. In the Palatinate of Lublin, also, the Poles have given their enemies hot work. Under an insurgent chief, they occupied Kreszow on the 20th, Friday week, and took possession of the Government treasury. On Sunday they were defeated, says a Kreszow telegram of the 24th, and dispersed in the vicinity of Lezansk. But they fought also, with what result is not stated, at Krzeszkow and Potok; and were beaten near the forest of Panslow. In the Palatinate of Kalisch they were completely victorious in two engagements at Apatuova; and eighty waggons filled with wounded Russians were taken to Konin. Another engagement, with many killed and wounded on both sides, took place at Makorowo, but with indecisive results. A severe engagement took place on Saturday, near Konin, in which the Russians sustained serious losses. Four of their officers and sixty privates were killed, and Prince Wittgenstein wounded and taken prisoner.

It is not probable that the Poles will be able of themselves to effect their liberation, nor is there any present sign of willingness on the part of the three great Powers who are friendly to them to interfere with arms in their behalf. Lord Palmerston, while assuring the House of Commons on Monday that what his Government was doing would satisfy the House and produce some good to Poland, repudiated the idea that Great Britain was under any obligation by the Treaty of Vienna to take up arms for her. The *Moniteur* has published a letter from the Emperor to M. Billault, in which he states that the Minister's speech—which deprecated the idea of war—was a faithful and eloquent interpretation of his policy. "You have been able," he writes, "to reconcile the expression of my sympathies for the cause dear to France with the regard due to foreign Sovereigns and Governments. Your words were on all points in accordance with my meaning. I reject any other interpretation of my sentiments." This is regarded as a disavowal of the speech of Prince Napoleon. Prince Metternich is said to have returned to France to make known to the Emperor the resolution of Austria to remain neutral; and the Emperor Francis Joseph is reported to have said, "I don't see the use of Austria's identifying her policy with that of France unless she is prepared to support her opinions by force of arms. I can understand that a Power can go to war in order to attain some particular end, as France did in 1859; but it is not to be expected of Austria that she should have recourse to arms in order that she may have an opportunity of giving up a province (Gallicia)." But though the battle is left to the Poles, the longer it is maintained, however hopeless it may be, the stronger will be their claim for the moral intervention of the other Powers, which the Emperor of the French is anxious should take the form of a European Congress.

The Russian Government, by an Imperial ukase, dated Monday last, abolishes all relations of an obligatory character existing between the peasantry and the landed proprietors in the Governments of Wilna, Grodno, and Minsk, and four districts of Witebsk; directing that from the 1st of May next the peasants, whose emancipation is to be completely effected, shall pay their rents to the Governments, which will itself pay to the proprietors the price of emancipation.

A statement that Prussia had recently authorized Russian troops to traverse Prussian territory is denied, and the *Moniteur* states that the explanations of the Russian and Prussian ambassadors place it beyond doubt that no such passage of troops took place.

FRANCE.

Prince Metternich has returned to his post at Paris, hastened thither by his Government, it is said, in consequence of a statement which appeared in the Frankfort *Europe* of the 19th, to the effect that the Prince had converted Count Rechberg, who thereupon had declared that Austria would go hand in hand with France in the Polish question. It appears, however, from an article in *La France* of Wednesday, under the heading of "A Congress for Poland," signed by the secretary of the paper, that Prince Metternich is the bearer of assurances which authorize earnest hopes of an equitable solution of the Polish question; and that the Cabinet of Vienna appears disposed to participate in diplomatic action calculated to put an end to a position of affairs which is the permanent cause of trouble to Europe. *La France* considers it probable that a Congress, comprising all the Powers who signed the Treaty of Vienna, will meet at no distant date, to regulate matters upon an equitable basis.

From a letter of the Havannah correspondent of the *New York Herald*, dated the 5th inst., it would appear that the position of the French army in Mexico is not so bad as it has been reported to be. It surrounds Puebla on every side, and could easily reduce the place by bombardment, but that General Forey refrains from using his power, in the hope of reducing the garrison by cutting off its supplies, being desirous, as far as possible, to conciliate. The writer says that the French are not in a desperate position, that their way to Vera Cruz is open, that they have plenty of provisions, have only suffered through sickness, and have been well received by the people, towards whom they have conducted themselves well. Mexican papers to the 17th ult. contain a proclamation issued by General Forey, announcing to the Mexicans that the French army is about to march upon the capital to obtain, by force, from the pretended head of the nation reparation for the wrongs committed against Frenchmen, and to aid the people in the establishment of a stable form of government of their own choice.

Mr. Kinglake's imputations against the courage of the Emperor have been challenged by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who thinks that the Emperor would gain immensely in the opinion of the people were they to know that the very quality for which they have always given him credit is called in question. The writer offers himself as a witness against Mr. Kinglake's conclusions. As representative of the people, as President, and as Emperor, he says he has seen Louis Napoleon during the last fifteen years on occasions the most trying, without observing anything to question his courage, but everything to place it beyond doubt. He was close to him at Besançon in 1850, on the night of his visit to the Halle, when he walked alone in the midst of infuriated bands of the dregs of the population who shook their caps and fists in his face, and seemed on the point of tearing him in pieces, shouting in his ears "Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale." Through this mob he walked slowly and perfectly calm, even extorting respect from it by his wonderful self-possession. A few days afterwards, he saw him penetrate alone the Croix Rousse of Lyons, the most revolutionary quarter of the city; and frequently, when political passion was at its highest in Paris, and men were roused almost to madness, he saw him riding fifty paces in advance of his staff, through the long line to the Boulevards, from the Bastille to the Madeleine, hithout the least sign of trepidation, change of countenance, or agitation, bowing, hat in hand, in recognition of the few salutes which greeted him. When Pianori fired two shots point blank at him in the Champs Elysées, and on the dreadful night of the Orsini attempt upon his life, the writer was again near him, and testifies to his marvellous composure. These were scenes more trying than the perils of a field of battle, yet the Emperor showed no sign of fear. "If Mr. Kinglake," concludes the writer, "believes that the Emperor Napoleon is not fearless, he is alone in that belief. For my part, I have known his friends and partizans, as well as his bitterest enemies; but at no time, either of public tranquillity or public convulsion, do I remember to have heard from friend or foe the slightest doubt of his courage."

ITALY.

Owing to the state of Farini's health he has retired from office, Pasolini, Minister for Foreign Affairs, accompanying him. In Farini's place Minghetti is to be President, and Visconti Venosa, Secretary-General of Pasolini, succeeds him as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

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LATEST.

In the Lords, on Thursday, the second reading of the Great Eastern Railway (New Metropolitan Station and Branches) Bill was lost. On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, a bill authorizing the sale of the advowsons of 320 of the smallest livings vested in the Lord Chancellor, and the employment of the proceeds in the augmentation of other livings, was read a first time.

Peace has been restored at Staleybridge. The Lord Mayor's Committee have agreed to give the operatives £500, with the stipulation that it shall be distributed in money. The effect of this grant will probably be to compel the local committee to abandon their project of giving relief in kind. A proposal on their part to give it half in money is under the consideration of the operatives.

On Thursday, Mr. John Bright, M.P., presided at a meeting of the Trades' Unions, in St. James's Hall, in favour of the Northern States of America and Negro Emancipation. An address to President Lincoln was unanimously agreed to, assuring him that "a portion of the British press, led by the infamous *Times*, an arrogant aristocracy, and some of the moneyed classes of the country," had misrepresented the feelings and wishes of the people; an error which "we, the Trades' Unionists and working men of London, in public meeting assembled," desire to correct. The address contains much more of this violent language, to which Mr. Bright ought not to have listened.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat-race will be rowed to-day. The start will take place at 8·30 a.m., from two boats moored opposite the Star and Garter, at Putney.

By a resolution of the Secretary of State for India in Council, the expenses of the funeral of the late Sir James Outram will, with the permission of the family, be paid out of the public funds.

The *Bulletin de Paris* states that the Orleanist committee has nominated M. Dufaure its president, and MM. Freslon and Lanjuinais its secretaries; and that Count de Falloux will come forward as candidate in the Maine-et-Loire, Count de Montalembert at Besançon, and M. Berryer at Marseilles. M. de Jaillac, formerly sub-prefect of Sceaux, will stand against M. Véron, the present representative.

A Vienna telegram states that General Langiewicz has been set at liberty on parole, and, with his followers, has proceeded to Brünn (Moravia).

It seems that Prince William of Glucksburg, brother of the Princess of Wales, will be offered to the Greeks for their king. The Prince and the King of Denmark have consented to this proposal.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE POLISH CAPTIVITY.*

A WEEK ago there seemed to be reason for hoping that the "Polish Captivity" was drawing to a close. When the call to arms first made itself heard in Poland, few listeners supposed that the summons would produce any lasting effect. It was thought that the advantages on the side of the oppressors were too overwhelming to allow any chance of success to the oppressed, and it was feared that the efforts of the country to throw off its intolerable yoke were merely of the nature of dying throes. But as telegram after telegram proclaimed the progress of the insurrection, what had originally appeared a wild and desperate scheme gradually assumed the proportions of a practicable and well-calculated enterprise. The insurgents not only baffled and eluded the Imperial troops, but they met them hand to hand, and made good their superiority whenever they were not too greatly over-matched. The moderate and the extreme parties forgot their differences for the time, and united in one common course of action. Their proclamations were remarkable for prudence, moderation, and judgment; and their policy in council was as steady and deliberate as their conduct in the field was skilful and fearless. Throughout the contest they showed to great advantage by the side of their enemies. The Russian soldiers soon grew weary of profitless fighting, and giving themselves up to plundering, became, in many instances, utterly demoralized. The officers in command of the Imperial forces were as unable to make their troops face the Polish scythemen as to prevent them from marking their progress through the country by outrage and murder. With the exception of Russia, the whole of Europe sympathizes with the Poles in their gallant struggle; and if their liberty could have been obtained by the goodwill of nations, they would before this have been free. But, unfortunately, the justice of a cause does not always ensure its prosperity, and the barren sympathy of distant friends is powerless against the active hostility of a present foe. Other conditions are wanting for success, other forces must enter into the conflict. It is difficult to form a correct idea of the power of resistance which the insurgents may still possess; but now that they have suffered one severe check, and have lost one of their ablest leaders, we can scarcely expect, though we may still hope, that they will be able to work out their deliverance from captivity.

* The Polish Captivity: an Account of the Present Position of Poles in the Kingdom of Poland, and in the Polish Provinces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. By Sutherland Edwards. Two vols. W. H. Allen & Co.

All that relates to Poland is at present of such deep interest that anyone who can give authentic information on the subject deserves a cordial welcome. The book in which Mr. Sutherland Edwards has depicted the "Polish Captivity" would have been valuable at any time, but the opportuneness of its arrival so enhances its merits that it is certain to command a greater than ordinary success. The early history of the country, the successive changes through which it has passed, and the events which have of late years invested it with so mournful an interest, are all carefully investigated and vigorously narrated. It is a subject which few writers are competent to deal with, but Mr. Edwards possesses special qualifications for the task. Personal experience has made him well acquainted with Poland and the Poles, the interest he takes in their fortunes has led him to study the question of their wrongs with zeal and assiduity, and his acquaintance with Slavonic languages enables him to make use of stores of information which are unserviceable to the ordinary student. Consequently he is entitled to speak with authority, and his opinions on the condition, feelings, and prospects of the various nations which he describes, deserve a very different hearing from that which we should give to the crude theories formed by a careless traveller passing hastily through an unfamiliar land.

Mr. Edwards visited Poland and Russia in 1861 as the special correspondent of the *Times*, and a portion of the book now before us appeared in the columns of that journal. He arrived in Warsaw soon after the massacre of April, and found the whole city mourning for those who had fallen on that occasion. All amusements were suspended, none but sombre garments were worn, none but mournful music was heard. The streets and squares were full of soldiers, but "this display of force was rendered as little offensive as possible. The soldiers doing street-duty were without weapons of any kind, and their behaviour was perfectly good." So far he can speak in favour of the Government, and the charge brought against it of suppressing the national language appears to him to be exaggerated. Here is his testimony on the subject:—

"From what I had heard of the Russianizing system pursued in the kingdom of Poland, I was surprised to find that Polish was the language of the public offices in Warsaw almost as much as of everyday life; and that in more than one office it was difficult to find a clerk who understood Russian. My ticket of residence, given by the passport authorities, was in the national tongue; so also was the *visa* obtained at the head-quarters of the police; so also was a paper, acknowledging the receipt of some books which, before being delivered up to me, had to be submitted to the censor. At the post-office, Russian seemed to be an unknown language.

"The inscriptions on the Government buildings are usually in Russian and Polish; sometimes in Polish alone, but never in Russian alone. In the official journal, Russian and Polish are used side by side as a rule; but, occasionally, notifications and advertisements are printed in Polish only. I believe that, in theory, the Russian currency was substituted for the Polish long ago by the Emperor Nicholas; but, in practice, Polish coin and notes circulate everywhere, and the shopkeepers all state their charges in the ancient money of the country—though they willingly accept, at a just equivalent, Russian, Prussian, Austrian, or any other ready cash."

So unpopular is the Russian language in Poland that even Russian ladies abstain from using it in the presence of Poles. Russian books are scarcely to be obtained in Warsaw, and the newspapers are thoroughly Polish. The censorship is so strict that it is impossible for any journal to express the popular indignation, but

"Some of the Warsaw newspapers, however, have their recognized devices for protesting in print against the existing state of things in Poland. Thus they never mention Russia by name, but always speak of her as 'a certain Power,' and it was once the rule at all Polish printing offices, until the device was noticed and put a stop to, to print the PAST and the FUTURE in capital letters, and the PRESENT in the smallest possible type."

In fact, the "Russianizing" system has utterly failed, and the only result it has produced is an indiscriminating hatred on the part of the Poles for everything Russian. They cannot forget the savage insolence and cruelty of the former Grand Duke Constantine, the crushing tyranny of Nicholas, the tortures inflicted on the students of the University of Wilna, the transportation of thousands of families to the Caucasus, the systematic contempt displayed for the feelings of the nation, the terrible punishments inflicted upon some of its noblest sons. Take, for instance, the case of Prince Roman Sanguszko.

"The crime committed by the Prince was that of having fought for his country. He was well acquainted with some of the members of the Imperial family, had been in the habit of meeting the Empress at Berlin when he was a student and when she was still a Prussian Princess, and had often danced with her at her father's court. She was horrified, as any woman of the least heart must naturally have been, at the thought of this young man of twenty-four being sent for life to Siberia to work in the mines, and entreated the Emperor to pardon him, or, at least, to mitigate his punishment. The Empress herself and all the sisters of the young Prince went down on their knees and begged the Emperor to spare him. These prayers were not without their effect on the tyrant. He sent for the order condemning the Prince to hard labour in the mines, and 'deigned to add,' with his own hand, '*To be conducted to his destination on foot.*'"

All this oppression, all these cruelties, have served only to bind the Poles more closely together. If it had not been for the forcible partition, says an eminent Russian journalist, Poland might have

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died out through the insufficiency of its own institutions, through the development of one class to the exclusion of all others, and through the ultimate corruption of this class. But the touch of the foreign sword revived the spirit of the nation, and in destroying its political existence gave it a fresh moral life, which has never since deserted it. And if it had not been for the savage conduct of the Russian soldiery during the last two years, the Conservative and the Republican parties would have kept alive their standing feud instead of coalescing into one patriotic party. For the Poles have been addicted to quarrelling from time immemorial. Mr. Edwards gives an interesting account of the dissensions and follies by which they prepared the way for the ruin of their country. In the chapter entitled "How Poland fell," he traces the gradual decline which preceded the final overthrow, and points out how often what ultimately happened was predicted. But the prophecy was always made to careless ears. Sobieski, on his deathbed in 1695, spoke of the state of Poland as hopeless, and twenty-seven years previously John Casimir, in his speech to the Diet on the occasion of his abdication, had foretold the ultimate fate of the Republic. But the most striking prediction is that which the priest Skarga uttered in a sermon addressed to the Polish nobles in the beginning of the seventeenth century. After speaking of the ambition of political parties, the power usurped by the nobility, the little respect paid to the authority of the King, he makes a vigorous attack on the conduct of the nobles towards the peasants, and then "predicts all the terrible calamities which a century and a half afterwards fell upon the Polish nation; not in symbols or metaphors, but in the clearest and most precise manner."

"The foreign enemy who is seeking to crush you will advance towards you, and, seizing you by your weak side, laying his hand on your dissensions, will cry out, 'Now that their hearts are no longer of one accord they are lost.' And he will profit by this moment so fatal to you, and so favourable to his tyranny. . . . . On the traces of your discords foreign despotism will advance and swallow up all your liberties. These liberties, of which you are so proud, will become the fable of prosperity, and the laughing-stock of the world. For your children will perish, with their families and all that belongs to them. They will die in misery in the hands of their enemies. . . . . .

"Your language, the only one among the Slavonian tongues chosen and adopted by liberty, you will see destroyed. You will see your race degenerate, and what remains of it will be dispersed through the world. And you will be condemned to undergo a horrible metamorphosis; to assume the manners and habits of a people who hate and despise you."

The fall of Poland, and the triumph of Russia, Mr. Edwards remarks, were fully prepared, from the outside, before the end of the seventeenth century. The internal causes of its destruction had already shown themselves in germ at the beginning of the sixteenth; the two principal ones being the *veto* and the privilege of every Polish gentleman to vote at the election of the sovereign. The right of the *veto* was never exercised till the middle of the seventeenth century, although it had long existed in theory. There was a sort of agreement among the members not to use the power for factious purposes, and it lay dormant till the year 1652, when Sicinski, the Nuncio of Upita, in Lithuania, suddenly forbade the continuance of the proceedings, and broke up the assembly. His memory is in consequence accursed throughout Poland.

"When he uttered the fatal word the Diet broke up in consternation, and on going home he was struck by lightning. His house was burned to the ground, his family was destroyed, but he himself is said to have been preserved in a sort of parched-up, mummified condition. On the anniversary of the ill-omened day, and on other days as well, the thunder-blasted frame of Sicinski used to be carried round the town of Upita in the style of our Guy Fawkes. He, indeed, deserves his shameful celebrity far more than Guy Fawkes, who only intended to blow up the members of one particular English Parliament. Sicinski did really blow up the Polish Diet as an institution, and with it the whole of Poland."

So clearly were the bad effects of the *veto* perceived by the nation, that, eighteen years after its first exercise, the members of the Diet bound themselves by an oath not to make use of it, but unfortunately the resolution in which their determination was embodied was negatived by the single vote of an obstinate dissentient. Its operation broke up almost every Diet directly after its meeting, and before it was abolished by the Constitution of 1791, its evil influence had been the cause of disasters which could no longer be remedied. The second and third partitions soon afterwards followed, and the Poles had no longer an opportunity of displaying the wisdom which they had so tardily acquired.

Each of the three Powers which divided the country among themselves has endeavoured to denationalize its portion of the spoil, and has signally failed in the attempt. Whether under Austrian, Prussian, or Russian rule, the Poles have always refused to identify themselves with their masters, and have clung with a fond persistency which neither time nor suffering could overcome, to the relics and traditions of a happier age. Mr. Edwards spent some months in Galicia as well as in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and not the least interesting and instructive part of his book is that in which he describes the sentiments of the Poles towards their German rulers, and gives an account of the measures which have been carried out at various times by the authorities at Vienna and Berlin.

Whatever difference there may exist in the systems to which the Austrian and Prussian Governments have had recourse, there is none in the feelings with which they are regarded by the Poles. Wherever Mr. Edwards went he heard the same opinions expressed, the same grievances detailed, the same oppressions denounced. Personally the Germans are detested even more than the Russians; their rule may be less harsh than that of their rivals in tyranny, but their behaviour is more annoying, their self-sufficient pedantry constantly inducing them to adopt measures which prove an endless source of vexation to their victims. At present the Austrians appear to be inclined to relax their severity, but they find it as difficult as ever to conciliate their Polish subjects.

(To be continued.)

LYELL'S ANTIQUITY OF MAN.*

Sir Charles Lyell is *facile princeps* among our scientific geologists, and there is no one who has so high a claim to speak with authority upon the interesting questions discussed in this work. He has been the earliest and most emphatic asserter of the continuity and permanence of the causes which have influenced the changes on the earth's surface, and of the necessity of interpreting the past history of our planet by the aid of contemporary phenomena. In these, he maintains, and these alone, can the geologist find the *vera causa* without which geology has no claim to a place among the inductive sciences. In the principles of geology he shows us how the earth's surface at the present day is full of motion and full of change, and how the accumulation of geological records and work for future explorers is proceeding incessantly and continuously in the same way as we are making human history and storing up materials for historians in the years to come. In the earth's crust we see a spheroidal surface abounding in irregularities of elevation and depression, the principal hollows being filled with water, but this surface, as we have said, is in a state of perpetual change. In some parts it is slowly heaving and rising, causing land to emerge gradually out of the water; in others it is shrinking and subsiding, allowing the water to gain upon the land. In some parts it is experiencing violent fractures and dislocations, the effects of earthquakes and volcanoes; in others, glaciers and icebergs are at work grooving out valleys and transporting material, while over much larger areas we have countless rivers and streams transporting daily myriads of tons of solid matter from the higher to the lower regions of the globe. Evidence of all these agencies will remain to the future geologist, but the most interesting records of any will be those which embody traces of the fauna and flora, the animal and vegetable life now prevailing on the earth, for in these will be found the surest indications of the conditions climatal or geographical under which they have been deposited. Such remains can in the vast majority of cases only be preserved in subaqueous deposits, for a defunct organism when exposed to air and rain is rapidly decomposed and dissipated into its constituent elements, so that, to ensure its preservation, it must be speedily enveloped in a matrix which arrests decay and supplies a mineral constituent for each particle of animal matter lost of the substance. Now the earth's surface has been the subject of very diligent scrutiny within the last century, and the result has been the investigation of beds of fossiliferous stratified deposits which, if arranged vertically over each other, would extend to a depth of from ten to thirteen miles; these beds have been divided into twelve principal formations, and these again into three main groups, "primary," "secondary," and "tertiary," according to the greater or less correspondence of their animal remains with the forms now inhabiting the earth. The changes of climate, geographical features, and types of animal life thus indicated are very marked, and indicate the extreme imperfections of the geological record as far as it has at present been investigated; as an example of which we may mention that between the chalk and eocene formations which close the secondary and commence the tertiary period respectively, an interval of time must be imagined which may not unreasonably be compared with the ages occupied by the whole tertiary group, that is, a period so vast that the greatest duration ever claimed for the human race sinks into insignificance when compared with it; and yet this period is represented, if at all, by only a few fragmentary patches. The aspect of the fauna and flora of this tertiary period has a much greater resemblance to what we see at the present day than those of the preceding epochs, and the formations occurring in it have been subdivided into groups according to the greater or less proportions of their fossil shells belonging to living or extinct species. At the close of this epoch great changes took place in the temperature of our globe. A glacial period set in over the northern hemisphere, and a large portion of what is now dry land was submerged beneath a sea bearing vast icebergs laden with mud and fragments of rock. These icebergs deposited their burden in unstratified and unsorted masses over the subjacent land and against the shores which remained above the water; as may well be seen near Cromer, on the Norfolk coast, where the cliffs consist of boulders of granite, porphyry, greenstone, lias, chalk, and other masses, heaped up together, which fragments may be traced to their Scandinavian home; and both before and after this submergence glaciers were at work on a scale and in localities hardly conceivable at the present day, traces of their existence being found abundantly in Wales, Scotland, and the English lake district, while those in

* The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on the Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Murray.

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Switzerland many times exceeded their present diminished representatives, and extended from the Bernese Alps to the mountains of the Jura. At the end of this period we may place the commencement of the present geological epoch; the principal reason for so doing being the coincidence of the fossil shells since deposited with those now inhabiting the waters of the globe. But great geographical changes have been wrought and are still in progress within this epoch. At its commencement the British Isles formed a portion of the Continent, and it was during this continental state, if the present indications of geology be true, that man first made his appearance on the earth while yet it was tenanted by the now extinct mammoth cave-hyena and woolly rhinoceros. Regarded, therefore, from the geological point of view, the claims put forth for the antiquity of our race are of the most modest dimensions, but their historical aspect is very different. If our author's conclusions be correct, and it is hard to rise from a perusal of this volume with any doubt upon the subject, we must concede to the human race an antiquity in comparison with which even the mythical records of Assyrian and Chaldæan historians shrink into insignificance.

The question has not arrived at its present state without a struggle upon purely scientific grounds, and a comparison of this book with Sir Charles Lyell's earlier works will indicate the conflict through which his own mind has passed. We have said that the formations belonging to the present or post-tertiary epoch are recognized as belonging to one period by the modern aspect of their fossil shells, but they are subdivided into two groups according to another very important palæontological feature, that is to say, the presence of remains of extinct mammalia. The newer formations, in which not only the shells but all the fossil mammalia coincide with existing species, are called *recent*, the name *post-pliocene* being assigned to those in which, while the shells are modern, some of the mammalia are extinct. Now for many years past we have been continually growing more and more familiar with the evidences of human occupation embedded in the newer or "*recent*" formations, and whatever difficulties such discoveries might present to the historian, they were no stumbling-block to the geologist, inasmuch as they were always found associated with the remains of existing mammalia. The relics of human organisms and of human art have been found abundantly in all quarters of the globe. They occur with the remains of log cabins buried deep in the peat of Irish bogs. They have been found in mounds on the Mississippi and the Ohio, overgrown with a vegetation whose age we scarcely dare to compute. They have been extracted from a great depth in the alluvium of the Nile delta, and from the ancient beds of the Forth and Clyde. But by far the richest archæological harvest has been gathered from the contents of Danish peat mosses, with their associated "Kitchen Middens" or shell mounds, and from the relics of the innumerable lake villages, which were formerly built on piles driven into the beds of the Swiss lakes. The Danish and Swiss archæologists have explored the pre-historic antiquities of their respective countries with the greatest minuteness, and we are enabled almost to reproduce the social life and history of the ancient inhabitants of Central and Northern Europe, to trace their gradual improvement in the useful and ornamental arts, and their advance from the ruder age of stone implements to that of bronze, and finally of iron, at which stage they make their appearance in history. We can follow out their progress from the hunting to the pastoral state, we can detect the gradual introduction of domesticated animals, the cultivation of cereals, the manufacture of cloth and pottery, and the use of coins. The extreme antiquity of the oldest of these relics is attested by many considerations, too numerous to be abstracted here, but we may mention that Sir Charles Lyell arrives at the estimate of from 4,000 to 7,000 years, the very lowest assignable limit. Here, however, we are only on the threshold of our discoveries. Geologists themselves have been staggered at those which yet remain to be described. For the last thirty or forty years, the existence of caves has been known in which the bones and weapons of men have been found embedded in one stalagmatic mixture with the fossil remains of extinct mammalia. The notorious Brixham cave is the example most familiar to English readers, but the caverns of the Meuse, the South of France, and Düsseldorf have supplied more striking and abundant materials. Old established and respectable geologists have hesitated before committing themselves unreservedly to the extreme conclusions which the contents of these caves would appear to warrant. The late Dr. Buckland emphatically declared that the evidence was not sufficient to necessitate the belief that the human and brute remains were deposited contemporaneously. Sir Charles Lyell, though less positive, clearly inclined towards the same opinion, and so long as the evidence of co-existence was confined to these cave deposits, it was probable that little more attention would be paid to them. But in the last six or seven years, scientific belief in these matters has been greatly stimulated by the publicity which has been given to the discoveries of human implements in the Somme valley. Through the bottom of this valley the river runs over a bed of peat some 20 or 30 feet thick, and on the sides of the valley occur abundant patches of gravel, covered with sand and loam, arranged at different elevations, some of which are as much as 80 or 100 feet above the river. These appearances tell us unequivocally that since the drainage of the neighbourhood has been in the main what it now is, the river bed has been greatly raised. During this elevation the deposits in the ancient bed and banks were eaten away, and are now represented by the fragmentary patches described above. The peat is of course the newest formation, although from its thickness, compared with the slow growth of this substance, it must have occupied an enormous interval of time in its accumulation. Its remains have been hitherto only imperfectly investigated, but they appear to extend from the Roman occupation up to the "*recent*" period which we have just described. That the gravel patches are separated from the peat by a vast interval is evident, from the existence in the former of the relics of extinct mammalia, as well as from an estimate of the time required to effect the changes which must have intervened since their deposit. It is in these gravel patches, the upper as well as the lower, that flint implements have been discovered entombed along with the fossil remains of the mammoth and other extinct mammals. Upwards of 1,000 specimens of these instruments have been discovered in the drift of this river alone, but they are by no means confined to this locality. They have been found under precisely similar circumstances, and accompanied by the same fossil fauna, in the valleys of the Seine and of the Oise, in the silted up-bed of the Thames—especially in an old tributary of that river near the Reculvers, in the valley of the Ouse near Bedford, and at Hoxne in Suffolk; and the aspect of this English drift conveys to us the additional interesting information that the instrument bearing deposits of this country and the Continent are posterior in date to the glacial epoch of which we have already spoken. The co-existence of human instruments with the remains of extinct mammalia removes the difficulty which was felt in the case of the cavern deposits; and these last are accepted as evidence that the human bones contained in them, with the skulls in some cases indicating no mean cerebral development, in others of a low and ape-like type, belonged to men who roamed over the land with the mammoth and the cave-hyena. We have already mentioned that our author, with the most obvious shrinking from startling and destructive conclusions, has fixed upon a period of from 4,000 to 7,000 years as a possible minimum for the age of the remains of the *recent* period, but we cannot read his description of buried forests, changes of vegetation, and alterations in physical geography, without feeling that such a limit might more reasonably be multiplied by 10, 20, or even 100. At this second stage of the discovery, in which we ascend to the older, or '*post-pliocene*' epoch, our powers of computation fail. Assuming the truth of these results, we can with confidence say that, had King Solomon sent out a party of geologists to explore the districts of which we have just been treating, they would have found the main topographical features not widely different from what they are at present, and they would also have discovered these very cave deposits and drift implements which have been reserved for our day, and which would indicate to them an origin of the human race, about as much nearer to their time than it is to ours as the sun is nearer to the summit of Primrose Hill than it is to the streets of London.

As the great impulse to the belief in *post-pliocene* man was given by the flint implements of the drift, it will not therefore be surprising that their discovery should have been subjected to a searching and hostile criticism. It has been objected that the area of their deposition is too limited, and that they are to be explained away by some local peculiarity. The answer to this objection is contained in what we have already said about the geographical extent to which these discoveries have already attained. Again it has been suggested that the mammal and implement deposits of the Saume are not really coeval; that the former do occur in the deserted bed of the river; but that the latter are found in intercalated patches of gravel, of really newer origin. Every portion of Sir Charles Lyell's description rebuts this assertion. It is true that he does not notice the objection, for it is of recent date and subsequent to his own researches; but such a very essential and obvious feature could not possibly have been overlooked by a geologist of far less experience than Sir C. Lyell; and indeed a diagram at page 135 of this book exhibits a mammoth bone and flint hatchet, in immediate juxtaposition and in the same deposit. Again, the chance of the whole thing being a fraud is urged upon us with about as much force as if we were to deny that a bullet was ever picked up on the field of Waterloo because relics of the battle are being manufactured for tourists at the present day. And finally, and with greater *primâ facie* plausibility, it is maintained that the appearance of these flints must be referred to natural, and not to artificial causes. But let it be remembered, in the first place, that these instruments do not stand alone, but that we have the *unquestioned* implements of pre-historic man with which to compare them, not to mention the weapons of existing savages. It must also be remembered, and the remark is applicable to all the geological inferences alluded to in this book, that it is very difficult to convey to the inexperienced and the comparatively ignorant the full force of the signs which an expert interprets with so little difficulty. In a book or lecture they come dribbling out slowly and in detail, and they cannot affect the mind simultaneously and in their entirety as they do when presented to the inspection of one long conversant with such matters. To an expert, whether in coins, manuscripts, or bank-notes, the genuine is distinguished from the spurious by numberless minute signs, which experience alone can teach; only the most salient of these can be brought to bear upon the minds of the uninitiated, and even this is accomplished with great difficulty. On the artificial character of these celts there is almost a general consensus of opinion among the learned, which is well represented in these words of Professor Ramsay:—"For more than twenty years, like others of my craft, I have daily handled stones, whether fashioned by nature or art, and the flint hatchets of Amiens and Abbeville seem to me as clearly articles of art as any Sheffield whittle."

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We have but short space left to pass from the substance to the form of this work. The antiquity of man occupies little more than a third of the volume, which contains, in addition, a valuable treatise on the glacial epoch, and a discussion of the Darwinian theory of transmutation of species, and there is no doubt that the unity of the work suffers in consequence. Throughout the whole book we are impressed by the eminently judicial character of Sir Charles Lyell's treatment; there is an utter absence of advocacy; he is candid almost to a fault; he places his subject in so many points of view, and is so careful to give due weight to every hypothesis, that it requires close reading and sustained attention to follow out his reasoning and perceive the bearing of all his arguments; but *le jeu vaut la chandelle*, and the reader lays down the volume with the consciousness of having made a definite and valuable accession to his knowledge.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARMS.*

When, at the dinner of the Royal Agricultural Society of England held at York in 1854, the late Prince Consort—whose untimely death we still deeply deplore as a national loss—gave utterance to the expression "*we* agriculturists of England," his gratified audience knew that these were no mere graceful words of course, but that he had given at that early period of his career abundant evidence that he really took an interest in agriculture, and possessed true claims to be considered one of its most enlightened followers. But little note, however, was publicly taken of the circumstance; and much as we are nationally interested in the progress of that art which is the nursing mother of all the arts, few amongst those outside the agricultural world had any correct notion,—if, indeed, they had any notion at all,—of the deep and truly practical interest his Royal Highness took in the development of its resources and the practical illustration of its every-day labours. How deep this interest, and how extensive, how numerous, well ordered in conception, and carefully elaborated in execution, were his labours, this "agricultural memoir" now before us gives abundant and gratifying evidence. It has been undertaken by one who, to a practical knowledge of agriculture, with an enthusiastic interest in it, adds all the advantages which a long and useful connection with its literature bestows. Every page of this most interesting volume shows that with Mr. Morton its preparation has been a labour of love; nor is it its least gratifying feature that, while Mr. Morton displays in it the keenest appreciation of the merits of his lamented Highness as an agriculturist, he shows no less markedly his deep sense of his worth as a man. So numerous, indeed, are the delineations of personal traits of the Prince's character given in the work, that it might well lay claim to a wider and more comprehensive title than it assumes, and be considered, as in many respects it is, a graceful tribute to the personal worth as well as the agricultural merits of the Prince. Mr. Morton's work is thus possessed of wider interest than some, from the perusal of its title-page, might be disposed to think; and while, doubtless, specially interesting to agriculturists, it is worthy of a popular reception. And this is further secured by the care with which the publishers have got up the work, displayed in its beautifully printed pages, and the number and excellence of its illustrations.

Before proceeding to analyze briefly, as our space compels, the special features of the work, let us glance for a moment at those delineations of personal traits which it affords, and to which we have above alluded. It has been well said that the Prince "touched everything, and adorned all he touched." Amongst those subjects he touched was architecture; and in the engravings of Osborne House, of the Royal Dairy, and the church at Whippingham, we have in Mr. Morton's book gratifying evidence of the Prince's fine taste in this art. Of the church at Whippingham, Mr. Morton says that it is "an illustration at once of the fine taste and earnest religious feeling of the Prince Consort. . . . . Great simplicity in the general outlines is united with great beauty, both of form and colour, in details; one guiding principle, apparently, being the impossibility of over-costliness of ornament, provided that it be instructive on essential points of religious truth. No incident or history of any merely human life is depicted on the walls or windows here. The Birth, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and Ascension of our Saviour are represented; and He is exhibited as 'the light of the world,' the true vine, 'the good Shepherd.'" With these evidences of his refined taste, the Prince united a practical, manly habit of doing homely things in a thoroughly honest way. Mr. Morton tells us that on the last visit of the Prince to this church, he "personally assisted in the unpacking and examination of the coloured windows" which display the pictures referred to above; and we feel a tone of sadness in his remark, when Mr. Morton goes on to say that the Prince "never saw the church in anything like a completed state. Indeed, it was not finished at his death; and it has since been proposed that a window in memory of himself should be added to the series already placed by him." But, as Mr. Morton well remarks, "it was immediately remembered that the whole church is his memorial—a monument of his own designing—which recalls at once the purity and usefulness of his character and life. The Queen intends, we understand, to place a memorial to the Prince in her own pew."

Whatever the Prince undertook to do he did it thoroughly; no half measures. He ever remembered the injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do do it with all thy might." We can well understand that so important a thing as the education of the royal children received no small attention. In the immediate neighbourhood of Osborne House, skirting the southern edge of the Park Valley, are "the Swiss Cottage and the Gardens of the Royal children. These are interesting, for the proof they give of the practical good sense that has guided the education which the Prince thought necessary for his family; for here essentially is a school at which homely, domestic, and most useful instruction is given and received. Every garden, consisting of several plots, contains flowers (roses, lilies, pinks, &c.), and in separate beds, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries; among fruits are asparagus, artichokes, potatoes, turnips, cabbages of various sorts, onions, carrots, parsnips, lettuces, and other culinary vegetables. The cultivation of all these plants has to be looked after; and close by, in the Swiss Cottage, is a kitchen, where the vegetables which have been grown by every little gardener may be washed and cooked; where cookery of other kinds is carried on; where, indeed, all the apparatus exists for juvenile entertainments, given by those who have thus themselves carried out the whole process, from the planting of the seed or set, up to the preparation of its produce as food. It is extremely interesting," continues Mr. Morton, "to see—in the orderly arrangement of the tools, each one bearing its owner's name; in the well-tilled plots; even in the arrangements for practice and instruction in the kitchen, as well as in the admirable collections illustrative of various branches of natural history in the museum upstairs—proof of that regard for the systematic, the useful, and the practical which the Prince Consort was known to possess. And still more interesting is it to learn that not only are the immediate ends contemplated in these things fully attained, but that the family bond is strengthened, here as in humbler instances, by every homely family enjoyment shared in common. The Crown Princess of Prussia still retains her little garden, and the produce from it is sent each summer from Osborne to Berlin."

But the development of the practical notions held by the Prince on the subject of education was not confined only to the Royal children. All classes within the sphere of his influence felt the interest he took in their true progress. The labourers on the Royal farms were the special objects of his solicitude, and were benefited by his "earnest mind and genuine sincerity." What he did for the labourers in the erection of improved cottages, in the establishment of benefit societies, in the opening and keeping up of evening schools and libraries, is recorded in the third chapter of Mr. Morton's book, entitled, "The Prince and the Labourer," which thus appropriately concludes: "We do not pursue this subject further. It is reserved for another pen to give—perhaps for another generation to receive—the full record of the Prince Consort's services to national advancement through national education. Ours has been the humble office of pointing out, as in the history of his farms so in that of his relations to his labourers, and the labouring class around him, how much we owe to him as our great exemplar in the agricultural world. Both the owners and the occupiers of land may benefit by his labour and experience on the estates of Osborne and Balmoral, and on the farms around Windsor; but his Royal Highness was especially the friend of the people—the poor man's friend. Herein he well deserved a place in that class, the most eminent of all and the least numerous—those who live in advance of their own time." This chapter is useful, not merely to the educationist and to him who has the welfare of the labourer at heart. It abounds in illustrations of cottages erected by the Prince Consort on his various estates,—illustrations which convey much sound, practical information on an important subject. The block of three cottages as erected on the Osborne Estates, called the Brickfield Cottages, display in elevation a fair union of picturesque effect with economy of material. The double cottages at Alverstoke are plainer in external appearance, but the arrangement of the interior is more to our mind. It is somewhat amusing to trace, in the plans of cottages erected on the Balmoral Estate, the contrast which they afford as regards the extent of accommodation which a Scotch labourer deems necessary with that demanded by an English labourer. Nothing can be more simple than the accommodation given in the Scotch cottage, and even the "necessaries" of an English cottage, such as washhouses, seem to be looked upon as unnecessary requirements in the Scotch. Another point worthy of notice, in contrasting Scotch with English cottages, is the practice which is almost universal in the sister country of building the cottages of one storey only. This principle is, we take it, bad, and should be lost sight of as fast as possible. It compels all the bedrooms to be near the ground; and while bedrooms in a second storey, as in the humblest even of English cottages, may be damp, those on the ground-floor must be. Such is the rule; the exceptions we have found to be few, so far as our experience goes, and it has neither been confined to a small area of observation nor to a limited number of years.

We now turn to other departments of the work, connected more specially with the features of the agricultural life of the Prince Consort, who, according to Mr. Morton—and we cordially coincide with the truth of the statement—stood "alone in British agriculture as in himself the exemplar and exponent of a greater diversity of farm practice and experience than any other agriculturist." A memoir such as the work before us, with its elaborate statements

* The Prince Consort's Farms. An Agricultural Memoir. By John Chalmers Morton, Editor of the "Cyclopædia of Agriculture," &c. and Honorary Member of the Royal Agricultural Society of Holland. Longmans & Co.

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of projects conceived and carried out in connection with the drainage, steam cultivation, manuring, and tillage of land, the erection of farm-buildings, the breeding of cattle, and the management of dairy stock, must be of more than usual value to the practical agriculturist. It is interesting to note what a watchful, well-observant eye the Prince had for every topic agitating the agricultural world. Amongst those which for a long time have been disputed points stands the liquid manure question. The Prince, well convinced that a grain of fact was worth a ton of assertion, at a very early period turned his attention to the practical utilization of the sewage and liquid manure within his reach. The sewage of the mansion occupying the grounds where now stands Osborne House used formerly to be brought to the sea-shore, where, at low water, it created an almost constant nuisance. "For this," says Mr. Morton, "a remedy was sought, just as it is now sought for the nuisance which town sewage almost everywhere creates; and the success of the measures taken by the Prince at Osborne may be found a useful guide to efforts on a larger scale elsewhere." This success is evidenced by the fine green and healthy appearance the herbage, to which the sewage is applied, displays in early spring, affording a marked contrast, well known to those who have had much experience in the utilization of liquid manure, to the dried-up, white, and withered look of ordinary meadows at this period of the year. The success also is measured by the fact that the grass of the plot liquid manured at Osborne "is manyfold that of the land around it; and, eaten bare, it affords food enough for three or four times as large a stock." For the details of the plan by which the liquid manure is saved, and by which it is applied to the land, the reader is referred to this book itself. The excellent management of the Prince as a "farmer" is shown by Mr. Morton where he says, while writing of the property at Osborne, "Nowhere are better roads to be seen; the fences are perfect illustrations of what fences ought to be; the land is divided by them into fields of useful and convenient size; these are drained, and cleanly, deeply cultivated by horse, steam, and hand; and the homesteads are particularly well adapted for the good management of the live stock, and the safety of the dead stock, of the farm, and for the economical manufacture of meat and manure." This is high praise, coming as it does from one who knows well what good farm management is and what it ought to be. Of the details of this management this is not the place to speak; the reader specially interested in them will find them fully described, and amply illustrated by drawings, tables, and statements in Mr. Morton's work.

The management of the dairy has always possessed peculiar charms for those interested in agriculture; and as "amateur farming" is at present extremely fashionable, the chapter in which details are given by Mr. Morton of the "Royal Dairy" will be peculiarly attractive to many. The dairy stock of the Home Farm consists of nearly two hundred head, and for these the accommodation is of a very superior character. The old dairy at Frogmore was badly planned, as badly constructed, and presented none of the features which are now essential in a well-contrived modern dairy. What these features are may be learned from the Prince's own instructions to Mr. Turnbull, of Windsor Castle, who was commissioned to draw up a report on the best plan for a new dairy. We may do all dairymen a service by giving a *resumé* of what these instructions were. Air was to circulate freely round the dairy; shelter was to be had from the south and west; trees were to be excluded from close contact with it, none nearer than 30 feet, and all neighbouring shrubs to be close standards; the soil, if possible, a gravel subsoil; ample ventilation to be secured within the building, both at top and at its sides; windows to be double, to secure warmth in winter, cold in summer; water to be plentifully supplied; means for rapidly flushing the drains; no cesspools to be near the building; the walls to be hollow; the roof to be such that no vicissitudes of weather should affect the milk; the floors and walls to be paved and covered with glazed tiles; the tables and shelves of marble or of slate.

The most interesting chapter for the purely agricultural reader is that descriptive of the management and buildings of the "Prince Consort's Farms" in the neighbourhood of Windsor; these being the "Home or Dairy," and the Shaw Farm, the Flemish, the Norfolk, and the Bagshot and Rapley Farms. These represent such a wide variety of agricultural management, and are so characteristically separate and distinct, that "there can hardly be any farmer in the country to whom one or other of the many facts illustrated on these farms is not personally and professionally interesting." Of the farm buildings illustrations are unsparingly given in the work; and they represent almost every variety of structure, from the almost palatial structure of the Royal Dairy—"fit for inspection by Royal visitors"—down to the "old-fashioned thatched and wooden farm." Exemplars of our various breeds, and varieties of our farm stock, are to be met with also in these farms. At the Shaw and Dairy Farms the noble Short-horn of pure breed is to be seen in perfection; at the Norfolk Farm a herd of the juicy Devons; at the Flemish Farm the fine Hereford, almost rivalling the Short-horn; and at the Bagshot and Rapley Farms herds of the rapidly fattening Kyloe and Galloways. The humbler animals of the farm are also to be met with in perfection at the Prince Consort's Farm. At the Shaw Farm you find a herd of well-bred Berkshire pigs, and at the Home Farm you may pinch to your heart's content the ears, or punch the ribs—if you can only get at them—of the well-known "White Prince Albert's Windsor Breed." It is from these farms that the stock has been taken which have been successful competitors at the meetings of the Royal Agricultural Society and of the Smithfield Club. In the fourth chapter, entitled "Biographical," Mr. Morton tells us the position the Prince Consort took as an exhibitor of stock at the meetings of the above societies, and the prizes he won. Some idea of the number of these may be derived from the statement that the list comprises prizes to the amount of "nearly £1,000 in money, five gold medals, six silver cups, twenty-one silver medals, two bronze medals, thirteen high commendations, and twenty-one simple commendations." The list also shows the early period at which the good Prince began his agricultural career; the date of his first prize is the year 1843. He showed his interest in agriculture at an earlier period than this, for it was in 1840, three years preceding the above date, that he became a member of the Smithfield Club. This connection, thus early formed, he maintained by the closest attention during his useful and honoured career. Not only was he a constant exhibitor of stock at its yearly shows, but he frequently honoured them with a personal attendance. In 1844 and in 1850 he visited the show in company with the Queen and Royal Family; with the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred in 1851; by himself in 1859; and with her Majesty in 1860. He had intended a visit in 1861, in that very week which conveyed to the nation the news of the loss they had sustained in his death. To the dignity of an honorary member of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland—a dignity shared with him only by the Emperor of the French—the Prince Consort added, during the last year of his life, that of the President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

THE GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.*

We are disposed, in some respects, to prefer this volume to any which have been given to the public by the writer first known as "A. K. H. B." Two considerable blemishes have appeared to us to affect the essays which were originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and have since appeared in two volumes, under the name of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." These two blemishes were, the habit of word-making, for word-making's sake, and a certain degree of affectation. No one can read those essays to which we have alluded without feeling that if any judicious editor had had the correcting of the proof-sheets, he would with ruthless pencil have erased fully one-third of the matter. In one of the essays the writer describes himself as commencing operations by drawing out so many sheets of clean paper and cutting them into so many quarters. And we could vow that the picture is to the life. There were so many sheets to fill, at so many lines per sheet, and so many words per line. We feel that if we could have taken away one sheet out of every three, or compelled him to put only ten lines where he intended to put fifteen, we should greatly have improved the essay. The author required to be treated as gardeners treat other good things—liliés of the valley, for example. These delicious flowers are usually planted in a corner, where two or more walls meet, to prevent them from running wild, and from pushing out their sweetness in every direction. We detect a consciousness of this fault in our author's own mind. In p. 26 of "The Recreations," he begs "the courteous reader" "to suffer the writer's discursive fashion;" and in p. 74 he says "into this paragraph has my pencil of its own accord rambled, though it was taken up to write about something else." The charge of affectation is still more serious. But the writer of those clever essays laid himself open to that charge. In "The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson" we are glad to acknowledge that both the blemishes to which we have alluded disappear. These "Graver Thoughts" are, in point of fact, sermons. In composing them, it is quite evident that the author has spared no pains. As is plainly to be seen in his essays, he had plenty to say, and "The Graver Thoughts" are undoubtedly improved by the smaller number of sheets which the writer could fold neatly down in preparation for his work. The recognized "half an hour," of which he speaks, would of necessity keep him within bounds, and would restrain his "pencil from rambling of its own accord" into subjects of which he had not intended to write when he began. In the pulpit, also, there was less scope, at least for a writer so earnest as our author, for affectation and conceit. We venture to hope that, at any rate, in the second line, he would endorse the words—

> "In man or woman, but far most in man,
> *And most of all in man that ministers*
> *And serves the altar*, in my soul I loathe
> All affectation."

The "Country Parson" was evidently too sincere to indulge in any want of reality when he found himself in the pulpit. There his best qualities were called out, and his "Graver Thoughts" are worded in language which is terse, pointed, and effective.

The opening chapter is devoted to a recalling to mind of "Sundays long ago." In it there are sentiments affecting both hearers and speakers, which, if they were generally carried out, would render the former less captious than they too often are, and the latter more alive to the tremendous responsibility that attaches itself to their office.

"But as for you, my friend, who never have to preach at all, you go to church on Sunday; you are there an hour and a half, or a few minutes more . . . . and as for the sermon, it is just half an hour's occupation to listen to it. . . . . But think how different a thing that

* The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." London: Alexander Strahan & Co. 1862.

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sermon is to the preacher. To him, if his heart be in his work . . . . that discourse is the culmination of all the week. His best thoughts for the entire week have probably been running on that discourse which to you is the occupation of half an hour. He fixed on that text, very likely, last Sunday evening, after considerable perplexity. Then he sketched out the sermon, and by day and night its subject was simmering in his mind. It cost many hours of steady work at his writing-table to cover those pages which you see him turn over, one in every minute or two."

Of the transitory nature of these his best efforts the "Country Parson" speaks thus feelingly :—

"And there is nothing to show for it all; nothing to be easily traced by sense. Robert Stephenson is dead, but there is the Menai Bridge; Brunel is gone, but there is the Saltash viaduct and the Great Eastern. But . . . . I once saw a mass of old faded sermons of a good clergyman who was dead. They were lying on the floor of an empty room in a house to let. I have little doubt they were ultimately used for lighting fires. You could not but think what a great amount of labour had gone to producing those neglected manuscripts. You could not but think of a bright summer morning, when the people came along leafy ways, and listened (a little drowsily) to that faded sermon which, as you see, was preached on the 24th of June, 1817. You thought of a clear, frosty, winter day, on which that other sermon did duty, which bears to have been given on a certain 24th of December. But how little trace remains. . . . . All the work of preparing that sermon; all the anxiety of the Sunday morning; all the hearty tones in which it was given; all the warmth of heart it awakened in the people who listened to it; have left no more trace than that inscription of June 24th, 1817. I see the people walking away home, by the various paths which lead from the church door . . . . I think of the good old clergyman going home from church . . . . and here is what stands for all that; in faded ink, the date I have already told you."

In the chapter entitled "Sundays long ago," we are pleased to observe a tone of mind at once opposed to the latitudinarian views which would secularize the Sunday altogether, and equally against those who would cast a gloom over that which, if properly managed, may be made the Queen of days both to parents and children. We have ourselves no patience with those narrow minds which reject the golden opportunity offered by the day of rest for binding the memories of children to their homes. Our author tells us of a man who, when he looked upon a green expanse, on which on Sunday afternoon the neighbours were quietly walking before they returned home from church, was reminded of the cities of the plain, and expected fire from heaven to destroy the evil-doers. He tells, too, of a Highland elder who spoke of the *awful sight* to be seen at Edinburgh on a Sunday. There, he said, you might see people walking along the street, smiling *as if they were perfectly happy!* We ourselves have a clear recollection of some sweet sunny slopes in the dry moat of a modernized ancestral castle, and of a group of merry children, born within the ancient walls, playing quietly on those slopes on a lovely July "Sunday long ago." Well can we recollect the scepticism with which the happy children received the assurance of an aged visitor, that they were tampering with holy things because they preferred a gleeful run upon the slopes to a steady walk with the elders on the gravel path. We are sure that it is perfectly possible so to spend the Sunday as to make it both the most useful and the happiest of all the days in the year. "Sunday," says the author of "The Graver Thoughts" :—

"has always a character of its own; whereas Tuesday in one week need not be in the least like Tuesday in the next week, in occupation, in scene, in feeling. Nobody can speak of the character of the Tuesdays in his history. A number of Sundays is like a flock of sheep, all very much like one another. A number of Tuesdays is like a drove of animals of most varied aspect."

And he adds to these observations :—

"The peculiar kind of atmosphere that breathes from the Sundays of childhood, depends entirely on the bringing-up you have passed through. . . . . Would that all parents were so kind and so judicious, as to have the will and way to make Sunday the day on which their children shall always look back as the happiest of all days! It can be done very easily."

With these views as to the Sunday, we are not surprised to find in "The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson," not only an absence of sourness and severity, but that healthy and hopeful tone of religious feeling which tends to render the message of an earnest preacher acceptable to his hearers. There is in the "Country Parson" no shutting his own eyes, or allowing his hearers to shut theirs to the realities of the eternal world, or to the influence of the conduct in this life on the destinies of the next. He blinks no truths, nor hides unpalatable facts under pleasant disguises. Yet there is a cheerful and sympathizing tone throughout this volume, which carries us thoroughly along with him, as we read, and which must have made his hearers feel that they had a friend and brother in the preacher, a fellow-aspirant to the grace of a common Father, and a fellow-sufferer in the common woes and temptations of our race.

We find it difficult to single out any one in particular of these very interesting discourses. They differ from the essays, in having been actually delivered *vivâ voce* to congregations in town and country. There is much in them that is original; very much that is instructive. They fully carry out the professed object of the writer. It was to make those who listened to him feel that religion is a real thing, with the most practical bearing on all the interests of life, and not a thing quite beside and beyond our daily experience.

SHORT NOTICES.

THE internal condition of American Democracy is the subject of a letter,* addressed by one Irish rebel of 1848, who is now a member of the Canadian Legislature and President of the Executive Council of the Province of Canada, to another Irish rebel of the same date, who is M.P. of the Victoria Legislature and Minister of Public Lands in the colony of Victoria. It is introduced to the British public by an advertisement bearing the initials of Mr. Cashel Hoey, who, if he was not exactly a rebel in 1848, was of that hue; and we may conclude that whatever could be said in favour of American Democracy, in contrast with English monarchism, and against the connection of our colonies with the mother country, would be found in a document written, addressed to, and endorsed by men who, a few years ago, did their best to excite the hostility of their countrymen against the English Government.

What, then, does Mr. M'Gee, late Irish rebel, and present sympathizer with the North in its struggle to restore the Union, think of the present state of American Democracy? Plainly he has the very worst opinion of it; and his distaste for its present state and his fears for its future are based upon its "too easy, too angry, and too complete severance from the common body of Christendom, and common stock of Old World ideas, traditions, and usages." Rapidly after the establishment of independence, the patrician element, the high thoughts and polished manners of the gentleman, began to disappear, and accomplished men and women were thrust from the inner circles of governmental influence.

"The extension of population beyond the Alleghanies, the rough vigour of frontier life, the new men thrown by the wilderness into the national councils, broke down at Washington, in the most conspicuous centre of Republican rule, all the settled barriers and salutary observances of the old manners and old habits of thought."

"We have known (says Mr. M'Gee) one chief magistrate to receive his friends while warming his naked feet at the fire; a secretary of state addressing a Tammany mob in his shirt-sleeves; and a commander-in-chief speaking from the balcony of his hotel *sans culottes*, and jesting on the circumstance in his speech. . . . . Some of the great senators who failed to reach the Presidency attained to the better dominion in the hearts of their friends; yet it was commonly remarked of them, that the sterling qualities which endeared them to their friends—that their very superiority—was the main cause of defeating them as Presidential candidates."

Looking into the sources of this demoralization, Mr. M'Gee finds a principal one in the common school system of the Free States which, proceeding on the dangerous assumption that the children belong to the State, eliminates the parental office from the formation of character and produces an insensibility to the special claims of age and authority; while, though intellectually it draws out the average ability of six-tenths of the generation, it crushes the highest ability under an iron uniformity. Next to this system in baneful operation comes the penny press, whose broad sheets in New York alone for a single day have been computed to cover twenty-seven superficial acres; surely an engine of vast and demoralizing power in the hands of the unscrupulous men who direct it. Pretensions, puffery, arrogance, avarice of territory, extreme pride of *nativism*,—these are the features of American Democracy against which Mr. M'Gee warns Mr. Duffy, believing that "this American bouleversement should teach us to cherish our European connection as a blessing second in value only to domestic home government." We trust that Mr. M'Gee's fellow countrymen, whose sympathies are strongly with the North, will read his letter; and pause especially on that portion of it which tells them that, while there is plenty of antipathy to the Englishman in the Free States, the sentiment of contempt is reserved for the Germans and—the Irish.

"Problems in Human Nature" † is not an attractive title for the general reader; but anything which really reflects one's inner feelings is sure to interest people who pretend even to a moderate amount of intellect. To probe to the root of our habits, and see from what sentiments they spring, and why we are vain, angry, nervous, listless, frivolous,—to have a mirror held up to us in which we can trace what is hid from the eyes of sense, yet whose operations we can feel, should not be a study barren of interest. True, few writers can hold up such a mirror as will give us a clear and true reflection; and so many have failed in the attempt that the topic itself has become a bore from the tediousness of its treatment. But the book before us is not to be placed upon the list of failures. We are especially struck by the chapter upon "The Decline of Sentiment," in which there are some valuable truths. We cannot, indeed, consent to the position that deep thoughtfulness is one of the characteristic features of modern conversation and literature, while they are characterized by studied levity of expression. These two characteristics cannot co-exist. The few only think deeply; and the levity of the many is hardly so much assumed to appear "deep," which the author seems to imply, as to hide their inability to be so. We consent, however, to this position—"Levity imposes on the mind, not only because it is generally gay, and therefore looks successful, but it has the air of being a stronger power than feeling, of which it can make so light; although levity could only attain this air by com-

* The Internal Condition of American Democracy, considered in a Letter from the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, M.P., to the Hon. Charles Gavan Duffy, M.P. Hardwicke.

† Problems in Human Nature. By the author of "Morning Clouds," &c. Longmans.

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plete ignorance of what deep feeling is." The chapter on "The Source of Vanity" is well considered; and that upon "Disappointment in the Religious World" contains much sound sense and matter for reflection.

When a writer begins by informing his readers that he is approaching his eightieth year, and that he remembers the sensation produced by the flight of Louis XIV. to Varennes, in 1791, we naturally expect from the title of his work,* to find personal reminiscences of the celebrities who flourished towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. But when we look into Dr. Brown's work we find it is much more concerned with the present than with the past; and at times we feel that we are reading something very like a leading article on the latest American or Polish telegrams. But the doctor, though an octogenarian, is a man of vigorous and cultivated intellect, and writes with a freshness and activity of spirit, giving hard raps over the knuckles to American civilization, and especially to those "theologico-metaphysicians," as he calls them, who are endeavouring to sap the foundations of Christianity. If his "memories" are few, his "thoughts" are sound; and in the survey of men and nations which his book really amounts to, there is much wisdom and much pleasant and instructive reading.

Mr. Norval Clyne† is entitled to high rank amongst our minor poets, because he really has something to say, and says it well. He has chosen for the subject of his muse some of the most interesting events in Scottish history, prefixing to each of his poems a prose narrative of the facts they celebrate, having an eye to what is most romantic. He has thus produced a volume which is readable and valuable, apart altogether from its poetic merits. If we were to choose between his prose and his poetry, we should give the preference to the former. The style is pure and graceful, and induces us to regret that what is done so well is done so briefly. But if there is nothing in Mr. Clyne's poetry which calls for high praise, it is pleasant and readable.

Two volumes of hymns lie before us,‡ in compiling which the respective editors have performed a difficult task with skill. Good hymns are amongst the rarest of poetic produce, partly because they are written mostly from sentiments of piety by men who are not poets, partly, it may be, from the transcendant sublimity of their subject. But there are hymns which are also poems, and some very beautiful ones have found a place in both of these hymnals.

In these latter years we have had the boyhood of great men served up for the emulation of Young England by more than one writer; but the subjects chosen have been heroes of science and art, of war and statesmanship. Here is a little book§ in which we have a dozen youthful heroes chosen from Holy Writ, and set up for an example to children, in twelve chapters, appropriately headed and nicely illustrated. It is written by a mother, who dedicates it to the memory of her own child, and who has gracefully interweaved many pleasing anecdotes with her stories, at once to enforce and gild their moral.

Signor Volpe, Italian Master at Eton, has published an Italian Grammar,‖ which we have much pleasure in recommending as an excellent work. An analysis¶ of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," from the pen of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, will serve as a guide to the leading thoughts of that noble poem. Miss Emily Faithfull, "printer and publisher in ordinary to her Majesty," has issued a book of Tales,** of which our younger readers will do well to possess themselves. The tales are pleasing, and the type and getting-up does credit to the Victoria Press.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 30TH MARCH.

ACTUARIES—At 7 P.M. "On the Relation of the Carlisle Table to the Government, the Registrar-General's, and other Tables of Mortality." By Jardine Henry, Esq.

MEDICAL—At 8½ P.M. "On Obstructive Dysmenorrhea Treated by Incision of the Cervix Uteri." By Dr. Palfrey.

CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M. (Anniversary.)

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Opera." By J. Pittman, Esq.

TUESDAY, 31ST MARCH.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. "Structures in the Sea, with a Description of the Works of the New Albert Harbours at Greenock." By Mr. Daniel Miller.

WEDNESDAY, 1ST APRIL.

GEOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. "On Recent Changes in the Delta of the Ganges." By James Fergusson, Esq.

PHARMACEUTICAL—At 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, 2ND APRIL.

LINNÆAN—At 8 P.M. 1. "On some Remarkable Facts in the Physiology of Spiders and Insects." By J. Blackwall, Esq. 2. "Monograph of the Nitidulidæ." By Andrew Murray, Esq. 3. "On a Sexual Monstrosity in the Genus Passiflora." By S. J. A. Salter, Esq.

CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Alexander's (J. W.) Plain Hints to a Young Communicant. 18mo., 6d.
Anderson's (Rev. J.) Light in Darkness. Second edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Balfour's (Mrs.) A Peep out of Window. Crown 8vo., sewed, 6d.
Beadle's American Library. The Gold Hunters. Fcap., sewed, 6d.
Blair's Lectures. New edition. By the Rev. T. Dale. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Book (The) of Favourite Stories. New edition. Imp. 16mo., 4s. 6d.
Bray's (C.) Philosophy of Necessity. Second edition. 8vo., 9s.
Champneys' (Canon) The Path of a Sunbeam. Fcap., 1s.
Charlesworth's (Miss) A Book for the Cottage. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d
Child's (The) Own Book. Tenth edition. 16mo., 5s.
Cooper's (J. F.) Eve Effingham. Cheap edit. Fcap., sewed, 1s.
Dalgleish's (W. S.) English Composition. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.
Deep Waters. By Anna H. Drury. Three vols. Post 8vo., £1 11s. 6d.
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English Catalogue (The) of Books for 1862. Royal 8vo., sewed, 3s. 6d.
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Lloyd's (Mrs. W. R.) The Flower of Christian Chivalry. Fp., 3s. 6d.
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* Memories of the Past and Thoughts on the Present Age. By Joseph Brown, M.D. Longmans.

† Ballads from Scottish History. By Norval Clyne. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

‡ Hymnologia Christiana; or, Psalms and Hymns selected and arranged in the order of the Christian Season. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D. Longmans.
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§ The Children of Long Ago. By the Author of "Words for Women." Seeley & Co.

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RETURN TICKETS (First and Second Class, Ordinary and Express), at SINGLE FARES, will be issued on THURSDAY, 2nd April, 1863, and intervening days, from London to stations distant over 50 miles, and from such stations to London, available to return up to and including THURSDAY, 9th April, 1863.
The usual first and second class return tickets (ordinary and express) issued on Thursday, 2nd April, and intervening days, will be available for the return journey up to and including Thursday, 9th April.
On GOOD FRIDAY, 3rd April, the TRAINS WILL RUN THE SAME AS ON SUNDAYS, and in addition, Morning Trains will be run between Bury and Cambridge, in connection with the down-train ex London, due in Cambridge at 9.40 a.m., and the up-train leaving Cambridge for London at 9.50 a.m.
By order,
London, March 26th, 1863. J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS.
On GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will run as under, from LONDON BRIDGE STATION:—
To RAMSGATE, MARGATE, CANTERBURY, STURRY (for Herne Bay), at 7.50 a.m.
To DOVER, FOLKSTONE, HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ASHFORD, and HYTHE, &c., at 8.20 a.m.

	Covered Carriages.	Second Class.	First Class.
Fares there and back	3s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	7s. 6d.

Children under 12 half fares.—No luggage allowed.
An EARLY TRAIN will leave Woolwich Arsenal on each of the above days at 7.0 a.m., arriving in London in time for these Excursions.
On EASTER SUNDAY only there will be a cheap excursion to Aldershot Camp, Guildford, &c., and on EASTER MONDAY only to Sandwich and Deal. Also on GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY and MONDAY to Gravesend, Strood (for Chatham and Sheerness), and Maidstone.
For further particulars, see Bills.
C. W. EBORALL, General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS.
All RETURN TICKETS for distances over 10 miles, issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th April, will be available for the return journey on any day up to Tuesday evening, April 7th, inclusive.
C. W. EBORALL, General Manager.

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GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

RETURN TICKETS issued between the Stations where they may usually be obtained on THURSDAY, 2nd April, and intervening days, to Monday, 6th April, will be AVAILABLE for RETURN on any day up to and including Tuesday, 7th April.

On GOOD FRIDAY the Trains will run as on Sundays.

On THURSDAY, 2nd April, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will leave London (King's Cross Station) as under:—

At 10.5 a.m. for—

Fares for the Double Journey.	First Class.	Closed Carr.	Fares for the Double Journey.	First Class.	Closed Carr.
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
Newark	18 0	9 0	Bradford	20 0	10 0
Doncaster			Halifax		
Wakefield	20 0	10 0	Hull	25 0	12 6
Leeds			York	20 0	10 0

At 10.45 a.m.

Peterborough	12 0	6 0	Sheffield	20 0	10 0
Stamford	13 0	6 6	Barnsley		
Bourne			Huddersfield		
Grantham	15 0	7 6	Manchester	21 0	12 6
Nottingham			Liverpool		

At 1.15 p.m. for

Peterborough	12 0	6 0	Sleaford	18 0	9 0
Spalding	14 0	7 0	Horncastle		
Holbeach			Lincoln		
Sutton Bridge	16 0	8 0	Louth	22 0	11 0
Boston			Grimsby		

Each Train returning on Tuesday, 7th April.

Further particulars given in Bills, which can be obtained at King's Cross, and other principal Stations; or at any of the Company's receiving offices in London.

Tickets may be obtained on Tuesday, 31st March, and Wednesday, 1st April, at King's Cross Station; and at the Bull and Mouth, Angel Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand; 32, Regent Circus; and 264, Holborn; also on the morning of the running of the Trains at King's Cross Station only.

Excursion Trains will also run from the above Stations to London on Thursday, 2nd April, returning on Tuesday, 7th April, at similar fares.

SEYMOUR CLARKE, General Manager.

King's Cross Station, March 10th, 1863.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

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The Fine Old English Gentleman.
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THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

THE band at the Glasgow banquet which saluted Lord Palmerston's health the other evening with the appropriate air of "The Fine Old English Gentleman," could not have more fitly expressed the sentiments of the English nation about him. His political career has been an eventful one. He has dealt with world-wide questions, and, like a modern cosmopolite, has visited many cities, and learnt the dispositions of many men. He has seen in this country alone a somewhat stubborn Constitution ripen gradually, under the influence of wise legislation, into orderly and sober freedom. Abroad, under his very eyes, events no less important have taken place,—thrones have been swept away, republics dissolved, frontiers revised, and nations summoned into new life from a sleep of centuries. Most things in Europe have changed or passed away, except Lord Palmerston. He still remains—too old now to be the Pericles, too lively to be the Nestor of his age. Foreign spectators, astonished at his undiminished power and popularity, may well ask themselves what can be the secret of so great a success? What school has Lord Palmerston founded in politics? On what band of trained disciples will he let his mantle fall? What principle does he represent, and to what mast does he nail his colours? Other statesmen in this country have some political creed, of which they are either the apostles or the votaries. Lord Palmerston seems to have neither creed nor crotchet. He is not a human Blue-book wrapt in a Roman toga, like Sir Cornewall Lewis. His dreams are no mixture of Mediæval hymns and cheap French wines, like the dreams of Mr. Gladstone. He is not half a philosophical churchwarden and half a Caucasian mystery, like Mr. Disræli. Unlike Lord Derby, he is no consummate orator, nor is he the British farmer's imaginary friend. Lord Russell writes State papers, probably, with greater satisfaction to himself; Mr. Cobden is a clearer reasoner; and Mr. Bright entertains a more sure and certain hope of a future political millennium. In spite of all this, and very likely on account of all this, Lord Palmerston reigns supreme in the affections of the British public, and has become the one man above all others whom John Bull delights to honour.

Beyond all question, the new Lord Rector of Glasgow University has personal talents and qualities of which his country may be proud. His genial temper, his unfailing readiness and wit, his courage and resolution, his fidelity to his friends, his energetic habits of business and his love of pleasure, his accomplished scholarship, and his happy combination of astuteness and common sense, would make him a conspicuous character, even if he had never been the terror of Europe as a Foreign Minister or held the first place in an English government for years. At a time of life when other men are fond of resting on their oars, Lord Palmerston displays the physical energy, not so much of green old age as of mature and ripened manhood. Night after night he is at his post in Parliament, ready to answer and to be answered. No eye is keener to disconcert a political intrigue; from no tongue more merrily comes the happy repartee or the apposite quotation. Old age seems to stand aside, and to be waiting till Lord Palmerston is ready to grow old. But beyond all this the Prime Minister of England possesses a deep political instinct that leads him to understand completely the wants and the wishes of the English nation at this particular time. An experience longer than that which is vouchsafed to ordinary men has taught him the great lesson, that a statesman, to be popular, must represent the foibles as well as the virtues of his countrymen. Lord Palmerston has now attained to the pinnacle of all English ambition—he has achieved a political reputation; he has nothing to gain beyond what is his already, and he is in a fit position to be the leader of a nation which desires nothing except to enjoy the blessings that Providence has given it. All that a statesman at such a period has to do is to swim quietly down the stream. A philosopher with a system or a creed might not be content with so simple a course. He would be for converting or instructing or dazzling the world. But all the philosophy to which the Premier lays claim is a gentle political Epicureanism. He is in no hurry to rise from the banquet so long as he is allowed to sit there still—*conviva satur*. He feels no call to make war for ideas or to resettle Europe. All that he asks is that Europe should be quiet, and that England should be left alone. When the present is enjoyable and tranquil, none but a restless and unsatisfied adventurer will push off into the uncertain sea of the future which he cannot fathom. Lord Palmerston does not feel that there are yet other shores to visit before life closes. He has had enough of action, and some at least of the veteran Whig mariners that sit grouped around Ulysses have had enough of action also; nor need they apprehend that the adventurous order will issue from the Treasury benches which proceeded from the wayworn voyager of old:—

> "Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
> The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
> Of all the western stars before I die."

This satisfied and unadventurous spirit of Lord Palmerston happens at this particular period to suit the country, and perhaps itself exercises some little influence on the minds of Englishmen. *Quieta non movere* is the motto that expresses best the prevailing sentiment as to home politics. As to foreign matters, the public asks only for two things—

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that the honour of the country should be maintained, and that, if possible, we should be kept out of war. Both of these advantages Lord Palmerston, better than any other can secure. "Noli me tangere"—"Nemo me impune lacesit," as he told the Glasgow students this week, are his ideas of a foreign policy. Lord Palmerston is at present well astride of the British Lion. This shows in some degree his political capacity—for the back of the British Lion is a seat that belongs by tradition to the Conservative party. Mr. Disraeli and his party cannot exactly grumble at seeing the Premier so mounted,—he is only riding too wisely and too well,—and all that is left for them is to bite their nails and to hope to Heaven that something or other may induce him before long to get off again and to let them get on. A spirited foreign policy is the peculiar recipe which has hitherto been sold in the Tory market. The Opposition see with dismay that the article has fallen into the hands of an unprincipled Whig druggist, who sells it labelled with their own indubitable trade-stamp, which represents the British Lion on his hind-legs, growling at the universe. They may well feel that this is not fair. To have to play Opposition to such a Ministerial policy is like playing "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out. In discharging the second half of his programme Lord Palmerston is equally felicitous. Under his guidance it is probable that we shall enjoy peace so long as peace is possible. Something may be attributed to the mysterious influence of his name abroad—something is certainly due to his unparalleled astuteness in keeping the royal vessel of the State out of troubled waters.

A cynical critic might object that, if this is Lord Palmerston's policy, it is at best ephemeral, and that his remedy for all political diseases will expire with the great physician. The English political Abernethy has no advice to offer as to the general conduct of affairs, except to consult Abernethy himself. He founds, as we have said, no school, no system, no idea. This is, in truth and in reality, the weak part of the Palmerston *régime*. Lord Palmerston's secret of cookery lies in a touch of the hand, a sweep of the arm, a lightness of hand, which he would be incapable himself of teaching to a successor; and the art of making the savoury omelettes that the English palate loves will sink into the grave with its most accomplished practitioner. Alexander has no heir, and his empire must be divided among his greatest generals. When nature withdraws from us the statesman in whom the country has such confidence, it is difficult to foresee what will ensue, but we may predict that the period that follows will be a stormier one than we could wish. The winds will again begin to rise which his ingenuity has laid, and the voices of the tempest will make themselves heard. It is, on the one hand, Lord Palmerston's weakness that he can transmit to nobody sound rules for government, or an enlightened code of ideas for the future. On the other hand, the prospect of an unwelcome future, in which distant and shadowy figures may almost be seen standing and battling over his grave, renders a nation that is not anxious for political contest, thankful and happy to see the present Prime Minister retain the vigour and intellect of his best years.

AMERICAN COMPLAINTS OF ENGLAND.

THE exacting vanity even of American patriotism ought to be satisfied with the space which their affairs fill in the eyes of the world, and especially of England. They furnish the most exciting debates that take place in our Houses of Parliament, and occupy a greater number of columns in our journals than any other set of questions either of foreign or domestic interest. Chambers of Commerce talk of little else; merchants look with more constant and deep anxiety across the Atlantic than to any of our own colonies or to our vast Indian empire and Chinese connections; and public meetings are incessantly called to get up the steam on the involved topics of Democracy and negro slavery, which steam, though often artificial and suspicious, is by no means insignificant in amount. The same week saw, in addition to countless leading articles and letters in large type on American affairs, the House of Commons discussion on the *Alabama* and Mr. Bright's Yankee speech to the Trades' Unions. We have a few words to say on the general questions involved in both.

As to the *Alabama*, it is much to be regretted that matters of detail as to time and purely legal technicalities were permitted so much to divert attention from the real political and moral questions at issue. It is just possible that the words of the Foreign Enlistment Act may be so construed as to bring the *Alabama* within its scope as a vessel "fitted out" or "furnished" as a vessel of war, though we cannot agree in such construction. It is just possible that the law officers of the Crown were a few hours slower than they need have been in deciding that a case was made out which would have warranted her seizure, and that Earl Russell did not dispatch to them the evidence that was laid before him with the utmost conceivable rapidity,—though we are not disposed to concede either supposition except for the sake of argument. It may even be that the solicitor to the Customs was wrong and the Solicitor-General right in holding that there was ample *primâ facie* evidence of an intended violation of the municipal law,—though even this is very questionable. It may be argued, finally, that the Board of Customs might and should have seized the ship on the depositions tendered to them, without waiting for the decision of the lawyers and directions from the Treasury or Foreign Office; though they would have incurred a grave responsibility by such spontaneous action, and (judging by past experience) would have subjected themselves to be mulcted in heavy damages. We are not careful to answer in this matter. The question really before the world for consideration as between this country and the United States, and still more, perhaps, between our Government and the Government at Washington, is this:—With what show of decency or justice can the Federals complain of us for selling ships and stores of war to the Confederates, and ask us to abstain from doing so? And why should we act with the slightest degree of favour or partiality to either belligerent? Why—to use Mr. Bright's phrase—should we, as proclaimed and resolute neutrals, afford a "warm and cordial" neutrality to the North, and only "a cold and unfriendly" neutrality to the South? What right and what motive can we have for this different behaviour, which the Yankees so urgently demand, and which Mr. Bright so strenuously urges?

Is there, in the eye of reason or fair play, the least difference between selling a ship to the Northerners, which, as soon as she arrives at New York and Boston, is freighted with troops and stores, and sent down to join the blockading squadron, and selling a ship to the Confederates, which, as soon as she reaches Terceira, receives guns and ammunition, and goes forth to cruise against Northern commerce? Clearly none. Yet the first proceeding had been repeated over and over again months before either the *Oreto* or the *Alabama* left the Mersey. Can any distinction—beyond a purely technical one, arising out of a municipal law—be alleged between selling to one party a commodity called an "Armstrong gun," to be used in mowing down Confederate troops, and selling to the other a commodity called a "steam-ship," to be used in preying upon Federal merchant vessels? Clearly none. Yet half the arms with which the Northerners have been enabled to slaughter their enemies have been furnished by this country; and, so far as we know, Jefferson Davis has never remonstrated or charged us with illegal and unfriendly practices. With what colour or consistency of logic can Mr. Seward complain that his antagonists have been able to purchase *one* formidable weapon of war in Liverpool, when he and his Government have purchased rifles by the hundred thousand and percussion caps by the million? How can even his subtlety draw a distinction which will hold water—or, to use his friend's phrase, of which "the bottom will not fall out"—between selling a ship already built, and building a ship to order? Finally, ought not the complaints of the Washington Government, in reference to all such cases as the *Alabama*, to be silenced for ever, now that we have heard from Mr. Laird that *that very same Government applied to that very same merchant to build for* THEM *half a dozen Alabamas*, and that their order was only declined on the ground of time? It now appears that it was by the purest accident that similar vessels of war were not building at the same moment, in the same river, and almost in the same yards, for both belligerents. But the Confederates chanced to be beforehand with their contracts, and the United States, finding that they could not get their own cruisers out, insisted on our stopping the cruisers of their more lucky rival, and threaten us with eternal hatred and savage vengeance because we have not done so. Is not this proceeding ingloriously like that of the little boys who, when disappointed of obtaining a seat on

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the foot-board of a carriage, call out "Whip behind," out of spite to their more fortunate competitors?

But Mr. Bright meets all these criticisms in the face, in his usual direct and manly way, and avows that we ought not to deal out either equal conduct or impartial feeling to the two belligerents, and that while nominally neutral we should in reality favour the North as far as in decency we can. Why should we show this inequality? Why should we give to the one party only the barest letter of what by international law he is entitled to demand, while awarding to the other the utmost measure of what by international law we are permitted to concede? We have never heard any even plausible answer given to these questions, which yet are eminently both pertinent and pressing. Is the plea founded on our Anti-slavery predilections? But both parties, as has been repeatedly proved, are equally far from *our* view of the negroes, and from feeling our anxiety for negro welfare. The social system of the South is based upon slavery—which, in our opinion, is detestable and deplorable—a great wrong done to the black man, a terrible evil entailed upon the white man. But personally the Northerner hates the negro more than does the Southerner, and is not one whit kinder to him. The one keeps him in slavery; the other forbids him the privileges of freedom. The one treats him as an inferior and a chattel; the other repels him as at once an inferior, an alien, and a nuisance. Both parties regard him with sentiments which to Englishmen are almost equally offensive. And so far as the great aim of ultimate and beneficent emancipation is concerned, a severance of the Union, as we have often shown, offers better prospects to the negro than either the subjugation of the South, or its re-incorporation on the terms of promised compromise.

Ought we to favour the North because of our superior sympathy with their special institutions and the tone and temper of their Democracy? On the contrary, apart from the slave question, our political harmonies and predilections would lie in the opposite direction. We are not naturally great lovers of Democracy; and has Democracy of late shone forth so purely or brilliantly in the United States as to lead us to love it more? Our national feelings invariably go *cæteris paribus*, with the weaker party in a strife, especially when the weaker party has shown the nobler qualities and has fought the more gallant fight. Is our partiality claimed on the ground that the North has been more courteous in its conduct, more anxious for our friendship, more careful to avoid insult, to respect our rights, to guard against wounding our susceptibilities, to inflict upon us as little injury as possible, and to repair and atone for accidental inflictions as promptly as it could? Has not the very reverse of all this been closer to the truth? Have not the despatches of the Washington Government been full of captiousness? Has not the language of their papers and their public meetings been full of insult? Has not that insult been echoed even by their ambassadors and high officials? Have not their naval officers always pressed to the utmost extent their belligerent rights against us and our commerce, and in more than one memorable instance transgressed the boundary line both of law and [illegible] And is not the severest calamity under which [illegible] Isles have suffered since the Irish famine [illegible] quence of the persistence of the North in [illegible] wrongful contest? Is it not wishes, more than their millions of money and re[illegible] millions of our people, possible that any Englishman in his heart upon our feelings should wish the North success in its adversaries' endeavour to subdue and reincorporate the South?

Was there in the old Union—in the prospects which opened for humanity, in the character it was developing among its people, in the plans and schemes which it cherished and avowed—that any lover of peace or progress, and of true freedom or pure civilization, should desire its continuance or its restoration? Were that people, in their unbroken prosperity and their unmenaced grandeur, modest, just, or peaceable? Did they scrupulously respect the rights of others? Were they decent even in the assertion of their own? Did they cherish their dream of universal predominance, if not of universal dominion, in order that they might give deliverance to the captive, and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke? Or that they might give laws to all nations, and sweep away every opposing element and every independent will? Did their national character improve and purify, and grow more elevated, as their territory spread and their population multiplied? Or did they not exhibit an illustration of social and moral degeneracy, from Washington to Buchanan, from Franklin to Seward, so great and so rapid as had scarcely before been written down in history? and was not this deplorable decadence in all that constitutes a nation's noblest life, directly traceable to that overgrown extent and power which Mr. Bright would have us violate our strict and impartial neutrality in order to bolster up or to restore?

THE TRAFFIC IN CHURCH LIVINGS.

THE House of Lords has very quickly passed through a second reading the bill for transferring to private owners the advowsons of three hundred and twenty church livings in the Lord Chancellor's gift. We refrain from criticizing its details, until it shall have undergone examination by the select committee to which it is now referred. But it has been considered so far only in its promise of an immediate advantage, both to the parishes whose scanty endowments are to be augmented by the price which these advowsons may fetch, and to the Lord Chancellor himself, who will get rid of the troublesome and thankless duty of bestowing a very poor class of benefices, such as few of the suitors for his clerical patronage can desire. Ex-Chancellors and Bishops, therefore, alike for the greater ease and comfort of the Woolsack and for the completer furnishing of the parochial system, have agreed to congratulate Lord Westbury upon this scheme; and the daily papers have spoken, without any reserve, their verdict of approval. But we trust that, when the bill comes under debate in the House of Commons, some broader questions of principle, involved in any plan for dealing with the offices of the Church as a merchantable commodity, will once more be raised. Meanwhile, it seems to have been forgotten, that the very same measure formed part of a Church Building Acts Amendment Bill, which the Earl of Harrowby brought in ten years ago; and that this was based upon a distinct recommendation of the Royal Commissioners appointed in 1849 to inquire into the best mode of sub-dividing populous parishes, and of providing for their spiritual needs. Those Commissioners reckoned upon obtaining one million sterling by the sale of some of the Lord Chancellor's livings, which they proposed, however, not to throw at once into the common market, to the residents, glut of advowsons, and unduly to [illegible] their parish, to property; but rather to invite the market value for the who might care for the religious gyman, so that his income pay something over and to not less than £200 a year. right of presenting [illegible] the discussion which began last should in every [illegible] Westbury's bill, this proposal of the We know [illegible] of 1849 has been ignored, unless the authors The [illegible] porters of the present scheme, so hastily carried and, are conscious that it does not quite afford the securities which those Commissioners might have thought necessary in this respect. The Lord Chancellor seems disposed to tempt bidders for church livings with a cheap bargain, on the easy terms of paying down half the purchase-money at once, and the other half when the buyer's first turn of presentation arrives. But as, in our view, the advowson is a public trust of sacred importance, we could wish at least to see its acquisition fenced about with some conditions, offering a substantial guarantee that those who will exercise it are sincerely concerned for the social and spiritual welfare of the parish. We should regard it as a pernicious general consequence, outweighing the local and personal advantages that may accrue from this wholesale disposal of patronage, if it were to multiply, and to stamp with perpetuity, the instances unhappily so frequent, where the cure of souls is bought and sold, in the guise of a right of presentation, with sordid indifference to the wants of the Christian flock.

In the hope, therefore, that, in amending this bill, securities may be devised to prevent its giving a fresh stimulus to this immoral traffic by the creation of a new class of private owners of church benefices, we think it right to renew the protest we have uttered on former occasions, against that anomaly of the English law which permits the

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sale of a living in anticipation of its next vacancy. This is a question which is not encumbered with the same difficulties that seem to lie in the way of any radical alteration of the law by which the greater part of the Church patronage is vested in private owners, and allowed, in the ordinary way of property, to be conveyed from one to another. The sale of advowsons is one thing; and it may be objected to, in theory, on this ground—that the privilege of appointing ministers of religion for the community ought not, for reasons of public policy, to be made a source of individual gain, but simply to be discharged as a trust. But advowsons are recognized as private property by the laws of the realm; and to prohibit their alienation, at the free option of those who possess them, would lead to great inconveniences, since it would be impossible to lay upon the existing patrons the burthen of a perpetual duty to present, after depriving them of the right to sell their advowsons once for all. The sale of next presentations is quite a different thing; for the exercise of this right is the performance of a public service, and no condition would be more just and reasonable than to forbid the person in whom this power resides, to sell the use of it, for an occasion, to somebody else. A transaction of this sort is, moreover, condemned by the spirit of the existing legislation against simony; because it enables the clergyman who can offer the price of a living, to buy the cure of souls for himself, indirectly, through an arrangement with the purchaser on his behalf.

With these views, the bill which was introduced by Dr. Robert Phillimore and Lord Goderich, in the session of 1853, "to amend the law respecting simony, and to render illegal the sale of the next presentation to any ecclesiastical benefice," may seasonably be recalled to memory, along with Lord Harrowby's project, in the same session, for disposing of the Lord Chancellor's poor livings; the only connection between these subjects being the very large extension of private patronage which the scheme now renewed by the present Lord Chancellor will create. No attempt was made in the debates of 1853, to answer Dr. Phillimore's argument, which still retains its force, on the absurdity of prohibiting the sale of the presentation when the living is actually vacant, but allowing it while the incumbent remains, though all the parties to the bargain may know that a vacancy is about to be made. In the scandalous case of Fox *v.* the Bishop of Chester, the patron had conveyed away his right while the incumbent, who died a few hours later, was actually lying on his death-bed. Lord Tenterden's decision of the illegality of that presentation was reversed by other judges, who said it was impossible to be certain the living parson would not recover; but the law is often On the occasion in this way, by a previous agreement that Justice Best, that ... made void by exchange or resignation. the sale of a next p... it was remarked by Lord Chief may not purchase it for ... doubtedly committed through or a relative to do it for h... the clergyman, who shameful bargain is secured by ... easily get a friend ... cumbent to execute a bond for ... ment of this his living in favour of the patron's friend. practices ought to come within Blackstone's de... llows an simony, as the corruptly obtaining, by money, a ... of preach; which is a misdemeanour, punishable by fine and by future incapacity of preferment. One clergyman is enabled, by a very palpable intrigue, to sell his parish to another, through the mediation of a lay patron, who, having put in the incumbent as a warming-pan, can request him to turn out when the patron's son, or nephew, or cousin, is ready to take possession. Instances of this kind are sometimes exposed by the discontent of the parishioners with the manifest incompetency of the warming-pan parson: as when the rectory of St. Ervan, in the diocese of Exeter, was once consigned to an aged and hopeless invalid, whose few remaining days were already numbered, and who could not appear in church for a single Sunday during the two months which elapsed before his death. We might relate many other cases like this.

In order to guard against any increase of these scandals from the large addition now intended to the number of benefices in private patronage, the Lord Chancellor's bill ought to have a clause forbidding the sale of next presentations to these. We should hope that, in the discussions upon this clause, some encouragement might then be afforded to the Church Reformers in Parliament, who would revive Dr. Phillimore's proposal to enact that all sales of next presentations shall be null and void. There are many other questions, which need mature consideration, with regard to the share of Church patronage, about two-thirds of the whole, belonging to private persons, as well as those portions of it, which are in the hands of the bishops and other ecclesiastical corporations, or in the hands of the Crown. We should wish to see a Royal Commission investigating the whole system by which the Church benefices are dispensed throughout the land. It is not likely, however, that the Legislature or the Government will be induced to take up this extensive subject of inquiry, unless the great body of English laymen, who earnestly desire a reform in their national Church, bestir themselves to form a powerful association for this and kindred objects.

VENICE AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

RECENT intelligence from Vienna informs us that the Austrian Government has decided on granting extensive reforms in Venetia. The attention of the public for the last two years has been concentrated with so much more interest upon Rome than upon Venice, that we are apt to overlook the progress of events in that province of which the latter is the capital; yet such is its position upon the political chessboard of Europe, that it is hardly possible for a move to be made in any part of the Continent, which does not affect it. It forms a very essential link in the chain which begins in Paris and ends at Constantinople, and upon which hangs the fate of three empires. So long as the French are at Rome, the Emperor holds in his hand the destinies of Austria, for Hungary cannot rise unless the Italian armies attack the Quadrilateral, and the Italian army is virtually commanded by the general who commands in Rome. Until Rome is abandoned by the French, the Italians despair of Venetia. So long as the Austrians hold Venetia, the French will continue in military possession of Rome. It is a political *impasse* from which there seems no escape. To those, however, who look beyond the immediate present, the events now occurring in Greece and the Ionian Islands will change the whole political aspect of those momentous questions, which have been pending in Europe ever since the Italian campaign, and which have more than once threatened to involve the whole continent in war. It will be more easy to show how the revolution in Greece and the cession of the Ionian Islands affect the general situation, than to predict the results to which these events may ultimately lead. The last effort made by the party of action in Italy proved beyond all doubt that, for the present, their country was incapable of movement. Politically paralysed, these ardent spirits who sought to galvanize her into life were compelled to abandon the attempt in despair, and to admit that those Hungarian and Italian patriots were endowed with more political foresight who maintained that, in order to obtain the unity of Italy and the liberation of Hungary, it was necessary to push the Eastern question to a crisis. In other words, the destruction of Turkey was thought a necessary preliminary to the realization of the national aspirations. Finding that the ...ation of Rome rendered an attack on the Quadrilateral Servia; it was argued that Austria might be assailed on Istria, and ...hore of the Adriatic; that a revolution in ...throw off the ...o, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Croatia, and ... objection existed—...ngs the frontier, and that Dalmatia, supposed, would not ...aimultaneously with Hungary, ...lutionary movement, which, ...o this scheme one fatal the Adriatic, would embrace her ...an Isles, and, it was influence. ...ience to a revo-

As the French oppress the Romans, as ...shores of oppress the Venetians, so, it was supposed, did ...n its the Ionians. If it was impossible to attack Austria ... the side of Italy for fear of France, so was it impossible to assail her from the side of Turkey for fear of England. So long as Corfu was English, Venice never could be Italian. Our Government could not, with any consistency, force upon Austria the relinquishment of Venetia, while we had an oppressed nationality of our own; still less could it encourage or even tolerate an agitation in Turkey, destined to free Venice, but involving, in the first instance, a revolution in Corfu. Thus were we debarred from pro-

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testing, as we otherwise might, against the occupation of Rome by the French. The reply of the Emperor to the party of action was invariably to this effect,—"England is not more favourable to the scheme of Italian unity than I am; what did she say about having interests to protect in the Adriatic in October, 1860? When the British Government presses Austria to abandon Venetia, I will abandon Rome; at present the evacuation of Rome would lead to the invasion of Lombardy by Austria." The party of action in Italy have been, until lately, firmly impressed with the idea that we were opposed to the cession of Venetia to Italy, lest that measure should compromise our interests in the Ionian Islands. Thus, the position of the Emperor in Rome has been justified in their eyes by our occupation of Corfu. Our proposal to abandon these islands has dealt a severe blow to the French policy in Italy; and had we suggested the evacuation of Rome as a simultaneous measure, the refusal of the Emperor to comply would have rendered his present attitude in the eyes of the Liberal party in Europe still more untenable. The political connection which we have shown to exist between Rome and Corfu, as bearing upon Venice, would have rendered such a proposal in every way reasonable. It was only fair to admit that our protectorate of the Seven Islands was as much a bar to the annexation of Venice as the Emperor's protectorate of the Pope. We were ready to do our share towards a united Italy, if he would do his. Nothing could be more logical or natural. As it is, the Venetian question is cleared of difficulties. So far as we are concerned, we may, whether the Ionians accept our proposal or not, advocate consistently the cession of Venetia to Italy; and Austria has already found her position so much more precarious than it was, that she is endeavouring by concessions to reconcile a population to her rule, which can only be satisfied by a final separation.

From these considerations it will appear that our present policy in the Adriatic will transfer obstacles from our path to that of the Emperor, and will enable us to control the revolutionary no less than the despotic elements in Europe. We shall have acquired among the Christian populations of Turkey an influence equal to that which we shall still preserve among the Mahometans. When the Hellenic race shall look to us as their patrons and benefactors, the Sclavonic will scarcely have courage to attempt a movement in defiance of England. While the Italians will accept as an augury in their favour our last stroke of Eastern policy, Austria will find herself more than ever compelled to rely upon us for support, for we alone can control those revolutionary forces constantly at work upon her Eastern frontier.

Whether under all circumstances the present was the most opportune moment at which the cession of the Ionian Islands should have been made; and whether it might not have been made with more judgment, and for some more distinct equivalent, are questions fairly open to consideration; but of one thing there can be no doubt, that not merely with reference to the Italian, but still more decidedly with reference to the Eastern question, our position politically is improved. The old arguments against any such cession have been replaced by an entirely new set of considerations, which did not exist when the Ionian Islands were first placed under the British Protectorate. It is only necessary to read a very opportune work just published by Captain Whyte Jervis, which, though written in an opposite sense, contains a most useful sketch of their history since 1797, when they ceased to form part of the Venetian Republic, to perceive how completely altered are the relations in which the Ionian Islands now stand to the rest of Europe. Whether, in a strategical point of view, they are so important as Captain Jervis believes, we are hardly in a position to determine; but we cannot but think that any value they may possess in this respect is more than compensated for by the gain which will accrue to our general policy. We only trust that when the time arrives, skill may be shown in using the advantages incidental to a measure more pregnant with political significance, than those who inaugurated it probably imagined. The announcement made this week, that a King of Greece has at length been found, in the person of Prince William of Denmark, the brother of our Princess of Wales, lead us to expect an immediate renewal of the negotiations for ceding the Ionian Islands to the Greek kingdom. These observations refer to some of the remoter probable consequences of such an act, which has, upon other grounds, received our fullest approbation.

LANCASHIRE HANDS.

WE have often heard of late that, under the strain of the distress in Lancashire, the New Poor Law has broken down. There is no doubt much to be said in support of the statement, but it is doubtful whether it is strictly correct. There are in truth, at the bottom of the Poor Laws, two principles, to some extent at conflict with one another, and possessing very different influences under different conditions of the labour market. The first principle is that which is usually more prominent, and it is owing to its comparative weakness at this crisis that the allegation of the breaking down of the Poor Law is made. The principle is, that no person should receive in relief a better supply of the necessaries of life than he could obtain by the exercise of the rudest and worst-paid manual labour. A large portion of the machinery of the Poor Law Acts is devoted to the carrying out of this principle. It must, however, be confessed that it is not of universal application. In enunciating it, it is always presupposed that the wages of the lowest description of labour are sufficient to maintain existence; when this hypothesis is untrue, a second principle comes into active operation—that no person shall die of starvation. This is as fundamental a part of the Poor Law as the other; but it exists in general only as a latent qualifying influence. The distress in Lancashire has made it the most operative spring of action. There is still some work to be obtained in the manufacturing districts, but the ratio of the army of workers to the work to be done is so overwhelming that the natural rate of wages falls below the limit of bare subsistence. It follows that the scale of relief must be higher than the reward of labour in the market; and out-door relief, relief in aid of wages, and relief with rude and inadequate tests, necessarily ensue. The efficacy of the two principles of the Poor Law has been changed: the weaker has become the stronger, but it is of the highest importance that that which has been forced to give way should not be forgotten. No one who is at all acquainted with the past history of the English poor, will be disposed to ignore the evils which follow upon the state of things where a large population subsists upon relief. The agricultural poor were reduced to this condition by the operation of the great war, and Mr. Pitt's Poor Relief Act, framed to meet the exigencies of the time, served to stereotype its evils. The lace-makers of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and the shoemakers of Northampton, are examples of classes of workmen whose wages are permanently lowered. In the face of such possibilities happening to the mill-bands of Lancashire, every reasonable suggestion for the relief of its at present superabundant labouring population deserves careful consideration, and amongst them none more than the proposal of some scheme of emigration.

It is a matter of regret that a subject which demands the most careful and dispassionate consideration should be in danger of falling into the hands of angry controversialists. We cannot too earnestly deprecate the bitter irony of a correspondent of the *Daily News*, on the one hand, nor the rash energy of Mr. Kingsley and "S. G. O." on the other. Mr. Kingsley is ignorant of the elements of the problem, but he did not hesitate last autumn to declare that the mill-owners were shirking the burden of contributing to the relief of the labourers, and he does not hesitate now to attribute to them a disposition to retain a superabundance of workmen for the sake of low wages.

We said last week that the only sound mode of considering the question was to regard it from the point of view of the individual workman. How would he, with a sufficiency of means and of knowledge, determine to act? It is clear that he must first ascertain the probable duration of the cotton crisis, and the consequences which will follow upon its termination. The prospects on this side are, we fear, daily less encouraging. Outside America the supply of cotton can increase but slowly, and its price must remain greatly enhanced; nor can we hope that help will soon reach us from America itself. The termination of the war seems as distant as ever, and every month that it is prolonged diminishes its resources as a source of cotton supply. The last correspondence published by the Foreign Office shows that the estimate of the cotton crop of 1861, made by Mr. Consul Bunch, was very much exaggerated; the produce of the crop of 1862 has never yet been picked; and it is now clear that no cotton at all will be produced in 1863, as the necessities of the war have compelled the South to convert their tillage into corn crops. The stock in hand becomes daily dimi-

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nished through wilful destruction and rot, and there is no new supply to fill up the deficiency.

It would be idle to deny, in the face of these facts and the further consideration of the burdens which will impede the free cultivation of cotton on the restoration of peace, that the prospects of the cotton manufacture are gloomy. If we suppose the workman to consider, on the one hand, this prospect, and the low wages which must result from the concurrence of a large number of operatives with a limited supply of work, it is probable that he will think he does not relinquish much if he abandons his capital of acquired skill. On the other hand, neither his habits nor his physical powers are well adapted for colonial work. But, on the whole, we are inclined to think that a workman with wife and child or a couple of children, and, *à fortiori*, a single man possessing means enough to betake himself to a colony, even were it the comparatively unfavourable climate of Canada, and to have a pound or two in his pocket on landing, would act wisely in going thither. That such a course would be best for all, seems to be the opinion of some of the best authorities. Colonel Wilson Patten said, in the beginning of the week at Manchester, that he thought the time had arrived for a large emigration, and Mr. Cobden's cautious letter appears to show an inclination to the same opinion.

The decision which would be arrived at by the factory workman after a full consideration of his case, is one which should in no case be thwarted, and it would perhaps be wise to assist him in carrying it out. It is too clear that the cotton districts cannot pass through the next winter without a grant or loan, and we may therefore properly consider whether it is desirable that the Government should extend any help to operatives who are desirous of emigrating. This is a subject which may well be taken up on the re-assembling of Parliament, and any action on it should take place during the spring and summer; we may hope that we shall not have reproduced this year the spectacle of last season, when the Houses devoted the last week of the session to a hurried consideration of the Lancashire distress. Any scheme of emigration which may be introduced must provide that its operation should be fenced round with considerable difficulties. The assisted emigrant must undergo as great sacrifices as the workman who would emigrate at his own expense and on his own responsibility. An unchecked rush of emigrants, who could secure with little trouble passages to any colony, would only produce a transfer of the distress beyond seas. It is possible that we may derive a hint from the experience of the great emigration movement of fifteen years ago. A consequence of this was an annual remittance for many years of upwards of a million from emigrants abroad to their friends at home. Such remittances point to the possibility of loans to willing emigrants, to be repaid after their arrival in a colony. Mr. Cobden suggested last year loans to workmen at home, which he thought might be judiciously entrusted to the operatives of Lancashire. Emigration loans might work in a similar spirit. There would, no doubt, be great difficulties in carrying out the scheme, arising from the removal of the debtor beyond any control, but we are not satisfied that they are insuperable. The borrowers would, of course, be picked men, and there might be added a guarantee to the State from the parishes at home upon which the emigrants are chargeable. Whether this should be done by the Government or by private societies, and under what restrictions and regulations, are questions which are, perhaps, worth considering during the Easter recess.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

Of the multitudes who congregate at a race or match of any kind, especially in the immediate neighbourhood of London, how few really see anything of what they came to see! Road, river, and rail bring together such enormous crowds that, with few exceptions, everybody is very much engaged in preventing everybody else from seeing; and each event which more than ordinarily excites the sporting, or the racing, or the sight-seeing world, produces an interest which is so vast and wide as to interfere with its own gratification. Some persons, indeed, now that everything that goes on in the world is brought home to one's breakfast-table by full and accurate descriptions in the newspapers, upon principle stay at home and avoid all sight-seeing; and if they do not literally follow Sheridan's advice to his son (who was going down a coal-mine, in order to say that he had done so), and pretend they have seen all that the world has been to see, still they are able to talk very much as if they had. On the other hand, those who go to see every sight most conscientiously would often have to say, if they confessed the truth, "I was jostled and crowded, and I got very tired; and after all I saw nothing." Yet what would the sight or the match be without the spectators? The very glory of the contest and the value of the victory consist mainly in the interest they create and the crowd they bring together. Yet the persons actually engaged in the struggle must sometimes devoutly wish that if "forty centuries" must needs contemplate their efforts, they would do so from no closer quarters than from the top of the Pyramids.

With regard to the great annual Oxford and Cambridge boat-race—that Derby or blue-ribbon of the Thames—it has positively come to this, that the race is in danger of being put an end to by the very numbers it attracts to see it. There was a time when a crowded towing-path, a number of small boats upon the river, and a moderate allowance of spectators from bridges and shores, were all the inconveniences a great boat-race entailed. It could be rowed in comparative peace. But now steamers full of people block and crowd the Thames. Huge waves are created, which may swamp or at least delay either or both of the delicate outriggers; and the captains of the boat-clubs have to keep the hour of the race dark, and to shift time and place at the last moment, in order to elude the overgrown public, as Messrs. Sayers & Heenan had to do in order to dodge the police.

The race on Saturday was announced for the early hour of half-past eight, in order that the steamers might have to leave London at such an hour as might secure a comparatively small attendance. "The advantage of this plan," says the *Times* report, "was evident from the extreme scantiness of the passengers which the few steamers at Mortlake had on board." But, in spite of the early hour and "cold gusty morning," there was no lack of spectators. It is clear that some greater counter-attraction than hot rolls and muffins is needed to overcome the difficulties of the case and ensure a comfortable start at the hour appointed. The banks were lined with horse and foot. Hammersmith Bridge was black with lookers on, some of whom climbed high upon the chains which suspend it. Nor were the ladies behindhand. A good sprinkling of light-blue and dark-blue dresses and bonnets diversified the dull mass. Roads and fields at Putney were crowded with cabs and carriages. As for the "few steamers," there were at least fourteen or fifteen of them; quite enough to churn up the quiet river into a sea of dingy foam, and—but for the intense exertions of Sir Richard Mayne, represented by half a dozen policemen in a small boat, and of the umpire, in his steamer—to spoil the start and the race twenty times over. The state of the wind, and the tide, which had turned earlier than was anticipated, made it necessary to reverse the course and row down from Mortlake to Putney at a later hour than that first announced. Accordingly, the steamers all proceeded up to Mortlake, and the tide of spectators there assembled began to ebb towards Hammersmith and Putney. At Mortlake were the crews in two masses of dark and light blue, upon the bank, awaiting the arrival of their boats from Putney. Soon the boats arrive; the crews get into them from an osier-bed just above the mass of puffing monsters crammed together in the narrow part of the stream. Cambridge is on the water first, and, the Oxford dark blue soon following, both boats proceed, amid loud shouts from their respective supporters, to gain by a narrow passage among the steamers the two buoys placed for the starting-point opposite Barker's Rails. Meanwhile, some six steamers had got well below the starting-point, and till they had been brought back no start could take place. This was at last effected by great exertions on the part of the umpire. But by the time they had moved back, another *contretemps* occurred. A barge, ruthlessly keeping on its course down the river, carried away the Cambridge buoy just as the light-blue were in their place. Then the police-boat came on the scene to recover and replace the buoy. The Cambridge boat had to drop down stream, to turn and thread its way back through the passage between the steamers, to turn once more, and regain its place above. But no sooner was Cambridge ready than the Oxford buoy was fouled by the clumsy steam-tug, *Jupiter*. *Jupiter* puffed and puffed in vain. He was found to be aground on the Middlesex shore. Meanwhile, some of the steamers had again been carried down by the tide. The result was that, as the Oxford spokesman, Mr. Carr, feelingly complained at the dinner, "though the day might just as well have been cold or raining, the men were kept waiting in the middle of the river with nothing but their jerseys on; while steamers ran up at each side of them creating such confusion that they had almost to start themselves without any umpire at all." A start, however, was

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accomplished at last. About twenty minutes after ten (the race, if from Mortlake, was to be at half-past nine) Mr. Searle gave the word. Away shot the boats, like arrows, leaving *Jupiter* still panting on his sand-bank, and soon getting clear of the mass of other marine deities or demons—jostling, bumping, and ploughing up the troubled waters in their wake.

Of the race itself there is not much to say. The light blue, with their quicker and more flurried stroke, for a moment drew the nose of the Cambridge boat ahead. But the massive, solid stroke of Oxford, albeit at first a little quicker and less steady than usual, soon began to tell. In a moment more the boats were even. Then Oxford drew ahead. At the "Ship," at Mortlake, Oxford came in front of their opponents and took their water, thus giving them the wash of the leading boat. At the Railway Bridge dark blue were three lengths ahead, at Hammersmith nearly six, and, the distance steadily increasing, they passed the post at Putney twenty-two seconds before Cambridge, rowing within themselves, and winning with comparative ease by a distance variously stated at from seven to twelve boats' lengths.

The way in which the umpire in his steamer was left with the rest quite out of sight of the race towards the close of it, would scarcely have been satisfactory to that functionary had he been called upon to decide any question arising more than a few minutes after the start. Luckily no such question could very well arise, the race being more or less hollow from first to last. The public of the steamers, tolerably numerous, though less than half what they are on ordinary occasions, consoled themselves with the fact that there was nothing more to see, as the race was decided; with "chaff" among themselves, and with the pleasing excitement of being violently jerked at every other instant down on to the deck from the paddle-boxes and other posts of vantage which they occupied, by the constant collisions which took place among these "rampaging monsters." It is strange that the steamers were all so thoroughly distanced. The reason given is that the tide was running more rapidly than usual at the time of these races, which are generally rowed in slack water. But why a rapid tide should help rowing-boats more than steamers it is difficult to see. The true cause probably was that the race was an uncommonly fast one, and that the steamers, jammed together in the narrow part of the river at starting, jostled and impeded each other more than usual. Considering how much trouble the steamers give and how little their inmates saw, it would seem desirable, if practicable, another year, to forbid steamers altogether, except one really fast boat for the umpire.

The result of the race was generally expected. Oxford had everything in her favour, and it would have been strange if the state of the odds, 5 or 6 to 4 before starting, had not been justified by the result. Not only had Mr. Hoare, the Oxford stroke, already rowed twice before in winning races against Cambridge, but the whole crew of last year remained this year to choose from. Oxford had bigger and heavier men than Cambridge. She had choice of sides and took the Middlesex shore, decidedly the best. Moreover, the pretty lively north-west wind made roughish water—all in favour of the strong, steady Oxford style. To add to all this, the Cambridge steerer is said to have made a mistake during the race which cost his boat some lengths.

Few will doubt that Mr. Hoare, in spite of the sudden and heart-rending loss which has befallen his family, did right in deciding to remain at his post and take the most conspicuous part in this almost national contest between our two great schools of learning and manliness and worth. The captain of an Oxford "eight" may well have the same kind of feeling for his university as a candidate for the palm at Olympia must have had for his native State, and may think that to do his best for her, under almost any circumstances, is a public duty. Many who saw the race will have read the spirited and beautiful description of a similar contest at Henley in the opening chapter of Mr. Reade's new novel in "All the Year Round," and will think of the sister who asked "whether it would be very wrong to pray that Oxford may win?"

It is interesting to know that of the twenty recorded contests between the Universities since 1829, each University has now won ten. Cambridge was well ahead; but Oxford, by the events of this and the last two years, has come up to her. No doubt another year will make large gaps in the ranks of the boating heroes who have gained Oxford so many laurels. On the other hand, Cambridge has no reason to be discouraged. If she has been beaten, it is only because Oxford has been unusually fortunate in her captain, and unusually rich in first-rate oarsmen.

Next year will be a race of unusual interest, and each side will be sure more than ever to strain every nerve to prepare for it. We sincerely wish both Oxford and Cambridge good captains and crews, united counsels, a fair stage, and the absence of all *contretemps*, a much closer race than this year, and that the best men may win the conquering heat.

NATAL AND MANCHESTER AT WAR.

NATAL is firmly resolved to die in armour. He is full of fight. This, indeed, seems a characteristic grace of Colonials. One Colonial not very long ago poured shot into a hostile craft on the sea, and forgetting that this is not the sort of excellence which is expected to distinguish a Christian minister, he wrote home to the *Times* a long report, deliciously enlarging on the precision of his aim and the number of pirates he left dead upon the deck. Another Colonial from Natal, of no ordinary notoriety, has opened fire on Moses, on the Prophets, and on the Old Testament in general, and returning from this field of controversy, he has sent a farewell round shot from London into Manchester. Having, as he reverently believes, slain Moses and Aaron, his two greatest opponents, he thinks he will be able to make short work of Dr. Lee, of Manchester. We incline to think this new and unexpected episode in the episcopal war will do a deal of good. Better have a good hot discussion than that cold and stagnant acquiescence in traditional beliefs which deprecates all interruption of the *otium cum dignitate*, a condition, by the way, which has been too long a favourite diocese in England. The hurricane may disturb the sleepers, but it purifies the air. A living dog is preferable to a dead lion, and so the pugnacious Natal Colonial is better than a somnolent Anglican prelate of the high and dry type. A good fighting bishop is a capital blister. He keeps his brethren awake, counteracts the opiate tendencies of a mitre, and helps the laity to feel that in the Church and the Bible there is something worthy of a thorough stand-up fight.

We must however add, however painful, that while we appreciate colonial pluck, we estimate colonial logic at a very low figure, and Natal theology at a lower still. The present Natal and Manchester skirmish arose from Dr. Lee, the Bishop of the latter diocese, having made a speech at a Church Missionary meeting about three weeks ago, in which, speaking of his untamed brother of Natal, he said:—

> "The very foundations of our faith, the very basis of our hopes, the very nearest and dearest of our consolations, are taken from us, when one line of that sacred volume, on which we base everything, is declared to be unfaithful and untrustworthy. We have, I trust, not been wanting in our duty in remonstrating with the party who has thus offended. I trust it is not thought, because we endeavoured to use words of temper and discretion, that we were backward in expressing the horror and grief with which we viewed what had been done. I have no hesitation in saying that there is no phrase which a Christian or a gentleman could use that I am not prepared to use in reprobation of the spirit which animates that work."

These are far severer terms than we have ventured to employ in our strictures on Dr. Colenso. But they are as just as they are expressive. They reflect the mind of many honest and thoughtful men, whether they be Churchmen or Nonconformists, who may probably have understood the Bishop of Manchester to mean, not that our version of the Bible is exempt in every line from such inaccuracies as copyists or translators may have introduced, but that its authority as the Word of God is the basis of the Christian faith. But our controversialist of Natal no sooner scents the battle from afar, than he assumes a fighting attitude, unlimbers his gun, and gives Manchester a hint not to boast in putting on his armour as one that puts it off. His missive consists of two parts. The first is concluded in these jubilant and defiant words:—

> "I am glad that your lordship has thus distinctly raised this question, and thrown down a challenge, which I now take up deliberately in the face of the whole Church and nation. The object of my work is to show that the real value of the Bible as a teacher of divine truth is not affected by the unhistorical character of certain narratives, or by other errors in matters of fact which the progress of critical, historical, and scientific research may detect from time to time in other parts of the sacred volume."

Let us examine this alleged object of the bishop's work. It was the natural impression of his readers that if the bishop had proved Moses not to have been the writer of the Pentateuch, and the main historic records of Genesis and Exodus not to be true or actual and reliable matters of fact, he would have damaged the claims of every writer in the New Testament, and disparaged so far the teaching of the divine Founder of Christianity. The Apostle Paul, in his addresses, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and in his Epistle to the Hebrews (xi. 23–29), expressly declares Moses to have been a living historic person, and the incidents recorded in Genesis to have actually occurred. In

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the same chapter he recognizes as literal facts the Noachian deluge, and the passage of the Red Sea. St. Peter does the same. If these writers were so deceived themselves, or, knowing what Dr. Colenso believes, have so deceived us, on what ground can we accept them as in any sense or degree inspired men? If they have so blundered or so deceived us in these "earthly things" what reason have we left for supposing that they have informed us aright, or were themselves instructed aright in "heavenly things?" He of whom it is written, "Never man spake like this man," speaks of the deluge as a fact, and Noah as an historic person who lived and was miraculously saved in his day. Of Moses he says, "He wrote of Me," and to the words of Moses He attaches an efficacy so divine, that He puts into the mouth of another: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets neither will be they persuaded if one rose from the dead."

But that we may see how Dr. Colenso appreciates the force—the destructive force—of his supposed disproofs of Scripture facts, let us here quote his own words from his second volume, pp. 170, 171:—

"Now, however, that we are able to feel that we stand on sure ground, when we assert that these books, whatever be their value, with whatever pious purpose they were written, and whatever excellent lessons they may teach, are not removed from the sphere of critical enquiry, by possessing any such divine infallibility as has been usually ascribed to them, there is a multitude of other difficulties, inconsistencies, and impossibilities, which will be at once apparent if we examine carefully the scripture narrative. Without at present stopping to consider those which arise from examining the story of creation and the fall as given in the first chapters of Genesis by the light of modern science, we will here notice the contradictions which exist between the first account of creation in Genesis i., and the second account in Genesis ii."

We appeal to the common sense of our readers, how could a book replete with "difficulties, inconsistencies, and impossibilities" be trustworthy in its most vital doctrinal portions? If the writers knew no better, and therefore have unconsciously introduced legends and fables as facts and truths, how can we accept them as credible witnesses of yet sublimer facts, or trustworthy writers of yet more precious truths? The destruction of the Old Testament is logically and inevitably the destruction of the New also; the two do not depend on *adhesion*, which may be severed without injury to either; they exist by *cohesion*, and therefore both must stand or both must fall; they are one homogeneous work.

The Bishop of Natal, not seeing the drift of his opinions, sends another farewell shot to his brother of Manchester, which he labels "the hare" or "chew-the-cud" shot:—

"I would beg, however, to be permitted to ask, assuming that the above words are correctly reported, whether your lordship does really mean to say that 'the very foundations of our faith, the very basis of our hopes, the very nearest and dearest of our consolations, are taken from us,' when it is declared that such a statement as that in Lev. xi., 6, viz., that the hare 'chews the cud'—which is there represented as resting upon the authority of the Almighty Creator Himself—'Jehovah spake unto Moses and Aaron,'—is not a 'faithful and trustworthy' account of a very well-known fact in natural history, and that, consequently, the words in question could never have been really uttered by the Almighty?"

As this brilliant discovery does not appear in his work, we may assume he has lately stumbled upon it. Moses no doubt writes, "Jehovah said unto Moses and to Aaron," "The hare, because he cheweth the cud but divideth not the hoof, he is unclean unto you." On this the Bishop quotes a note of Professor Owen, whence taken he does not condescend to inform us, which is in these words, "the hare does not chew the cud, it has not the stomach of a ruminant animal." No authority is higher than Professor Owen's on comparative anatomy. But a long-disputed question like this must not be so summarily settled by Dr. Colenso's alleged note from Professor Owen, which, after all, may be "unhistorical." We decline, however, at present to enter on the tempting field of debate thus opened to Christendom. We leave Dr. Lee to settle this curious point with his South African brother; and we leave Dr. Colenso to ruminate, like his friend the hare, upon Dr. Lee's reply, when, chewing the cud of repentance, he will in himself present an interesting zoological illustration, without the "cloven hoof," of that animal species. Should the defeat which he may expect lead the Bishop of Natal to select healthier pastures and purer streams for the future, he may derive from this incidental collision a considerable amount of personal benefit. In the meantime, he may just be reminded that, even on the question of natural history to which he has needlessly referred, opinions have not always been on his side. Thus Michaelis, after stating that "no two sportsmen concur in giving the same answer" to the question whether the hare chews the cud, considers it "one of those doubtful cases, which, as in the case of the camel's foot, the legislator was obliged to decide authoritatively." The poet Cowper, who domesticated three tame hares, and studied their habits with great attention, asserts that "they chewed the cud all day till evening." In the case of the camel the division of the hoof is partial and imperfect, the division not extending the whole length, and being so far doubtful, it is excluded. So the hare may not have the intestinal structure of a ruminant animal, such as the cow; but as in the opposite case of the camel's hoof, it has so great an approximation to a ruminating animal in its habits, that it has impressed most observers with the belief that it is actually so. Dr. Eadie states in his dictionary that "the ruminant character is a fact in the case of some species of the hare." All who have discussed this old and somewhat obsolete objection agree that the hare has an action of the mouth—the whetting of its incisor teeth—which appears to an ordinary observer very similar to chewing the cud. But what a point is this, in such a controversy as that in which the Bishop of Natal has embarked!

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.

THE enamelling trial of some eight months ago, her vast business and establishments in both hemispheres for the supply and manufacture of her miraculous cosmetics, are not enough for Madame Rachel. Still sighing for new worlds to conquer, and burning with that missionary spirit which always accompanies sincere belief; uneasy in her heart while yet one fashionable woman in London remains unenamelled, and consequently without the full and perpetual benefit of her charms; sad that her great discovery should be so misrepresented as it has been lately by profane writers, who accuse her of drying up the pores of the skin by a hardening process and of other enormities, Madame Rachel can contain herself no longer. She has taken up her parable, and put forth her profession of faith in a neat pink pamphlet of twenty-four pages, at the modest price of half-a-crown. The streets of May Fair and Belgravia, and the Strand itself, teem with small human sandwiches, upon which her immortal work, "Beautiful for Ever! Madame Rachel on Female Grace and Beauty!" is advertised in rose-coloured letters. In the columns of the *Times*, too, its publication is duly proclaimed. If the old unenamelled world of men and women still goes on walking, talking, marrying and giving in marriage, dressing and rouging in its old way, it is not for want of the warning voice of a prophetess in their midst. Nor is the book entrusted to the sale of ordinary booksellers. It is dispensed by the priestess's own hands at her own mysterious shrine in Bond-street. A tract is of little use if it does not lead its reader to attendance at church or chapel; and even this immortal work, if merely read and thrown aside unheeded, might make little impression upon the world. Madame Rachel, therefore, invites the world to smell the rose upon the tree; to gather up the leaves of the oracle (neatly sewn and covered) at the shrine itself, in the hope that some at least who come to buy, to look about them and to "chaff" or scoff, may remain to be sold, to be converted, to be enamelled, or even to be made beautiful for ever, by the "Magnetic Rock Dew Water of the Sahara."

Cruelly, indeed, has the Pythia of Bond-street been misunderstood and wronged, by husbands and juries, by the press and by mankind. It is not merely, or primarily, the physical grace and beauty of woman with which Madame Rachel is concerned. No! Woman's moral grace and excellence, woman's moral ascendancy, her mission as the civilizer and consoler of mankind,—these are the great ends and interests which this new female apostle of beauty is devoting a lifetime to promote. Of course moral grace and ascendancy are not to be had without due attention to outward appearance. "We trust our gentle readers will not deem us too presuming in again stating that, as it has been a pleasure to us to speak of the mental and moral beauties of woman, so it has been and ever will be our pleasure to improve their health and personal charms." But, after all, these are mere accessories, mere means to the great end. Let there be no misunderstanding in future. It is in order that woman may worthily fulfil her high mission in the world that Madame Rachel has opened her shop in Bond-street.

Accordingly, a full half of the pamphlet is devoted to a eulogy of the moral virtues of the sex. "Our glorious and beloved Queen, who, bright and beautiful, came forth to the nation in her young and lovely girlhood," of course is first alluded to. Next the three royal brides of the last few years are brought forward to exemplify "how wise and good has ever been the influence of beautiful woman." "Yes! beautiful for ever shall be the name of such lovely women and of thousands and tens of thousands of others who could be extolled for their virtues and womanly traits." Then Florence Nightingale and the Crimean Sisters of Mercy; Jessie

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Maclean, the heroine of Lucknow; Grace Darling,—"Grace by name and grace by nature;" the poor ballet girl, Smith, who sacrificed her life in endeavouring to save her burning companion at the Princess's Theatre; "the lovely and erring Magdalen," reclaimed by the intercession of her more fortunate sister; all these instances of moral beauty are touched upon in turn.

Having thus enlisted the sympathies of the fashionable, the charitable, the naval and military, and the theatrical world, and even of the demi-monde itself—and having also set herself right as to her own object in life, the authoress proceeds to deprecate neglect of dress—one of the main causes of the loss of woman's influence. Many neglect dress "under the impression that *déshabille* is charming." But "we would urge that what is pleasure to one is pain to another in more instances than one." Especially at this time should all women duly adorn themselves to welcome the Princess Alexandra,—

"Greeting her with loving hearts and joyous faces—such should be the tribute of Albion's fair and lovely daughters to the gentle Danish Princess.

"Yes, we say, come forth bright Albion's fair and graceful daughters; on such a festal day come forth, arrayed in your sparkling gems and radiant beauty, and add lustre, by your matchless charms, to the joyous day that fills England with gladness."

"Come forth!" we fancy we hear this Pythoness continue (if the words of the book may be supplemented by those of the advertisement given with it), "Come forth, radiant with Madame Rachel's Royal and costly Arabian spices and perfumes, which were presented in golden vases by the ladies of Paris to the Empress Eugenie, under the name of the Senses of Peace! Come forth and greet your future Queen with faces joyous with Alabaster Powder, Royal Arabian Soap, Alabaster Liquid, Circassian Bloom, and Arab Bloom Powder, sold by Madame Rachel, sole maker, possessor, and inventor—(attendances without enamelling, £5; with enamelling, £160 and upwards). Come forth and worthily exercise the wise and good influence of women, your eyes bright with my Circassian Preparation for the Eyes, your hair with Magnetic Cream and Arabian Oils, and your teeth with Blanchinette Enamel Wash; your breath sweet with Pure Extracts of the Lilies; your foreheads smooth with the Armenian Liquid for Removing Wrinkles; your bodies renewed and purified with the Magnetic Rock Dew Water from Sahara, which may be called the Antipodes of the Lethean Styx!"

But the "gentle reader" about this time becomes impatient to know something more definite of the means by which Madame Rachel's great results are achieved. An extract from the *Illustrated News* of January 24th, 1846, will enlighten him. It appears that at that time the physician to the Emperor of Morocco was in England, and through that respectable journal he made known the secret of the Magnetic Rock Dew Water to the world. Madame Rachel at once seized the opportunity, and secured her prize. She has now "the sole right of importing it in its pure state; the privilege of which right was purchased at an enormous outlay from the Government of Morocco, and which has gained her world-renowned fame."

Part of the newspaper extract, and of Madame Rachel's comments on it, deserve quoting:—

"In the interior of Sahara, or the Great Desert, is a magnetic rock, from which a water distils, sparingly, in the form of dew, which is possessed of extraordinary properties. It appears to have the property of increasing the vital energies, as it restores the colour of grey hair, apparently by renewing the circulation in its capillary tubes, the cessation of which occasions greyness. And it gives the appearance of youth to persons of considerable antiquity.

"This water is brought to Morocco, on swift dromedaries, for the use of the Court, and its virtues are much extolled by the physician; it might be called the antipodes of the Lethean Styx of ancient times.

"Though its virtues are inexplicable by the lights of science, they cannot be denied in the face of sufficient credentials. In the caravans which cross the Sahara, the water, which is carried in skins, is sometimes all dried up suddenly by the hot winds; but to this medicinal water such an accident has never happened."

The commentary is certainly worthy of this text:—

"The high respectability of the journal from which the above is quoted is a sufficient guarantee of its authenticity. Were further proofs needed, the Ambassadors from the Court of Morocco can testify to the Magnetic Rock's existence.

"And should other proofs be wanting, we will merely refer to the late trial, where, in a public court of justice, the author had subpœned (*sic*) some of the first medical men of the day, to whom she appealed in open court for confirmation of her assertion that her process had been effective.

"The learned counsel opposed to the writer on that occasion admitted the services that had been rendered, but pleaded, for the husband of the lady who had derived benefit from the writer's skill, talents, and labour, that he was not bound by law to pay for such a costly and elaborate luxury.

"But it has ever been admitted that there are two sides to a question, and that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and, to quote from the *Morning Advertiser*, 'If ladies put faith in enamelling, and derive benefit from it, they are bound, as ladies, to pay for it.'"

Come, then, all young ladies, matrons, dowagers, and persons of considerable antiquity, to Madame Rachel. Other cosmetics are composed "of the most deadly leads and other injurious matter." Madame Rachel's are made "of the purest, rarest, and most fragrant productions of Arabia, Syria, Sahara, Central India, China, and Japan, collected and imported regardless of expense."

The person who would be beautiful for ever must first, it seems, go through "a simple course of medical treatment." She must then constantly use the Arabian medicated bath. From the use of this bath the women of Eastern nations derive their matchless beauty. The Turkish bath is denounced as fatally deleterious. The Arabian is the secret of health and loveliness. What is the Arabian bath? Go to Bond-street and you may see. Madame Rachel, sole importer of the Magnetic Rock Dew Water, and of the choice Eastern herbs, &c., alone has the materials to make it and the knowledge to use them.

And shall this Hebrew Cassandra still preach to the world in vain? Shall Barnum succeed in the Broadway, and Rachel fail in Bond-street? Shall crowds abet and applaud an insulting cabman at her door, who tells her that "he can paint her ladies' eyes better than she can paint their cheeks,"—and this to her face and in allusion to her daughter, doubtless long since made beautiful for ever by the Arabian bath? It cannot be. The season is just coming on. The sandwich advertisements, the eloquent pamphlet, the trial of the process itself, cannot fail to convert the whole world of the "Court Guide," and the whole world out of it. Not a lady but will rush to refresh herself with this elixir of life and beauty, and not a husband but will cheerfully pay the little bill, if it amount to a thousand pounds! And next year's season, when all London has been made "beautiful for ever," and female influence and female charms have been restored to their legitimate ascendancy, will dawn on a brighter, a better, and a happier world.

CHINESE ORNAMENT.

The sale of the very large collection of Chinese porcelain, bronzes, enamels, carvings, &c., formed by Mr. William Russell, which was going on about a fortnight ago, at Messrs. Christie & Manson's, offered an unusually good opportunity for gaining a general estimate of the real merits of the Chinese as art workmen. At the same time, there were in this collection bronze vases supposed to represent the workmanship of these people at a time so remote as 1200 B.C., and many other objects by which the course of Chinese ornamental art might be traced certainly from very ancient times down to the modern enamel work to be seen in the capstand brought from the summer palace of the Emperor. As to the assumed antiquity of these objects, it must always be remembered that it rests entirely on the records of the Chinese as to the dates of the dynasties, certain official marks or signets of which the objects bear. But, as we have not discovered any new reasons why faith should be placed in a people who regard lies and deceit as national virtues, their claims to an acquaintance with so much of the arts as these bronzes show, at that early date, must be regarded with great suspicion. However, if we admitted these dates and then compared the work with that of the Egyptians, which belongs with far greater certainty to a much earlier date, we should see that it is very inferior in ornamental design.

We may look in vain amongst these early Chinese objects for anything equal to the Assyrian work in metal, stone, and ivory; and if we take the Greek antique as the standard it is to see still more plainly how the Chinese, starting from the same archaic ornament, never improved upon it as the Western nations did. Thus it is curious to see the Greek fret ornament perpetually repeated; whether it is upon the earliest vessels in gold and bronze, upon porcelain, modern furniture, or the most recent garden fence in Pekin, there is the old fret in stamped work, inlay, painted, or through-cut.

It is so with their architecture, which is ornament in a wide sense. Their houses are all only a more durable form of tent, the roof retaining the curved sweep of the nomad's house of skins; their palaces and temples the mere piling of one of these tent-like chambers on the top of another. Then, as to the supports, to this day their columns are as like tent-poles as possible, having no capitals, and, strictly speaking, are not columns. The ignorance of the Chinese as to the ornamental capabilities of the column is peculiarly characteristic of their style, if we may so dignify their manner; the idea of supplanting their tent-poles by a support

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suggesting any natural forms never entered their heads. They would never, like the Egyptians, have invented columns from observing the natural grace of the papyrus stem and flower; or, like the Assyrian, composed the bulls' and horses' heads into capitals. Great imitators, they have remained copyists from themselves for ages. They employ natural forms of every kind about them—plants, flowers, fruits, reptiles, fishes, birds, and beasts—these they more often employ in precise imitation than in conventional treatment, adopting rather than adapting them. Their porcelain vases and bottles are frequently in the shape of gourds, or fish; and their bronze incense-burners are very generally in the form of stags, ducks, cranes, elephants, and other animals, sometimes with the figure of a fakir seated upon them. But we must do them the justice to say that these objects are often cleverly modelled, and the forms of the vases and bottles very carefully and correctly designed, with very pure and rich tints of colour. Still, from the oldest to the most recent we can find no disposition to invent; no such perfection of ornament as is so remarkable in the Greek vases, and none of their delightful fancy in the endless variety of borders and other details; not even the creative faculty to be observed in the painted patterns of an Egyptian mummy-case. The large vases which are now regularly manufactured in China expressly to meet the European taste for Chinese things, differ from the old ones only in their size and inferior quality. In one quarter of a century after the art had been learnt from China the workshops of Dresden, Sèvres, and Worcester had developed it in every direction far higher than the Chinese have ever done, though they possessed the secret of the clays and the colours so early as 163 B.C., and had brought their porcelain to perfection by about 1278 A.D., according to the laborious researches of M. Stanislaus Julien. It is singular that they should not have carried glass-making to any perfection; specimens of an opaque kind of glass, like the Venetian *aventurine*, are very rare. There were two small tortoise-shell coloured vases in the collection we are speaking of evidently ground and polished by the lathe. It is, however, this permanent character which gives Chinese work the style that we see still captivates the connoisseurs, and leads the Beckfords and Bernals of the day to spend a fortune on crockery. There are still numbers to whom the lines written of Horace Walpole are equally applicable:—

> "China's the passion of his soul;
> A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
> Can kindle wishes in his breast,
> Inflame with joy, or break his rest."

Many little cups and saucers in this collection of Mr. Russell's were sold for from four to six guineas; one choice set of the old eggshell china, painted crimson, with flowers etched in Indian ink on white medallions, which once belonged to the Beckford collection, realized this price for each cup and saucer, though sold separately.

If there had not been some enthusiastic virtuosi among the Chinese, we should not have seen any of their interesting bronzes; they must have perished in a climate certainly not so favourable for preserving them as that of Egypt. Confucius refers to the museums formed by persons of rank; he mentions Lin-Tze, a minister of state, and Tung Choo (A.D. 200), who were collectors. In the time of Lord Macartney's embassy, the viceroy of Canton, Yuen Yuen, was a great collector. The practice of burying vases with the dead led to many being dug up to be sold to the museums; so that, notwithstanding the edict of Tsin-Che Hwang-Te, the builder of the Great Wall, ordering all memorials of the past to be destroyed, and all books burnt, many have escaped. The oldest ornament seen upon these is the fret-work stamped in a band round the body of the three-legged vessels; and the shape of these rude vases, excepting the legs, is not unlike the earthen vases found in British tumuli. They were used only for religious purposes; those of gold, and with three legs, being significant of the possessor's imperial rank; those of fine copper, with four legs, being for ministers of state; while to the literati were allotted iron vases. In the matter of prize cups, the Chinese are far before us; they gave them as rewards for agriculture in their earliest times, and the cup was preserved as a family honour; many of these bear the words "sheep," "ox," "hog," besides the universal ornamental work in fretted lines, and strange pieces in relief, with something like a rude eye here and there, which was the Chinese artist's way of representing the all-seeing eye of the Almighty One looking out of the clouds and thunder. Generally, too, the dragon Lung, god of rain, is to be traced in the clouds; he is an important ornamental personage on everything—he forms the imperial heraldry, and makes the great figure in the carnival in his honour known as the Feast of Lanterns.

Another ornamental form is the globe in relief, with the strange conventional clouds and thunder as supporters at the sides, perhaps with a few curved lines ending in an involuted spiral. An example of this kind was the vase 718, said to be about 1200 years B.C. 727 and 728 were other examples; and 912, an incense burner, showed the circle enclosed in a raised diamond fret on a tooled ground—a very good piece of ornamental arrangement. The circle is the symbol of perfection, or the male sex; the square represents the female, and inferiority. Fuh he, the founder of the empire (B.C. 3300), laid this down. The handles of these vases are generally formed of some animal's head and neck, often the lynx, a lizard, or the fabulous kylin—a sort of Cerberus, upon whom the Chinese delight to lavish all their powers of displaying the grotesque and the terrible combined. The wine vases are frequently of good form, not unlike the glass we know as a beaker. The ornament upon them is often arranged in a leaf-shape, the point rising towards the brim, as in the beaker 903 in this sale.

In enamel work the Chinese show precisely the same cleverness up to a certain point, without any development. It is evident that they were early familiar with the art, and its application to metal work, but the enamelled cap-stand in this collection shows no advance upon the earliest specimens. They used the champlevé, the cloissonné, and the painted enamel, but the former processes they excelled in. The best examples have a decided Persian character, noticeable generally on the bowls, as in 337, which has a very elegant running pattern of flowers. No. 332 showed the Persian physiognomy, in the three female musicians playing musical instruments like long shepherds' pipes, very distinctly. Another good example of early work was the oblong tray, 340. In all of these the design is too good for Chinese art; and, moreover, it resembles some modern Turkish enamellings that are very common. The colours are remarkable for purity of tint, as is generally the case. The probability is that the better specimens are due to Persian and other teachings, and the coarser work of the screens and other objects belongs to the Chinese entirely, as the conventional design always shows.

It is remarkable that in painting, as seen on china and other materials, the Chinese show the greatest facility and aptness in imitating natural forms and colours, of flowers especially; and yet they exhibit so little pictorial faculty. Here, again, it would seem they are radically deficient in the true endowments of art. They have not the power to idealize and create a new work from the suggestions of nature; they could not conceive a Doric column, nor carve an Apollo, nor paint a picture. Lumqua, one of their first modern painters of those strange fac-simile figures representing the sort of Rake's Progress of the Opium-eater, said very naïvely: "What see can do, what no see no can do." This they do also in the solid with equal perfection, as might be observed in the extraordinary toy-group 1239, in Mr. Russell's collection. In this the artist was not satisfied with imitating to the life a Tartar of rank on horseback going hawking with a stout countryman servant and the hawks, but he made the heads and the eyes move with the slightest tremour. This curious example was brought home by Lord Macartney. After all, perhaps, the best example of Chinese art-work,—though, it is true, a gross, yet glorious caricature,—is the familiar willow-pattern plate of our tables; this may really be studied as a perfect compendium of their art.

The poverty of their design is seen in the way they carry out the imitating principle into all objects of personal use. The hardest stones they cut with infinite labour into the form of fruits, flowers, and animals, where other people far behind them in the actual technical means produce beautiful boxes in chased and engraved metal, with pictures in enamel, with jewels set in ornamental forms and with endless fancy displayed in all kinds of work.

Closely connected with this crude use of natural objects is that love of the grotesque and its brother feeling for the terrible which belong to all people in a primitive or savage state. We find it in the ancient Mexican works of Yucatan, in the American aborigines, in the Islanders of the Pacific, in the Scandinavian and old Norsemen, in our own Norman carvings of monsters that grin at us in sacred places in such incongruous companionship with saints, martyrs, and heroes. Indeed, there are abundant examples of the same condition in the archaic works of the Greeks. It is as if Gibbon's remark, "that the savage tribes of mankind as they approach nearer the condition of animals preserve a stronger resemblance to themselves and to each other," were confirmed by the similarity of the archaic ornament in widely-separated nations. The peculiarity as to the Chinese is, that with great manipulative skill, extraordinary imitative faculty, and some chemical art, their art has never felt the influence of moral and intellectual culture, and therefore it remains barbaric in intention, however admirable

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as workmanship. As M. Emile Montégut so well says:—"Le génie de l'artiste n'est pas tout dans les arts, il lui faut une matière sur laquelle il puisse s'exercer, et cette matière sa volonté est impuissante à lui donner; c'est l'humanité qui fournit à l'artiste cette matière morale."

A RAGGED CHURCH.

This is a peculiar and characteristic institution. To a common mind it seems a repellant rather than attractive name. It appears like an attempt to destroy that beautiful feature so well defined in the words, "the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." But a thorough consideration of the facts will modify this fear, and vindicate the expediency, at least, of such an experiment. There is a class of our fellow-creatures so steeped in vice and dirt, that it is impossible to endure their promiscuous mixing with an ordinary congregation. This is not mere affectation. It is painfully real. The case, therefore, resolves itself into this:—Either you must insist on their weekly baptism in hot water, with plenty of soap, on the Sunday morning, and furnish them with clean shirts and trowsers or petticoats, which they would to a certainty pawn or sell for gin on the Monday, or you must localize them in some part of the parish church or other place of congregation, within restrictive and impassable barriers. Now it does seem, to our mind, much less objectionable and less annoying to their *amour propre*, to give them a place of worship entirely their own, into which they may statedly come, and neither take nor give offence. It must never be forgotten, in any discussion of the merits of this question, that ragged churchmen are not decent labourers or mechanics, or what is called the working classes. They are tramps, beggars, or people of nameless condition, wrecks of a life of drunkenness and vice, who, if invited and welcomed, will not enter a regular place of worship. They form a caste, as plainly marked as if they were a distinct race from that of the English people.

An experiment of this kind has been carried on for ten years in a place called Brewer's-court, Wild-street, Drury-lane, the centre of a district more degraded, more destitute, and more demoralized than is to be found in any of the eastern districts of London. Every Sunday morning, at eleven o'clock, 200 miserable-looking specimens of the human family assemble in the ragged church there, famished, wretchedly clad, and dirty, beyond the power of description. The psalmody with which the service begins is very imperfect; the attitude and aspect of the worshippers, at first sight, are anything but encouraging. Some grown lads did not understand at first whether they were to kneel or sit or fall on their faces or stand upon their heads during prayers. Of the 200, some forty are able to read, and one, perhaps the begging-letter-writer, has reached the accomplishment of writing. From thirty to forty of the congregation partake of the Communion once a quarter. These are the more advanced and better instructed, who have been recovered from a life of evil, trained and taught by the minister; and it is to the credit of his labours that scarcely any great delinquency has hitherto disgraced them since they joined. During the winter months, a loaf of bread is distributed to each worshipper by the minister after he has pronounced the benediction, for which he has many willing and waiting recipients, as might be supposed. Several instances of lasting moral impression and elevation have occurred. The ragged child in the school has led the minister to the ragged parent, and the ragged parent in the church on Sunday has guided the minister to the ragged family on the Monday. A neighbouring congregation furnishes, by subscription, funds to defray the cost of this experiment. Its members frequently respond to appeals made to their benevolence, in the shape of clothes and medical comforts for the most destitute or the sick. A very interesting proof of what may be done at little cost in a case of this kind, is worth recording as a hint to others. A kind-hearted gentleman, having one day listened to the annual sermon in aid of the funds of the Ragged Church and School, came into the vestry at the close of the service, and said that, while at sea in his yacht, his crew had often caught great quantities of fish, which, having no use for it, they cast into the sea again. If the minister of the Ragged Church would undertake to distribute a hamper-full of good fish among this destitute people, he would send, carriage paid, a large hamper containing soles, flounders, and skate. This he did on three successive occasions, and the destitute poor received each a good fish dinner, to their great and rare satisfaction. A benevolent lady likewise finds sewing for women who have no children, and situations for girls who can be trusted. But the great perplexity is what to do with convicted lads, expired ticket-of-leave men, and jail-birds. These have lost their character, and to them stealing or begging, or both, are sheer necessities. It might surely be possible to find even for these some sort of hard work, to which no responsibility or temptation is attached.

It is interesting to notice that on Tuesday, March the 10th, the 200 miserable men and women who form the ragged church, with their 300 ragged children, sat down to a capital dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, furnished by a few friends, the minister presiding, and in cups of ale sufficient they drank health and happiness to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and wound up all with "God save the Queen."

We may here remark, that it is surely of no slight importance that the ignorant, degraded, vicious, who do exist among the London poor, should be brought into contact with the grand and elevating lessons of religion; also that they should be, to some extent, relieved in poverty, and introduced, where it is possible, to employment. Assuredly it must exert a healing and restorative and kindly influence on men who feel they have sunk so low, to see disinterested persons encountering prodigious difficulties, and very disagreeable incidents, simply to do them good. No beneficent effort is unfruitful at last. Every attempt to do good must at some time, and somewhere, and in some degree succeed. It is a heartless cynicism which tries to make out that every such effort is a failure, and which loves to deride the work of charity which it cannot appreciate.

It is impossible to doubt that such an institution contributes in its degree in more ways than one to lessen the amount of vice, ignorance, and wretchedness that was set forth in our account of an "unilluminated spot," amid the late universal blaze. It is not by comprehensive and magnificent schemes for converting the world, but by each one weeding and cultivating the garden that surrounds his own residence, that real and lasting good is done.

ART AND SCIENCE.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Suffolk-street Gallery, which opened on Monday last with the fortieth annual exhibition, containing nearly a thousand pictures, shows us what a large and meritorious class of artists there is who are pursuing their art without the pale of the Academy. The thirty members form a chartered body, whose talents have long been recognized by the general public, and they attract around them a multitude of painters who choose this gallery as their arena, rather than venture among the glittering crowd of the Academy, where they might either be lost in the upper or the lower regions, or even be shut out altogether. The misfortune of having a *quasi* National Academy, with a gallery very much too small, and a chartered society with abundant space, is that the ambitious Dædalus, having tried his wings in the lower sphere, either soars away to the Academy, or reserves his best efforts for that Parnassus. So it is that we find this gallery always well adorned with the works of the members, but rarely with any striking effort of genius from younger men. The present exhibition, however, is superior to most that we remember of late years, though we may not be able to point to any work remarkable for the highest qualities of art.

Mr. Salter's large historical picture, representing the interview which took place at Caversham, near Reading, between Charles I. and his children, in the presence of Cromwell, resembles his picture of last year, and shows the same facility of treating a subject with a certain picturesqueness and pleasing colouring distributed amongst the costumes and the figures. The king, dressed in rich black velvet, braided with gold, seated at one side of the group, with his three children, splendidly attired, clinging round him, bows his head as if to receive a kiss from the little princess, while Cromwell, gaunt and stern, stands looking on. The subject is a fine one, and could Mr. Salter have painted it in a less courtly manner, with more of the unaffected simplicity that inevitably belongs to all such touching scenes, whether in the hut or the palace, he would have succeeded better. It is not enough to paint the big tear upon Cromwell's iron cheek, and to give the king the unruffled exterior of dignified presence; we crave something more, however excellent the mere painting may be.

Mr. Hurlstone has always pursued a manner of his own, the very opposite of the style of careful imitation and high finish now so much in vogue. Rich tone of colour and characteristic expression he prefers to accurate detail. That he has produced many admirable works in this particular vein we well know, but his "Seville" (207), and "Boy with a Lamb" (460), would tax the charity of most critics rather severely, and remembering the verse of Pope's essay quoted so apologetically on the catalogue, we are content to regard the artist's intention rather than his work.

The landscape painters of the society are more happy in their productions. There are several pictures by Mr. Pyne, who this year contributes no less than ten pictures, which come near to the very perfection of landscape art. They are true to nature, without being too literal a transcript—a quality which, in these days of photography and close imitation, is as delightful and refreshing as it is rare, and they always evince feeling for the most beautiful effects, in proportion striking us with the more force. Occasionally,

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as in 227, "*In faccia del sole*," he goes to the extreme of fanciful colouring, painting trees all pink, and the smooth river reflecting on its surface the glowing sky flecked with clouds more vividly than in the real heavens. Still, his pictures have always this inspiring charm of touching the imagination of the spectator; they are never dull paint.

Mr. Vicat Cole is one of the most promising painters of the society. His "Surrey Cornfield," first exhibited here, deserved all that was said of it in the International Exhibition; but of the three small works in this gallery none can be said quite to equal his former productions. 95, "The Road on the Heath," is a fine bold painting, though on a small canvas. The best feature in it is the broad rising ground of heather, thrown into deep shadow by a passing cloud, in strong contrast to the rolling hills beyond and the delicate grey of the distance. The road, dipping here and there into the dells, entices the eye into the distance, and suggests the delight of a ramble over those breezy downs. The little water-colour drawing of a beech copse is another charming work; but the picture 295, "Harvesting," is a very matter-of-fact production, a thought of the studio, not of the open fields.

Mr. S. R. Percy never paints a bad picture; he is far too accomplished an artist ever to fail in his intention. We have often been astonished at the vivid effects of his brush, but never more than in his picture (290) of a gorgeous sunset in the mountain valley of the Lledr, N. Wales. Immensely clever it is as a feat of painting, but we feel, in standing before such flaming canvases, that they somewhat "o'erstep the modesty of Nature." They have none of the *morbidezza* that suggests the transient beauty which is so fascinating in the real evening effects of Nature's painting.

Mr. A. Gilbert's landscape (313), "Morning: the mist clearing off," challenges criticism in a similar way to Mr. Percy's picture, though in this case the artist has worked with more modesty, if we may use the term, and consequently with more success, in striving to catch the lovely tints of early morning. A silvery mist is hanging over a wide morass, with a lake edged in with reeds; a clump of starved fir-trees stand up in the barren ground, and beyond are the mountains, above which rises the bright sun like a ball of molten silver. Had the painter been satisfied with a suggestion of the sun his picture would have been more truthful and in better taste; as it is, he reminds us of paint by his attempt at a sun, and dispels the dream called up in the mind by the admirably truthful painting of the landscape. There is no kind of art in which the power of reserve or suggestiveness is so necessary as in painting, if our artists could but think so. Slovenly coarseness is one thing, smooth facility and flat imitation is another extreme, but the question is whether there is not a just mean between these two. To illustrate the point, we should compare this picture with a similar subject, 138, "Ben Lomond," by Mr. A. Clint, in which perhaps something too much is left to the imagination.

Mr. H. I. Boddington, in 155, "The Close of an Autumnal Day, N. Wales," comes nearer to the mark of being neither too vague nor too precise and matter of fact. This is one of the best landscapes in the gallery.

Mr. W. W. Gosling seems to have become confirmed in his peculiar manner of painting—very smooth, rather opaque water, and trees that seem to be taken from the photographic model, not copied from the photograph, but painted under the belief that what the photograph represents must be true, which is a most false doctrine. All Mr. Gosling's work shows a feeling for nature that ought to lead to a less theoretical method, both of observing and painting.

Mr. G. Cole's landscapes have generally a particular excellence of warmth and richness of tone; his sunlight spreads through the picture and gives a certain charm which the somewhat trite subject would otherwise lack. In No. 31, "The Approaching Storm—the Last Load," there is great originality and force, almost too much force, for the sky is rather violent in colouring. There are some fine passages in the picture, however, which will appeal to every eye that has watched this peculiar effect.

Mr. F. W. Hulme's landscape, "A Water Lane, near Oakham, Surrey," deserves to be mentioned amongst the best of the conventional landscapes of the Exhibition. Under this head also are to be noticed several good pictures by Mr. Tennant, Mr. Thayer, Mr. J. Syer, Mr. Pettitt, Mr. J. J. Wilson, and Mr. J. C. Ward, all members of the society. Mr. Woolmer has perhaps never been more happy in those delicious fancies of colour for which his pencil has long been unrivalled. It is easy to find faults and defects in these, but we are disposed to sympathize with the painter's dreams of his dainty ladies, with golden locks and pearly skins, luxuriating at their jewelled toilet, or as nymphs idling in the shade of some sparry grotto. No. 180, "Belinda Awakening," is really a most fascinating suggestion from the "Rape of the Lock." The extreme delicacy of the tints in these pictures, and the neat drawing of the figure, are the redeeming points in these works, which would otherwise scarcely take much rank in art.

Mr. T. Roberts contributes several carefully-studied figure pictures, all showing ability and genuine feeling for his art. Where, as we think, he wants study, is in the choice of colour and the selection of better models. 87, "Reading the Scriptures," which is his most finished picture, is painted with excellent *technique*, only in too precise and formal a style as regards the composition, and especially in the treatment of the draperies, which want motive. In his other picture there is a terrible crudity of colour between the reds and strong yellow of the dresses.

Mr. J. Hayllar's "Fresh Eggs" (294) is an admirable example of delicate colouring and accurate representation of character. The blue apron and sleeves of the old market-woman, her red dress, with green cabbages, form a mixture of colours that an artist with a less delicate sense of the delightful harmonies of colour would have rendered hideous.

Mr. W. Bromley has several clever pictures in domestic *genre*. 299, "Playing at Buttons," and 69, "The School," are favourable specimens of his talent. No. 670, "A Jug of Ale and Pipe" is a capital bit of character; it represents a gamekeeper just taking the glass filled by a buxom maid of the inn.

Mr. R. Physick, jun., amongst the animal painters, has been most successful in his picture 375, "A Goat and Kids." The white goat is beautifully painted, and the kids are full of the expression of young life.

There are some unusually good examples of still life and fruit painting. No. 328, "Fruit, Flowers, &c.," by Mr. W. H. Ward, surpasses in minute finish anything of its kind by modern painters, and equals the exquisite painting of Van Huysom and Woenix.

No. 245, by Mr. Anderson, is also a surprisingly beautiful piece of still life, in which the splendid colours of the peacock, pheasant, partridge, and white pigeon are harmonized with ripe grapes and pears, with astonishing skill.

MUSIC.

At the second concert of the Vocal Association on Friday week, a new cantata was produced, the music by an amateur lady-composer, Miss Virginia Gabriel. The scene of "Dreamland," as the cantata is entitled, is laid in the Desert during the halt of a caravan on its journey to Mecca; and the composer has sought to give a picturesque character and something like local colour to her music. The work, which consists of choruses, solos, and duets, had every advantage in its performance by such vocalists as Mdlle. Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Winn; it wanted, however, the contrasts and effects of those orchestral accompaniments which are doubtless comprised in the original score. The pianoforte duet accompaniment by which the voices were sustained on the occasion to which we are referring, although extremely well played, was scarcely sufficient to pourtray that character and colour which the composer seems to have endeavoured to express.

Miss Gabriel's music, if not strikingly original, is melodious and flowing in style, well written for the voices, and generally put together with a musician-like skill, for which the lady is probably much indebted to her studies under that excellent master of composition, Herr Molique.

The remainder of the concert was, to a large extent, of that miscellaneous and purposeless character which the Vocal Association should rise superior to. Among the pieces which stood out conspicuous from much that was merely *ad captandum*, were Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," sung by Mdlle. Parepa and chorus, with organ accompaniment; the same composer's pianoforte rondo capriccioso, cleverly played by Mdlle. Michelin; and some German "Lieder," sung with great force and characteristic expression by Madame Theresa Ellinger, from the Imperial Opera, Vienna. This lady's singing gave indication of her being a dramatic artist of great power and accomplishment. The style in which the choir of the Vocal Association executes the choral music is generally so satisfactory that we would gladly see the programmes of these concerts consist more largely of standard works.

During the week the "Messiah" has been given at Exeter Hall, both by the National Choral Society and the Sacred Harmonic Society. The Crystal Palace programmes, too, have included a performance of sacred music appropriate to the period.

The Royal Academy of Music gave its first concert of the season on Saturday last; when, among other students, Miss Westbrook (soprano), Mr. H. Harper (violoncello), and Miss Josephine Williams, distinguished themselves by their respective performances.

Studies for the pianoforte,* like studies for the draughtsman, are essential to the acquirement of a thorough command of manipulative skill. As the artist requires a long course of exercise in the various details and figures which go to make up a composition, so the pianist must bestow much labour and separate attention on the special difficulties of his instrument. The mere practice of "pieces" will, alone, scarcely impart thorough readiness of finger and suppleness of wrist, because the mechanical difficulties are constantly changing their form; whereas in "studies," properly so called, each exercise is based on some particular kind of passage, the constant reiteration of which throughout renders it familiar both mentally and mechanically. Some modern "studies," in which this principle is not kept in view, are in reality not "studies," but would be more properly entitled "preludes." In most of the studies of the best masters, from Clementi, Steibelt, and Cramer, down to Moscheles, Czerny, and Chopin, the principle just laid down is closely adhered to; but many recent works of this class are little more than a collection of passages strung together without purpose or order. Mr. Deacon's "Studies" are among the best that have appeared of late. Each exercise has a distinct object in facilitating some peculiar difficulty of the instrument, while every separate piece is constructed with the skill of an accom-

* First Set of Twenty-four Studies for the Pianoforte. By H. C. Deacon. Book I. E. W. Ollivier.

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plished musician, and possesses an interest apart from the mechanical purpose which is the primary object. Mr. Deacon has evidently studied in the best schools, and has a thorough command of the elaborations of modern pianoforte mechanism; and his "Studies," while admirable as finger exercises, have a character, a grace, and [elegance by no means usual in this form of composition.

THALLIUM, THE NEW METAL.

Between the discovery of the new metal, thallium, recently made known by Crookes, and the discovery of selenium by Berzelius, there is a singular coincidence of circumstances. Both took the refuse of a sulphuric acid factory, both were searching for a substance which disturbed their ordinary analyses, and both suspected tellurium as the agent of the anomalies that had occurred. Berzelius found the new element, selenium, and Crookes, by spectrum analysis, the new metal which, from the single green line it yields in its spectrum, and the peculiar green colour which it gives to flame, he has called thallium, from the Greek *thallos*, a bud. The original discovery, and many subsequent particulars, we have already recorded in our pages. Since the award of the Exhibition medals to Mr. Crookes for the original discovery, and to M. Lamy, the near relative of Kuhlmann the great Belgian manufacturing chemist, for the presumed first extraction of the metal in its purely metallic state, a strong controversy for the priority of discovery had taken place in the continental journals. The discovery of a new metal is not an event of everyday occurrence, and no new metal proper has been discovered in this country since 1807, when potassium, sodium, and other alkaloid metals were eliminated by Davy, by means of the galvanic battery, from substances already suspected to be metallic oxides. Crookes, therefore, was not likely to permit, nor, indeed, would he, for national credit, have been justified in allowing a foreigner unchallenged to appropriate an honour which belonged to himself and his country —although the Exhibition prize-awarders' eyes were open more readily to the desires of a clever foreigner than to the just rights of an English exhibitor. The subject of thallium being again before the English public—the new metal having formed the topic of last week's Friday evening lecture at the Royal Institution, we are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of confirming Mr. Crookes' full right, not only to the discovery, but that of the first elimination of the metal, having ourselves been shown by Crookes the wonderful green line in the spectrum in 1861, and a small disc of the metal itself in January, 1862,—dates earlier than any referred to by Lamy in the late controversy.

We very lately commented on what seems unfortunately no rarity now in the scientific world, the desire of some not strictly conscientious individuals to appropriate the inventions or discoveries of others, and it is with great pain that we are compelled to think somewhat disparagingly of the conduct of M. Lamy. It might have been that he had, and did, make the discovery, independently of Crookes, of the green line in the spectrum; it might have happened, and possibly did happen, that he did examine accidentally the same kind of seleniferous deposit from a vitriol factory unconscious of Crookes having done the same. It might have been that M. Lamy was in ignorance of the notice of the discovery recorded in this journal, in the *Philosophical Magazine*, in the *Chemical News*, in our Paris contemporary, *Cosmos*, and other journals. It may be that M. Lamy can reconcile the fact that he did knowingly appropriate Crookes's term for the new element, and yet have been neither aware of the English chemist's discovery nor of the facts, well known in scientific circles, in the winter of 1861, as to its true metallic nature. Such things are possible, but not likely, in the case of a member of the eminent commercial firm of Kuhlmann, of Lille; and the suspicion will rise in one's mind that it is more probable that M. Lamy had read or heard of thallium, and used the unrivalled resources of his relative's manufactory to outrival and anticipate the English chemist, who had to manipulate with 3 lb. or 4 lb. samples only, containing a total of 3 grains (!) of thallium, with small apparatus, in a private house, while the whole resources of the most wonderful laboratory in Europe, with tons of the refuse material, were available to M. Lamy.

The circumstances of the case are really these:—In March, 1861, Crookes discovered and showed to his friends the spectral green line of Thallium. Lamy admits that he saw it only in May, 1862, for the first time. On the 16th May, at the Agricultural Society of Lille, he exhibited white crystals containing the new element, and thirty or forty grains of the metal reduced by galvanic action. Crookes, however, had placed in the International Exhibition on the 1st May, fifteen days earlier, numerous salts of Thallium, and a sample of the *metal* itself, which he described on its label as a heavy metal, resembling lead. These labels were printed by Silverlock in the previous April, and the various salts are so described in them as to leave no doubt that at this period Crookes was fully aware of its real and exact metallic nature. The truth is that Crookes had reduced the metal from some of its salts in September, 1861, but having had a grant from the Royal Society towards the expenses of working out the details of the new element, he wished—a highly commendable desire—to reserve the publication of his facts for his patron the Royal Society's meeting.

But the question of priority is, by the rules laid down by *savants*, determined by the *dates of publication*, so that although Crookes might and did discover thallium, and eliminate it in its metallic state nearly a year before his rival, if Lamy had anticipated him in publication the rights of the original discoverer would have been lost. The exhibition at the International Exhibition was, however, a *bonâ fide* publication; and so, really, Crookes has both priority of discovery and elimination and in dates of publishing.

The controversy has now dwindled, we believe, to an assertion by M. Lamy that Crookes did not know it was a *true* metal,—a position completely untenable, and known to be incorrect by every Englishman who is acquainted with the progress of science during the past two years. To this controversy, however, Mr. Crookes, with the most commendable modesty and abnegation of self, made not the slightest allusion in his discourse, but gave M. Lamy full credit for his independent labours. His lecture was devoted to the history of the discovery of thallium, and the methods of its extraction, its salts and compounds, and their actions and reactions, its properties and possible use, and in putting before his auditory, in a most lucid and popular form, all that is known respecting it.

In his early experiments, as we have stated, Mr. Crookes laboured under great disadvantages from paucity of material, but having subsequently detected that the refuse of the Spanish pyrites used in the sulphur-works was highly thalliferous, Dr. Thornthwaite has placed large quantities of this refuse at his disposal; and, as means are being taken, by an alteration of the flues in some of those manufactories where these pyrites are used in thousands of tons, to collect that hitherto waste material, we may shortly expect to have thallium a comparatively common metal if any commercial or economic use can be found for it. At present, however, none has been suggested except the minor one, that its peculiar and brilliant green colour would be attractive in pyrotechnic displays and advantageous for signal-lights. It might be available for rifle bullets. By the admirable method introduced by Tyndall of projecting images on a screen by means of the electric light, its brilliant and most remarkable green band was shown to the audience, standing out beyond the prismatic spectrum of the electric light itself by the force of its brightness like an incandescent bar actually placed some inches in front; and then, by a dexterous manipulation of the light the green line was exhibited singly by itself upon a perfectly dark background.

The metal is very soft and heavy. Lead scratches it as iron does lead; and the finger-nail makes a deep indentation. A knife cuts it like cheese. It possesses the remarkable property of welding together while cold, and has extraordinary ductility. Its proper solvent is nitric acid. It marks paper like black-lead, and the writing, examined by reflected light, has a golden appearance. This, however, in a few hours fades all but entirely away; the writing, however, being readily restored by a solution of an alkaline sulphide. Its electrical properties have been investigated by Dr. Matthieson. It conducts electricity much in the proportion that lead does; and for a metal of its class is therefore a tolerably good conductor. But its dia-magnetic properties are very remarkable, and in this respect it stands second only to bismuth, the most dia-magnetic of all substances. It is highly volatile, the metallic fumes flying rapidly off under the ordinary blow-pipe. It has the greatest affinity for oxygen, and its actual brightness can only be seen by following the cutting-knife, so rapidly does it tarnish. If the coating of oxide be removed under water, the new surface will remain bright for a considerable period immersed in that fluid. Various re-actions of salts of thallium, lead, silver, &c., were shown in proof of its exact metallic nature, and its alliance with the lead class of metals. But the most beautiful experiments exhibited in his lecture by Mr. Crookes, next to the exhibition of the green line itself, was the display, by means of the electric light and three Grove's batteries, of the actual crystallization of metallic thallium from a solution of its sulphate, the fern-like fronds formed by the crystals branching out between the poles of the battery with surpassing gracefulness and elegance. In respect to the position of thallium among the elements, Mr. Crookes has well observed that observers generally err in regarding natural bodies as so many links in a perfect chain, and facts are frequently strained in order to make them agree with preconceived opinion. In such a group as chlorine, bromine, and iodine, there are doubtless three consecutive links, but most frequently nature should be looked upon more as a perfect net than as a perfect chain. In seeking for the chemical relationships of thallium, at first sight it might appear to belong to the group of alkali-metals on account of its forming a readily soluble highly alkaline oxide, as also that it forms an insoluble platino-chloride; but, on the other hand, its physical characters, chemical reactions, and high atomic weight, prove incontestably that its true position is close to lead and silver. For the answer to the question—What is its use? we must probably wait until it is procured by the ton at no greater cost than it is now by the ounce; for the practical uses of a body depend and keep pace generally with its abundance. In the form of an alloy, however, its uses may soon possibly be very great, as it readily mixes with many metals, and communicates to them valuable properties.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

Dr. Joule has communicated to the Manchester Philosophical Society an account of a new and extremely sensitive thermometer. Having remarked on the disturbing influences of currents of air on finely-suspended magnetic needles, he conceived the idea of making use of them as a delicate test of temperature; and this idea he has carried into practice with results exceeding his expectation. A glass tube, two feet long and four inches in diameter, is divided

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longitudinally by a blackened pasteboard diaphragm, leaving spaces at the top and bottom each a little over an inch. In the top space a bit of magnetized needle, furnished with a glass index, is suspended by a single filament of silk, forming an arrangement like that of a bratticed coal-pit shaft. The slightest excess of temperature on one side over that on the other must occasion a circulation of air which will ascend on the heated side, and, after passing across the fine glass index, will descend on the other side. It is also evident that the sensibility of the instrument may be increased to any required extent by diminishing the directive force of the magnetic needle; and the inventor proposes to make several improvements in his apparatus. In its present condition, however, the heat radiated from a pint of water heated 30° is fully perceptible at a distance of nine feet. A remarkable proof of the extreme sensibility of the instrument was exhibited before the meeting. A beam of moonlight was admitted through a slit in the shutter of the room; and as the beam travelled across the instrument, the index was deflected several degrees, first to the left and then to the right, showing that the air in the thermometer must have been heated to the extent of a few ten-thousandths of a degree by the moon's rays, or by a quantity equivalent to the light absorbed by the blackened surface on which the rays fell.

Among the novelties exhibited at the *soirée* of the Royal Society on Saturday last was a portable standard siphon barometer, by Mr. W. Symons, F.C.S. Many of our readers are no doubt familiar with Gay-Lussac's siphon-barometer, and probably, but for two defects, it would be much more used. It is difficult to make portable, and it requires two distinct readings, which must be added together to get the right result. In the instrument exhibited, these objections are removed. It is rendered portable by a very simple but effectual contrivance, and it is read off as an ordinary standard, or, in fact, much more easily.

At the Institute of British Architects an exceedingly interesting paper was read by the Rev. John Louis Petit, M.A., F.S.A., on the "Abbeys of Ireland," illustrated by a profusion of original sketches. Mr. Gordon Hills, associate, added much valuable information, which he had gleaned in personal investigation in the same field of the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Ireland, and he exhibited many original plans and drawings of the most interesting abbeys that had been alluded to by Mr. Petit.

At the British Archæological Association the chairman (Mr. Pettigrew) exhibited a charter, 15th Edward III., giving to the Prior and convent De Bello Loco (Newstead) the manor of North-Muskam, Notts; Mr. Wentworth, of Woolley Park, a Placita in an action at Nisi Prius, 31st Edward III.,—Jean Voy, of Pontefract, versus Sir Peter de Maulay, of Doncaster, Knight; also an Inquisitio post Mortem with regard to the estate of the same Jean Voy, dated 43rd Edward III. Mr. Gunston, two bone tubes; apparently the handles of large implements, found in Egypt. Mr. Gunston also exhibited a small bone haft of early date, incised on each side with two lines of chevrons, found in Clerkenwell, and a triangular blade of bone, probably a spatula, found with Roman antiquities in Southwark. Mr. Clarence Napper forwarded a notice fixing the date of the decease of Bogo de Clare, 23rd Edward I., a man of large property, whose daily expenditure had been laid before the Association, as illustrative of the domestic manners of that reign, by the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne. He possessed the fruits of Thatcham and Chievely, Berks, which, upon his decease, passed to Nicholas, Bishop of Sarum. Dr. Lee exhibited a Chinese teapot representing various fruits, seeds, &c., peculiar to the reign of Kang-Hi (1661–1723). Mr. T. Gunston exhibited a bronze statuette of a Satyr, 2¼ inches high, belonging to the pseudo-antique class of the 15th and 16th centuries, and an early example of the cheek-piece of a powerful bit, of cast brass, the extremities having dragons' heads, found in Southwark. The papers read were "On the various kinds of ancient snuffers," by Mr. Lumney, and a paper written by the Chairman, "On Thuribles," giving their history, and an account of the most remarkable specimens in gold, silver, copper, bronze, and terra-cotta. Examples were produced by Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. Forman, Mr. Fitch, and others.

The first of a second series of high ascents was made by Mr. Glaisher on Tuesday last from the Crystal Palace, in Mr. Coxwell's balloon. At seventeen minutes past four p.m. the balloon was liberated; wind sharp and fresh from S.E. The course of the balloon was at first slowly upward, with very little horizontal motion; a stiller ascent, and therefore more suited for the purpose, could not be imagined. At the height of two miles the balloon stood over Clapham; but at this elevation it encountered a south-west current, which wafted it over the south-east part of London to Deptford and the Isle of Dogs, where it rose to four miles and a half, the thermometer standing at zero, a higher temperature than was expected at this season; Mr. Glaisher's pulse beating 97, Coxwell's 98, per minute. The descent was made at half-past six, at Graysham Hall, Barking, Essex.

In respect to our comments on his suggestion of the possible auroral nature of the "red flames" of the sun, Mr. Balfour Stewart writes to us, that when remarking on the nature of these red flames, observed during a total eclipse of the sun, and which have been found in one instance to extend a distance of 70,000 miles above the sun's photosphere, he did not suppose that the solar atmosphere cannot reach to this distance. The intention of his remarks was, that "in seeking to explain appearances which extend to such a vast height, we are naturally inclined to resort to those phenomena which require the smallest amount of atmosphere for their manifestation—such, for instance, as the terrestrial aurora." With this explanation, he thinks "his reference to Mr. Gassiot's experiments will become quite plain, since, although auroral, if they be electric currents, they will only require the smallest conceivable amount of atmosphere for their manifestation, yet those experiments show that these cannot exist in an absolute void; and hence their greatest height may enable us to assign a limit, not only to our own atmosphere, but possibly also to that of our luminary." While we do not concur in the opinion of the auroral nature of these red flames, we print Mr. Stewart's explanation with much pleasure, our sincere desire being to represent individual *savants*, as well as science, with the utmost precision and fairness.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

PARLIAMENT.

On Friday, the 27th, the case of Poland was again brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Hennessy, who asked Lord Palmerston what had been done by the Government, and how far it had accepted or refused joint action with France? Lord Palmerston replied that the Government had made a communication to that of Russia, and was also in communication with the Government of France, for the purpose of joint action of a diplomatic character, and with other Governments, parties to the treaty of Vienna. He hoped that, after Easter, the Government might be able to lay papers on the subject before the House. Mr. Layard gave a history of the maltreatment of Mr. Finkenstein, a British subject, who had fallen into the hands of the Russians, observing that a more disgraceful and discreditable outrage was never perpetrated. It appears that Mr. Finkenstein crossed from Cracow into Poland with a Polish lady, who asked to be allowed to travel in his car. On crossing the frontier they were stopped by the Russian guard, who, after inspecting the gentleman's passport, allowed them to pass on. At some distance from the frontier they fell in with a party of Russian troops, who stopped them during the night, and said they must be sent on to the General. A party of insurgents were in the distance; and as the travellers were being escorted to the General, together with a number of captives, firing commenced. On the instant the Russian soldiers seized and murdered the captives and the lady; took Mr. Finkenstein out of the car, stripped him, inflicted about thirty-eight wounds on him, and left him for dead. The two officers present did their best, according to Mr. Finkenstein's statement, to prevent this outrage. While lying on the ground, Mr. Finkenstein was found by the Polish general, Langiewicz, who, perceiving signs of life in him, had him removed to Cracow. Lord Bloomfield, as soon as he heard of the case, sent a person to Mr. Finkenstein to learn the full particulars, and this statement was taken down from Mr. Finkenstein's own words. Mr. Finkenstein was still alive. The Government had sent out orders for a full inquiry into the whole case; and though there was some doubt whether Mr. Finkenstein was a British subject, yet, if he should prove to be one, full reparation, it was to be hoped, would be obtained.

The fitting out in British ports of vessels of war for the Confederate States, was the subject of a question addressed to the Government by Mr. W. E. Forster, who pointed out the danger to our friendly relations with the United States which arose from this practice. The Solicitor-General vindicated the Government and the Customs' authorities from the charges of delay and want of vigilance in dealing with these transactions. Mr. T. Baring and Mr. Bright thought the Government to blame in not preventing them. Mr. Laird read accounts of the large supplies of arms and munitions of war obtained by the North from this country; and mentioned applications which had been made to him on the part of the Northern Government for armed vessels, offering to place the original letters in the hands of the Speaker or the Prime Minister. Lord Palmerston lamented the proneness in America to raise a party cry against England, which he hoped would not be carried too far, as it had a tendency to endanger the friendly relations between the two countries. He regretted that speeches should be uttered in the House of Commons calculated to encourage that cry, and defended the Government from the charges brought against it.

With regard to the seizure of the *Peterhoff* by Admiral Wilkes, Mr. Layard said that the facts submitted to the Government were furnished by the owners, and they could not take immediate action upon this statement which had been laid before the law officers of the crown. The House adjourned for the Easter holidays.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On Monday, at one o'clock, Lord Palmerston was installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. It had been found that the capacity of the University Common Hall would not meet the demand for tickets of admission; and St. John's parish church was therefore fixed upon for the installation. Here Lord Palmerston held forth to an assembly of 1,700 persons upon the benefits and mysteries of education, with his happy versatility, not neglecting as he went along to throw in a well-turned and well-deserved compliment to the achievements of Scotchmen in the fields of learning, science, and literature. In the evening the Premier was entertained in the City Hall at a magnificent banquet, to which 900 persons sat down. As he was met with deafening shouts of applause when he came forward on the platform in St.

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John's, robed in the black silk gown, trimmed with bullion tassels and fringe meet for a Lord Rector; so, in the City Hall, his name had but to be mentioned to raise a tumult of enthusiasm. Whether lecturing the students on the utilities of chemistry and geology, or descanting on the policy of his Government, he was, as he always is, at home. But what principally charmed the citizens of Glasgow, was the expression of his uncompromising determination to maintain the honour of the country at all hazards. This is the link between Lord Palmerston and the nation which, more even than the buoyant ease with which he meets and surmounts every difficulty, places him in cordial sympathy with the people. He has been somewhat provoked of late by the Anglophobia of the Yankees, and the countenance they have found from Mr. Bright and others; and in his speech at the Glasgow banquet he seemed to repeat the warning he gave in the House of Commons on Friday week, that America might provoke us a little too far. It was not so difficult a task, he said, as at first sight it might appear, to maintain the honour and dignity of the country, but at the same time to preserve it in peace. For, while it would not permit its rulers to engage rashly in unwarrantable enterprises, "there is, on the other hand, a determined spirit in the British nation which will not suffer itself to be wronged, which will not brook insult, which is ever ready to repel aggression, and which, by maintaining within itself the means of adequate defence, will teach other nations of the world that, while we refrain from aggression, while we are determined to commit no wilful injury, while we are resolved to infringe no right belonging to others—on the other hand, '*Noli me tangere.*'" Refreshed by his journey to Scotland, and his two orations in Glasgow on Monday, Lord Palmerston set out on Tuesday for Greenock, where he was entertained in the Town Hall with a collation, at which covers were laid for 300. Here he made two speeches, and as soon as the feast was over, took the train back to Glasgow, and at 8 in the evening was present at a *soirée* of the working class, attended by 2,000 persons, in the City Hall. An address, signed by 50,000 of the operatives of Glasgow, was presented to him, which called forth a third speech, the report of which occupies two columns of the *Times* newspaper. On Wednesday the noble Lord received an addition to his many titles of honour, in the membership of the Glasgow Gaiter club, which was conferred upon him at a breakfast of the club. Immediately afterwards he took the train to Edinburgh, where in the Queen-street Hall he was presented by the Lord Provost with the burgess ticket, conveying the freedom of the city, "the most honourable tribute of respect," said the Lord Provost, "which it is in our power to bestow." Lord Palmerston, in a lengthy speech, observed that there were circumstances, personal as well as general, which made the gift peculiarly acceptable to him. "It was within this city," he said, "that I spent three happy years of my life, receiving from the University of Edinburgh part, and I will say the most valuable part, of the instruction which I have received; and therefore, from recollections of 'Auld lang syne,' I value the gift which you have conferred on me." From the Hall he proceeded to the University, received the honorary distinction of LL.D., and made another speech. In the evening at a banquet in the Music Hall, George-street, he made a third oration. The whole week, in fact, has been a testimony to the inexhaustible powers, mental and physical, of our aged Premier.

The Irish convict system has been examined into by Mr. Burton, a member of the Board of Managers of the Scotch prisons, and his report has just been laid before Parliament. Mr. Burton is of opinion that Ireland presents features, religious and social, which render her convict system peculiarly well suited to her, but not to countries where such features do not exist. He accounts for the willingness of the people to receive discharged convicts into their service by observing that the Irish common people look with partiality on any one who has put himself at odds with the law, and have not the aversion to a gaol-bird which the people of Scotland entertain. He fully corroborates all that has been said of the facility with which female convicts obtain employment, even as lady's maids, and, what is more strange, as nursery maids. Employers feel a security in the intervention of the police, and find convicts less exacting and unruly than other labourers. In fact, in the labour market, they enjoy a preference, partly from the fame and popularity of the Irish system of discipline, and from the general desire to co-operate in rendering it successful. A lady told him that since she had employed convict house-servants, she found that she could rely so implicitly on their honesty and regularity, that she had no need to lock up her plate and jewellery. He finds a main source of the success of the Irish system in the fact that the Irish who commit the same crimes as Scotch criminals are not of the same class; are not so much of the profligate class, not so incorrigible; and the great aim is to remove the pressure of want as a motive for crime. The inference is, that crimes in Ireland are committed through pressure of want, and not through the profligacy of the offenders, as in Scotland. Again, Ireland possesses one of the finest *gendarmeries* in the world, and an ordinary convict cannot withdraw from observation, even on the expiration of his sentence, if he continues to live in Ireland. Another source of success is the thorough practical industrial training given to the convict, which, by affording to him the command of subsistence, gives room for the influence of good intentions when they exist. That training gives him a superiority over others in the working classes; whereas the training in England and Scotland raises convicts only to the lower level of capacity for self-support. Much of the success with the female convicts is due, he says, to the fact that they live under the superintendence of Sisters of Mercy. This arrangement not only places them under the guiding influence of ecclesiastics of their own sex, to whom disobedience is a sort of profanity, but is attended by a separate influence of a secular kind, by keeping them in constant communication with educated gentlewomen. In Ireland, again, much less of the sentence is remitted than in Scotland; and in making the remission, the general character of the convict is regarded, together with his antecedents and his probable conduct on release, which is not done in Scotland. Mr. Burton is of opinion that there are countries where the whole administration of justice must be conducted by the Executive, and that Ireland is in a condition much nearer to such countries than Scotland. Finally, while he confesses himself unable to suggest a single alteration in the Irish system which would render it more suitable to the social and religious condition of the Irish people, he protests against this opinion being construed into an admission that he would desire to extend to Scotland "either the social or religious conditions which have afforded so much opportunity for skilful and philanthropic exertion." It will be seen that Mr. Burton's report is most valuable; but we should be sorry to think with him that there are conditions of society in Scotland or England which render it impossible to transfer to the prisons of either country some at least of the features in the Irish system which has proved so pre-eminent a success.

A singular trial took place at Norwich Assizes on Wednesday, one painfully instructive, if the statement of the counsel for the defence is true, that offences of the nature of that alleged against his client are, in many rural districts, regarded by the lower classes as not grave. The indictment accused Frederick Burrell with having, from motives of lucre, fraudulently allured, taken away, and detained Jane Burrell, a person under 21 years of age, she having a present legal interest in certain estates in Norfolk, out of the possession and against the will of her mother, Mary Ann Hyder, and of her guardian, William Silver Hyder, with intent to marry her, on the 20th of January last; and Henry Richard Burrell with aiding and abetting the said Frederick to commit the aforesaid felony. Jane's mother had married again; and her husband, Mr. Hyder, being a Primitive Methodist, and Jane being a Wesleyan, discussions took place between them, in which the stepfather seems to have given the girl very little comfort in this life or hope for the next. It is said that it was owing to discomfort arising from these theological contests that Jane, instead of going to her mother's house during the Christmas holidays, went to her uncle Henry's, from which, on the 19th of January, she departed with uncle Henry and his wife, and was married next day, at Plumstead, to Frederick Burrell, she being sixteen years of age, and her spouse, a clerk in the Royal Arsenal, twenty-one. There was no doubt that she was interested in landed property to the extent of £50 a year; nor that the Act of Parliament had been violated by her abduction. Thus far, however, there is nothing in the case to call for remark. But it so happens that both the Burrells were her uncles by blood—brothers of her father; and her relation to her husband was thus at once that of niece and wife. This was the offence of which the learned counsel said that, amongst the lower classes, it is not considered grave; and that the experience of the jury would bear witness that such marriages are not uncommon. The judge, Mr. Justice Williams, hoped that this was an error, and that the time would never arrive when an incestuous marriage between uncle and niece will not be regarded with horror in this country. The prisoners were found guilty, but the sentence was respited until certain points, reserved for the opinion of the Court of Criminal Appeal have been decided upon.

The plan for the Albert Memorial recommended by the committee some months back has been laid aside in favour of one more simple, less expensive, and more feasible. By this a single monument is proposed to be erected on the site of the Exhibition of 1851. It is to be an Eleanor Cross, similar to the Martyrs' memorial at Oxford or the monument erected to Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh. The cross is to be a building with an elevation of nearly 300 feet, in the lower part of which is to be placed a statue of the late Prince Consort. The funds in hand will, however, be insufficient for the purpose, and Parliament will probably be asked to make good the deficiency.

The Bishop of Oxford has addressed a pastoral letter to his clergy, observing that as the expostulations of the Bishops has failed to lead Dr. Colenso either to re-consider his views or to resign, it seems to the Bishop and to the great majority of his episcopal brethren, "our plain duty to guard our own dioceses from the ministry of one who is, in our judgment, disqualified for the exercise of any spiritual function in the Church of England." He therefore forbids Dr. Colenso's being suffered to minister in the Word or sacraments within his diocese.

Next to the interest an Englishman takes in his own quarterly returns comes the interest he takes in those of the nation. The returns which on Monday brought us to the close of the financial year show an increase in the Customs, notwithstanding the distress in Lancashire, of £360,000 over the preceding year. In the Excise there is a falling off of £1,177,000. The Property-tax shows an increase of £202,000; and the department called "Miscellaneous" an increase of £1,006,027. On the whole revenue of the year—£70,603,561,—the increase over that of the preceding year, £69,674,479, — is £929,082. Lord Palmerston's promise at

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Glasgow that our revenue would be found to be in a satisfactory condition is thus fulfilled.

The University boat-race was run on Saturday, the Oxford crew winning by about twelve boats' lengths. Out of twenty races each University thus claims ten victories. This equality will give increased interest to the race of next year. The start took place at twenty minutes past ten, the Cambridge boat taking the lead, with a quick and somewhat flurried stroke. In a few minutes, however, the Oxford crew, with steady massive stroke, showed in front, and kept and improved their advantage to the end of the race, in spite of the splendid efforts made by the Cantabs to recover it. The latter will do well to abandon their late practice of surrendering the management of their crew into the hands of persons who are not of its number.

On Tuesday, Duncan McPhail and George Woods were tried at the Liverpool Assizes for the murder of Ann Walne at Ribchester, found guilty, and sentenced to death. The case is only noticeable here from the fact that a third prisoner, Daniel Carr, died suddenly a few hours before that fixed for his trial. Since his incarceration in Kirkdale gaol he had been in a depressed state of mind; and, as it was suspected that he was labouring under disease of the heart, he was ordered into the hospital. There he was considered sufficiently well, when the day came, to stand his trial; but, while he was being shaved for that purpose, he suddenly died in the chair in which he was sitting.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

It seems doubtful whether the Federals are likely to succeed in getting their naval expedition to the rear of Vicksburg by the Yazoo River; but the reports are as yet indistinct. The expedition was to pass from the Coldwater and the Tallahatchie into the Yazoo; and at first it was reported that it had succeeded, had taken Yazoo City and captured 26 Confederate steamers, and 7,000 prisoners. On the 17th, it was reported at New York that the expedition had reach Haine's Bluff in the outer circle of the Vicksburg lines of defence. Should this prove true, the position of Vicksburg and Port Hudson becomes critical. The Richmond papers of the 18th state that a despatch from Port Hudson had been read in the Confederate Senate which caused a lively sensation, while the *Richmond Whig* of the same date speaks of reverses in the south-west. Against this we have to place a statement of the 19th, that the expedition on reaching Greenwood on the 14th was stopped by a powerful battery. An engagement ensued which lasted the whole day; after which the expedition retired three miles up the Tallahatchie, or one hundred and fifty miles above Yazoo. On the same day the Federal force, under Admiral Farragut, was repulsed before Port Hudson. The Federal steamer, *Mississippi*, was burnt by the Confederate shells; and Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, the *Hartford*, was disabled, and retired towards Bâton Rouge. The schemes of the Federals to turn the course of the Mississippi have resulted in defeat and disaster. The river has broken through the levée of the canal at Vicksburg, and filled the trench with earth and rubbish, rendering it useless; while the cutting of the levées (raised banks) at Yazoo Pass and Lake Providence, has inundated a tract of land in Mississippi nearly as large as Scotland; and in Louisiana has converted a region covering 5,000 miles into a lake. News from New York to the 20th states that the Confederates have tried the plan of cutting the levées to better purpose, and that by this means they have compelled a considerable portion of General Grant's army before Vicksburg to re-embark and retreat up the river; a movement which, according to report, was to be followed by the retreat of the whole expedition and the abandonment of the siege of Vicksburg. From this it was presumed that General Johnson's whole Confederate force would be directed against General Rosencranz in Middle Tennessee.

The first step towards the enforcement of the Conscription Act has been taken in the appointment of Colonel Fry, a man, it is said, of character and discretion, as Provost-marshal; other provosts are to be appointed throughout the country, and the operation of the Act was expected to commence on the 1st inst. The fact that the Washington Government is under the necessity of obtaining soldiers by force has received a striking proof in the following statement of the *Detroit Free Press*:—"Another departure of draughted men has taken place, *some of them in chains*. The tendency of these men to skedaddle has compelled the authorities to be very strict with regard to them. Hence we noticed that some of them wore iron bracelets upon their wrists."

Not being able as yet to capture the *Alabama*—though they have hitherto told us that they could "whip creation"—the Yankees grow more violent in their denunciations of England, and have styled the *Alabama* and the *Florida* "British pirates," going so far as even to threaten retaliation against British trade. It is certainly galling to the Americans to see their squadrons baffled by the Confederate rovers; but retaliation on our merchantmen would inevitably bring our men-of-war upon the scene, and the last state of the Great Republic would be worse than the first. With troops who are so unwilling to fight that they are sent to join the army in handcuffs, and with their whole navy baffled by two ships, which destroy their traders with impunity, the Northern States are hardly in a fit condition to challenge another enemy. Though the symptoms of disunion amongst themselves are not so strong as they were some weeks ago, they are strong enough to warrant the utmost caution. The New Jersey Legislature has by resolutions condemned the war, the subversion of the constitution, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the domination of military over civil law, in states not in insurrection. It believes that Commissioners from the North and South might arrange honourable terms of peace. And it forwards its resolutions to the Federal Government, and to the Governors and Legislatures of the other States, requesting their co-operation. Mr. Chase has returned from his financial mission to New York, without having persuaded the capitalists to lend him their money; and the rumour that he had received an offer of 100,000,000 dollars from European capitalists, appears to have had no foundation. Then, according to the *New York World*, the New York shipbuilders decline taking contracts to build the iron-clads wanted by Government—whose ships are being lost or disabled as fast as the Confederates are building theirs—for fear of the loss from depreciation of currency. The new vessels were to be of 8,000 tons, and designed to surpass the largest French or English iron-clads. But the builders will not contract for them unless they are built by "day work," and to this the Government will not consent. Moreover, while the draughted men are unwilling to join the army, those who are in it are unwilling to remain there. Desertion has been long the order of the day; and we read that it has been found necessary to send a military expedition into one of the counties of Ohio to arrest deserters; and that it was supposed there would be an organized opposition on the part of the inhabitants, and that bloodshed would ensue. This fear has been partly realized in another quarter. At Rush County, Indiana, an armed party of inhabitants succeeded in rescuing deserters from the military authorities, and troops had to be sent from Indianopolis to recapture them. America has "a very pretty quarrel as it stands," without defying the "Britisher."

POLAND.

We fear that the Poles are not as united as their cause should make them. Mieroslawski has published a proclamation incriminating Langiewicz, on the ground that he usurped the dictatorship, which belonged to him. In a paragraph in the proclamation of Langiewicz to his soldiers, he attributes the necessity for his departure to the intrigues of Russian agents, who mix in the ranks of the Poles and instigate desertions. "These agents," he says, "made it necessary for me to depart secretly, and without bidding you farewell. The same reason, also, prevents my informing you of my ultimate destination." He evidently points at Mieroslawski when he speaks of "the adherents of the ambitious criminal I have to thank for all this." Surely the Poles have difficulties enough to contend against without the dissension of their chiefs; if not, the devotion of the insurgents who fight under them should plead for the abandonment of all personal ambition. Mrs. Jane H. Bennett, writing from Cracow, gives a harrowing picture of their sufferings. Out of 200 patients in the four temporary hospitals which have been opened for them, she saw only one man over twenty-five years of age; the rest were boys of fifteen and upwards, who, after the break-up of Langiewicz's corps, came into Cracow, footsore, starving, and nearly naked. Still they only yearn to be sufficiently restored to health to rejoin the insurrection; "and though the town wears an aspect of mourning, and the streets swarm with a population clothed in the deepest black, the haggard, worn faces of old and young, men and women, express only one sentiment—that of fierce and determined resistance." Mrs. Bennett appeals to the British public for help, and we see with pleasure that a number of English ladies, under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Shaftesbury, have organized a Polish Relief Fund, to which contributions may be forwarded to Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., 1, Pall-Mall East, S.W.; and to Messrs. Barnet, Hoare, & Co., Lombard-street, City, London, E.C.

The prediction that the dispersion of Langiewicz's corps would be a death-blow to the insurrection, has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, the movement seems stronger than ever. General Czachowski has organized a body of insurgents in the mountains of Swienty-Krzysz, which has been reinforced by others collected in the Palatinate of Sandomier. General Lelewal has gained a victory over the Russians south of Zamosc; and bands of fresh insurgents, under the command of Mielencki and Kochanowski, have had several successful engagements with the Russian troops, and are increasing their exertions. It is also rumoured that a Polish legion, under the command of Wiezbicki, has marched from Tultscha, in Bulgaria, into Podolia. On the other hand, the Grand Duke Constantine appears to be adopting active measures to clear the provinces one by one, maintaining troops in each after the insurgents have been routed, so as to repress fresh insurrection. It is to be feared he will be successful. But the negotiations set on foot by France and England will in that case have a better opportunity of pressing on the Czar the fulfilment of his obligations towards Poland under the Treaty of Vienna, and, it is to hoped also, of guaranteeing their observance for the future.

General Langiewicz, it appears, was not allowed to proceed on parole to Brünn. He has been removed from the citadel of Cracow, it is believed, to Vienna.

On Tuesday, a debate on the Polish question took place in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. Herr Von Bismarck stated, with regard to the convention with Russia, that it was positively false that by its provisions the Russians are allowed to pursue the insurgents on Prussian territory. With regard to Polish refugees, Count Eulenberg said that the intentions of the Government were based

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on clemency in the majority of cases, especially with regard to those persons who had been drawn into the movement against their will. On the other hand, Government was obliged to fulfil the obligations it had contracted with Russia—in other words, to surrender the Poles to the Russian authorities to be shot. This announcement, which we would fain hope does not represent the actual intentions of the Prussian Government, has called forth an indignant leading article in the *Times*.—"It is a matter for which the world will hold every member of the Royal Family of Prussia and every man of the Prussian nation responsible. If the blood of these Poles should be shed through the agency of Prussia, it will not suffice to tell Europe of the Prussian King, or the Prussian Minister, or of secret or open conventions between Prussia and Russia. The King of Prussia is now, as the world is authoritatively told, contemplating an odious crime; we must, in the name and even for the credit of England, be bold to ask if the Crown Prince of Prussia has no potent word to say to save his own family and his own country from the ignominy of such blood-guiltiness."

Since the above was written, telegrams inform us that the Poles will not wait to be beaten. A new policy seems to have been resolved upon by the Revolutionary Committee, who are said to have given orders to the insurgents everywhere to lay down their arms. In pursuance of this resolution, the chiefs of the insurgents are said to have disbanded their forces. The ground is therefore cleared for diplomatic intervention; and we learn, upon the authority of the *Danziger Zeitung*, that the Emperor of Russia intends granting an autonomy to Poland, but not a national army. The Archbishop of Warsaw has addressed a letter to the Czar, in which he declares that administrative reforms will not satisfy the Poles. "The nation yearns," he says, "for political life and the restoration of independence. The most terrific repression will never be powerful enough to eradicate a spirit filling every Polish soul, and which, I regret to say, tends from day to day to deepen the gulf between the nation and the throne. It is only by the revival of Polish independence, and the maintenance of no more than a dynastic connection with Russia, that your Majesty can remove the probability of ruling, in no distant future, over a country consisting of ruins, and whose public prosperity is a myth of the past."

FRANCE.

M. Fould, not content to hold office, so long as M. Magne, his predecessor as Finance Minister, and latterly, speaking Minister, charged to defend his successor, remained in office, some days back, tendered his resignation. M. Magne, it appears, has not been the most candid of defenders, and has even intrigued to obtain from the Emperor a *communiqué* to the *Débats* and *Patrie* lecturing those journals on the score of articles they had published in which M. Fould's system of finance was praised, in disparagement of the system previously existing. M. Fould, under these circumstances, resigned. At first, the Emperor neither accepted nor refused his minister's resignation; but the crisis has been surmounted by the resignation of M. Magne, who, as a mark of the Emperor's favour, had created him a member of the Privy Council. M. Fould returns to his post.

GREECE.

The Greeks have at last obtained a King. On Tuesday, the National Assembly agreed to a decree unanimously proclaiming Prince William George, second son of Prince Christian of Denmark, constitutional King of the Greeks, under the title of George the First. The King's successors are to profess the orthodox religion. A committee of three members, chosen by the Ministry, is about to proceed to Copenhagen to offer the Crown to the Prince in the name of the nation. Upon the decree being made known, a *Te Deum* was celebrated, and was followed by public festivities, illuminations, and general rejoicings. Nothing now remains to be done but to obtain the consent of the Prince and the King of Denmark. Public feeling in Denmark is against the Prince's acceptance of the offer, as the succession to the throne is limited to the three sons of Prince Christian.

THE EAST.

News reached Alexandria on the 30th ult. that two Christians had been assassinated at Damascus; that a panic prevailed in the city and the Christians were leaving it. A Constantinople telegram received in Paris reports the pillage of a Christian village near Latakia, and that the Druses of Hauran had attacked the regular Turkish troops. The Vienna papers of the 31st ult. state that conflicts had taken place between the Christians and Mussulmans at Damascus. Similar conflicts had broken out in Northern Syria, but had been terminated by the intervention of the Government. The consuls at Damascus have demanded energetic action on the part of the Government.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE.*

THERE are two localities in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon especially identified with the name of Shakespeare; one, a house in Henley-street, in which he is supposed to have been born (for it is by no means certain that he was born in that house); the other, in a better part of the town, once a grand mansion, which was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the closing years of the fifteenth century, and is called in his will the Great House, though it seems to have been better known as the New Place; this house Shakespeare bought in 1597, and it thus became his favourite residence during the rest of his life. The former, which has been commonly called Shakespeare's House, was, some years ago, purchased for the public by a committee which had been formed for that purpose; but the poet's connection with that house, beyond its having belonged to the family, is at least somewhat problematical; whereas we can have no doubt that he resided, during a long and very important period of his life, in New Place, and that, though the site of the house has long been occupied by modern buildings, the extensive gardens attached were often the scene of his meditations. A few months ago, circumstances having thrown this property into the market, Mr. Halliwell made an earnest appeal to the nation to subscribe towards a fund for securing this site also as a public monument of England's great poet, and with so much success that the whole of the ground occupied by Shakespeare's residence and gardens at New Place, with a not very important exception, is now, through his exertions, public property. It is not the place here to offer any remarks on the purpose to which it is proposed to apply this land; but one of the first acts of those who had the care of this property was to excavate the site of the house of New Place. The result of the excavations was to bring to light the lower parts of the walls of the house destroyed in the last century, and to show also that, in the erection of that more modern house, the original home of Shakespeare had not been entirely destroyed, but that some parts had probably been retained and formed part of the building which succeeded it. The old foundations could, without difficulty, be distinguished from the later ones. These discoveries were certainly not without interest, and the public naturally looked to Mr. Halliwell for an account of them, but before he could make his intentions known we were surprised by the announcement of a book on the subject by the Rev. Mr. Bellew, a gentleman not unknown in some other branches of literature, but who had been associated in no degree whatever with the excavations at Stratford-upon-Avon. This may, however, admit of excuse if it brings us new and valuable information on the subject; and here is the book itself before us to enable us to satisfy ourselves on this point. We must, however, begin by stating that Mr. Bellew's book relates more to Shakespeare personally than to his house; in fact, there is not much to say about the house, and the want of information is here supplied in some degree from imagination. Mr. Bellew informs us at the outset that it is his intention to tell us what is known "of the man Shakespeare in his home—in his domestic, social, moral character, in his home associations and his home associates." There are remaining a few records which point very slightly and indirectly to his personal character; a few facts are recorded of his life; and a few personal anecdotes of the past are told by contemporaries or preserved by tradition. The first of these seem to show Shakespeare as a money-getting man; the second are characteristic of the ordinary men of his profession and time; and the third present him to us as a merry associate in the clubs and taverns of London with men like Ben Jonson and their other dramatic contemporaries. Mr. Bellew accepts the facts of Shakespeare's life, giving them an entirely different meaning from that in which they have been taken by his other biographers; but he entirely rejects all the anecdotes, which he bundles together under the head of old wives' gossip, as "unproved and discreditable stories," wafted down to us from "the idle talk of men who never knew him." The great principle insisted upon in the book before us is that the spirit of Shakespeare's writings alone is to be taken as the measure of his character, and that all evidence to the contrary is to be rejected. The ingenuity with which Mr. Bellew sets aside all previous notions about Shakespeare's history and character is at times quite extraordinary. According to "tradition," William Shakespeare made his *début* in life as an apprentice to a butcher; and different reports, resting on the same authority, make his father a butcher, a wool-stapler, a glover, and a dealer in malt and timber. It is clear that in this case we cannot place much trust in tradition; but Mr. Bellew contrives to raise the importance of John Shakespeare by accepting all these reports and believing that he exercised all these trades at once:—

"There is Mr. John Shakespeare, in Henley-street—he is a glover, or a butcher, or a 'yeoman,' or wool-dealer!—what is he? Can no one sum up all the supposed trades or businesses, and say, in a word, that they *most probably mean* he was a wool-stapler? Make him or any one of the above trades actually and solely, and we cannot reconcile the other statements. But, like the variorum readings of the same names and the same employments in Shakespeare's days, if we adopt the conclusion that he was a merchant of the staple, we shall easily be able to understand his being called both butcher and glover. Considering what a staple trade gloving was in John Shakespeare's time in his own county, *if he were* connected with the mercers in London he would of necessity deal in gloves. The possessor of land and the owner of cattle, *it is the height of probability that he may have* slaughtered his sheep in his own farmyard, in order to have the skins properly preserved. Butcher *he might easily* be called, *and so might* his son William; and also be represented as apprenticed to a butcher, when he was, in reality, apprenticed to his father" (p. 117).

Upon this unsound "fabric of a vision," which presents as much confusion about the history of trades as could easily have been crowded within so few lines, Mr. Bellew has founded a new theory

* Shakespeare's Home at New Place, Stratford-upon-Avon: being a History of the "Great House" built in the Reign of King Henry VII., by Sir Hugh Clopton, Knight, and subsequently the property of William Shakespeare, Gent., wherein he lived and died. By J. C. M. Bellew. 8vo. Virtue, Brothers. 1863.

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to explain the reason of Shakespeare's first visit to London. He conceives that, as the elder Shakespeare had fallen into commercial difficulties, he sent his son to town to manage his business, and that William set up in trade himself, and remained a tradesman, at the same time that he became an actor and a poet.

"Again, as regards Shakespeare's removal to London. *May not that have happened* for business motives? and *may he not*, during his whole London career, have benefited by a profitable trade, that gave him the position of a gentleman, and connected him with gentlemen, and also enabled him to realize that independence upon which he retired? It must never be forgotten that his father was in difficulties about the time when the poet removed to the metropolis; and from that moment we never again hear of or trace any domestic anxieties in the house of John Shakespeare. *The inference seems conclusive*" (p. 119).

Mr. Bellew is, no doubt, clever at drawing inferences, but we are inclined to ask where he obtained his minute knowledge of the domestic state of "the house of John Shakespeare," and it *is* rather strange that no one of the poet's contemporaries has alluded to the son's successful trading operations in London.

Not only was Shakespeare, according to Mr. Bellew, the steady, prudent, persevering tradesman, but he cherished from his earliest childhood one all-absorbing object of his ambition, which was, to make himself an independent county gentleman, and above all, to purchase New Place at Stratford-upon-Avon. When William Shakespeare was little more than three years old, New Place was sold to the Underhills, and already the precocious infant is supposed, with a rare knowledge of the world at such an age, to have contemplated the future purchase of this splendid mansion.

"Of the repairs that he (Shakespeare) made, we know nothing; but it is easy to understand how much his mind *may have been* impressed with the stately beauty [of which Mr. Bellew has drawn a very imaginative picture] of New Place from his earliest childhood. No inhabitant of Stratford, seeing Sir Hugh's 'Great House' and the church that he also rebuilt alongside it, could fail to know them, and to admire them, much less a boy of Shakespeare's observation and appreciative mind. New Place adjoins the Guild Chapel and the Grammar School. There the boy was taught; and day by day, as he went bounding forth from school, the first object that met his eye was Sir Hugh's house, next the church. While yet a child of between three and four years of age a sale took place. *He may*, on the very day of the sale, have been holding to his nurse's side, and making his earliest observations upon men and things, as he passed the chapel of Holy Cross, and have seen the family of Underhill arrive to acquire possession of 'New Place.' All this is perfectly *possible*; and *if this or anything similar occurred*, it *might have* impressed on the boy's thoughts that New Place *had been sold! Might it not again? Who can tell*, whether in his early days the boy Shakespeare's mind had not been taught by old Sir Hugh's taste to appreciate and admire the beautiful in art, had not been fired with ambition to go to London, as Sir Hugh (the pride of Stratford, and its benefactor) had done, and by dint of labour and perseverance to make an independence, and return like him to Stratford, and live honoured and beloved among the townsfolk of his native place? *Who can tell* whether this same boy *may not* often and often have stood ruminating under the shadows of the buttresses of Holy Cross, admiringly examining the gables and casements, the porch and antique barge-boards, of the 'Great House,' and resolving, should any sale take place there again, if he were a man and had the means, it should have but one master—one, himself possessed of tastes like Sir Hugh's, who would 'repair' and preserve the ancestral mansion?" (p. 63).

A child possessed of such precocious sagacity must have been very eager for the attainment of knowledge; and Mr. Bellew, who has difficulty in imagining how Shakespeare could get so much knowledge in London, has his own notions as to the sources from which he derived it. He speaks of "the very common habit of holding public schools in the Lady chapels, or chancels of churches which had formerly been connected with monastic establishments;" and adds, that "there is one remarkable fact connected with them—they have, as a general rule, been established or held in the Lady chapels, or chapels of suppressed monastic institutions, and not in buildings that were parochial churches before the Reformation. In connection with these suppressed monasteries, or cells, there were frequently valuable libraries, *rich in ancient chronicles, tales of the wars, histories of royal heroes and valiant knights*, as well as in the lives of the saints, missals, and breviaries." All this is a mere tissue of misconceptions. Mr. Bellew seems not to be aware that the original English parish schools, both in Anglo-Saxon times and during the ages which followed the Norman conquest, were held in the parish churches and by the parish priests; but he has fallen into the still greater blunder of supposing that the guilds were monasteries, and that they were dissolved by the Act of Parliament for suppressing the monastic houses. "Such an establishment," he goes on to say, "was the Guild of the Holy Cross. Henry VIII. suppressed its conventual character. His son, Edward VI., erected it into a grammar school." This grammar school, it is conjectured, was first held in the Guild chapel, or there was another school held there, for it is conjectured that there were two schools. The "conventual" establishment, of course, possessed a library, which naturally was "rich in ancient chronicles, tales, histories," &c.; when the convent was dissolved, this library must have been preserved in the Guild chapel or given to the school (if it were not destroyed), and thus it furnished food to young Shakespeare's mind. We beg to say that we should feel extremely obliged to Mr. Bellew, if, among the numerous catalogues of monastic libraries still remaining, he will point out to us a single example which consisted of, or even contained a few works of this description. They were not the books to be found in conventual libraries. However, "between the date when King Henry VIII. suppressed the monastic establishment in 1536, to the date of his son, Edward VI., reviving the school of the Guild in 1553, only seventeen years intervened. These years were long enough to complete the work of dispersion or destruction among the libraries of abbeys that were themselves reduced to ruins, but no such ruin overtook the Guild of the Holy Cross. It was not an establishment of sufficient importance to be ruined, and accordingly it changed hands, and followed the destinies of the Reformation." Now, what does this paragraph mean? As we have already remarked, a guild was in no sense of the word a monastic establishment, and was not in the slightest degree affected by the Act for suppressing the monasteries. A guild was an association of townsmen employed in trade for securing, by a common action and a common fund, certain advantages, among which one was the supporting of a certain number of priests to pray perpetually for the souls of the defunct members of the guild; and others were the support of a school and various measures for the benefit of the town in general, for the members of the guild were generally the leading men of the town, and often the whole municipality. The guilds, therefore, were not touched by the confiscation of the monastic establishments, but as the Reformation advanced, the obits for the dead, coming under the head of superstitious purposes (which the Reformation abolished), could be no longer tolerated; an act for dissolving them was passed at the close of the reign of Henry VIII., but never came into operation, and the act by which they were dissolved was only passed at the beginning of the reign of Edward VI. The corporation of the guild was then dissolved, by which the superstitious purposes were got rid of, and the property was usually reinvested in the corporation of the town for the support of the other purposes, such as the school, which was refounded, and hence most of our old grammar schools are now popularly considered as foundations of Edward VI. The guild usually possessed a chapel of its own, or a chapel or chancel attached to the parish church, and this served other purposes besides those of religious worship, for it was often the place of meeting of the guild for its private business, and it was no doubt used as the school-room. The separate buildings for the school appear to have been introduced on their refoundation, under Edward VI., so that the term "old," applied in the corporation books of Stratford, in distinction from another school, and the terms "school in the church," no doubt simply point out the place where the school had been formerly held, and where, under circumstances with which we are not acquainted, it was still held sometimes. The order in the corporation books of 1594, directing that no school should be held in the chapel from that date, means simply that thenceforth the grammar school should not again for any reason be moved temporarily to the chapel. We never heard of a guild possessing a library—perhaps Mr. Bellew would favour us with an example.

This will show how readily Mr. Bellew assumes as historical facts statements which he makes without investigation. Having made up his mind that the fine and lofty sentiments of Shakespeare's poetry are alone to be taken as the measure of his private character, he throws everything which goes against his imaginary picture into the rubbish-heap of mere tradition. Ben Jonson stated that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek;" and Mr. Bellew does not dispute that this was the fact; but he treats Ben Jonson's statement with the remark (p. 203), "Whether Ben Jonson ever uttered the slighting words attributed to him or not." Can Mr. Bellew be so utterly unread in Shakespearian literature as to be ignorant that the words in question were written by Ben Jonson in the well-known and much-admired verses to Shakespeare's memory which were first printed in the folio edition of "Shakespeare" in 1623, where they occur in the following lines?

> "And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
> From thence to honour thee I will not seek
> For names," &c.

Mr. Bellew's notions of tradition are in themselves somewhat singular. He calls it old wives' gossip, defines it (p. 174) as "the idle talk of men who never knew him," and condemns it (p. 111) as "not to be believed," because it "is a perjured witness, who never yet came into court without a lie upon her tongue." These, it must be allowed, are fine phrases in declamation, but they mean very little. Tradition is a thing which varies much in its character and value, and requires to be treated with discrimination and carefully examined. Mr. Bellew shows no discrimination. We have just seen him throwing a poem of Ben Jonson's into the rubbish-heap; and he treats in the same manner contemporary anecdotes, which have been handed down to us in writing. Such popular anecdotes, even if nearly contemporary, are invaluable, when they relate to a remarkable individual, because, though they may not be true in themselves, they prove undoubtedly the general opinion of the character of the individual among those who lived at the same time with him and who knew him, and that opinion is rarely wrong. Such is the case with the story of Shakespeare told in the diary of the barrister Maningham, written at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare's reputation was at its greatest height, and which certainly gives us but a low estimate of his private morals. It shows clearly that such was the character he then bore in London, and that such stories were ordinarily told of him; and it is more valuable as evidence than all the declamation in the book

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before us; yet Mr. Bellew has either overlooked it or concealed it. The stories of his tavern life are no doubt equally correct in regard to his well-known character. The arguments for his refined character founded upon the sentiments expressed in his poetry are vain Shakespeare, in his eighteenth year, married, in a manner which seems to show that it was a hastily-concluded match, a woman who was eight years older than himself; it appears, from "the evidence of the legal document," that Shakespeare procured his licence on the 28th of November, 1582, and that his first child was baptized on the 26th of May, 1583. This is a clear proof that one of the parties had been led astray some time before the marriage and it has been averred naturally enough that Shakespeare had been obliged to marry Anne Hathaway in order to cover their error. But Mr. Bellew says, no,—it was then the ordinary custom in England to be acquainted before marriage, and that the poet in this instance was only following established usage, and could incur no blame. We can only say that we never heard of such a custom, and that if similar instances occur in the Stratford registers, we believe they only show that the morality of the town was at a low ebb,—which, indeed, was evidently the case with most towns in the sixteenth century. Mr. Bellew is greatly indignant at the "tradition," which ascribes Shakespeare's death to a fever which was the result of heavy drinking at a social meeting between him and his friends, Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton, who had come to visit him at Stratford; yet all we know of their characters would lead us to suppose that tolerably hard drinking might have been expected when three such men met together. The picture of the wedding of Shakespeare's daughter is quite worthy of the authoress of "Mary Powell."

"In writing about Shakespeare," Mr. Bellew observes (p. 176), "inches of fact have been fringed with acres of conjecture." The remark is eminently applicable to his own book. He has made up a Shakespeare out of his own imagination, who is a totally different individual from the Shakespeare whom the world has known so long. Of course Mr. Bellew has a perfect right to amuse himself in this manner if he likes, but we object to the attempt to intrude a false Shakespeare into the place of the true one. We cannot perceive that this volume throws any new light on the biography of the poet, or that in fact it contains anything new in importance, except a few elaborate pedigrees of Warwickshire families, which are the result of considerable labour, and will no doubt be duly appreciated by Warwickshire antiquaries, but they do not appear to us to illustrate, in any useful manner, the history or character of William Shakespeare. The old story of the reason of Shakespeare's removal from Stratford to London has probably much more of truth in it than the new one; he gained his knowledge in the metropolis, no doubt, as other men had under similar circumstances; and there is no foundation at all for the supposition that he carried on trade there, which is a mere gratuitous assumption. Mr. Bellew has produced a clever book, although anything but a satisfactory one.

THE POLISH CAPTIVITY.*

(Second Notice.)

The conduct of the Austrians at the present crisis may gain the goodwill of many of those who formerly hated them. The fugitives who have crossed the frontier since the defeat of Langiewicz have been kindly received, and their account of the savage behaviour of the Russian troops will counteract the effect of the rose-coloured pictures of Muscovite Arcadias which Pan-slavic artists are pleased to paint. Up to the present time the conciliatory measures of the Court of Vienna have met with little success among the upper and middle classes. It is true that the position of the inhabitants of Austrian Poland contrasts very favourably with that of their fellow countrymen in the Russian empire. "Cracow might still be a free city," we learn, "for any trouble that a visitor is put to about his passport. As for police, not only are they scarcely seen, but their action is nowhere felt except in connection with criminal cases." There is little censorship exercised with respect to books, and great freedom of discussion is allowed in the journals. No attempt has been made to prevent the *Czas* from expressing the greatest sympathy with the present insurrection, and the *Posen Djennik* is the only foreign newspaper on which an embargo is laid. When M. de Montalembert was in Cracow two years ago, he is reported to have said, "You have more liberty here than we have in France," and Mr. Edwards bears witness to having travelled backwards and forwards in Galicia some five or six hundred miles in various directions, without being called upon to show his passport, or coming into contact with a police official. All this, he says, seems very satisfactory to a foreigner, but he adds:—

"To a Pole none of these liberties avail anything as long as he sees Germans sitting in the public offices, Germans in the schools teaching their language to children whose parents think only of bringing them up as Poles, German soldiers defiling the palaces of his ancient kings, converted for their reception into barracks and architecturally ruined; Germans, in fact, everywhere, even in the mines of Wieliczka, where the names and inscriptions on the wonderful vaults, caverns, temples, magnificent ball-rooms, are all in the language detested by those to whom Wieliczka honestly belongs, and who still do all the important work there. Until within the last six months German was the language of the public offices and schools throughout Galicia, even in the University of Cracow, surrounded and apparently protected as it was by precise stipulations in favour of its 'nationality,' signed by all the Powers who took part in the Treaties of Vienna. What should we think in England of the finest University imaginable if all the lecturers appointed to it were Frenchmen, or (which comes to nearly the same thing) if all the lectures had to be delivered in French?"

Until the year 1861 there was only one Professor who was authorized to hold his class in the Polish language. Every conceivable effort was made to induce the people to forget the speech as well as the history of their fatherland. The literary spirit of the country was discouraged in every way, and the public monuments which recalled the ancient glories of the past were studiously desecrated. Thus three of the most interesting chapels in Cracow have been converted into tobacco *depôts*, and the Castle, the residence of the ancient Polish kings, has been turned into a barrack. The crowns, which were once kept there, and the State jewels were stolen long ago. The painted walls are now whitewashed, the statues and carved work have been demolished, and the halls which were once thronged with courtiers are now tenanted by the soldiers whose trowsers and stockings hang out of the Palace windows. So full indeed is all the building of troops, that "a pestilential odour pervades the whole place, and renders it impossible to pass through the Castle to the Cathedral which adjoins it, and to which, fortunately, there is another entrance."

As to "Kosciuszko's Tomb"—a mound 120 feet high, and an eighth of a mile in circumference, erected to his memory in the neighbourhood of Cracow—the Austrians have recognized its merits as a military position, and now, walled in and fortified, it forms one of the chief strongholds of the army which occupies the city.

The taxes in Galicia are enormous. Some of the landowners are paying as much as forty per cent. out of their net income, and in addition to the charges on land all manner of minor taxes are levied on proprietors. "If an artist takes pupils, and sets them to copy pictures, he is taxed as an employer; if a peasant is caught mending his own boots he runs the risk of being taxed as a cobbler." The price of salt in Galicia, in the vicinity of the magnificent salt mines of Wieliczka, is six times what it is in London, and so anxious is the Government to maintain its monopoly, that every saline stream is carefully turned into the nearest river; and even medicinal springs of a briny character are watched over or blocked up by the authorities. But the weight of taxation is in general made to fall upon the shoulders of the proprietors, and the officials are careful to represent themselves as the champions of the peasants against them. In spite, therefore, of the universal detestation in which the Austrian Government is held by the educated and intelligent classes, Mr. Edwards thinks that its power is almost as firmly established in Galicia at present as it was in 1846, when the Polish insurrection prepared by the nobles utterly failed, and the peasants rose "to defend the Emperor, to massacre their masters, and to gain the possession of land which shortly afterwards was duly granted to them." The representatives of the new body of peasant proprietors in the Diet are strongly opposed to the nobles, and look with very unfavourable eyes upon any project for the reconstitution of ancient Poland, or even the establishment of local self-government in Galicia. Moreover, the efforts of the patriotic party are impeded by the Ruthenian section, which weakens the movement for Galician independence by raising a cry in behalf of "Ruthenianism." Their claims are at present favoured by the Government, inasmuch as they assist in hindering the progress of the Polish cause; but they may become extremely embarrassing at some future time, especially if they take the form of a demand for incorporation with Russia. The Galician peasants also may prove dangerous allies, for they must ultimately understand that their interests are with those of the other Poles, and not with the Austrians:—

"Hitherto the Poles have left them entirely to their own devices, that they might convince themselves of the impossibility of obtaining from the Government any fresh partition of the estates of their late proprietors; and in time if they learn nothing else, they will discover that it is only by combining with the great territorial and commercial classes that they can hope to free themselves from the weight of taxation which presses upon them as upon the rest of the Galicians. They have, if possible, even a greater antipathy to the Germans than the educated classes throughout Poland, and on this subject a good anecdote, which has the further advantage of being true, is told of a Galician peasant who accused another peasant of vilifying the Emperor. 'He called him a German,' said this loyal Pole; and as soon as it is generally understood that the Emperor of Austria cannot divide the estates of the old proprietors, and that, moreover, he is an Austrian, his Germanism and his anti-communism will render him equally unpopular with the peasants."

It is well known that the more enlightened of the Austrian rulers have not hesitated to express a very unfavourable opinion with regard to the partition of Poland, and the policy of keeping it in subjugation. The Empress Maria Theresa called her share in the transaction "a blot upon her reign." The Emperor Joseph II. took the same view of the matter, and bestowed on the Poles a liberal portion of the good intentions which he was so seldom able to accomplish. In 1830 Francis II. secretly assisted the Poles in their struggle with Russia:—

"Arms, provisions, and medical stores were conveyed across the Austrian frontier into the kingdom of Poland; the political emissaries from the Provisional Government at Warsaw were well received at Vienna; and when the Emperor of Austria knew that Count

* The Polish Captivity: an Account of the Present Position of the Poles in the Kingdom of Poland, and in the Polish Provinces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. By Sutherland Edwards. Two vols. W. H. Allen & Co.

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Andrew Zamoyski was in his capital, though he could not receive him, he said, 'Tell the Count that I feel I am about to appear before the Great Judge, and that the possession of Galicia weighs upon me like a crime. I would gladly give it up, but not to Russia. To an independent Poland I would give it up with joy.'"

In 1848, when the Galician deputies waited upon the Emperor Ferdinand I., and asked for the rights which they had been promised by the Treaty of Vienna, together with trial by jury, and the equalization of all classes before the law, he returned a most favourable reply, saying that he had the greatest pleasure in granting all their demands, and the Archduke John added these memorable words:—

"Now we can speak frankly. My grandmother and the King of Prussia, Frederic the Second, in partitioning Poland committed a fault. This partition has been a great misfortune for all Europe. From that moment peace and loyalty disappeared, and the traffic of nations commenced, to the injury even of the rulers themselves. The partitioning Powers can never enjoy in peace these strange acquisitions. The existence of Poland is something natural and indispensable. It would be superfluous to discuss the means of establishing it, for when a thing is naturally indispensable, it takes place of itself. Accordingly, I think it would be more prudent not to discuss these means, but to employ them at once, so as to prepare this re-establishment."

It is said that Austria was ready to join in restoring the independence of Poland during the Crimean war. It is true that the Poles themselves refuse to believe the report; but even if the good intentions of the Court of Vienna were exaggerated, it is probable that it would not have been greatly opposed to a scheme which would have resulted in the creation of a strong barrier between its own possessions and those of its too powerful neighbour. If the sympathies of Austria incline towards the cause of independence in Poland, those of Prussia are undoubtedly enlisted on the other side. And the Prussian Government has done all that was possible to eradicate national and patriotic feelings from the minds of its Polish subjects, and to Germanize those parts of the ancient kingdom which are under its control. Mr. Edwards supposes that "the Prussian rule in Posen is about as humane and equitable as, under very difficult circumstances, is possible." Yet many Poles have found their life there so intolerable, that they have left the place and gone to take their chance with their fellow-sufferers in the kingdom. Cracow is thoroughly Polish, but Posen is like a German town. "At the railway station no language but German is heard. You see German inscriptions all over the public offices, you are driven by a German to a half German, half Polish hotel, a polyglot waiter brings you the bill of a German theatre, and when you ask if the Polish theatre is open, he stares and tells you that in Posen no such thing is known." And throughout the Duchy German influence is everywhere apparent. The village mayors, the district counsellors, all the officials in short, even down to the very stokers on the railways, are Germans. The education of the people is thrown into German hands as far as possible. The Government will not consent on any terms to the establishment of a thoroughly Polish gymnasium, and the money which has been left at various times by Poles, for the support of national and Catholic schools, has been appropriated to the maintenance of Protestant and German establishments. The history of Poland is a proscribed subject in the public gymnasiums, and Mr. Edwards mentions the case of the mistress of a private school in Posen, who was reprimanded by the Government inspector for daring to introduce it into her course of tuition. The Polish newspapers enjoy a fair share of liberty, and the *Djennik Poznanski*, the principal organ of the national party, though often seized is seldom condemned. But this freedom is only of recent date. From 1852 until 1859 but one Polish journal was tolerated, and so limited was its right to speak about Polish affairs, that the names of the Polish deputies in the Berlin Assembly were not allowed to appear in it. As to the claim which the Prussians put forward of having civilized the country, Mr. Edwards says:—

"They have numbered the houses, which formerly were known only by the names of the proprietors; they have introduced passports, the secret police, and a system of printing-licences which enables them to dispense with the censorship, properly so-called; and they have established German schools for Polish children. That is what German civilization amounts to in Prussian Poland."

The Poles hate Prussia as much as they hate Russia and Austria. She has utterly failed to win their affections, and all that can be said in her favour is that she tyrannizes in as gentle a manner as possible, partly in order not to attract attention, and partly because she does not like the work. All their masters are alike distasteful to the Poles. Russia, they say, "is a bear, Austria a hyæna, and Prussia a fox—a fox with a large liberal tail, which she loves to exhibit to the eyes of Europe, but a cunning, fraudulent, destructive fox nevertheless." There are some Poles who have tried the experiment of living under each of the three Governments, and who are equally discontented with all of them. Count Prozor, for instance, was one of the most influential men at the court of Stanislaus Augustus. The Prussians seized him and threw him into prison; he remained there some time, and then was released and allowed to retire to France. Returning to Poland, he was imprisoned by the Austrians, and kept in durance till 1802. Liberated then, he was soon afterwards sentenced to exile by the Russians, and in 1825 was condemned to pass the rest of his life in the fortress of Peter and Paul at St. Petersburgh. "This noble old man, when he was eighty years of age, used to boast that he had lived as Poland had lived—he had passed half his life in prison, and had been dismembered like his country. 'Prussia,' he said, 'took my youth; Austria, my health; Russia, my intellect; but they cannot take my soul.'"

Mr. Edwards devotes the last part of his work to a review of the events which have lately taken place in Russia, and an account of the opinions of Russian politicians with respect to the Polish question. He considers that the Emperor Alexander II. is sincere in his wishes to improve the general condition of his subjects, and he gives him full credit for the reforms he has introduced and the changes he is attempting to bring about. But since these chapters were written, the insurrection in Poland has probably modified the Imperial plans to a very considerable extent. It is difficult to foresee what will be the policy pursued by the Court of St. Petersburgh; whether conciliatory measures will be introduced, or whether a system of terrorism will be adopted. The Poles no longer confine themselves to asking that the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna may be observed. They clamour now for the complete independence of the kingdom, and refuse to accept any inferior concessions. A few months ago they would have been grateful for what they now utterly despise. Had it not been for the conscription, the rising would not have yet taken place which has set such a barrier between them and their rulers. The Secret Committee which manages the affairs of the patriotic party was not prepared for war, and did all that lay in its power to restrain the indignation of the people. But the nation had for some time been drifting into rebellion, and the outburst of its anger proved at last uncontrollable. It is hazardous to predict the termination of the struggle. Right is arrayed, as it has been many a time, against might; all eyes are fixed on the battle-field, all hearts are filled with sympathy for the weaker side, for the long-suffering people who have held firm amidst a thousand trials to the religious and political creed of their fathers. In the legends of the saints, remarks one of the principal Polish writers of the present day, it is related that in the age of martyrdom some Christians were driven on to the surface of a frozen river, and there abandoned, in hunger and nakedness, to all the severities of a wintry night. Offers of food and clothing were made to them on condition that they would abjure their religion. A few of their number yielded to the temptation, and these perished miserably before they reached the shore. But the rest maintained their resolution, and were straightway rewarded, for both food and clothing were miraculously showered down upon them from heaven. And in this he sees "a touching picture of a nation which suffers, but which will not allow itself to yield to temptation, and which sends up to heaven such a cry of faith as may well soften the rigour of its adverse fortune." Sincerely do we trust that it may be so, and that Mr. Edwards, who, we understand, is now in Poland, may be fortunate enough to witness the emancipation of the country, and may some day describe it in as excellent a work as that in which he has told the story of its captivity.

BARRINGTON.*

Mr. Lever has chosen for the title of this tale a name dear to Irishmen, we might almost say symbolical of Irish life and character. But we hasten to add that "Barrington" is no political romance. It has nothing to do with the Irish Rebellion or the Irish Parliament, though the hero may have been a contemporary and a survivor of both. As a personification of the virtues and frailties of Irish life and character fifty years ago, Mr. Lever could hardly have hit upon a name more suggestive than "Barrington." The author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton," "Charles O'Malley," and the other dashing and delightful paladins of army and sporting life, who were the delight and wonder of "us youth" from twenty to ten years since, has settled down into what painters would call his second manner; and, judging by the present story, we are not quite sure that the second manner is not an improvement on the first. There is certainly an advance in art—a finer pencil and a surer touch. Indeed, the change of style and subject is very much what we may conceive to be the natural growth of moral experience. There is less of the rollicking animal spirits, the reckless gaiety and adventure, the buoyant audacity of the early time. The day is waning, and the shadows lengthen; the old fire within gives out a cheery light and a genial warmth; but the young gentlemen who danced, and rode, and fought, and rioted, and played, and made love, and took the world by storm, and gave a frolic welcome to all fortunes, are sitting down to talk of other days over their wine and walnuts, with hearts a little saddened rather than embittered, and looks a little worn. This is, after all, as it should be. The mind of a man and the heart of a boy it is given to few to carry down with them into the darkening valley of the fiftieth year.

To readers who are gorged with spasmodic novels, and satiated with bigamy, murder, and sudden death, a book like "Barrington" is at once a sedative and a cordial. It is something to escape from a society in which all the women have the manners of glorified barmaids, and all the men of fifth-rate melodramatic actors, into honest and wholesome company. In these days, too, when the old race of country gentlemen is dying out of the land, to make way for an aristocracy who buy their ancestry in Wardour-street, it is refreshing enough to make the acquaintance, even

* Barrington. By Charles Lever. With Illustrations by Phiz. London: Chapman & Hall.

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in a novel, of a hero who is neither rich, nor powerful, nor successful, but a man who has the virtues as well as the defects of his caste; who has run through his fortune and lost his estate, but has preserved unstained and unbroken his honour, his spirit, and his dignity. Of course we do not recommend Barrington's prodigalities as an example, though he had squandered his substance in law-courts, fighting for the honour of his name, and for the rights of his gallant soldier son who died under a cloud in India. But the old man's chivalrous delicacy and transparent simplicity of character, his contempt for petty gains and motives, his inexhaustible kindliness and good-humour, and that nameless charm of manner and bearing which no wealth can give or poverty take away,—these attributes of Mr. Lever's hero are, we own, very welcome to us amidst the flashy heroes of fiction and real life at the present time. Though "Barrington" is by no means dependent on its plot for the interest it excites, it has plot enough to make it worth the reader's while not to know it beforehand. We are not going to display the curious malevolence of critics who suck a story like an orange and then throw the peel in the author's face. We will only say that the circumstances which determine the course of this tale are ingeniously removed by the author to a safe distance from captious objections. Nothing can be considered improbably romantic in the adventures of a distinguished officer in the service of a native Indian prince forty years ago; and the disputed claims which have arisen between his executors and the old Company leave the widest available margin for the marvellous and the unforeseen.

Mr. Lever makes somewhat free use of his Indian accessories, and the early life of the villain of the book,—for there is a villain, and a skilfully drawn one—strikes us as a little more than wild, even for the Mahratta country. But the end of the story, without shocking probability too much, is not only consistent with poetical justice, but just what every gentle reader would desire—happy, peaceful, and full of promise as the glowing sunset of a clouded day.

It is not, however, for the plot that "Barrington" will be read with pleasure. It is not one of those books which the conventional novel reader devours breathlessly at a single sitting. It is a book to be sipped, not swallowed, at leisure and at intervals; to be taken up or laid down without impatience, yet with a desire to linger over the pages. Open the book where you will, there is good company and pleasant talk, and rare knowledge of the world, and a keen enjoyment of life and nature.

It is in character painting that Mr. Lever is most happy on the present occasion. In Peter Barrington we recognize the Irish gentleman of half a century since, and the portrait is touched with a loving hand, with all its generous failings and redeeming virtues. Dinah, the maiden sister of Barrington—sister and housekeeper—sternly provident and careful, once a belle at the Irish Court, and preserving still, under an old maid's primness and severity, the heart of a true woman—is a charming sketch. But it is upon Polly Dill, the Doctor's daughter, that Mr. Lever has lavished his choicest skill. Polly Dill is a girl whom men who see her in the hunting-field would call "fast," for she flies across country like a bird; men who meet her on a visit at a great house in the neighbourhood would say "she is great fun;" but those who know her at home—the stay, and comfort, and treasure of the household—would call her an angel of flesh and blood. This character is put together, if we may so say, by the author with uncommon art; as it appears before us, it is the finished result of numberless minute and delicate touches and gradations of light and shade, made up of many "half-tones," as the characters of living women are—not, like the heroines of the spasmodic school, flawless blocks of marble, or demons with the hair and complexion of hairdressers' dummies.

As a specimen of the playful yet pathetic humour of the author, take the following. Peter Barrington and his sister are leaving the little cottage-home on a foreign tour, to bring back an orphan girl, the Indian grandchild, from a convent in Belgium:—

"The Barringtons are preparing for a journey, and old Peter's wardrobe has been displayed for inspection along a hedge of sweet-briar in the garden—an arrangement devised by the genius of Darby, who passes up and down, with an expression of admiration on his face, the sincerity of which could not be questioned. A more reflective mind than his might have been carried away, at the sight, to thoughts of the strange passages in the late history of Ireland, so curiously typified in that motley display. There was the bright green dress-coat of Daly's club, recalling days of political excitement, and all the plottings and cabals of a once famous opposition. There was, in somewhat faded splendour it must be owned, a court suit of the Duke of Portland's day, when Irish gentlemen were as gorgeous as the courtiers of Versailles. Here came a grand colonel's uniform, when Barrington commanded a regiment of Volunteers; and yonder lay a friar's frock and cowl, relics of those 'attic nights' with the Monks of the Screw, and recalling memories of Avonmore and Curran, and Day and Parsons; and with them were mixed hunting coats, and shooting-jackets, and masonic robes, and 'friendly brother' emblems, and long-waisted garments, and swallow-tailed affectations of all shades and tints—reminders of a time when Buck Whalley was the eccentric, and Lord Llandaff the beau of Irish society. I am not certain that Monmouth-street would have endorsed Darby's sentiment as he said, 'There was clothes there for a king on his throne!' but it was an honestly uttered speech, and came out of the fulness of an admiring heart, and although in truth he was nothing less than an historian, he was forcibly struck by the thought that Ireland must have been a grand country to live in, in those old days, when men went about their ordinary avocations in such splendour as he saw there.

"Nor was Peter Barrington himself an unmoved spectator of these old remnants of the past. Old garments, like old letters, bring oftentimes very forcible memories of a long ago; and as he turned over the purple-stained flap of a waistcoat, he bethought him of a night at Daly's, when, in returning thanks for his health, his shaking hand had spilled that identical glass of Burgundy; and in the dun-coloured tinge of a hunting-coat he remembered the day he had plunged into the Nore at Corrig O'Neal, himself and the huntsman, alone of all the field, to follow the dogs!

"'Take them away, Darby, take them away; they only set me a thinking about the pleasant companions of my early life. It was in that suit there I moved the amendment in '82, when Henry Grattan crossed over and said, "Barrington will lead us here, as he does in the hunting-field." Do you see that peach-coloured waistcoat? It was Lady Caher embroidered every stitch of it, with her own hands, for me.'

"'Them's elegant black satin breeches,' said Darby, whose eyes of covetousness were actually rooted on the object of his desire.

"'I never wore them,' said Barrington, with a sigh. 'I got them for a duel with Mat Fortescue, but Sir Toby Blake shot him that morning. Poor Mat!'

"'And I suppose you'll never wear them now. You couldn't bear the sight then,' said Darby, insinuatingly.

"'Most likely not,' said Barrington, as he turned away with a heavy sigh. Darby sighed also, but not precisely in the same spirit.

"Let me passingly remark that the total unsuitability to his condition of any object seems rather to enhance its virtue in the eyes of a lower Irishman, and a hat or a coat which he could not, by any possibility, wear in public, might still be to him things to covet and desire.

"'What is the meaning of all this rag fair?' cried Miss Barrington, as she suddenly came in front of the exposed wardrobe. 'You are not surely making any selections from these tawdry absurdities, brother, for your journey?'

"'Well, indeed,' said Barrington, with a droll twinkle of his eye, 'it was a point that Darby and I were discussing as you came up. Darby opines that to make a suitable impression upon the Continent, I must not despise the assistance of dress, and he inclines much to that Corbeau coat with the cherry-coloured lining.'

"'If Darby's an ass, brother, I don't imagine it is a good reason to consult him,' said she, angrily. 'Put all that trash where you found it. Lay out your master's black clothes and the grey shooting-coat, see that his strong boots are in good repair, and get a serviceable look on that valise.'

"It was little short of magic the spell of these few and distinctly uttered words seemed to work on Darby, who at once descended from a realm of speculation and scheming to the commonplace world of duty and obedience.

"'I really wonder how you let yourself be imposed on, brother, by the assumed simplicity of that shrewd fellow.'

"'I like it, Dinah. I positively like it,' said he, with a smile. 'I watch him playing his game with a pleasure almost as great as his own, and as I know that the stakes are small, I'm never vexed at his winning.'

"'But you seem to forget the encouragement this impunity suggests.'

"'Perhaps it does, Dinah; and very likely his little rogueries are as much triumphs to him as are all the great political intrigues the glories of some grand statesman.'

"'Which means that you rather like to be cheated,' said she, scoffingly.

"'When the loss is a mere trifle, I don't always think it ill laid out.'

"'And I,' said she, resolutely, 'so far from participating in your sentiment, feel it to be an insult and an outrage. There is a sense of inferiority attached to the position of a dupe that would drive me to any reprisals.'

"'I always said it, I always said it,' cried he, laughing. 'The women of our family monopolized all the combativeness.'

"Miss Barrington's eyes sparkled, and her cheek glowed, and she looked like one stung to the point of a very angry rejoinder, when by an effort she controlled her passion, and taking a letter from her pocket, she opened it, and said, 'This is from Withering. He has managed to obtain all the information we need for our journey. We are to sail for Ostend by the regular packet, two of which go every week from Dover. From thence there are stages, or canal boats, to Bruges and Brussels, cheap and commodious, he says. He gives us the names of two hotels, one of which—the "Lamb," at Brussels—he recommends highly; and the Pension of a certain Madame Ochteroogen, at Namur, will, he opines, suit us better than an inn. In fact, this letter is a little road book, with the expenses marked down, and we can quietly count the cost of our venture before we make it.'

"'I'd rather not, Dinah. The very thought of a limit is torture to me. Give me bread and water every day, if you like, but don't rob me of the notion that some fine day I'm to be regaled with beef and pudding.'

"'I don't wonder that we have come to beggary,' said she, passionately. 'I don't know what fortune and what wealth could compensate for a temperament like yours.'

"'You may be right, Dinah. It may go far to make a man squander his substance, but take my word for it, it will help him to bear up under the loss.'

"If Barrington could have seen the gleam of affection that filled his sister's eyes, he would have felt what love her heart bore him, but he had stooped down to take a caterpillar off a flower, and did not mark it."

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SAVONAROLA.*

Professor Villari has done good service to his countrymen, and not to them only, by his fresh, careful study and brilliant life-like portraiture of Frà Girolamo Savonarola. It has been to him a labour of love; and he can hardly fail to reap, in addition to the reward such labour is in itself, the satisfaction of seeing that the world has henceforth not only a truer knowledge, but also a higher admiration, a deeper reverence even, for the man he has delighted to honour. This is a critical age, a sceptical age. We are all set to learn the lesson of inquiry and toleration to an extent beyond what the generations that have gone before us ever dreamed of; and we are in danger of subsiding from a state of agitation and perplexity into a state of indifference and hopelessness. Hardly expecting to see in the society of our own day the manifestation of anything like a religious faith deep and glowing enough to rise into enthusiasm and become contagious; compelled, for a time at least, to content ourselves if here and there we find a man who, in the midst of doubt and dogmatism, and the angry controversies they give rise to, keeps alive in his own soul a spark of that highest life which comes of faith in God, and to which we owe all that in other days has been greatest and best; it will do us no harm to come in contact through history with a man of another temper,—one who, in the midst of a most corrupt and unbelieving age, found it possible to live a spotless life, attained to clear vision of the truth, and, unterrified by threats, unseduced by allurements, boldly spoke what he believed, and finally sealed his testimony with his blood. Such a man was Savonarola. We think the appearance of this "Life" is seasonable, and we commend it as likely to be welcome and refreshing to many who are weary of the strife and debate which have arisen about "Essays and Reviews," and the arithmetical puzzles of a commentator on the Pentateuch.

A life of Savonarola, drawn from original sources and presenting fairly all sides of his character and work, has hitherto been a desideratum in our literature. It would be a very short task to verify by personal search and inquiry the assertion of Signor Villari that "the English have in truth published no work relating to Savonarola at all worthy of a nation so eminently distinguished for writers of history." And as for the Encyclopædias and Biographical Dictionaries from which a large number of readers have to take such notions of great men as they can get, what could we hope for in them under the circumstances but meagre and imperfect accounts of such a man? Juster impressions may be gathered from essays to be found in some of the leading Reviews; among which, one in the *Quarterly Review* (No. XCIX.), attributed to Dean Milman, is deserving of study for its rare combination of a hearty appreciation of what was highest and best in Savonarola with perfect *fairness* towards his opponents. We notice it as a singular coincidence,—perhaps, not an accidental one,—that at the very time that Mr. Horner gives us this translation, "George Eliot" is making us all familiar with the Florentine prophet and his city and times, by her spirited and pathetic story of "Romola."

Savonarola was born at Ferrara, then governed by the Princes of the House of Este, in September, 1452. He was burnt at Florence, in May, 1498. It will thus be seen that his "times" were times full of great events and greater promise. Printed books had first appeared but a year or two before his birth. Constantinople was captured by the Turks before he was a year old. Learned Greeks took refuge in Italy, and spread there the knowledge of ancient philosophy, history, and poetry. The revival of literature and art began. Geographical discovery enlarged the world and extended commerce. Michael Angelo was born in 1474; Columbus landed on the island of San Salvador in October, 1492; and, what is perhaps of still larger significance than any of these facts, Martin Luther was born in 1483. The lifetime of Savonarola occupies the earlier half of that hundred years which we are accustomed vaguely to speak of as the border-land between the Middle Ages and our modern time. It is to this his peculiar position in time that we must look for the solution of some of the difficult problems which we find in the character, opinions, and performances of the man. He was partly, not wholly, of the past; partly, not wholly, of the future. Like a mountain in the dawn, his head was "sunned long ere the rest of earth;" but like the same mountain, he was still partly in the shadow of the night. And so it has fallen out that the most contradictory opinions have been held respecting him; and while Luther has claimed him as a forerunner in the path of reformation, and Pope Paul III., reading some of his writings flew into a passion and cried out, "This is Martin Luther;" the Roman Church has been almost ready to canonize him, and the Congregation *de Propaganda Fide* adopted his great work, the "Triumph of the Cross."

One thing is made clear beyond doubt by the labours of Professor Villari; that Savonarola was a man of rare sincerity. From his earliest poems and letters to his latest sermons he speaks but one language, and that the language of truth. The charge of hypocrisy and imposture is henceforth untenable. And in these days we are not likely to see a revival of such views of his character as those of Bayle and Roscoe.

Savonarola was, from first to last, an *ascetic*. If ever man was born a monk, he was. Very few facts indeed are known of his early life, but we catch glimpses of him, amidst the splendours of a gay and corrupt court, "leading a sad and solitary life; going about dejected and disconsolate; rarely speaking; wasting in body; praying constantly with much fervour; passing many hours in the churches and observing frequent fastings." He studied with deep earnestness the Bible and the works of Aquinas; he liked music and wrote verses. The title of his first poem, "De Ruinâ Mundi," written at twenty years of age, sounds like the "theme" of which all the strange passages of his life-music were the "variations." Once, indeed, there seemed a possibility for him of a different view of the world; for he fell in love with a fair young daughter of a Florentine exile. It was but

> "A sudden spark
> Struck vainly in the night."

The girl, full of the pride of birth,—she was of the noble family of the Strozzi,—rejected his offer. In April, 1475, he secretly left home, and entered the Dominican monastery at Bologna. The letter to his father, written the day after his arrival there, is a document of deeply pathetic interest, and of great importance as a key to the whole character and course of his life. No one familiar with the history of the period, with the character of its princes and courts, its popes, priests, and people, will be surprised to read in that letter such sentences as these:—

"The motives by which I have been led to enter into a religious life are these: the great misery of the world; the iniquities of men; the rapes, adulteries, robberies; their pride, idolatry, and fearful blasphemies; so that things have come to such a pass, that no one can be found acting righteously. Many times a day have I repeated with tears the verse,—

> "'Heu! fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum;
> Alas! fly from this cruel land, fly from this greedy shore.'

"I could not endure the enormous wickedness of the blinded people of Italy; and the more so, because I saw everywhere virtue despised and vice honoured. A greater sorrow I could not have in this world, and I was thus led to utter a hasty prayer to Jesus Christ, that he would take me out of this sink of infamy."

In the same letter, after speaking of the pain he felt at quitting his family, he adds, "Reflecting that it was God who called me, that he did not disdain to make me, a poor worm, one of his servants, I could not dare to do otherwise than to obey so sweet, so holy a voice, that said to me, *Venite ad me*, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Before that time, the presentiment had already dawned on his mind that he was called of God to some high and extraordinary mission.

After seven years spent at Bologna, and a short stay at Ferrara, where his preaching was nothing thought of, he went to Florence, and entered the famous Convent of St. Mark. The change of scene and society was full of delight and promise. The more attractive scene, the gentler people, the works of art, the more cultivated society, the very traditions of the convent, all combined to foster best and purest hopes. Alas! it did not take many days to show that those hopes were illusions. He found it all otherwise than he would. Few cared to listen to him as a preacher; his own purpose was shaken; but through all, even by means of all, his conviction of his arduous and solemn task divinely put upon him, and his resolve to be faithful to it, became stronger. At last he announced, at San Geminiano, the thought which was thenceforth the chief burden of all his communications,—"'The Church will be scourged and regenerated, and that quickly.' He preached at Brescia the following year, and produced an extraordinary impression. From that time, all doubt as to his mission vanished from his mind." It was in 1490 that Savonarola was recalled to Florence on the pressing request of Lorenzo de Medici; and in a few months, the church of St. Mark being too small for the crowds that came to hear him, he began to preach in the Duomo. His life thenceforth was a battle. He had not sought it. Like Luther and Cromwell, he loved peace, and would fain have been quiet; but he could not.

It is, of course, impossible for us to pursue here the details of the exciting story. Professor Villari has given us abundant material for arriving at a just appreciation of the conflict and its issues. While announcing firmly, indeed with enthusiasm, his own conclusions, he does not withhold facts which may lead us to question them. His judgment of Lorenzo is very severe, perhaps a shade too much so. Yet we are not sure that even Roscoe, thorough panegyrist as he is of the accomplished tyrant, does not give us facts enough to bear out even a sentence so contrary to his own. The chapter on the philosophy of Savonarola will be read with interest. From a complete examination of all his writings, our author thinks himself warranted to assert that Savonarola "was the first to shake off the yoke of the authority of the ancients in philosophy." He quotes the testimony of Burlamacchi to this effect:—"From his earliest infancy he did not form his opinion of authors from their high reputation, nor did he follow opinions merely because they were in fashion, but *kept his eye steadily directed upon truth and reason.*" Nevertheless, we see that his mind was imbued with the religious philosophy of Aquinas, and was far from being emancipated from the superstitions of the age; so that we do not see any ground for the large claim Professor Villari makes when he asserts that Savonarola "laid the foundation of a new philosophy." His dreams and visions, his fanciful manifold method of interpretation of the Bible, even his persistent, yet confused, belief in his prophetic endowments, are signs of a probably inevitable subjection to prevailing opinions.

* The History of Girolamo Savonarola, and of his Times. By Pasquale Villari, Professor of History in the University of Pisa. Translated by Leonard Horner, F.R.S. Longmans.

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But the unquestionable facts are so strange and startling, that if we do not admit the reality of a supernatural communication, we are compelled to own that we see a great difficulty and no satisfactory solution.

In the sermons of Savonarola, from which many passages are quoted, we find wonderful clearness of spiritual insight: scorn, profound as that of Hebrew prophets, for outward show and mere ceremonial in religion; deep and tender human affections and sympathies; terrific denunciations of the vices he saw around him; and earnest persuasions to "holy living" as the only possible basis for the prosperity or stability of a commonwealth. There are in them bursts of fiery eloquence, sometimes Miltonic in strength and splendour. But how can we adequately conceive the effect of them when first heard, in a "voice like thunder," in the densely crowded cathedral? Had Dante been a preacher, he could not have spoken with *intenser earnestness*. On that memorable day when the news came to Florence that the French were crossing the Alps, and the fulfilment of the preacher's prediction was at hand,—

"The Duomo could scarcely contain the crowd, who, in a state of new and extraordinary excitement, waited with open ears for the voice of the preacher. At length he mounted the pulpit; the attention and silence of the audience were much greater even than usual. After having surveyed the assembled multitude, and seen the extraordinary trepidation that prevailed, he cried with a terrible voice, 'And behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth.' His voice sounded like a clap of thunder in the temple; his words seemed to strike an unusual terror into the mind of everyone. Pico della Mirandola relates that a cold shiver ran through all his bones, and that the hairs of his head stood on end; and Savonarola assures us that he was himself not less moved than his hearers."

The immense authority which Savonarola had acquired as a preacher he was soon called to exercise as a statesman. After the departure of the French he became—not officially, but in reality—head of the State, founder of a new form of government, and author of great social as well as political reforms.

"In a single year the freedom of a whole people had been established; liberty was granted to them to carry arms; the system of taxation had been reformed; usury had been abolished by the Monte di Pietà; a law for a general amnesty had been passed; the administration of justice had been amended; Parliaments were abolished, and the Consiglio Maggiore was established, to which the affection of the people of Florence continued more stedfastly attached than it had ever been to any other of their political institutions."

And all this, adds our author, "without a sword having been drawn, without a drop of blood having been shed, without a single civic riot; and that too in Florence, the city of tumults." The social changes which took place at the same time are thus depicted:—

"The appearance of the city was totally changed. The women gave up their rich ornaments, dressed with simplicity, and walked demurely; licentious young men became, as if by enchantment, modest and religious; instead of Carnival songs, religious hymns were chanted. During the hours of mid-day rest, tradesmen were seen seated in their shops reading the Bible or some work of the friar; habits of prayer were resumed, the churches were well attended, and alms were freely given. But the most wonderful thing of all was to find bankers and merchants refunding, from scruples of conscience, sums of money, amounting sometimes to thousands of florins, which they had unrighteously acquired."

But this change, so far forth as it seemed to be a moral and religious one, was "forced and ephemeral." The preacher alone was "profoundly religious," and the people, as soon as they ceased to hear him, went back to their gaieties, their vices, and their indifference. A mournful story: substantially a rehearsal of what took place in England during and after the days of Puritan rule.

But the fifth act of the tragedy was rapidly proceeding. Savonarola disobeyed the Pope; he spoke daringly of the supremacy of charity; he was proof against bland invitations; refused a cardinal's hat; hinted at a general council; and continued to preach even after the publication of the excommunication by Alexander Borgia. The Pope was bent on his destruction. Piero de Medici was at Rome, hoping and intriguing for a return to Florence. And if the Pope's hatred of the friar needed any spur, Mariano da Gennazzano, the disappointed rival of Savonarola, was at his side. The signory of Florence, hostile to the preacher, at last yielded to a menacing brief from the Pope, and silenced him. This was in March, 1498. Then followed the famous "ordeal by fire," on which our author has thrown new light; the attack on the Convent of St. Mark; the capture and imprisonment of Savonarola and two of his friends and followers; their examinations with repeated applications of torture; their condemnation and execution. They were hung, and then burnt, in the Piazza at Florence, on the morning of the 23rd May, 1498.

Signor Villari rejects with something like scorn the notion of a dogmatic agreement between his hero and Martin Luther. We do not care, in this place, to discuss religious dogmas; but we cannot help suggesting the possibility that the confessed failure of the religious teaching of Savonarola, the traceable results of which did not extend beyond the narrowest local limits and the short lifetime of the man himself, may have been owing to some *defect*, to the want of a truth which he did not grasp with clear consciousness, or with distinct utterance proclaim. And, on the other hand, that the world-wide extension of the movement of which Luther was the recognized head, and the permanence and still proceeding development of its results, may have been owing to the power of just that word of truth, which was missing or obscure in the teaching of Savonarola.

We need only add that the translation, as far as respects language and style, is excellent,—good, unaffected English; and as to accuracy, if we needed any further guarantee than the name of the translator, we have it in the approval of the author, to whom it was submitted before publication. The explanatory index of Italian terms not translated in the body of the work will be found useful. A general index is wanted.

M. CHEVALIER AND MR. MACLEOD ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

THERE is a certain kind of writer who infests the precincts of scientific questions. His most prominent characteristic may be defined as a tendency to rush in where angels fear to tread. Most men, when they are puzzled by the first principles of a science, attribute their bewilderment to their own slowness of comprehension. They take for granted that they are wrong, and never think of announcing as a matter of self-congratulation that they can't see the truth of the first law of motion, or are unable to perceive that two and two make four. But this is by no means the case with everybody. There are men who, when they fall into one of the preliminary fallacies that most people contrive to struggle through successfully, announce their own misty guesses as magnificent scientific conceptions. They declare complacently that they have squared the circle or discovered perpetual motion. So long as they confine themselves to such questions as these,—to showing that Sir Isaac Newton did not understand mathematics, or that the Astronomer Royal knows nothing about the shape of the earth—they are comparatively harmless. They may be safely left to knock their heads against facts till they have found out which are the hardest. But when they intrude into more unsettled subjects of inquiry, they are more annoying, because they have a greater chance of passing themselves off as philosophers. There are, for example, many educated men who do not at once see that Mr. Ruskin has as much right to talk about political economy, as he has to lay down the law about the language of the Choctaws. They do not perceive the absurdity of his dogmatic assertion that Mr. Mill has fallen into a transparent fallacy on one of the most frequently debated points of political economy, when, of course, the real fallacy is exactly that into which Mr. Ruskin has fallen, in common with every beginner of the science. A man who has been just plucked for his degree frequently finds that his opinions differ from those of the examiners; it requires rare moral courage to get up and preach them as new and wonderful discoveries.

When we first looked into the pamphlet by Mr. Macleod whose title we have quoted, we confess that we mentally put him down as a fit antagonist for Mr. Ruskin. He had, we thought, read a good deal more, but showed inferior natural acuteness; he made just as great blunders, but in an opposite direction; as to real ignorance and self-assumed fitness to deal with the subject, they were about on a level. Under the circumstances, they would both probably be most quickly extinguished by being left alone. Such was our first impression; perhaps it has not been much modified. We were, however, astonished to find that Mr. Macleod claimed a high authority to support him. M. Chevalier had, it appears, made a favourable report on his system to the Imperial Institute of France. The second pamphlet, whose name is given above, contains the substance of this report. We shall see presently how far it goes. Meanwhile, the fact that a gentleman of M. Chevalier's reputation has approved of Mr. Macleod's works to some extent, makes it necessary to do what we should otherwise have thought singularly unnecessary, viz., to give them a moment's serious consideration.

Before remarking, however, upon the economical principles which Mr. Macleod conceives himself to have discovered, and to which M. Chevalier has given his sanction, we will quote a few short specimens of Mr. Macleod's philosophical style. Perhaps our readers will be able to form from them some estimate of the calibre of mind of a gentleman who contemptuously refutes the fallacies that imposed upon the weak intellects of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Say, and John Stuart Mill. He may, perhaps, as M. Chevalier says, have illimitable patience and the learning of a Benedictine. He may be "an athlete in the midst of vigorous antagonists." But what we particularly admire is the clearness and precision of his thought and powers of expression. Mr. Macleod is kind enough to tell us that to understand "economics," a knowledge of law, commerce, and physical science is indispensably necessary. To this we must apparently add a knowledge of mathematics, and of Mr. Macleod's profound acquaintance with this science, no one will be able to doubt after reading what follows:—

"Mathematical science" (he says) "extends its dominion over three distinct classes of subjects.

"First, the science of pure number, which is called arithmetic.

"Second, the theory of dependent quantities, &c. . . . .

"And the third class of subjects is that of independent quantities or unconnected events, which is the theory of probabilities."

Further, he is kind enough to tell us,—

"The great universal theory of dependent quantities must be abso-

* On the Definition and Nature of Political Economy. By Henry Dunning Macleod, Esq.
M. Michel Chevalier on Mr. H. D. Macleod's works. Reprinted from the *Journal des Economistes*. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge.

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lutely universal. The great general theory of variable quantities in general must of necessity comprehend all orders whatever of variable quantities."

These be brave words; we especially admire "the great general theory of variable quantities in general;" it conveys a precise and intelligible idea; but the conclusions to which Mr. Macleod is led by applying his mathematics to political economy, are the points to which we wish to draw particular attention. The beautiful exordium, with its philosophical grandeur, will introduce us fittingly to the following plain practical conclusions.

According to Mr. Macleod, if we take up any book of algebra, we find "that money is a positive quantity and debt a negative quantity"—(we never did, but that does not matter). "I wish now," he says, "to ask this question,—What can be the meaning of a NEGATIVE Economic Quantity?" And he does ask the question with a vengeance.

"The funds," he says, "are negative economic quantities, and what are they subtracted from? The whole system of credit consists in creating debts . . . . And what, I ask, is it to be subtracted from? The whole system of banking consists in buying money and debts, that is positive and negative quantities, by creating other debts which are negative quantities, and what are they to be subtracted from? Each of these quantities may be bought and sold. . . . . Algebraists tell us they are negative quantities. And what are they to be subtracted from?"

What, indeed? There is a well-known legend of a senior wrangler, who was persecuted by a horrid dream. He had inadvertently got under the sign of a square root. Not being a perfect square, he naturally found it difficult to get out again. The best mathematicians of Europe were sent for and failed miserably. The wretched man remained a hopeless surd. Such, we imagine, is Mr. Macleod's fate in his dreams. He becomes unexpectedly affected by a negative sign, and runs hopelessly up and down asking whom he is to be subtracted from?

The fact is that, in Mr. Macleod's opinion, there exists a strange entity of some kind called a NEGATIVE Economic Quantity. If mathematicians could run the thing down, and find out what it was, they would be able to confer some great but unexplained benefit upon Political Economy. He says that in requesting them to do this he is giving them "a fair scientific challenge, and one, moreover, of the highest possible importance." We need only say that the article in question probably is to be found in a mare's nest; and that the whole of Mr. Macleod's observations are merely a case of the use of very tall talk about science by a man who is incapable of attaching to his big words any definite scientific meaning whatever. We have merely quoted his expressions to give some measure of the powers of mind of the political economist whom M. Chevalier delights to honour.

We must, however, say, in justice to M. Chevalier, that he does not seem to have seen these particular lucubrations. The opinions of Mr. Macleod of which he expresses his approval are not, on the face of them, absurd, partly, perhaps, because they are not entirely peculiar to Mr. Macleod himself. M. Chevalier's account of them is, we ought to say, drawn, not from the pamphlet which we have been quoting, but from two works by the same author, "The Elements" and "The Dictionary of Political Economy." He is not, therefore, to be taken as approving the undiluted nonsense which we have just been quoting. We will state very shortly the opinions which he does approve, and give our own view of their value.

The first position maintained by Mr. Macleod is this: that whereas Mr. Mill and others following M. Say define political economy to be the science which treats of the production, consumption, and distribution of wealth (a grossly inaccurate statement, by the way, of Mr. Mill's real assertions), it ought rather to be defined, as has been done amongst others, by Archbishop Whately, as the science of exchanges or of value. This is, of course, a fair subject for discussion. The suggestion is not, and does not profess to be new. We cannot say as much for the arguments by which it is supported. M. Chevalier attacks the definition of Say on this ground: that many states of society may be conceived, and, as in the case of the Arabian tribes, have actually existed, in which production, consumption, and distribution of wealth might all take place, and yet exchange of wealth be unknown. We have no difficulty in granting this, especially as it appears to us to be the very argument which completely upsets the rival definition. If M. Chevalier proved that when the patriarchs in the desert were unacquainted with exchange of wealth, political economy had no function to perform, he would complete his argument. But the exact opposite is true. The state of society was, no doubt, rude in the extreme; but many of the laws of political economy would still undoubtedly apply. Those which refer to population, to capital, and even to wages and profits, might be just as applicable in the time of Abraham as in the time of Louis Napoleon. There would, in fact, be in existence just one of those simple states of society which political economists now have to create in imagination, in order to avoid the complications which render their investigations so difficult to follow out in the modern world. Hence M. Chevalier's very first blow cuts away his friend's standing-ground, and he follows up this judicious assistance by risking a definition which we do not understand, but which certainly seems to diverge more from Mr. Macleod's theory than from that of his opponents. He says that "the pivot of political economy is the notion of the productive power of the individual in labour, it being well understood that this productive power is measured by the quantity and quality of products created or services rendered in a given time." We leave Mr. Macleod to find out what this means and how it supports his pet notion that political economy is the science of exchanges. We will only add that M. Chevalier gives as an alternative definition that the object of political economy is to indicate what is necessary in order that different industries may be really free. As this definition seems to us to be hopelessly different from the other, and to have just as little to do with any intelligible view of political economy, we will content ourselves with simply quoting it.

It is generally supposed, however, that, after all, definitions are of trifling importance. We will only ask such sceptics to follow out Mr. Macleod's argument. Political economy, he says, is a physical science. As such, "*it is* some great body of phenomena all based upon some single conception or quality of the most general nature"(!) This "conception or quality" is, we infer, value. "We find a distinct order of quantities having the common property of exchangeability. We find that we have a new order of variable quantities, and we can at once say that the general theory of exchangeable quantities must be brought into harmony with the great general theory of variable quantities in general." Hence (the inference is of course simple in the extreme), it follows, after a few more equally perspicuous sentences, that "it is essential that there should be but one cause of value." This is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of logic in the book. As far as we can guess at the meaning of it, it would be paralleled by this. Dynamics is a physical science; it treats of various materials having the common property of being in motion. Hence, omitting the sentences about the great general theory of variable quantities in general, which add only to the picturesque effect of the style, there can be only one cause of motion, and it would be utterly contrary to the principles of inductive logic to say that one carriage was moved by the action of heat and another by the force of gravitation. Mr. Macleod, in fact, is unable to see that if value has two causes, no definitions in the world can make it have one. It may be added that in the sense in which he understands it, political economists do not in fact say that value has two causes.

We will only mention one other point. M. Chevalier quotes and approves, as a philosophical statement, Mr. Macleod's dictum that credit is capital,—the meaning of which may be simply stated thus: if A has £1,000 and A owes B £1,000, A and B have £2,000 worth of capital between them. M. Chevalier quotes a very sensible remark by M. J. B. Say to the effect that a thing cannot be in two places at once, but only to add, that it may be doubted whether reasonings which may have held good in a primitive state of commerce, can be applicable in our days. The argument which M. Chevalier actually brings forward is worth mentioning as an example of a kind of reasoning which tends to obscure all the arguments of political economy. "Credit," he says, "discharges many of the functions of capital. For example, a man with credit for £1,000 may raise the price of the goods he wishes to purchase as much as if he had 1,000 sovereigns." Hence, credit is capital.

Now, all that M. Chevalier urges as to the effect of credit has been pointed out constantly by every political economist of repute. But the leap from the premises to the conclusion is most startling. A precise parallel would be this. The introduction of steam has, in many places, produced just the same effect as an increase of food would have done. It has brought more corn to particular places, and distributed a great deal of corn that would otherwise have been wasted. That is, the improvement caused by steam has been just the same, in some respects, as an improvement caused by the increase of food. Therefore, steam is food. The advantage of credit is very analogous to the advantage of steam. It enables capital to be made much more effective than formerly in aiding production. But to say that it therefore is capital, is simply absurd. Mr. Macleod maintains similar propositions in his pamphlet on grounds less rational, if possible, than this.

We have noticed these theories simply because M. Chevalier's name is one that carries great weight; we are sincerely sorry that he should have used it in support of such a cause. At the same time, it only confirms our impression that, although it would be difficult to exaggerate the services which M. Chevalier has rendered to free trade and the advancement of commerce in France, it would be very easy to exaggerate the services which he has rendered to the purely scientific part of political economy.

SHORT NOTICES.

MR. GEORGE DANIEL is one of those men who, in the midst of the most unpoetic pursuits, preserve an earnest sympathy with all that is poetical. He has even at times turned his hand from the work of an accountant to the building of rhymes, and there are some pleasing samples of his poetical powers at the end of this volume,* notable for their healthy expression of a strong religious reverence. The rest of the book is occupied by a series of miscellaneous articles, in which Mr. Daniel gives us his recollections of Charles Lamb, Mrs. Siddons, and John Kemble; a defence of Dr. Johnson against what Mr. Daniel considers the too severe judgment of Lord Macaulay; a paper on "the presumed disinterment of Milton;" and several other gossiping articles, which make pleasant reading. We have perused with particular interest

* Love's Last Labour Not Lost. By George Daniel, Author of "Merrie England in the Olden Time," &c. &c. Pickering.

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the recollections of Lamb, from which, lengthy as it is, we must make the following extract :—

"In the autumn of 1823, after dining at Colebrooke Cottage with him and Robert Bloomfield, I accompanied the two poets to the celebrated 'Queen Elizabeth's Walk' at Stoke Newington, which had become Lamb's favourite promenade in summer for its wild flowers, upon which he could never tread with indifference, for its seclusion and its shade. He would watch the setting sun from the top of old Canonbury Tower, and sit contemplating the starry heavens (for he was a disciple of Plato, the great Apostle of the Beautiful!) until the cold night air warned him to retire. He was hand and glove with Goodman Symes, the then tenant of this venerable tower, and a brother antiquary in a small way, who took pleasure in entertaining him in the oak-panelled chamber where Goldsmith wrote his 'Traveller,' and supped on butter-milk, pointing at the same time to a small coloured portrait of Shakespeare in a curiously carved gilt frame, which Lamb would look at lovingly, and which, through the kindness of a late friend, has since become mine. He was never weary of toiling up and down the steep, winding, narrow stairs of this suburban pile, and peeping into its sly corners and cupboards, as if he expected to discover there some hitherto hidden clue to its mysterious origin! The ancient hostelries of Islington and its vicinity he also visited. At the 'Old Queen's Head' he puffed his pipe, and quaffed his ale out of the huge tankard presented by a certain festivous Master Cranch, of a Bonifacial aspect and hue, to a former host in the 'Old Oak' parlour, where, according to tradition, Sir Walter Raleigh received full souce in his face the humming contents of a jolly Black Jack from an affrighted clown who, seeing clouds of tobacco-smoke curling from the knight's nostrils and mouth, thought he was all on fire! It was here that he chanced to fall in with that obese and burly figure of fun, Theodore Hook, who came to take a last look at this historical relic before it was pulled down. Hook accompanied him to Colebrooke Cottage, which was hard by. During the evening Lamb (lightsome and lissom) proposed a race round the garden; but Hook (*à cochon à l'engraisse*, pursy and puffy), with a nose as radiant as the red-hot poker in a pantomime, and whose gait was like the hobblings of a fat goose attempting to fly) declined the contest, remarking that he could outrun nobody but 'the constable.' In the 'Sir Hugh Myddleton's Head' 'Elia' would often introduce his own, for there he would be sure to find, from its proximity to Sadler's Wells, some play-going old crony with whom he could exchange a convivial 'crack,' and hear the celebrated Joe Grimaldi call for his 'namesake' (a tumbler!) of 'sweet and pretty' (rum punch!), challenging Boniface to bring it to a 'rummer!' Many a gleeful hour has he spent in this once rural hostelrie (since razed and rebuilt) in fumigation and fun. Though now a retired 'country gentleman,' luxuriating in the Persian's paradise, 'something to see and nothing to do,' he occasionally enjoyed the amusements of the town. He had always been a great sight-seer (as early as 1802 he piloted the Wordsworths through Bartlemy Fair), and the ruling passion still followed him to his Islingtonian Tusculum. 'One who patronizes,' said he, 'as I do, St. Bartlemy, must have a kindred inkling for my Lord Mayor's Show. They both possess the charm of antiquity.' Profanely speaking, I fear he rather preferred the Smithfield Saturnalia; not that he loved the curule chair and its mayor, the men in armour, the city coach, the broad banners and broad faces, the turtle and venison of London's corporation less, but that he loved dwarfs, giants, penny-trumpets, posture-masters, and learned pigs more; to say nothing of those savoury and sable attractions, the fried sausages (not ambrosial fare!) and the little sweeps! He had a quick ear and a quick step for Punch and Judy, preluded by the eternal Pandean pipes and drum; and it was not until Punch, with commendable ferocity, had perpetrated all his traditional extravagances, and was left crowing and cacchinating solus on the scene, that he was to be coerced or coaxed away. Many a penny he has paid for a peep into a puppet-show, and after his final retirement to Edmonton in the spring of 1833, he, in my company, revisited its fair in the September following and renewed old acquaintanceship with the clowns and conjurers."

The Rev. Mr. Vanderkiste possesses the secret, not only of book-making, but of performing that task agreeably to his readers, in a degree not often to be met with. In this volume* he professes to give his "personal narrative of starvation and Providence in the Australian mountain regions," where he was lost for six days, during which period he was without food or shelter, and for four days and nights was exposed to heavy rains. But any one who expects to find an interesting account of his wanderings during that time will be disappointed. His only wanderings, indeed, are from his subject; for of his sufferings, his shifts, his hopes, fears, perils, and efforts, the book contains the veriest modicum. The 357 pages which compose it are mainly filled with odds and ends of anything and everything; glimpses of Australian scenery and Australian life, anecdotes of settlers and aborigines, and stories about snakes, bushmen, pious people and drunken people. As he exhausts each of his topics, which he quickly does, he flies off to something else utterly unconnected with it; to Rowland Hill and his horse, to Dr. Wolff at Bokhara, to his reminiscences of London life;—to anything, in short, which will add another page or paragraph to his book. But we read and are pleased. If religious reflections are too often forced neck and crop into the narrative, sometimes very absurdly, and even childishly, the peg on which it is hung is, apart from its abuse, a good peg. The book, indeed, is full of interesting facts; and here and there we light upon some vivid pictures. The home of the flying-fox is one of these :—

"On the left of Clarence Town, whilst journeying towards Dungog, lies Oakendale, the seat of the Holmeses, a leading family of the district; and bordering Oakendale is an amazing scene known as the home of the flying-foxes—a colonial name for the great Papuan vampire bat. Let the reader picture an enormous bowl. Let him stand on its grassy edge, and gaze down into the huge green gulf. All before him, all beneath him, all around him, on every side,—depth, height, breadth, all,—are trees, trees, trees—one vast arboretum. Gum-trees prevail—red gum, white gum, blue gum. Just on the borders of the hollow is a beautiful skirting of grass-trees. This shrub consists of a thick black stem; over this a boss of long grass, and a few stout towering bulrushes rising from the centre—wild-looking and picturesque in the extreme. The flying-foxes, the great Papuan vampire bat, have their home everywhere in this abyss. They hang, literally, far thicker on every side, on every branch of every tree, than grapes on a fruitful vine. Were they not extremely light, notwithstanding their size, the trees could never bear their weight; indeed, boughs often do break down. To speak of thousands or of tens of thousands of huge vampire bats would be the very feebleness of language, so far as any attempt to calculate them is concerned. My companions on the visit were of the same opinion, and we literally moved, and seconded, and carried unanimously, amid some merriment, on the edge of the gulf, a resolution to use the term 'myriads of myriads' in speaking of the tenants of this solitary den. Whilst we sat near the edge of the gulf to sketch, our companions descended into it, and stirred up the inmates. The air became thick with them, like the locusts of Joel, 'an exceeding great army.' The noise of their loud, flapping wings was like distant thunder, their voices commingling in strange chorus."

As an instance of Mr. Vanderkiste's idiosyncrasy, we may mention that he cannot even allow the flying-foxes to flap their wings without making them a pivot for some trite remarks upon the redemption of mankind; and later on in his book he proves the irreligiousness of dancing by observing, amongst other arguments, that "a dance cost John the Baptist his head."

Dr. James Hunt inherits an interest in the subject of stammering and stuttering. His father before him obtained celebrity by his treatment of these defects; and the son brings to his task the experience which has been handed down to him as well as his own. It would seem, at first sight, that a book on the defects of utterance must be as dry as the difficulties it treats of are unpleasant. But this is not the case. Those who suffer from these defects will be surprised, on reading Dr. Hunt's work,* to find how interesting is the subject of which they are the living illustrations. But they will find more than this: many valuable hints, to wit, for the cure of their infirmity. We quite agree with Dr. Hunt, however, in the opinion that the cure must be applied by a skilled hand. It is still harder to treat ailments of this kind by following written instructions than it is for a patient suffering under any of the common diseases of the body to become his own physician by reading a work upon consumption, or heart disease. Dr. Hunt dedicates his book to his pupils, or, as we might call them, patients; and he is confident in the possibility of at least modifying impediments of speech, which he holds to be as amenable to treatment as other disorders of the human frame. In fact, there can be no reason why they should not be so, for they *are* disorders of the human frame, not, as ignorant people, educated and uneducated, persist in thinking them, incurable defects. The book deserves all praise. It is valuable for its thorough and learned investigation of an important though neglected subject; and parents especially should take warning from it to cope with impediments of speech in their children before time has rooted and confirmed them.

Mr. Edwin Hodder has recorded his experiences of New Zealand life in a lively book,† which has reached its second edition. The author tried his hand as a gold-digger while in the colony, and the narrative of his efforts and successes is very amusing. After six weeks he returned to Nelson, worn out with fatigue, clothes torn and tattered, and money spent, the whole of his winnings amounting to two shillings and three pence. The moral he draws from his efforts in this line is, that city clerks are not cut out for gold-diggers. At Aorere, the nearest port to the diggings, he passed his first night in a Maori pah.

"The party in the wharri, or hut, consisted of about twenty natives (men, women, and children), who manifested great delight at receiving a visitor, and examined my watch, chain, and other articles of dress, with very pleasurable, and, as I thought at the time, covetous looks. Five of the number only were able to speak a few words of English, consequently our conversation was not very edifying, though particularly animated, as the gestures used to express the thoughts were most extravagant. They gave me some dried fish for supper, with a very unwholesome-tasting bread, which had been baked in the ashes, and was too gritty to be eaten without great caution, and dried manuka leaves boiled in water to represent tea, which, however, reminded me in every way of senna. After supper, we all sat round the fire and smoked our pipes, the native men and women being equally inveterate smokers, and all joining heartily in the common luxury. The fire was in a hole on the ground in the middle of the hut, a small aperture in the roof serving as a chimney; but which failed to convey one-twentieth part of the smoke away, and made the room almost suffocating. The night advancing, I made known my wish to go to bed, and had a table pointed out to me where I might make my bed for the night. I was amused with the accommodation for the remainder of the party. On the shelf, over my head, three or four children were stowed away; under the table on which I lay, the chief and his waeni (wife) made their bed on some loose fern; while the others wrapped themselves round in their blue and red blankets, and laid down upon the bare ground by the fire. It was some time before

* Lost, But Not for Ever. By the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste. James Nisbet & Co.

* Stammering and Stuttering: their Nature and Treatment. By James Hunt, Ph. D., &c. Fifth edition. Longmans.

† Memories of New Zealand Life. By Edwin Hodder. Second edition. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

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I went to sleep; the place was swarming with fleas and mosquitoes, which bit me unmercifully; and I did not feel particularly safe about my money and little valuables, which I thought some of the party might like to appropriate. I therefore put them in my socks, as the most unlikely place to be sought, and at last fell off into a good doze. This distrust arose from my ignorance of their character, which I have since proved to be strictly honest.

"Waking up in the night, a strange sight presented itself. The fire was still burning, casting its flickering light over the hideous tattooed faces of the sleeping natives, as they lay in various postures on the ground. One old man in particular, who was wrapped in a red blanket tied round the body with flax, seemed the most frightful specimen of humanity I had ever seen. His face and arms were tattooed and painted so as hardly to exhibit a piece of plain flesh; his steel-grey hair was long and matted, hanging down on his shoulders; and his ears were decorated with rows of sharks' teeth and green stones.

"At five o'clock next morning I was awakened by the shouting of the natives, who were all astir, and who have a custom of breaking the silence of the morning with the most unearthly vocal salutations. Having a long journey before me, I was regaled at breakfast with something substantial—a bird of the parrot kind, called a ka-ka. The method of cooking it was almost sufficient to have satisfied my appetite. Without divesting it of the feathers, it was rolled in some moist clay, and then patted round so as thoroughly to encase it; then it was put into the fire, and, when the clay had become red hot, the case was broken, and out came the bird, cooked and ready for eating, the clay retaining most of the feathers."

The work is well worth reading, and it will comfort emigrants to learn that amongst the few natives who retain a hankering after cannibalism, there is an unconquerable objection to the white man, on the score that the large quantities of salt he consumes permeate his system, and render him unpalatable. While on the subject of New Zealand, we may mention that Messrs. Trübner & Co. have published a book on the Maori language,* which will be found useful to emigrants.

The International Exhibition has furnished Mr. John Timbs with a fruitful subject for his industrious pen, and he has made good use of it in the book before us.† All that any one can reasonably wish to remember about the last Exhibition, and far more than one out of a thousand is likely to remember, will be found in Mr. Timbs' volume. But while it is valuable in this sense, it will also be found useful as a book of reference; for which purpose the author has added a sufficient index. The book is one of the most useful of Mr. Timbs' many meritorious productions.

Of new editions, there are three before us which are more particularly worthy of attention. First come the Poems of Coleridge,‡ in the present edition of which are some pieces printed now for the first time. Next we have Miss Evans's "Mill on the Floss,"§ which has already stood the fire of criticism, and, if not quite the equal of "Adam Bede," is a story which only Miss Evans could have written. Thirdly, under the general title "After Dark,"‖ Mr. Wilkie Collins has strung together some fugitive pieces, principally reprinted from "Household Words." They are interesting for their own sakes; but of course especially because we trace in them the development of a mind which has attained such a hold of public attention by the far more important works that have followed them.

Gardening is in season, and those who wish to know what they should do with their kitchen-gardens, fruit-gardens, and flower-gardens, will find ample instructions in the "Garden Manual."¶ This useful guide is now in its seventh edition, "revised and corrected," and, voluminous as it is, may be purchased for eighteen pence.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 6TH APRIL, 1863.

ENTOMOLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.

MEDICAL—At 8½ P.M.

GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION—At 7 P.M. "Observations on Ammonites and on the Group of Molluscous Animals." By E. Charlesworth, F.G.S.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 2 P.M. Monthly Meeting.

TUESDAY, 7TH APRIL.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—No meeting.

PHOTOGRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.

PATHOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL—At 7½ P.M. 1. "On the Microcephalic Brain of a Female Idiot." By R. T. Gore, Esq. 2. "On the Permanence of Type." By Dr. Julius Schvarez.

WEDNESDAY, 8TH APRIL.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On a Discovery made at the Priory of St. John the Baptist, Holywell, Shoreditch." By Mr. Charles Long. 2. "On Queen Eleanor's Cross at Northampton." 3. "On a Holy Sepulchre, Glastonbury Abbey." By Mr. Syer Cumming.

MICROSCOPICAL—At 8 P.M.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Sewing Machine; its History and Progress." By Edwin P. Alexander.

GRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.

FRIDAY, 10TH APRIL.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—At 4 P.M.

ASTRONOMICAL—At 8 P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

SATURDAY, 11TH APRIL.

BOTANIC—At 3½ P.M.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Baker's (J. G.) North Yorkshire: its Botany, Geology, &c. 8vo., 15s.
Bates' (H. W.) The Naturalist on the River Amazon. Two vols. Post 8vo., 28s.
Baynes' (Rev. R. H.) The Canterbury Hymnal. 24mo., cloth, red edges, 1s. 6d.
——— Common paper edition. 24mo., cloth, 1s.
Beale's (Lionel J.) The Stomach: Medically and Morally considered. Fcap., sewed, 1s.
Brigantine (The): a Story of the Sea. Two vols. Post 8vo., 21s.
Cassell's Popular Natural History. Complete in Two vols. 4to., 30s.
Day's (C. F. S.) Common Law Procedure Acts. Second edition. Royal 12mo., 15s.
Diary of a Secretary of Legation at the Court of Peter the Great. Two vols. Post 8vo., 21s.
Dufferin's (Lady) Lispings from Low Latitudes. Oblong 4to., half-bound, 21s.
Gibson's (Dr. J.) Present Truths in Theology. Two vols. 8vo., 21s.
Grace of Glenholme. By Wm. Platt. Three vols. Post 8vo., 31s. 6d.
Greswell's (Dr. E.) The Objections of Bishop Colenso shown to be Unfounded. 8vo., 5s.
Hall's (S. W.) Law of Impersonation, as applied to Abstract Ideas. Third edition. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
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Heywood's (B. A.) Vacation Tour at the Antipodes in 1861-62. Post 8vo., 7s. 6d.
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Kaye's (Rev. W. F. J.) Funeral Sermon on Rev. H. K. Bonney. Fcap., sewed, 6d.
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Kinglake's (A. W.) Invasion of the Crimea. Third edition. Two vols. 8vo., 32s.
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Loure's (Jacob) Grammar of English Grammars. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Macmillan's Magazine. Vol. VII. 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.
Malcolm's Genealogical Tree of the Royal Family of Great Britain. Folded, 2s. 6d.
Old Commodore (The). By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer." Fcap., sewed, 1s.
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Punch (Reissue). Vol. XXVI. 4to., boards, 5s.
Punshon's (Rev. W. M.) Life Thoughts. 32mo., 1s. 6d.
Roba di Roma. By W. W. Storey. Second edition. Two vols., post 8vo., 21s.
Ruble's (C.) French Examination Papers. 8vo., 5s.
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Sherman (Rev. James), Memoir of. By Rev. H. Allon. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
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* First Lessons in the Maori Language. With a short Vocabulary. By W. L. Williams, B.A. Trübner & Co.

† The Industry, Science, and Art of the Age, or the International Exhibition of 1862, popularly described, from its Origin to its Close. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Lockwood & Co.

‡ The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge, with an Appendix. A new edition. Edward Moxon.

§ The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot. Longmans.

‖ After Dark. By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated. Smith & Elder.

¶ The Garden Manual. By the Editors and Contributors of the *Journal of Horticulture*. Office of the *Journal*.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence A COURSE OF LECTURES on Wednesday, April 15, at 9 a.m., having especial reference to the application of GEOLOGY to ENGINEERING, MINING, ARCHITECTURE, and AGRICULTURE. The Lectures will be continued on each succeeding Friday and Wednesday, at the same hour. Fee £1. 11s. 6d.

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ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES.—NOTICE.—The remainder of the Course of LECTURES on GEOLOGY (Twenty-four) will be given by Mr. J. BEETE JUKES, M.A., F.R.S., on MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and FRIDAYS, at Half-past One, commencing on the 13th April. During the Course Lectures will be given in the Field. Fee, £2.

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ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.—The SECOND SPRING EXHIBITION—AZALEAS and HYACINTHS, &c.,—will take place on SATURDAY next, APRIL 11th. Tickets can be had at the Gardens, by orders from Fellows of the Society, price 2s. 6d. each; or, in packets of ten, for £1 per packet. Gates open at Two o'clock. Band at Half-past Two.

N.B.—Fellows, members, and bearers of ivory tickets, only, admitted free as on the general exhibition days.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.—EXHIBITIONS of PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT—Wednesdays, May 13th, June 3rd and 24th; AMERICAN PLANTS, Monday, June 8th. Tickets can be obtained at the Gardens, by orders from Fellows of the Society, price, on or before May 2nd, 4s.; after that day, 5s.; or on the days of Exhibition, 7s. 6d. each.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—The DRAWINGS and PUBLICATIONS of this Society ARE ON VIEW DAILY for the free inspection of all persons interested in EARLY ITALIAN ART. The Society has lately added to the collection copies of the frescoes by Luini at Saronno, by Fra Angelico at Florence, and by Filippo Lippi at Prato, &c.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

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Poland and the Powers.
Mr. Gladstone's Consols Stock Certificates.
Our Cousins at Copenhagen.
Theological Training at Oxford.
Republican Loyalty Leagues.
Mr. Walter and Schoolmasters' Certificates.
The Romance of Wicked Women.
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POLAND AND THE POWERS.

THE English Government, it seems, has at last adopted, with respect to Russia and to Poland, the course which we have strongly advocated from the very first. Joint action with the Cabinets of the Tuileries and of Vienna is indeed the only line of policy suited either to the gravity of the occasion or the true interests of Europe. Thus only can the Continent be guaranteed against the possibility of drifting into a political situation of which it saw the desperate evil in 1859. Nor in any other way could the force of public opinion be brought to bear upon the intemperate advisers of the Czar. Lord John might have written despatches on the history of Poland for ever, the interest of which would have continued to be, in the words of a French paper, "chiefly antiquarian,"—and he would have received, in all probability, little more from Russia than he is in the habit of getting from Denmark and his other diplomatic correspondents. The French Emperor, thrown upon his own resources, might either have refused to incur the suspicion of Europe by moving singly in the matter; or if he had yielded to revolutionary pressure at home, would have repeated towards Poland the *rôle* he has played so ostentatiously towards Italy. What Austria would have done is very doubtful. Her religious sympathies led her in one direction, and her fear of revolution in another. That she might have remained neutral to the last is probable; that she could be expected to lead the van of European liberty was simply impossible. From this ridiculous posture of imbecile hesitation and difficulty Europe is rescued by the common action of Austria, France, and England. What effect the joint remonstrance may have upon the haughty temper of the Northern Court can be decided only by the event. But at least the three interceding Cabinets will have taken the step most compatible both with their honour and their obligations. Some time ago a semi-official Paris journal declared that the Polish difficulty had been raised by the Russo-Prussian convention from a domestic to an international question. But in reality it was an international question long before the Russo-Prussian compact was heard of. Nearly fifty years have run their course since the fate of Poland divided a European congress and nearly reawakened the smouldering embers of an extinguished war. Then as now, Russia, with Prussia at her side, opposed the generous wishes of the English, French, and Austrian Governments. The secret treaty of January, 1815, whose existence was never once denied by Lord Castlereagh, is now no longer a matter of dispute; and posterity has learned how nearly the victorious Powers of 1814 quarrelled over the partition of their plunder. The venal complicity of Prussia was easily bought with Saxony and a slice of Polish soil, but Poland lay heavily on the conscience of the other consenting Empires for some time to come. The nationalities that were immolated in 1815 to secure the peace of Europe, ever since that "fatal" treaty—as a French statesman rightly called it—have had, in the estimation of all just men, a claim on the sympathy and consideration of the Continent. Poland, like Italy, has been one of our victims. The right to watch over her from a friendly and neutral distance, reserved to us as it was by distinct stipulation, is by no means a cold privilege, of which, as Lord Palmerston hints, it would be a Quixotism to avail ourselves. In the eyes of the world it is a sacred obligation; a duty forced home upon us by the certain and indisputable truth that England has to reproach herself, amongst others, for the sufferings of Poland during the last half century.

Though the Prussian Government of 1863 still seems to adhere to the monstrous policy of 1814, the Prussian people since that time have sprung up into political importance. Prussia is not any longer prepared to endorse all the follies of her King and his counsellors. The Von Bismarck convention has nowhere been stigmatised more severely than in the Chamber of Deputies, and if the Prussian Prime Minister still holds up his head in that Assembly, it is only for the sake of the bravado that he loves. It is possible that the stipulations of the convention have been exaggerated either by its author, in order to gratify his insolent love of setting the nation at defiance; or else by his Parliamentary rivals, who may honestly incline to believe the worst of their Sovereign and his ministerial cabal. But whatever the nature of the compact, even the infamous Bismarck Cabinet would pause before they ventured openly to fulfil it by playing the odious part of jackal to the Czar. The nation, as they know, has nearly reached the limits of its patience. An inveterate monarchical instinct alone prevents the soberest people in Europe from breaking out into conflict with the Crown. The Prussians are aware that Europe is in an unsettled state, and that the covetous eyes of an Imperial neighbour have been supposed long ago to be fixed upon the Rhine. They bear with patience the caprices of a reactionary Court, because the Prussian King represents in their eyes an integral part of the defensive strength of the realm. But nothing, probably, would be sufficient to drive them into an anti-Polish propaganda except some rash and isolated movement on the part of France. Just now, as Posen is tranquil, and there is no fear of European intervention assuming the character of a French territorial raid, the Poles have little to fear from the impotent antagonism of the Berlin Ministry. Prussia is too civilized or too humane to follow the lead of her rulers unless her instinctive fear of the French eagles is incautiously aroused. Were France to interfere *alone*, the French Emperor would find, it may be, that he was stirring up an

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enemy on the Rhenish frontier. If, on the other hand, the Czar declines to listen to the pacific and sincere overtures of the three remonstrating Cabinets, it will not be because he can count upon the moral or material support of Prussia. It is by no means an unimportant consequence of joint action on the part of the European Powers, that Prussia is thereby of necessity converted from the natural ally of Russia into a friendly neutral.

The defeat of Langiewicz has not paralysed the insurrection, of which he was for a short time the unfortunate head. Putting aside the discouragement which the friends of Polish independence must have felt at his loss, on many grounds the dictatorship was by no means a benefit to the cause. A well known tyrant used, it is recorded, to wish that his enemies had but one neck, that they might be decapitated at a single blow. Poland's best chance, in the face of her invaders, is that she should be hydra-headed. The revolution is safer for not collecting itself into a single focus of flame; and the latest tactics of the Russian generals would seem to show that they too recognize the suitability of the country for guerilla warfare. The insurrection in the last fortnight has spread itself over several hundred miles. The whole of Poland may now be said to be in a blaze; and there will be opportunity for many negotiations before the conflagration can be effectually extinguished. As yet no wanton spark has been kindled either in Posen or in Gallicia. If the insurgents are actuated by the most ordinary prudence, they will refrain from converting into an enemy's country two pacific regions from which they derive surreptitiously both supplies and reinforcements, and in which, if the worst comes to the worst, they and their followers may find a necessary shelter. Nor can they afford to lose either the cold support of Austria or the colder neutrality of Prussia. Throughout the contest, the committee who direct operations have shown themselves adequate to the difficult task of managing a revolution with diplomatic tact, and heads as clear and as cool as that of Langiewicz still remain to guide the heroic resistance of the Polish nation. Each fresh week increases the righteous sympathy felt by Europe for a country so noble and so oppressed. It is not after all for nothing that the annals of Poland are blotted all over with Polish blood. A feeling is growing up that a people capable of so many sacrifices must at last succeed in winning what they care for more than their own lives. Unfortunately the pages of history tell us that both heroism and freedom may be trampled out in many a corner of the world. But the nineteenth century is little disposed to tolerate the wholesale extermination of a nation which has devoted itself so courageously to martyrdom. From the blood of brave men springs the seed of free men, and in the presence of the events that are taking place in the forests of Poland, we at least shall decline to believe that the Polish nation has no future.

From his elevated position at the head of civilization and liberty, the political cynic may look back through a vista of years to the time when Poland was last a nation, and decide with gravity that the Poles have shown themselves already incapable of self-government. Generalization of this kind deserves but little notice, yet it may be useful, once for all, to remark that precisely the same contemptuous reproach was addressed to the Italians three or four summers back. Self-government, properly so called, is a plant of comparatively recent growth in any nation in Europe; and if the privileges of the nineteenth century were to be meted out to it according to the capacities and virtues of the eighteenth, civil liberty would have made less progress in the world than it has done. The self-sufficient philosopher who damns a people for the faults of character he thinks he can discover upon the back pages of their national history, may be fitly reminded that, whether Poland be capable of self-government or no, the last fifty years have shown that Russia at least is incapable of governing her. The remedy remains yet to be found. Lord Russell, with the cobwebs of Magna Charta still blowing about his brain, may propose to cure everything by the application of Polish parliamentary institutions—the panacea which his relation Lord Minto found so invaluable for his speeches during his famous Italian tour. The Archbishop of Warsaw, who knows his fellow-countrymen, asserts, with more show of reason, that "administrative reforms, however sincerely undertaken, cannot satisfy the nation." The fact is that Poland craves a distinct political existence, and Europe will never be secure till Poland has attained it.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CONSOLS STOCK CERTIFICATES.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer seems disposed to avail himself of the calmness of the session by obtaining from unquestioning Houses their legislative sanction for some of his crotchets. After an interval of ten years he has returned to the attack on the Three per Cents., which failed so sadly in 1853. He has passed the Post Office Savings Banks Bill through the Commons, and, having safely landed it in the Lords, he has justified the prediction we made at the time it was introduced, and has announced his intention of introducing after the recess a bill to extend its provisions to the funds of ordinary savings banks. The operation on the funds involved in the Savings Bank Bills is so intricate that its effect does not seem easily understood; but, as an interlude between these two bills, Mr. Gladstone has brought forward a third measure, in which the funds are openly dealt with. The Stock Certificates Act announces in its title an intended operation on the Three per Cents.

The details of the Stock Certificates Bill are sufficiently simple. At present its operation is confined to the Three per Cent. Consols and the New Three per Cents.; any person having his name in the Bank books as a proprietor in these stocks will be enabled to obtain in lieu of such registered title, certificates in blank transferable to bearer, with coupons for the half-yearly interest annexed to them. It is provided that the certificates shall only be issued for £50 stock, or exact multiples of £50, and that no certificate shall be issued for a larger sum than £1,000 stock. This last regulation is one of those rules dear to official persons, but incomprehensible to ordinary mortals. The nature of the case forbids any limit to the number of certificates issued, and supposing any one should ever wish to hold certificates for £10,000 stock, the only ends attained by forcing on him ten certificates instead of one, are the increased consumption of paper and the multiplication of writing. The regulation is precisely like that which requires a person who wishes to send £30 by Post-office orders to take out six orders for £5 each, instead of one for the whole sum. To return, however, to the details of the scheme: the coupons will be paid as they become due, minus the current income-tax; and the payment of the amounts upon them to the bearer absolves the Bank from any further liability. It would appear, though it is nowhere expressly stated, that an innocent purchaser of a stock certificate which had been stolen would be protected in his possession. A holder can secure himself against loss from theft by availing himself of a process which will at the same time deprive his certificate of any peculiar value. He can write upon it his name, address, and quality, and thereupon the certificate becomes absolutely inalienable, except so far as the title would pass by the death, bankruptcy, or (in the case of a woman) marriage of the holder. For the purposes of sale, a certificate with a name inscribed on it—or, as it is called in the Act, a nominal certificate—would only be a bore. A cautious man who had written his name on his certificate, and wished afterwards to realize, must present the certificate at the Bank, prove his identity, get himself re-entered on the Bank books as an ordinary stockholder, and then procure a transfer of the sum so entered into the name of the purchaser from him. It is clear that, instead of writing his name on a blank certificate, a holder had better return it at once to the Bank, and get himself inscribed on the Bank books as an ordinary proprietor. A section provides that no holder of stocks as a trustee shall take out a certificate, unless he is authorized to do so; and should he do so without such authority, he shall be punishable as guilty of a breach of trust. We are left to the law as to what the punishment will be, and unless the trustee is guilty of fraudulently converting the stock to his own use, the threat is little more than a *brutum fulmen*. There is no provision for the protection of those who have obtained a *distringas* over any share in the stocks.

It may be asked, what use is this Stock Certificates Act designed to serve? but the question is more easily asked than answered. The Act will apparently involve the nation in some additional expense, as it contains a clause enabling the Treasury to make an extra payment to the Bank on account of the trouble, expense, and responsibility imposed upon it; but we may hope that such extra payment will be small, as the operation of the Act itself will most probably be very limited. No rational man will bother himself with

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nominal certificates when he can obtain the same security with less trouble by simply inscribing his name in the Bank books; nor does there appear any satisfactory reason why any person should run the risk of holding blank certificates. Those who desire to buy stock in exact multiples of £50 are not likely to meet with those who wish to sell except through the medium of a broker, and the employment of a broker has been the only formality hitherto attendant on an investment or sale. The same trouble and greater risk do not constitute any great recommendation of Mr. Gladstone's plan. In our uncertainty as to the advantages of this scheme we have sought information from several of our contemporaries, but with little or no result. One writer suggested that intelligent foreigners, conscious of the instability of their own governments, would eagerly buy certificates of English funds, but it seems to be forgotten that to such a foreigner the advantage offered by our stocks, next to their security, is, that it is not necessary for the proprietor to carry any evidence of title about with him. Fancy the agony of Mr. John Smith, if in February, 1848, when he fled from the Tuileries, he had been conscious that his carpet-bag contained stock certificates to bearer for untold thousands! Even the *Globe*, which usually displays an admirable ingenuity in its thick and thin support of the Ministry, fails to discover the merits of Mr. Gladstone's bill; indeed, its panegyric was like that of Balaam, it ended by sounding an alarm over the facilities which the bill would confer on dishonest trustees. There is, indeed, one incidental advantage which the bill, should it prove other than a dead letter, may confer. If a holder of stock nowadays is drowned or burnt, his name appears on the Bank books, and some executor or administrator claims the money; should such a man hold certificates, it might well happen that the knowledge of the fact might perish with him, and the nation would, *pro tanto*, be the gainer. But it is probable that the operation of the Act will be too limited to allow us to hope for much from this source. Chancellors of the Exchequer are at times disappointed. There is a story told of one not many years since who offered three courses to the fundholder. Anxious to prevent any loss of life through the rush that he anticipated on the day when the fundholders were to attend at the Bank to declare their option, he caused tortuous zigzag barriers to be erected to moderate the incoming tide. The day arrived; one man slowly worked his way through the labyrinth of barriers; and when he reached the counter, a score of clerks pounced upon him and contended for the prize.

Mr. Gladstone's zeal for handling the Funds is probably due to his old longing for Two-and-a-Half per Cents., but as it is expressly provided that the stocks held by certificates shall be subject to the same incidents and powers of redemption as those held by inscription in the Bank books, it is difficult to see how the Certificate Bill will help him in attaining his object. In his Savings Bank Bill he does secure a certain amount of Two-and-a-Half per Cents., but by means of a very improvident bargain. He has in effect proposed to change £100 Three per Cents. into £120 Two-and-a-Half per Cents., though the operation is a little disguised by the additional element of a terminable annuity. The bare proposal to increase the nominal capital of the stocks by one-fifth, in order to reduce the nominal interest by one-sixth, seems too absurd to admit of discussion. Unluckily it has never been discussed, though it is the principle which the House of Commons has sanctioned in passing the Post Office Savings Banks Bill, and will be asked to sanction next week, or the week after, when the Savings Bank Bill comes to a second reading. The Opposition seems to have abdicated its functions, and the journalist can only record the fact that Mr. Gladstone is having it all his own way.

OUR COUSINS AT COPENHAGEN.

WE much admire the self-possession of our cool-headed cousins in Denmark. They are not so befooled with national vanity as they might have been after all the fussy congratulations addressed to them for a month past. What with the tardy remembrance of our Scandinavian kinship, and our habitual patronizing attitude towards a smaller State, such a dose of friendly compliment had been compounded for them as, now and then, to the bewilderment of our Continental neighbours, the fitful sympathies of the English nation are pleased to pour out. By strained ethnological theories, which our politicians are fond of using to prove, for the moment, whatever they will—as Lord Malmesbury solemnly assured the Austrians, in 1859, that we regarded them as our nearest and dearest relations, being of the Teutonic race—it had been made out that the Danish blood in the veins of every Briton was an eternal pledge of our kindness. This consanguinity would for ever keep us, of course, from any chance of disagreement with that kingdom of seafaring Northmen, whose fleet some English sailors yet live to boast that they have twice destroyed, and bombarded its capital city, with as little compunction as they would show at New York, or even at Trieste and Pola, if ever it suited our statesmanship to inflict such a brotherly visit upon the American or the Adriatic shores. But as the Tories of England were all Germans, or rather professed themselves born Austrians, upon the occasion of the campaign in Lombardy just four years ago—so now, when a daughter (God bless her!) of the royal house of Denmark the other day came over as the bride of our Prince of Wales, our most ingenious journalists discovered, and our Poet Laureate lyrically proclaimed, that we were "all of us Danes." Now, for our own part, we have not the slightest objection to be affiliated to any decent foreign stock which the fancies of any essayist on such themes of philological politics may incline to prefer. The *Saturday Review*, for example, inspired last week by the perusal of a contemporary who hails from Copenhagen, had a vision of the ancient brethren "Angul and Dan," the mythical founders of the English and Danish peoples, two personages whom we conceive to be not less heroic, and not more apocryphal, than Gog and Magog, our cherished twin familiars at Guildhall. By all means let us cultivate these very interesting traditions of our Scandinavian descent; let us glory in the Norse dialect of our Eastern Counties; and let the popularity of Hans Andersen with our youngest readers of fiction be a token that we can make ourselves at home with the Danes, as Miss Bremer and Jenny Lind have made us at home with the Swedes, who are partners in "the Scandinavian idea." All this is extremely gratifying as an assurance that our peaceful and defenceless shores between the Humber and the Tyne are no longer liable to the ravages of those ferocious Vikings, whose deeds of bloodshed and rapine were so aptly recited by Professor Aytoun for the delectation of the Princess Alexandra on her wedding day. But then we do think the Danes have a right to expect that this affectionate enthusiasm, got up with such appliances of pedantry and poetry on their behalf, shall outlast the royal honeymoon. And while the inquests are scarcely yet done upon the last of a dozen Londoners crushed to death at the crowded festival of our nuptial alliance with Denmark, the country which has sent us an object of such violent popular rejoicing may fairly look to us for substantial encouragement in its hour of need. If, therefore, we could leave Denmark at such a time to be exposed to fresh menaces from the German Federal power, whose utmost legal claims have been conceded by the proclamation of March 30th, the character of *perfide Albion* for gallantry as well as for sincerity would suffer considerably in the esteem of Europe.

If we may take an article in the *Dagbladet* of last Tuesday as expressing what the Danes really mean, they seem to behave with a degree of shrewdness and sober good sense, which, in spite of the gratuitous warnings of their disappointed patronizers, will bring them some advantage in the long run. But if they do *not* really mean what it says for them, and would desire to have the vacant throne of Greece filled by a Danish Prince after all, we must agree with the *Times*, that affecting to make a great favour of its acceptance, just to oblige the Powers which are puzzled how to dispose of it, and insisting upon a guarantee against German aggressions as the reward for picking up a dignity which nobody else will have, is a piece of sharp practice that may well cause the offer to be withdrawn. We believe, however, that the Danes are seriously in earnest, and certainly in the right, when they say that it would hardly be worth their while to accept this offer for its own sake, and that if they do so at the instigation of the British Government they will have earned some real service at our hands. They are not likely to be intoxicated with the flattering prospect, that, by the marriage of one Princess in England, of another possibly in Russia, and by the election of their William to reign, by the name of George, over a small nation whose sceptre our Alfred has refused, the lineage of Sonderburg-Glucksburg

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will some day rival the multiplied majesty of the Saxe-Coburgs in providing heads male or female to fit half-a-dozen European crowns. Few royal houses are more ancient or respectable than that of Denmark as it stands, and it has little to gain, in that way, from a family connection with the newly-minted monarchy of Greece. Nor could it, by such an accidental relation, add substantially to the small influence which it may still exert in the counsels of Europe. It would probably give some offence to Russia by occupying the place for which the Duke of Leuchtenberg has intrigued in vain. Though Danish trade and navigation are interested in the balance of naval powers in the Mediterranean, the maritime guardianship of the Baltic is a task sufficient for all the resources of a kingdom which musters but six frigates and four ships of the line. The enemies of Denmark, whose malice could more easily be gratified through the dispersion of her forces at sea, lie in wait for her along the German shores, whence they have not ceased, these fifteen years, to threaten the seizure of her ports, the coveted object of their ambition. It seems, therefore, not unreasonable that if, to aid the diplomacy of the great maritime Powers in settling the Greek succession with a view to exclude Russian ascendancy from the Levant, Denmark is now invited to assume a perilous responsibility in that remote corner of Europe, her appeal to England and France for security against the foes who beset and bully her at home should first be listened to. The sentiments of particular goodwill towards her which have been so lavishly uttered by some of our public spokesmen may be taken for exactly what they are worth. But it is useless to deny, that if a brother-in-law of the Prince of Wales can be got to fill the throne which the Greeks have insisted upon keeping open for Prince Alfred, with the alarming alternative of a Republic leading to we know not what complications of the Eastern question, the present Ministry of Queen Victoria will be relieved of a great embarrassment. And the princely family of Denmark may claim, as their least reward, the benefit of an English mediation, to deliver that gallant little State, once for all, from the unconscionable demands and the scarcely disguised schemes of conquest, by which its constitutional freedom and unity are threatened.

The King of Denmark, who, like Victor Emmanuel of Italy, has won, in spite of some personal faults, the hearty attachment of his people by his political honesty and his zeal for the independence of the realm, can go no farther in the way of concession than he has now gone. By his proclamation of March 30th he virtually gives up the government of his own Duchy of Holstein to the Estates or feudal Parliament of that German province, who, under the superintendence of the hostile Confederation, may legislate as they please against its dependence on the Danish Crown, which retains but a nominal sovereignty in Holstein. All that he now asks is to be secured against foreign interference in Slesvig, a province which never did belong to the German Federal system, but which is a part of Denmark, with a large majority of Danes in its population, who are perfectly content with their allegiance to Copenhagen. The German Powers, aiming at the ultimate annexation of Slesvig, with its convenient ports both on the Baltic and the North Sea, insist upon a close administrative connection between that duchy and Holstein, and pretend that the German emigrants settled in Slesvig (whose number is scarcely equal to that of the Germans dwelling amongst ourselves) are oppressed because the Danish language is used in the Government schools and churches. If the Prussian Government in Posen, or the Austrian in Gallicia, were accustomed to indulge its millions of Polish subjects with the use of their native tongue in official documents and educational institutions, they might have some right to offer friendly advice upon that question. But it is idle to accuse the Danish Government, whose laws and constitution allow more freedom than is enjoyed by any German State, of oppressing the scattered fragments of a nationality that exists only in a few districts of the kingdom, as it exists, in tenfold greater numbers, in America and elsewhere. The German claim is a hypocritical pretext, so far as Slesvig is concerned; and the diplomatic admissions extorted by force or cunning from the weakness of the Danish Government are a palpable snare. The Danes ask for a permanent security against this unjust persecution, which threatens ever and anon to renew the war of 1848; they ask that the independence of Denmark, including Slesvig, shall be guaranteed by the European Powers, and that Holstein shall be made neutral territory, so as to close that road to the vastly superior attacking forces of Germany by land. We are not anxious to see Great Britain encumbered with fresh guarantees of Continental policy; but Denmark claims a fair hearing under the circumstances of this occasion.

THEOLOGICAL TRAINING AT OXFORD.

WE observe that an attempt is to be made at Oxford to promote theological reading among the students. It is high time; for if all be true that several bishops have announced in their recent charges, the superintendence of the preparation for orders is rapidly passing out of the hands of the Universities into those of the many theological seminaries which the supposed exigencies of the times have sown broadcast over the land. We do not propose, here, to enter into any of the collateral questions which might arise in connection with this subject; but we deem it of importance that the eyes of the public should be opened to the fact that Oxford and Cambridge are training our lawyers and our statesmen, but not our clergy. The tables of candidates for ordination throughout the whole number of dioceses in England exhibit this very unsatisfactory result, that not only have the candidates for orders largely decreased in numbers during the last twenty years, despite the increase of the population; but also that, while the candidates from Oxford have decreased to the amount of 34¼ per cent. during the last twenty years, and those from Cambridge 19 per cent., the literates, or men without University degrees, have increased no less than 193¼ per cent. One single training seminary, that of St. Aidan's, near Birkenhead, is at this moment actually contributing the twentieth part of the candidates for orders for the whole ministry of the Church of England.

We must not turn aside to discuss the reasons that may be assigned for the lessening numbers of candidates for orders. They are very apparent, in the unsettled state of theological opinion which prevails, and in the far better pecuniary openings afforded to young men by civil appointments, and by emigration to the colonies. One such visit to this country as that of Mr. Herbert, the Colonial Secretary at Queensland, is enough to turn the heads of fifty young fellows, and drag them off into the Bush. We could point at this moment to Fellows of Colleges driving their own sheep through the scrub, and to men with first-class degrees rolling fleeces, washing sheep, and shearing them, camping out for days and nights on their "run," and living upon the universal "damper" and tea.

The question, however, which is immediately before us is this. Supposing the candidates for orders to continue to present themselves, who is to train them? Are the Universities to allow that important part of their duties to slip into other hands? Is the ministry of the Church to be occupied by men, who, however well trained theologically, have not enjoyed the prodigious advantage of a university career? Let it not be supposed that we presume to utter sweeping condemnation against all theological seminaries and the men who are trained in them. We cannot, however, blind our eyes to the fact, that even the clergy who have been at Oxford and Cambridge show evident symptoms of running too much in a groove, and leave the University with an insufficiency of that common "wisdom," which is as essential as "harmlessness" to the proper discharge of their parochial work. We strongly deprecate the idea that our ancient Universities are to delegate the training of our clergy to institutions which have no prestige, no hold on public opinion, and which, with their absolutely theological bias, must be immeasurably less fitted than the Universities to turn out men decently qualified to exercise common tact and a tolerable amount of worldly wisdom. We are convinced that preparation for orders can go on nowhere so well as at the Universities, where there are many learned professors, splendid libraries, and sufficient endowments. The whole tone of the more steady portion of those communities is in favour of reading. There a theological student rubs his theological corners against secular projections. He debates and hears debated other questions besides those of his own intended profession. He learns humility and prudence, and common sense. He is shaken up in a bag with young future lawyers, statesmen, merchants, squires, and physicians, and learns, what he would never learn in a seminary

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containing divinity-students alone, that there are in the world pursuits, tastes, interests, whims, and peculiarities as diversified and numerous as there are stones in the highway. We are ready to admit that the various theological seminaries may lay down excellent courses of study, and may do efficient service in storing the head with divinity; but we want a clergy who will come out into our rural parishes with the broad stamp of cultivated humanity upon them.

We are pleased, therefore, to observe that the University of Oxford is taking a step in this direction, although the scheme, good so far as it goes, is yet far from what it ought to be. It is proposed to institute a regular theological examination for *graduates*, to publish a class list, and out of certain funds in the hands of the University, to give three prizes to the most successful candidates. The success of the measure will, no doubt, be considerable, especially if the Bishops agree in making it a *sine quâ non* that every candidate for holy orders from Oxford should pass the examination. This is, we believe, universally required by the Bishops in the case of what is called the "voluntary" theological examination at Cambridge, and which, by reason of this requirement, has become involuntary. Why their lordships have not, in all cases, required the "testamur" of the voluntary examination at Oxford, under the statutes of 1842, we do not know. But if they will, with one accord, insist upon every candidate's name being found in the new theological class list, much good may be done. We have our fears that the examination may become a mere competition for the three prizes; but, nevertheless, its benefits may be considerable.

We do not, however, conceive that this step is more than a move in the right direction. It stops far short of the mark, and has one great defect. So long as the "voluntary" examination at Cambridge was really voluntary, not only *quoad* University, but *quoad* Bishops, it was extremely effective. A high standard was maintained, and much theological knowledge was acquired. But when it became involuntary *quoad* Bishops, remaining, as it does, voluntary *qnoad* University, the standard was lowered. We imagine that men came to it in such numbers, and so wretchedly prepared, that of necessity the examination became less severe, and the passing it more easy. We do not see how it can be otherwise. The Universities do little enough, during their three or four years' course, to prepare their students for passing in theology, and it would, we think, be very hard to compel men on whom they have bestowed the degree of B.A. while in nearly absolute ignorance of divinity, to attain a very high standard of theological learning, before they will grant them a "testamur."

It will be gathered from these remarks, that, in our judgment, the real work of theological training ought to be accomplished by the Universities before the degree of B.A., and not after. One obvious reason for this necessity is to meet the case of men of slender income, who make great sacrifices, and often put a severe pressure on the resources of their friends, to enter the University at all. Such men would find it impossible to remain at college long enough, after taking their degree, to attend a sufficiency of lectures, or to devote a considerable period of time to theological reading. However much it would be to be deplored, that the amount of secular reading should be curtailed—and we would gladly double it, if possible—we see no other way in which a sound theological training can be secured under the wing of the Universities. It, however, is clear that the Church wants men of sound theological training. And, however difficult it may be devise a scheme which shall meet all the requirements of University students, we should decidedly object to seeing Oxford and Cambridge hand over the training of our clergy to St. Aidan's or St. Bees'. The inevitable result would be, that the clergy would lose their position, and the Universities themselves would abandon one of the very strongest of those connecting links which now bind them to the country.

REPUBLICAN LOYALTY LEAGUES.

MR. BRIGHT'S conception of the duty and the proper bearing of a neutral has received a curious illustration in the proceedings of a meeting held the other day at Manchester to protest against the building and fitting-out of "piratical" ships in support of the "Southern Slaveholders' Confederacy." Regarded by itself, this assembly does not appear to call for any particular attention. Its promoters invited all the principal lights of their party, but with no other result than a long list of letters of apology. In the absence of the merchants, manufacturers, and really influential politicians of the city, their places were filled by a few well-known agitators, a couple of Quarter Sessions' barristers anxious to break a lance with the Solicitor-General, and a brace of University professors, who court in excited and miscellaneous gatherings the applause and approval which their extreme opinions and fantastic crotchets fail to win from the calm judgment of their equals in culture and intellectual status. As an expression of public opinion, this meeting was neither more nor less significant than others which are supposed to demonstrate that the sympathy of the masses is with the Northern States. But the speakers who took part in it had at any rate the merit of telling us, with the utmost frankness, what it is that they expect the Government to do, and of exposing, with transparent candour, the frame of mind in which they approach the consideration of international obligations. Although it was their professed object to urge her Majesty's ministers to fulfil, more faithfully than hitherto, the duties of an impartial neutral, they did not hesitate to own the most thorough-going partizanship for one belligerent. The Southern people were described as engaged in a "felonious and traitorous conspiracy" while "fraternal sympathy" was bespoken for the Northerners in their efforts to maintain the Union. Not a word of condemnation was bestowed upon the men who sell arms to the Federals; while those who furnish ships to the Confederates were accused of disregarding every consideration of morality and patriotism in the selfish pursuit of gain. Professor Newman was not ashamed to threaten us with the hostility of France and with revolt in Ireland, if we do not at once accede to all the demands of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward; and in the extravagance of his anti-English zeal he even proposed to test all candidates at the next general election in respect of their willingness to vote an indemnity for the damages inflicted by the *Alabama*. When he proceeded to say that, in the event of a war arising out of the refusal of such an indemnity, he should desire the defeat of his own country, he seems to have gone rather further than a portion of his audience were prepared to accompany him; and we may perhaps conclude that it is only the more advanced and logical members of "the Union and Emancipation Society" who have as yet made up their minds that the security of Yankee commerce must, in the last resort, be guaranteed by the humiliation of England and the disruption of the British empire. The majority are content to inflict upon this country the disgrace of doing the bidding and serving the purposes of a foreign State, without regard to our own just and time-honoured modes of legal procedure, or the rights and liberties of our own subjects. They will be satisfied if our Government will only imitate the Federal Administration by subjecting our shipbuilders to an inquisitorial spy system, and by acting upon suspicion instead of waiting for evidence.

We do not propose to enter once more upon the discussion of Earl Russell's conduct in regard to the seizure of the *Alabama*. It is with unfeigned regret we perceive that Mr. S. Pope, "barrister-at-law," differs from the Solicitor-General in his view of the international law applicable to the case. But upon the whole the Government may rely with some confidence upon the advice of the most eminent jurist at the bar, although it does not command the assent of a gentleman who is principally notorious as the secretary of an association for transplanting the Maine Liquor Law into England. And in spite of much declamation to the contrary, impartial persons will continue to be of opinion that before Mr. Adams was entitled to call upon the Government to put the Foreign Enlistment Act in operation, he was bound to furnish them with the evidence requisite to justify their proceedings. It would, however, be quite idle to discuss the legal bearings of the question with those who, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, are of opinion that "the duties of nations towards each other are not bound by the technical rules of law." As a general proposition it might pass for a harmless platitude to say that "those duties are as wide as the duties of morality and honour." But it is impossible to mistake the meaning or application of such a phrase in the present instance. If we are, as a nation, to regard the Northerners as angels of light and the Southerners as demons of darkness, morality and honour clearly call upon us to lend an active assistance to the former; and it

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is obvious that that is what the speakers at this meeting really desire. For our own part we cannot so easily forget that in professing neutrality between the belligerents, the country has bound itself to make no difference between them. In discharging the duties and fulfilling the obligations of such a policy, the guidance of technical rules of law is indispensable. They may be hard or narrow, but they are at any rate definite, and they have the merit of having been laid down beforehand and not being struck off, in the heat of the moment, under the influence of passion or sentiment. None but those who desire to abandon the impartiality they are intended to secure, will seek their abrogation. We cannot, indeed, affect to be surprised at any impatience under their restraints; which may be displayed by men who are eagerly urging on a political prosecution in the interest of a foreign State. The Government are not likely to be so ill-advised as to place Mr. Laird on his trial, but it would only be decent if those who clamour for such a proceeding, and inveigh so loudly against his frank confession that he built the *Alabama* for the Confederates, were to bestow some attention on his statement that the Federal Secretary of the Navy also endeavoured to induce him to violate the law. In the absence of any contradiction of an assertion so publicly made, none but those who are blinded by partizanship for the Northern States will admit their right to invoke the penal clauses of an Act of Parliament which they have not themselves respected. It is a salutary English prejudice that a prosecutor should come into court with clean hands; and we certainly see no reason for abandoning it in favour of those who have acted a systematically unfriendly part towards us, since the commencement of their civil war. So far from our being called upon to favour the Federals, they are in truth only entitled to the barest justice at our hands. That they will have; as they have had it. If any proof were required of the steadiness with which her Majesty's Ministers are determined to respect both the spirit and letter of international law, it would be found in their acquiescence in the seizure of the *Peterhoff*. For although there is no doubt that Admiral Wilkes had, strictly speaking, a perfect right to seize this vessel and send her before a prize court, it is impossible not to regard this measure as one utterly wanting in *bona fides*, and as part of a plan for stopping a perfectly legitimate traffic between two neutral ports. The employment of this officer on a station where he would have an opportunity of interfering with British commerce, was quite incompatible with an honest desire on the part of Mr. Seward to avoid topics of irritating controversy between the two countries. Still we have borne patiently with many vexatious proceedings on his part, and have allowed him, without complaint, to proceed to the verge of the power vested in a belligerent. The seizure of the *Alexandra* affords another instance of Earl Russell's determination to carry out our neutrality fairly and fully; while at the same time he properly refuses to allow it to be made the mask for covert hostility to the Confederate States.

It is indeed natural enough that the English admirers of Mr. Lincoln should demand the seizure of vessels supposed to be building for the Confederates without any nice regard to the proof of their alleged destination. They are only seeking to import into England the blessings of a *régime*, which, in the name of liberty, has erected in America something little short of a military despotism. One of the latest illustrations of the practically lawless condition of things which exists in some at least of the Northern States, was lately furnished by the proceedings of General Wright in Illinois. It appears that two persons were brought before a judge of that State on a charge of kidnapping a lad under the pretence that he was a deserter from the Federal army. In their justification they produced a warrant authorizing them to arrest deserters in a district of Indiana. Of course this could not, under any circumstances, sanction their assumption of authority in another State; and they were accordingly held to bail to answer the accusation made against them. As soon, however, as General Wright was informed of this, he sent a military force of 200 men from Indiana into Illinois, arrested the judge, and consigned him to prison. It seems almost incredible—but we are told it is a fact—that although General Wright has since been replaced by General Burnside, no notice whatever has been taken of this violent outrage. When the power of the sword is thus set above that of the law at the will of any General who happens to command in a State, it is not surprising that agitation and disaffection should be spreading fast in the North-Western States; and that we should hear of mysterious organizations like that of "the Knights of the Golden Circle," who are said to number 15,000 in the State of Indiana, and whose objects are certainly not friendly to the existing Administration. On the other hand, some of the friends of the North point exultingly to the revival of a war spirit in the Federal States, as testified by the spread of the "loyal league" movement. Nor are we disposed to deny that for a time the moderate party—the party of peace—has been overwhelmed by one of those spasmodic and superficial movements of popular passion, which are natural and perhaps inevitable amongst a people excited and maddened by such a struggle as that in which they are engaged. It is probably the last outburst of rage and desperation which will subside as quickly as it has arisen, if the Union arms fail to achieve any considerable successes during the spring campaign. In the meantime, nothing can be more complete than the disregard which the promoters of this organization evince for liberty, and for the rights either of States or individuals. The pledge adopted by its members binds them to "unconditional loyalty" to the Government, in order to maintain "the power, glory, and integrity of the nation." And if any doubt could exist as to the meaning of this, it is removed by the gloss supplied by Mr. Conkling, one of the representatives of the State of New York, who tells us "that State rights and State institutions, and all other institutions, if need be, must give way in order that the Republic may live." This is the cause with which Englishmen are asked to sympathize. It is to assist men like these in trampling under foot every right we ourselves hold dear, that we are called upon to strain to the uttermost the powers of a highly penal Act of Parliament. Nor is any ultimate object held out to us which might redeem the temporary wrong. These "loyalty league" men discard the cant of abolitionism. They have at least the frankness not to feign an affection for the negro which they do not feel. They avowedly have no other wish than the re-establishment of the Union at any cost of blood or treasure. To them it is perfectly immaterial whether the Union so restored is founded on the consent and affection of the people, or resembles that between Russia and Poland. They are quite prepared to repeat in the New World, on a scale corresponding to the vastness of its geographical features, the oppression and the wrong which have hitherto been the characteristic opprobrium of European despotisms. It is as much as can be expected that we should stand by and watch with calmness this latest manifestation of democratic respect for the "rights of man." As the subjects of a constitutional monarchy, we have an incurable incapacity for realizing the blessings of such an empire as it is proposed to found in America under the name of a Republic.

MR. WALTER AND SCHOOLMASTERS' CERTIFICATES.

"CURSES," says an Eastern proverb, which Southey has taken for the motto to one of his poems, "curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost." For *curses* read *claptraps*, and the proverb applies admirably to the situation in which Mr. Lowe at this moment finds himself. "Claptraps are like young chickens, they always come home to roost."

Even the general public by this time knows pretty well what a certificate of merit is. It is a document, issued by a department of State, attesting that the holder has passed a satisfactory examination in the subjects of elementary instruction. In every country of Europe the elementary schoolmaster has to provide himself with such a document. It appears that Mr. Walter, the member for Berkshire, has at Bearwood a valued schoolmaster without this appendage. His own favourite fox being thus without a tail, Mr. Walter has been led to entertain doubts as to the utility of tails in general. Gradually the whole question of tails has been explored by him, and he has arrived at an absolute conviction of their inutility. Henceforth he is an infidel as to tails. Like all great infidels, he is not satisfied till he can dethrone the idol which he condemns; he cries out with Voltaire,—"*écrasons l'infâme!*" His own schoolmaster, devoid of a tail, suffers under an unjust slight so long as tails are prized. The schoolmasters of the neighbourhood, who

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wear these bushy honours thick upon them, flap them provokingly on the ground when Mr. Walter or his schoolmaster pass by. "Let us have done with this nonsense," cries Mr. Walter. "Results are everything: tails without works are nothing. Instead of asking whether a schoolmaster has a certificate, let us ask what results he produces in the reading, writing, and arithmetic of his scholars. Let the State pay simply for these results, and ask no questions as to the person of those who have produced them. Let us have free trade in education. *Sursum corda.* Down with tails!"

It is easy to make a triumphant defence of tails, and to show Mr. Walter's proposal to be an absurdity of the first magnitude. He proposes an administrative impossibility. The State cannot possibly accomplish this minute inquisition into results; it cannot possibly scrutinize every single item of the work done for it. If it attempts this, one of two things must happen: either the scrutiny must be made with inadequate means, and then it will be a mere farce; or it must be made with adequate means, and then it will prove so ruinously expensive that it cannot be continued six months. What the State can really do is, in the first place, by examining the future functionary, to ascertain that he is in a certain degree competent for his function; and in the second place, by examining from time to time samples of his work, to ascertain that he actually fulfils his function properly. This is the universal practice of all rational administration. Mr. Walter says:—"Instead of examining the functionary beforehand, and samples of his work afterwards, examine all his work when he is in discharge of his function." The State may reply:—"Why do you thus rob me of a security which I can take, and substitute for it a security which I cannot take? When you engage a doctor for your union, you take a man with a diploma, you keep your eye on his work, and you dismiss him if he does it badly; you do not forego the security of the diploma, examine every single case of illness treated by your practitioner, and pay or dismiss him according to the success of that treatment. You ask me:—'Why should the intending practitioner give me the security of his certificate?' Rather let me ask you:—'Why should he not?'"

But Mr. Walter is fortunate. He addresses his proposal to a department of State which is precluded from giving him this plain answer. He has to deal with a Minister who has himself used all Mr. Walter's clap-traps, and who now finds them turned against himself. *Let us have free trade in education*, is a cry of which Mr. Lowe is the original proprietor. Last year he and the *Times* thought they could not let us hear it too often. Last year Mr. Lowe was never weary of disparaging all securities except this one security of results; he could not sufficiently scout the notion of paying for "means," instead of solely paying for "results;" he had no words strong enough to express his scorn for the hollowness of the old system of the Privy Council Office. He rated tails very cheap then. If he defends them now, it is not because he believes in them a bit more than Mr. Walter does, but because Mr. Walter's crusade against them threatens him with a personal embarrassment. Mr. Walter's motion threatens Mr. Lowe's measure of last year with a practical, immediate *reductio ad absurdum*. That measure,—extolled only by enemies of all State aid to education, by clergymen in search of a bishopric, or by officials to whom all the works of their superiors are very good; condemned most by those who had studied popular education most, and happily described by the best Review of the best educated country in Europe, Switzerland, as "*une soi-disant réforme, inintelligente et mal combinée*,"—that measure rested with its whole weight upon a principle on which Mr. Walter's motion, also, wholly rests; the principle that the State's business in popular education is to ascertain whether or no each child in a school can read, write, and cypher, and to pay accordingly. The absurdity of this principle is proved, as we have already said, the moment it is attempted to give full practical effect to it. Mr. Lowe hoped to avoid this test; he had to deal with but a small portion of the elementary schools of England, and these he hoped to be able, or to pretend to be able, to pay by results. Mr. Walter presents him with an addition of 15,000 schools, and Mr. Lowe begins to perceive what "payment by results" really means administratively. Payment by results would, he told us, ensure one of two blessings—economy or efficiency. It is to be hoped its blessing of efficiency may be great; for assuredly, if Mr. Walter's motion passes, its blessing of economy will be small.

Mr. Norris, a painstaking Inspector, and laudably studious of the goodwill of his superiors, has in this difficulty come to Mr. Lowe's assistance. Mr. Norris begins action by general reflections on the utility of the certificate; by a eulogy on tails in the abstract. What he says is true, but, in the contest between Mr. Walter and Mr. Lowe, not to the point. Mr. Walter's strength lies in Mr. Lowe's inability to use these topics; in Mr. Lowe's own well-remembered cries for free trade in education and payment by results. Mr. Norris then changes his tactics a little. "Let us distinguish," he says: "there are tails and tails. There is the old corrupt tail, and there is the pure and reformed branch which Mr. Lowe has instituted. There is the money-bearing certificate and the barren certificate. The moment the State ceases to pay money to the holder of a certificate, all the blemishes of the certificate-test disappear, all its beauties come out in full bloom." "Fine words," replies the inexorable Mr. Walter; "but free trade in education? but payment by results? So long as you insist on the certificate, money-bearing or barren, you have neither." Mr. Norris then quits the thorny regions of intellectual dispute. He soars into the empyrean of the moral sphere. "Profane man," he cries from above to Mr. Walter, "you know not what you are attacking. There exists in the certificate a mysterious virtue. Like the precious glass in the Middle Ages, which indicated the approach of poison, the certificate—that wonderful, that almost divine instrument—has the power of indicating the approach of intemperance. I have come in contact with uncertificated schoolmasters, of whose general sobriety I could not but feel grave doubts. The hue of Bacchus was on their nose and the odour of juniper upon their lips. I have presented to them the certificate-test and they have shivered into a thousand pieces. Drunkenness is the English vice; and an engine which thus detects drunkenness must be preserved at any sacrifice of logic." Having said this, Mr. Norris passes into the heavens out of our sight.

Meanwhile, Mr. Walter's motion will soon be in the House of Commons. The Goddess of Unreason counts many votaries in that august assembly; and how any matter, which is not a matter of party, but only a matter of good government and good sense, may be there decided, it is impossible to foretell. Mr. Norris's attempt to defend the certificate-test on transcendental grounds is vain. The sun shines both on the evil and on the good, and the certificate rewards both the purple-nosed and the pale-nosed. To defend the certificate-test upon the true grounds is for Mr. Lowe impossible. But it is to be hoped that the House of Commons will save Mr. Lowe from the due results of his own impolicy. It is to be hoped they will say, "You have given us a measure of which Mr. Walter's proposed measure is certainly the legitimate consequence. But then your own measure is said to have none of the signs of life about it; weighty authorities were and are against it; we permitted its introduction only on trial and on your responsibility; the whole question of education will probably soon have to be re-opened by us. Let us leave things for the present as they are. Let us destroy no more of the old system, until we are sure that we have not destroyed too much of it already. Let us have no more of payment by results, until we are sure that what we have of it will give us satisfaction. Let us at any rate reject Mr. Walter's proposal as premature." This is the course which the best friends of education must wait to see the House of Commons take. They will have real ground for uneasiness should the House take a different course, and insist on embarrassing Mr. Lowe by carrying out Mr. Lowe's own doctrines. Even amidst that uneasiness, however, it will be impossible to repress a smile at seeing the engineer hoist by his own petard. *Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin, tu l'as voulu!*

THE ROMANCE OF WICKED WOMEN.

The extraordinary success which has attended Miss Braddon's lurid novel, "Lady Audley's Secret," is another proof of the interest that is generally excited by the delineation of female guilt. It is a morbid feeling; but there is undoubtedly a growing tendency to pry into the dark recesses of those feminine natures which, by their own inherent wickedness, or by the pressure of cruel circumstance, have attained that degree of reckless ferocity

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invoked by Lady Macbeth through the assistance of the evil powers :—

> "Come, come, you spirits
> That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
> And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
> Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
> Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
> That no compunctious visitings of nature
> Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
> The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
> And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
> Wherever, in your sightless substances,
> You wait on nature's mischief!"

Of all Shakespeare's female characters, Lady Macbeth is certainly the one which stands out most prominently from the crowded canvas he has left us. It is the part with which tragic actresses can do more than with any other—the part that is particularly associated with the memory of Mrs. Siddons, and in which Madame Ristori, a few years ago, made so great an impression on the English public. It is true that, in the creation of that character, the poet contemplated something much higher than what we now call "sensational writing." He had a moral purpose, such as makes horror legitimate. But it is doubtful whether more than a few who read the play, or see it performed, think or care about the moral intention. The charm lies in the contemplation of enormous wickedness associated with the external graces and winning ways of the sex which has engrossed to itself the epithet of "gentle." There is even, it must be confessed, a certain fascination in the more exalted and poetical exhibitions of female ferocity—something superbly terrible in that tiger-like union of sleek and supple ways with the abiding wrath that lurks within. A vixen is simply repulsive and contemptible; a Madame Brinvilliers, who to the bright and gliding beauty of the snake can add the serpent's dire and deadly venom, is alluring to ordinary minds even in the midst of the detestation she inspires. Lucrezia Borgia—though, by the way, she seems to have been a good deal maligned by the popular representations of her—lives in the memory like a thunder-storm; awful, menacing, and perilous, yet attractive. It is the same with the great female criminals of real life. Madeleine Smith received offers of marriage on the mere chance of her acquittal of the murder of L'Angelier. Mrs. Manning was the heroine of the autumn months of 1849. She was decidedly the "favourite" when she and her craven husband came out from that fatal prison door upon the scaffold; and the young "roughs" sang songs about her with hideous gallantry. Every one who recollects the state of popular feeling during the progress of that memorable trial must be aware that the murderous Swiss woman was an object of positive interest to all classes. She was utterly remorseless and bloodthirsty; she contrived and carried out (for Manning himself was little better than her trembling accomplice) a murder of unusual atrocity and fantastic horror; yet she was courageous, and almost grand in the defiant might of her guiltiness. However discreditable it may be to our nature, most minds are influenced by a secret and unavowed sympathy with the boldness of crime; with that degree of crime which seems self-centred and self-dependent—which accepts all the chances beforehand, plays for a great issue on the greatest of stages, and, if defeated, submits to the penalties with proud composure. The fact is that wickedness on a scale of unusual enormity is a manifestation of power; and power is the quality which is most readily appreciated by human beings. The transgressions of great empires are commonly forgiven, except by those who suffer from them. The most moralising of historians have little to say in reprobation of the rapacity and violence of old Rome; and, though our own rule in India will hardly bear strict examination in all its features, it is not likely to be visited with any very severe judgment by the writers of a thousand years hence, unless by that time we have attained a higher standard of morality than even Christianity has yet helped us to. In the sublime epic of Milton, it is to the character of Satan that the memory most frequently reverts; to that solitary and prodigious figure, darkened by the shadow of Titanic guilt, scarred by the wrath that has avenged it, despairing of all restoration to the happiness which has been lost, yet confronting the hopeless Eternity and the lidless eye of Divine Power with the steadiness of an evil Fate. To descend to the petty area of every-day novels and plays, it is generally the bad characters which engage most of our attention, and which have evidently absorbed the chief powers of the author. Quiet-going virtue is insipid after audacious sin. It is cold veal after devilled kidney—toast-and-water after brandy-punch. We are not defending the taste; we are simply noting its existence. Partly it proceeds from an unconscious stirring of the vicious elements in our nature; partly also, no doubt, from an instinct which is not corrupt. People feel that the bad characters are at least perfect in their way; they are cast in an heroic, though a devilish, mould; there is nothing mediocre or common-place about them. The same readers perceive that the good characters are, after all, not superhumanly good; not perfect in *their* way, but only tame reproductions of themselves—mere vapid assemblages of half-developed virtues and half-extinguished vices. The vulgarest natures have at times a craving for an ideal of some sort; and they find a nearer approach to this in daring criminality than in faltering goodness.

That this tendency to be interested in wicked characters should be excited with peculiar intensity whenever the character is a woman, is probably due in the main to the force of contrast. When Ristori, in "Medea," suddenly leaps as it were from the ambush of her beauty, her dignity, and her sorrow, into the tumult of passion and savage power, and in that appalling burst of long pent-up ferocity, says, that as the panther in the woods treats the victim he has watched and waited for, so will she treat Jason the moment his destiny has delivered him into her hands—springing upon him from the height of her revenge, and rending him in the cruel gambols of her hate—she awakens in the audience a feeling which is not altogether that of horror and revulsion. To judge from the accounts given by old opera-goers, a similar effect used to be produced by Pasta in the same character. In fact, some of the ancient mythologists seem to have had an instinct to that end, in making Jason ultimately reconciled to the beautiful, fell enchantress. The woman at Manchester, who last year was accused of murdering her step-children, in consequence of the supposed ill-treatment of the family by the landlord's agent, subsequently slain by her husband in the wife's presence, had something of the Medea type in her character; yet the jury acquitted her. Probably she was not guilty to the extent imputed by the prosecution; she seems, indeed, to have been influenced by the stronger will of her husband, to whom she was deeply attached; yet she must have had a disposition strangely divided between love and fierceness. The dramatists of the Shakespearean time would have seized on such a character and such a combination of events. Webster, in particular, would have elaborated this story into one of his most ghastly tragedies. In his play of "The White Devil," he has depicted a woman whose beauty is but a weapon of her guiltiness, yet, for whom, nevertheless, the sympathies of the reader are enlisted. Vittoria Corombona, says Hazlitt, "is made fair as the leprosy, dazzling as the lightning. She is dressed like a bride in her wrongs and her revenge." And he adds, that in the trial scene "the sincerity of her sense of guilt triumphs over the hypocrisy of the affected and official contempt for it" exhibited by her judges. There can be no doubt that this is very questionable and dangerous ground, and Shakespeare, with his wider and more healthy genius, avoided all such seductive horrors; but Webster was what we should now call a "sensational" writer, though one of unwonted power and profundity, and he knew that he was striking on a chord which would vibrate in the breasts of his audience.

A curious psychological discussion might be raised upon the question whether instances of prodigious and superhuman guilt are or are not more common among women than among men. We know, of course, that the larger number of ordinary criminals are males; but we are speaking of criminals who go *beyond* the ordinary standard. Even if it were to be decided that women have surpassed men in this as in some other respects, it would not be to the discredit of the sex as a general rule, because the special instances are simply a perversion of some of the best qualities of the feminine nature. Women are invariably impulsive, and so much good results from their impulsiveness that it would be bad philosophy to quarrel with the habit because of a few occasional ill effects. The excessive caution of men—the tendency to reason about everything, to consider consequences before acting, to view all the possible and even the impossible sides of a question, to make up the mind in theory, and yet to hesitate in practice—saves them, indeed, from many an act of hasty injustice, but often leads to selfishness and moral cowardice, and sometimes precipitates the very evils it was designed to avoid. There are fortunately few men who push this quality to the morbid extreme which our great dramatist has exhibited in "Hamlet;" but still, as compared with women, all men are deliberative, and it is right that they should be. The complex and finely-adjusted structure of civilized society requires something of the judicial frame of mind in those who have the chief conduct of the world's business. Yet it is equally necessary that this proclivity should be balanced by a correspondent leaning in the opposite direction. Women judge by a species of instinct, and in a large proportion of cases they leap to the right conclusion. The absence, or the comparative subjection, of the ratiocinative power,

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enables them to confine their attention to the one aspect which immediate circumstances present; and by that one aspect they judge the whole question. Hence they are decisive in opinion and quick in action; alert in sympathy and "sudden in quarrel." Hence, also, they are sometimes unjust and unreasonable, and not so prone to make charitable allowances, even for one another, as men are; and hence—to come to the matter we are more particularly considering—they are liable, when their affections are thwarted and beaten back upon themselves, to turn the very energy of their sympathies into wild and avenging ministers. Even women themselves generally admit that a thoroughly bad woman is worse than the worst of men; and this is so because the vehemence of the rebound is necessarily in proportion to the original momentum.

DINING ROOMS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

If Glasgow can teach the London artisan how to dine well for fourpence halfpenny, the Scot will do him a great service. At the present moment the labouring man in this great metropolis pays more extravagantly for the two items of house-rent and food, according to what he gets, than any of the classes higher in the social scale, for the simple reason that he is a retail purchaser in both commodities on the smallest possible scale. But as he is at the same time a member of the largest class, and the only one that pays *ready money*, he has only to club with his mates to stand in the position of a wholesale customer on a scale which dwarfs to insignificance the purchasing powers of all other classes. The operatives of Glasgow, or rather those who have undertaken to cater for them, have been the first practically to appreciate this fact; hence the success of the dining-rooms for the working classes in that city. Manchester, we are told, is about to follow this good lead; and London has already two associations threatening to compete with our cook-shops and alamode-beef houses. The great merit of the Glasgow plan is, that these dining-rooms are self-supporting. The tariff at which the refreshments are sold not only pays, but leaves a small profit. There is no petting on the part of lofty philanthropists who, on the score of a twenty pound subscription, condescends to superintend the tastes and appetites of the working man. Another good feature of the scheme is, that only the best food is supplied. Only those who have had a long acquaintance with the artisan, knows how particular he is to have the best his means will afford. This may look like extravagance on his part, but it is really true economy, and possibly lies at the bottom of that superiority he boasts over the *ouvriers* of other nations. A correspondent of the *Times* tells us that for fourpence halfpenny he got in one of these dining-rooms "a pint of pea-soup, a plate of hot minced collops (beef-steaks minced and stewed), a plate of potatoes, and eight ounces of bread," all far better in quality than could be got at a railway tavern—a pretty good dinner for the keenest appetite, and infinitely more nutritious than that provided for the workman in his own home. The *carte* from which he has to choose is not very ample, it is true, but there is range enough, with two exceptions, to satisfy any ordinary appetite. But these two are, however, worthy of note. For instance, why should a working man be compelled, by the rules of these dining-rooms, to eat beef-steaks and roast beef from morning to night, and from one year's end to the other? Surely, this is only repeating the error under which our soldiers so long suffered, and which not only disgusted, but physically impoverished them. We are asked to approve this bovine monopoly, on the score of the simplicity of the arrangement, by "J. O.," in the *Times;* but, on the same principle, oatmeal would have far higher claims. Variety is as essential to the working man, in the article of food, as to the rich man, who, if he had to dine off beef day by day, would, we fancy, sing that national song, "O the Roast Beef of Old England," to a less cheerful air than he does at present. And why, we ask, is the working man to have no beer? Surely these establishments are not set up in order to carry by a side wind what teetotal societies have failed to accomplish in a direct manner. We sincerely trust that the promoters of the London scheme will not follow the lead of the Glasgovians in this particular, as we feel confident of its failure if it does. We will back the eating-house, with its bad meat, its hot steam, its dirty benches, and its slatternly waiters, but where the guest can order his pint of half-and-half from the "Red Lion" over the way, against the best appointed working class dining-room that Glasgow can show that is worked on the cold water system. We should be sorry to see these improved restaurants turned into drinking places; but surely Temperance herself would not "deprive a poor man of his beer" at dinner. Drunkards are not made temperate by such means, and the really temperate will not brook any such interference with their ordinary habits. It will be remembered that an attempt was made by philanthropists to put down smoking in village clubs and reading-rooms, and the total failure of these institutions, in consequence, should not have been lost on those who have engaged in this new movement. Nothing is more difficult than to change the food and drink of a people, and any attempt to do so suddenly or unnecessarily is sure to end in failure. These, though important errors in the scheme of management of the Glasgow Working Men's Dining-rooms, are counterbalanced by much that is excellent. The plan of pricing every article offered at a penny (with the exception of meat) is excellent, as it enables the hungry man to arrange a dinner so as exactly to suit his coppers. Let us contrast such a repast as an artisan will soon be able to get in any quarter of London, with that he at present obtains. If a carpenter, or a bricklayer, or a road-maker is engaged any distance from home, his dinner hour is spent generally as follows:—When the bell rings to knock off work, he generally throws himself down on the ground and has a snooze until his wife, who "stokes" him, performs this operation by means of a basin filled with potatoes and cabbage, and generally a piece of bacon; his fingers and a clasp knife enable him to complete his rude repast in a manner but little removed from that of the hound in the kennel. To such a man the decent cloth, the seat, the well-ordered room, the soup, the collops, and the slice of plum-pudding, would be so many elements of civilization, all tending to lift him in the social scale, and to give him that self-respect without which there is no true manhood.

Whilst, however, to a vast number of the bachelor portion of the artisans, and those who, as we have said, work so far away from home as to prevent their returning to dinner, these Working Men's Dining Rooms will prove of infinite value, we may perhaps be allowed just to hesitate a doubt if their effect upon the family life of the workman will be good. It will be remembered that during the controversy in the *Times*, "How to Live on Three Hundred a Year," it was asserted that young men were spoilt by club life and club dinners for domestic life. How will it be with the young artisan, accustomed to the luxuries of his dining-room, when he takes to himself a wife, and has to share with her the ill-dressed flaps of meat that generally fall to the share of the poor man? And how will it fare with the poor wife in those cases where the husband is enjoying himself on soup, and roast, and pudding, in his well-lit, well-warmed, spacious dining-room? In Glasgow and Manchester, where there is no domestic life for the factory hand, and where husband, wife, and child alike toil in the mill, these dining-rooms are a godsend, and indeed a necessity; but in London the case is somewhat different; and the social meal spent together is certainly an element of domestic life worth maintaining, and we trust it will not be shaken by the introduction of this new Glasgovian scheme. It is not only the mid-day meal that is threatened with revolution, but all other meals. For twopence a man can get a pint of excellent coffee, with milk and sugar, and four ounces of buttered bread, so that he has only to hire a bed, and here is his board found him for about seven shillings a week. It may be asked, Can a working-man spend even so much for food simply on himself, when he has a family? The better class artisan, certainly; but the labourer, whose wage is not more than a pound a week, No. This leads us to the reflection that in all these improvements the class that takes advantage of them is far above that for which they were intended. This was proved when model lodging-houses were first established. These were intended for working-men only, but it often happened that reduced gentlemen were found in them; and on occasions of excursion trains arriving from the country, well-dressed people carrying carpet-bags were often found demanding admission for the night. The pressure of class upon class is, however, so great, that it is often difficult to say whether the wearer of the fustian jacket or the seedy black coat is the better off,—at all events, when these dining-rooms are self-supporting, it matters little what rank in the social scale frequents them, as they can be extended *ad libitum*, and they violate no principle of political economy. It is, however, far otherwise when such schemes are supported by public subscriptions, for then the philanthropist enters into unfair competition with the honest tradesman, and in the endeavour to minister to the needs of the poor, runs a chance of pauperizing respectable people. A knot of active, well-meaning persons of this class seem to have stolen a march upon those who are about to establish dining-rooms on the self-supporting system,—now working so well at Glasgow,—and advertise "The London Association for the Establishment of Dining and Refreshment Rooms for the Working Classes." This scheme is to be partially supported by donations, and we see that the honour of managing or mismanaging the affairs of the association is to be pur-

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chased for £10 and £25 respectively. Of course a number of wealthy busybodies can always be found to appropriate other people's ideas, but there can be no doubt of the fate of an establishment presided over by such a management. To start with, they propose a bill of fare which is as extravagant as that of Glasgow (in the shape of meat, at least) is meagre. Here it is:—

BILL OF FARE PROPOSED TO BE ADOPTED IN LONDON.

Soups.—Meat soup, jullienne, soldiers', and vegetable, each 1d. per pint.

Fish.—Cod, 1d.; plaice, 1d.; and toad-in-the-hole, 1½d. for 8 oz.

Joints.—Leg of mutton, 2d., 4 oz.; salt boiled beef, 2d., 4 oz.; stewed fresh beef, 2d., 4 oz.; beef pudding, 3d., 10 oz.: soldiers' meat dumpling and potatoes, 3d., 16 oz.; beef pies, 2d.; and "India pot" (a very excellent, substantial dish, cold), 3d., 16 oz.

Miscellaneous.—Kidney and Scotch tripe, 2d., 6 oz.; curried tripe, 3d., 10 oz.; tripe toad-in-the-hole, 3d., 10 oz.

Puddings.—Indian, 2d. for 8 oz.; Yorkshire, 2d., 8 oz.; honey-balls, 2d., 8 oz.; polenta (sauced), 1½d., 16 oz.; ditto (cheese), 1½d., 16 oz.; sandwiches of new mixture, 1d., 4 oz.

Vegetables, &c.—Carrots, greens, turnips, broccoli sprouts, ½d. per plate each; kohl cannon, ½d. for 4 oz.; bread, ½d. for 4 oz.; and butter, 1d. for 2 oz.; coffee, ½d. for three-quarters of a pint; cocoa, 1d. per pint; tea, price not yet fixed.

We should say such a *carte* as this will require the contributions of the affluent, and whilst the guest delicately sips his soup jullienne, and relishes his fish and curried tripe, he will without doubt bless the benevolent individuals who provide him with such excellent fare at so small a charge. The extravagance of such a scheme will, however, correct itself, and the alamode-beef house need not fear any prolonged competition from this charitable institution for feeding the million.

We have, however, the word of Mr. Warriner, the Instructor of Cookery to the Army at Aldershot, that this bill of fare is even more economical to the association than that used in the dining-rooms in Glasgow. If this be really so, what need is there of donations? On the contrary, it should give a greater profit than the self-supporting Glasgow scheme. "Answer me that, Master Brooke!" At all events, whichever scheme succeeds, the working man in search of a good dinner will be sure to be a gainer, and we trust also that the publican will be a loser, which he certainly will if these dining-rooms alter a very obnoxious rule, and supply the working man with his pint of sound table-beer to wash it down, in place of the salted, tobacco-flavoured liquor, cunningly contrived to make him thirst afresh, which he will find in every public-house in London.

THE PADISHAH ON HIS TRAVELS.

THE opening of an International Exhibition of Works of Industry at Constantinople, and the announcement that the Sultan has gone to visit Egypt, are welcome signs of the progress of Western ideas among Orientals. The Exhibition may not have much merit in itself; the building may be in bad taste, the arrangements clumsy, and the collection incomplete. Nevertheless, it is valuable, if only to show that Mohammedan prejudices are not invincible, and that the Turkish mind can be roused from its proverbial apathy to curiosity, and even to something like excitement, by means other than war or religious fanaticism. In comparison with the crowds that flocked to the Exhibitions of London and Paris, it may appear ridiculous to speak of 5,000 visitors at Constantinople as a fact worthy of notice; but when the indifference and contempt Turks not connected with the Government generally evince for Frank ideas are remembered, it will be found less insignificant than it would otherwise appear. It has been objected that the Turks declined the proffered aid of Frenchmen to organize and carry on the Exhibition, and that they decided to do the whole of the work themselves. So far from this determination being a source for regret, it should be a cause for rejoicing, as indicative of a growing spirit of self-reliance. If the Exhibition had been conceded to European speculators and contractors, it might, perhaps, have been more successful; but it would have lost its native character, and would exercise little or no influence upon the Eastern mind. It would have been nothing more than an importation, whereas now it is an adaptation which necessitated a certain amount of thought and ingenuity. What is to be desired is, not that the Turks should adopt our cut and dried notions, or content themselves with the use of our productions; but that they should be stimulated by our example to think and act for themselves. It is comparatively easy to induce them to copy. Mahmoud established Western discipline among his troops, clothed them in frock coats and trousers, and found no difficulty in making them wear the hateful sign of the cross in the shape of braces, to the detriment rather than to the improvement of their character as soldiers. The palaces of Constantinople are filled with the toys and luxuries of our civilization. *La Jeune Turquie* reads French novels, sighs over social anomalies, prates sentiment, and assumes the follies and vices of *la jeunesse dorée* of Paris as easily as it puts on varnished boots instead of orthodox slippers. But all this is the mere semblance of civilization; it is nothing more than a thin glaze upon the surface, and a return to the most savage fanaticism is the ordinary end. Nor is it surprising that it should be so, for the inner man has remained untouched. Neither his reason nor his interests have been affected. What he seemed to be was not the development of influences working from within, but an application from without. It would be wrong, however, to conclude that Turkey has made no real progress. The condition just described may be taken as the result of French attempts at civilization, which never penetrate and take root in the soil. There has been progress, springing from selfish motives and material in its character, but durable and satisfactory, because it arose from the operations of trade, and enlists on its side the interests of all parties. If we take this view, and embrace in it the whole empire, there will be no reason to be dissatisfied with the advance Turkey has made during the last half century. It has been slow, in comparison to what the nations of Europe have achieved in the same period, but rapid, if we compare it with the almost stationary condition in which the Turks had remained during preceding ages. Hitherto the labours of Ottoman statesmen have been employed in preparing the way for improvements by removing obstacles and consolidating the central power, so as to be able to uphold the authority of the Sultan and enforce the observance of his decrees. Now that this has been in part accomplished, and the danger of foreign war averted, we may look for more rapid advance, but its speed and extent will depend very much upon the Sultan; and it is on this account that his beginning to travel acquires importance. Religious prejudices, and the absurd pretension to be the King of Kings, which it is deemed politic to maintain in the eyes of the vulgar, prevent the Sultan from travelling beyond the limits of his empire. It is therefore impossible for him to see and judge for himself of the wealth and strength which result from the maintenance of public order, the removal of religious disabilities, the pure administration of justice, and the establishment of equality before the law; but fortunately he will be able to form an approximate estimation of their beneficent effects by observing the condition of the provinces of his great vassal, the Viceroy of Egypt. In 1814, when Captain Light visited the country, seven years after Mehemet Ali had obtained the Pashalic, there were only two English merchants in Alexandria; and the Frank population, which consisted of about twenty merchants and their families, felt their lives and property to be so insecure that they dwelt apart from the rest of the inhabitants in the Okellah, which was enclosed by walls, and had but one entrance that was capable of being barricaded and easily defended. The chief if not the sole trade was in the supply of corn to the English army in Spain, and that was the monopoly of the Pasha. Now, the Italian colony in Alexandria and Cairo numbers 12,000, independently of the subjects of other European states. If we take the five years ending 1860 as years of ordinary trade, and during which there were no disturbing influences at work as there are now in consequence of the cotton famine, it will be found that our imports of Egyptian produce had steadily increased from 1½ millions sterling to 2½ millions, and that our exports to Egypt had also increased from 5¾ to 10¼ millions. In the last amount the Indian transit trade is included; but even after that is deducted, the balances will be considerable, and show a rate of increase equal to that of our imports from Egypt. If the Sultan compare these figures with those supplied by the trade of his own dominions, he will learn that his subjects' imports of English goods had, during the same period, declined by upwards of £200,000, and that their exports hither had fallen off by a like amount. He will, moreover, learn that the total import and export trade of Egypt is one-third more than the total import and export trade of his own State. In the last year of the period selected for illustration, Egypt sent us as much corn as Turkey, though the latter includes the great grain growing lands of the Principalities. She also sends cotton to the value of 1½ millions, while the Sultan's territories sent none. Yet in Syria and the neighbourhood of Smyrna there are vast tracts of land capable of growing the finest qualities, and for which both soil and climate are admirably suited. Labour there is little, if at all, dearer than in Egypt; there is no great difference in the cost of carriage; and the inhabitants are superior in intelligence, strength, and endurance to the fellahs of Egypt. But what ought to strike the Sultan the most forcibly is the fact that Egypt, with its contracted territory and scanty population,

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yields a yearly revenue nearly equal to one half the income obtained from his much larger and more populous state.

It may be urged that the prosperity of Egypt is due to its geographical position, to its lying on the route of trade between Europe, India, China, and Australia; and there is no doubt that it does derive considerable benefit from the overland transit, but this through-traffic would have conferred very few advantages if it had not been met by exertions in other directions, and it can have exercised no direct influence upon the grain and cotton trades. Besides, the late Sultan had, and the present one can have whenever he please, an opportunity of sharing largely in the traffic between Europe and the far East without spending a penny or undertaking any responsibility. For years past there has been a company of most respectable capitalists striving to obtain permission to construct what is known as the Euphrates route; but the Firman has been constantly refused, owing, it is said, to the opposition of France, which is desirous of retaining the present line of traffic for the benefit of Marseilles and the railways between that port and Calais. The Euphrates route possesses great recommendations. It affords a second line of communication, which is extremely desirable both for commercial and political purposes. It is the shortest and easiest route—it avoids the tedious and dangerous navigation of the Red Sea, and reduces the sea passage to a minimum which would all tend to make the public prefer it to the Franco-Egyptian line. Now that the Sultan is the guest of his Viceroy, and witnesses the advantages which accrue from offering no impediments to the course of trade, he cannot fail to regret the loss he has sustained through a servile deference to the selfish policy of one of his allies. And if the prospect of a busy, thriving trade should excite his ambition or his avarice and induce him to assert his independence, it will be not the least of the benefits that will arise from the Sultan's travels.

If Abdul Aziz be of an inquiring mind and ask by what means Mehemet Ali was able to attract the capital and enterprise of Europe to Egypt, or how it is that on the Exchange of London, Paris, Frankfort, and Amsterdam, his Viceroy's credit stands higher than his own, he will learn that the potent charm consists in maintaining perfect protection to life and property, and in placing Christians and Mussulmans, natives and foreigners, on an equal footing before the law. To make Franks respected, Mehemet Ali often resorted to summary and sanguinary proceedings. Having one day met two European merchants returning on foot to the city he asked the reason, and was informed they had been compelled to dismount by a couple of soldiers, who appropriated the two steeds to their own use. Without waiting for the formalities of a trial the Pasha had the soldiers decapitated. The punishment was cruel and excessive, but it was efficacious, for foreigners were never again disturbed in their travels.

In holding up the conduct of the Egyptian viceroys as an example, it must not be supposed that their patronage of foreigners has been always exercised with wisdom and discrimination. Said Pasha suffered severely in pocket from the greed of his favourites, and his lazy disposition was scandalously abused. In entering the harbour of Alexandria the Sultan has seen the Egyptian fleet, which is suffered to exist on condition of never going to sea; and he may learn that some of the vessels were sold to the favourite of the late Pasha for very much less than the value of their copper. The same individual obtained an order to supply the Guards with silver buttons and sent in plated ones instead, for which he was paid the price of pure metal. When the mistake was discovered the favourite was forbidden the palace, but he contrived to force his way into Said's presence, and in a costume more eccentric than decent executed a grotesque dance which provoked laughter, disarmed the just anger of the Pasha, and opened the way for his readmission to favour. After this Said Pasha bought back the summer residence on the banks of the canal which he had previously presented to his favourite. These and other like stories will in all probability reach the Sultan's ears, and if they should induce him on his return to inquire into the antecedents and practices of certain European hangers on at Constantinople, he will do well to be as credulous a listener as travellers are supposed to be.

"HIGH CHANGE" AT BETHNAL GREEN.

The merchants of London hold "High Change" in Cornhill; the sharebrokers in Capel-court; the corndealers in Mark-lane; the grocers in Mincing-lane; the butchers at Islington; the fruiterers at Covent-garden; the betting men at Tattersall's. The voices of newsboys have been heard in "High Change," Catherine-street. Most branches of industry in the metropolis have a common rendezvous. Yet thousands who have lived in London all their lives will be astonished to hear that bird-fanciers and dog-breeders have, too, their fair, their market, their Rialto. It is with pain we add that the "High Change" of this section of the "fancy" is held every Sunday morning. The pedestrian has only to walk along Cheapside and up Bishopsgate at the hour when so many respectable and comfortably dressed men and women are wending their way to church. He must see them enter, and walk on to Shoreditch until the church congregations are chaunting the "Te Deum." He has then to turn into a side street just above the Great Eastern Railway terminus, and here a surprising spectacle awaits him.

The thoroughfares are crowded—so much so that policemen are specially employed in making the assemblage "move on." At the first sight the mob would seem to be mainly composed of "roughs." If there be a thoroughly untidy, uncomfortable-looking object in creation, it is the working man living in the "back slums" of London—that is, if you catch him on Sunday morning before he is washed, and shaved, and brightened up for the day. He has a beard of two or three days' growth. He is smoking a short pipe. He wears a greasy cap, a greasy neckerchief, a greasy and ofttimes tattered coat, a greasy waistcoat, greasy trowsers, and boots innocent of blacking. The bulk of the crowd are men of this description; the rest the "cap population" of London—costermongers and lads who have never attained to the dignity of "silk." They come from almost all parts of the metropolis, from Bethnal-green hard by, from Spitalfields, Hoxton, Hackney, Whitechapel, Seven Dials, and even from transpontine Walworth and Lambeth. Many carry birdcages, covered over with cotton handkerchiefs of every shade of dinginess. Others lead or carry dogs, or hug under their arms huge Spanish and Cochin poultry, or carry pokes containing lop-eared rabbits or guinea-pigs. Those who bring nothing are not less interested than those who do. They ask questions, betray a flattering curiosity, and easily get into conversation with each other. There is no pride here. A community of pursuit establishes a certain freemasonry among all.

The streets are remarkable for an eruption of bird shops. Every few doors you come upon a window crowded with cages, small and great, containing every variety of English feathered songster. The birds most in demand appear to be the red-breasted linnet and the chaffinch. These flutter about in large cages, being kept in a constant state of agitation by the alarming hand of the dealer as it follows the index finger of the purchaser. The market price of the male linnet is at present fivepence, and of the chaffinch fourpence. Canaries have sometimes a common cage, but often inhabit singly a small and separate cage, as befits their superior dignity and pretensions. So also do the goldfinches, skylarks, blackbirds, and thrushes. The shrill notes of so many choristers of the grove almost deafen the unaccustomed ear, yet the attentive listeners around the window are criticising each bird's performances by turns, and when they are satisfied go into the shop to inquire the price. The dealers know as well as the buyers what each bird is doing, and can do, and all sorts of fancy prices are asked for surpassing excellence. As much as 10s. or 12s. is paid for a skylark, thrush, or blackbird, and 5s. or 6s. for a canary or goldfinch is an average figure. The shops appear to drive a thriving trade, and are surrounded by so many curious observers, that the police are continually compelled to interfere. The dealers sell bird-lime, bird-gravel, turf for larks, German paste, bird-cages, nest-eggs, and Spanish and other eggs for setting. The lower compartments of the windows are filled with poultry—game-cocks, Spanish, Cochins, Malays, Dorkings, and Bantams. Most of the shops have a few pigeons, and some of the dealers devote themselves almost altogether to their sale. The weavers of Spitalfields and Bethnal-green are among the most successful breeders of pigeons, and it is easy to see that many unlikely-looking men in the crowd have a perfect knowledge of the points and defects of the carriers, tumblers, and other fancy birds, on sale.

Singing birds, pigeons, and poultry form the largest staple of sale and exchange. Yet the dogs have many admirers. The canine traffic is entirely carried on in the streets. The bird-dealers may have dogs in their back premises, but there are none to be seen in the shops. Toy bulldogs with short bandy legs, shivering Italian greyhounds, King Charles's spaniels, toy terriers—some small enough to go into a pint-pot—are the favourite animals. For these high prices, ranging from £12 to £20, are sometimes given. Between the men and the dogs a cordial understanding appears to exist, and the buyer had need oblige himself to look uncommonly sharp after his purchase. The other domestic pets, such as fancy rabbits and Guinea pigs, address themselves to a more limited class.

Whispers of tricks of trade are current among the more knowing.

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Those pretty rose-breasted linnets, sometimes fresh from the hand of some Madame Rachel in Bethnal-green, are made, not "beautiful for ever," but only "beautiful for a day." So, too, a blackbird with a choice white feather in his tail, on which an extra value is placed, occasionally owes his fancy price to a white pigment cunningly laid on. Sometimes a fervid youth invests his week's savings in a linnet or a chaffinch that mopes and dies in two or three days. He attributes its death to change of air or diet, little suspecting that its tender breast-bone received a malicious squeeze from the hand that extricated it from its cage. The dealer knows that the fervid youth will come to him the Sunday after for another bird, and in nine cases out of ten he is right, for a lad who takes up bird-keeping is not daunted by a few failures. The law axiom, *caveat emptor*, equally applies to the dog fanciers. It has happened before now, so the tradition runs, that a young mongrel has been swathed in the skin of a deceased poodle, and has not found out his mistake until he began to grow. He then pines and dies from the impossibility of expansion.

"High Change" at Bethnal Green does not consist in buying and selling exclusively. It seems reasonable to conclude that the scores of people who carry cages are either buyers or sellers. This, however, would be a great mistake. The birds are brought out "for an airing," just as people take a dog out for company. They are brought to Sclater-street and Club-street because here the owners meet their "chums." The handkerchiefs are lifted, the growth of young birds is pointed out, their singing described, their habits or food are discussed, and finally the birds are taken home, all the better, as is supposed, for a little "change of air."

The air is vocal with melody. As you recede from a dealer's shop the notes still pursue and surround you. The "shrill delight" startles you by seeming now and anon to come upwards from the ground. You look round and discover that from a tiny cage near you, covered up from view and suspended from a man's hand, some "light-winged Dryad of the trees" is panting forth "a flood of rapture so divine," that the imagination is carried on the viewless wings of Poesy to—

> "The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
> White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine."

"High Change" among the bird-fanciers and dog-breeders is also the "High Change" of out-door preaching. At the corner of several streets, young men attempt to gain the attention of the passing crowds, and reason with them of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." These open-air preachers are, we hear, wholly unpaid. They address their hearers in the language of plain and friendly exhortation, and doubtless the seed now and then falls on good ground. They warn the crowd against Sabbath-breaking, and urge them to flee from the wrath to come. Other benevolent persons distribute tracts. Next door to one of the bird-shops a room has been hired by voluntary contributions; and "Hallelujahs," and the song of the New Jerusalem, and the voice of some strong, earnest man wrestling, like Jacob, for a blessing, proceeding therefrom, mingle in strange incongruity with the sounds and hum of the street and the conversation of the passers-by. It is an old observation that in London, in many respects a sink of moral infamy, there is more mastery of the temptations to ill, more practical virtue, more benevolent and philanthropic effort, more energy in doing and suffering against ill fortune, than (numbers for numbers) in any community of the civilized world. Nowhere is the incessant combat between Ormuzd and Arimanes—the principle of good and the principle of evil imagined by Zoroaster—more strikingly portrayed than at Bethnal Green on Sunday morning. "Wisdom crieth in the streets;" yet we may not say that "no man regardeth her," for the most thoughtless give her a casual and momentary hearing.

There is much to regret in the Sunday bird-mart at Bethnal Green, but it has its bright side. The love of the feathered tribe is of itself pure, innocent, and refining. Men and boys must have a "hobby," and it is well for them when, instead of leading them into vice, it attracts them to the pursuit of natural history. The lower classes of the metropolis cherish an indestructible love of the country, and the raw material of many a White of Selborne may be found within a mile or two of Bethnal Green. It were to be wished that the frequenters of Sclater-street would wash and shave themselves on Sunday mornings, and increase the audiences of our churches and chapels. But the lower classes of London—the residents in unhealthy back streets and crowded alleys—cannot be induced to go to church on Sunday. These men must work hard during the week, in order to keep their families decently fed and clad, and Sunday is their only day of rest and recreation. Many make a few shillings by breeding and rearing these domestic pets, and thus help to increase the supply and keep down the price. We have all heard in some sunless street or ill-ventilated court a full-throated little songster pouring out his heart in such happy strains that

> "All that ever was
> Joyous, and clear, and fresh, his music doth surpass."

The poets have wished to "fade away into the forests dim" with these little messengers of Nature, there to forget

> "The weariness, the fever, and the fret"

of large cities. The poor could ill spare the song of birds from their dwellings. They are to them the voice of gladsome Nature, and speak to them of meadows, hill-sides, valley-glades, wild roses, and May-blossom. Instead of calling upon the police to put down the bird-market at Bethnal Green, we would rather leave the earnest and self-sacrificing preachers who raise their voices in the streets to do what good they can until society is prepared to look steadily in the face the question of innocent recreation for the poorer denizens of great cities. It is not cessation of physical exertion and stagnation of intellect that they require, in order to restore the tone of their overstrained powers. "The natural rest of man is change of occupation," and this the poorer classes seek in their own way, with slender aid from those above them. If the religious world would attract them to church, it is worth while to consider whether they must not be provided with an occasional day of recreative occupation, comprising such easy and pleasant exercise and amusement as may set their cheerful spirits in motion, and excite pleasurable feelings in their minds. The subject is too large to be pursued in the present sketch, but hints may be gathered both in regard to the innocent pursuits of the lower classes, and the right observance of the Christian Sabbath, from what goes on at "High Change" in Bethnal Green.

AMERICAN SOOTHSAYERS.

We are familiar with some phases of American character in the development it has received from the war between North and South; and in looking to the Confederate States, we have even been struck with admiration at the resolution with which a people cut off from communication with Europe, and obliged to depend wholly on themselves for the munitions of war, have by the energy of patriotism supplied the heaviest disadvantages, and carried off the palm of victory from an enemy with inexhaustible resources at its command. But the attitude of the Confederates in difficulty and success has not been more striking than that of the North under a series of defeats which would long since have cowed the heart of a European nation, and made it anxious for peace upon any terms. It has turned disgrace and ruin into a crown, and boasts the biggest stampede, the biggest debt, and the biggest "whippings" that the world has ever seen. Magnitude is its idol. Success would be well if it could be had; but in its absence, defeat on a grand scale, bankruptcy such as no other nation can show, a despotism which puts to shame the petty tyrannies of an effete Europe, are the triumphs in which it glories. While its army is melting away before Vicksburg, the prey of fever, of despondency, and lax discipline, it finds solace in the fact that, by cutting the levée of the Yazoo, it has converted a cultivated region of 5,000 square miles of Louisiana into a lake, and by a similar exploit at Lake Providence, has laid under water a territory nearly as large as Scotland. Was there ever such a nation? No matter if fertile lands have been blotted out, and homesteads and their population swept away by these grand exploits. No matter if the object for which they have been undertaken, the reduction of Vicksburg, is still as far as ever from their grasp. A huge result of some kind has been obtained. That is enough. Europe has been outdone, at least in the power of desolation.

But it is not in these features of American democracy that we can read its character fully, marked and indicative as they are. Beneath her vast and incompetent armies, the wreck of her finances, the overthrow of her political institutions—there lies her social life, a puzzle as curious as the hardest headed philosopher could desire to unravel. A few weeks back, at a time when to every other eye the nation was steeped to the ears in every sort of disaster, revelry was at its height; and in the midst of bankruptcy in the Exchequer and disgrace on the field of battle, balls, parties, dinners, and weddings went on as if the country was in undisturbed possession of peace and prosperity. Theatres and concert-rooms were crammed. Never in the happiest times was the trade of the

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jeweller, the upholsterer, the tailor, and the milliner more active. "Our dry goods stores," said the *New York Herald*, of the 28th of January last, "sell a richer class of stuffs, our jewellers a more costly class of ornaments, and our upholsterers more expensive furniture than they have hitherto been in the habit of disposing of. Even the arts, which usually languish in time of war, are feeling the revivifying influence of this disposition towards extravagance. More expensive pictures have been sold within the last six months than during the previous eighteen." The heights of Fredericksburg had hardly soaked up the blood of the thousands who were driven thither by the Federal Generals to certain slaughter, when New York went mad with rejoicing over the marriage of two dwarfs; and, not many days afterwards, President Lincoln, his lady, and the principal members of his Cabinet could find leisure and philosophy to receive General Tom Thumb and his bride *in state!* Nay, is it not recorded of Mr. Lincoln that, when one of his Generals was captured, together with a hundred and odd horses, he could turn the misfortune into a joke, and say that he was sorry only for the horses, for that he could make a brigadier in five minutes, but could not so easily supply the loss of his quadrupeds? A President who jokes at disaster—a population in carnival and wild with delight at the wedding of a pair of deformities, while ruin after ruin topples down upon their heads—these are strange products of a nation, the freest, the noblest, the best that Nature has ever provided as a blessing to mankind.

But the more closely we look into its features the odder and more inexplicable does this state of society appear. We are not ourselves wholly free from the leaven of that imposture which pretends to look into the future, and communicate with the other world. Clairvoyants, spirit-mediums, table-turners, and fortune-tellers have obtained some slight footing amongst us. The three former, however, have vanished with the whim of the moment, and the operations of the fourth are confined to a servant-girl here and there, who is yet not always willing to be cheated out of her half-crown. But enlightened America, the best educated and most intelligent of nations, advertises in her most respectable journals the imposture which, in the hands of a very few of the basest of our population, skulks about the country lanes and kitchen areas of England under ban of the police. In the last number of the *New York Herald* we find in one column no less than fifteen advertisements from professed astrologers, who, at prices varying from twenty-five cents. to a dollar, promise their dupes to disclose to them and provide them with everything that the mind would anticipate and that the heart can desire. Madame Wilson, "a *bond fide* astrologist," who "tells the object of your visit as soon as you enter," will, for fifty cents, inform you about "the past, present, and future of your life;" will "warn you of dangers," and, what is better, will "bring success out of the most perilous undertakings." N.B. that this lady deals in "celebrated magic charms," whose price or particular line of potency, however, is not stated in the advertisement. Madame Morrow, whose magical powers are vouched by the fact that she is a "seventh daughter," will, for twenty-five cents, tells you "how soon and how often you will marry." The latter fact ought in fairness to be communicated to the gentleman—for none but ladies may consult this astrologist—you propose to make your first husband, or at least he should be provided with one of the "lucky charms" which Madame Morrow offers to her visitors "free." But neither of these ladies can compete with Madame Henri. True, she charges a little more; but what is a dollar compared to the happiness of being told the name and shown "the picture of the one you are to marry," and of knowing that your destiny is in the hands of an astrologist who "brings the absent back, and never fails in lucky numbers"? Madame Henri, though not a "seventh daughter," possesses the power of writing your destiny and sending it by mail, an advantage which can be procured by "persons distant, by sending their age and enclosing one dollar" to "80, West Broadway, near Leonard-street." From Madame Henri we turn to Madame Star. This lady, in America's dire need, "has now arrived from Europe," and as she declares that in her there is "no imposition," that she is a "great phrenologist and astrologist," and "consults on all affairs of life," the Cabinet at Washington would do well to pay her a visit, in the person of Mrs. President Lincoln—for gentlemen are not admitted,—"at No. 101, Seventeenth-street, near Third-avenue, over the drug-store." If her powers in other affairs of life are as great as in those specified in the advertisement, the restoration of the Union is not impossible; for while she "causes speedy marriages" and "shows you a correct likeness of your future husband or absent friends," she can "bring together those long separated,"—exactly what the President wants. All this she does by her "natural gifts;" so that the most scrupulous need not be afraid of underground agency; and "when all others fail," Madame Star succeeds. It is but justice to Miss Wellington, a "beautiful young lady," according to her own advertisement,—and none should know better than the lady herself—who hangs out "at No. 101, Sixth-avenue, opposite Eighth-street," to state that she, too, "has a never-failing remedy for bringing the separate together, by which

> "'Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one,'

will be united for ever,"—though this, we fear, does not exactly describe the state of the souls and hearts of North and South. But if this is a drawback in her political utility, she can at least give you "correct statements on all events through life, particularly losses, law-suits, and lucky numbers;" besides which she "has a never-failing remedy for drunkenness;" and is "perfectly certain of her happy acquirements in stating correct facts."

Of the fifteen ladies who, in the advertisements before us, invite the confidence of the intelligent New York public, all lay stress on their beneficent powers with regard to the interesting subject of prospective matrimony. But there are several who can do much more than tell you the name, show you the picture of your future spouse, male or feminine, and expedite the blissful contract. Madame Byron, from Paris, "the greatest wonder in the world," besides being consultable with the strictest confidence on all affairs of life, "restores drunken and unfaithful husbands," and "has a secret to make you beloved by your heart's idol." Madame Ross, who heads her advertisement with "Look Here," asks, "Are you in trouble? Have you been deceived or trifled with? Have your fond hopes been blasted by false promises?" If you have, then "go to Madame Ross for advice and satisfaction." Madame Ray "tells your very thoughts," besides giving lucky numbers and causing speedy marriages; all which cannot be called dear, to ladies for twenty-five cents and to gentlemen for fifty. Madame Clifford, "the greatest living American clairvoyant, detects diseases, prescribes remedies, finds absent friends, and communicates clairvoyantly with persons in the army." From this lady, "persons, by mailing one dollar, will receive a clairvoyant life-chart, past, present, and future." But for the *ne plus ultra* of miraculous powers, commend us to Mrs. Cora Duval, "Independent Clairvoyant," of 156, East Nineteenth Street, between Second and Third Avenues. This astonishing person "gives correct information of lawsuits, lost property, absent friends, 'love matters,' and '*anything and everything*;'" and to show how fully she confides in her powers, she pledges herself, unless she gives satisfaction, to make "no charge." Indeed, this confidence is not wanting in any of the prophetic sisterhood. Most of them "succeed when all others fail;" others "have no equal;" and how with ladies so supremely gifted with second sight there can be such a thing as failure at all, one is puzzled to see.

If we saw such advertisements in an English newspaper, what should we say of the intelligence, the religion, the civilization of our community? Is it not a mad world that provides such a field for impostors home bred, or who cross the Atlantic in the certainty of meeting with a rich harvest of fools steeped in the grossest superstition, to prey upon? The fifteen clairvoyants or astrologists from whose advertisements we have culled a few choice flowers, are but the advertisers of a single day. We cannot doubt, from their number, the cost they incur in making their powers and addresses known, and from the publicity they obtain in the columns of a New York newspaper which, if it were not out of the question to compare a New York to an English newspaper, we might call the *Times* of America, that they drive a flourishing trade, and that there are thousands of our brethren in the New World who really put faith in the monstrous and absurd pretensions of these female impostors. Nor can we read their advertisements without feeling assured that their dupes are not merely the giddy and frivolous of the lower classes. At least, one of them appeals to the serious anxieties of those who are trembling for the fate of husbands and brothers, fighting a hopeless battle, and offers to communicate with them clairvoyantly; others promise infallible information touching law-suits and lost property. But supposing these dupes to be confined to the multitude, and that neither ladies nor gentlemen pay their cents and dollars to learn the names of their future yoke-fellows in marriage, surely the common school system of America, which dispenses knowledge to all classes of the population, has been, like very much else in the vain-glorious and boastful Republic, a dreary failure. One fact is clear—the advertisements are published. The appeal to heathen superstition is permitted; and appears in the same columns which vaunt the perfections of America, and rave at the effete despotisms of Europe.

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ART AND SCIENCE.

MUSIC.

THE opening of the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday last with Auber's "Masaniello" (La Muette de Portici), was an auspicious commencement of what promises to be as brilliant a season as any in the records even of Mr. Gye's munificent management. The revival of "Masaniello," towards the close of last season, was one of the most splendid musical and spectacular efforts ever displayed on the lyric stage; and no better choice could have been made for the commencement of the present season than a recurrence to Auber's great work, mounted as it is with such accessories as even the Paris stage has scarcely equalled.

It was by "La Muette de Portici" that Auber first made a great European reputation; indeed it was his earliest effort in the form of the grand opera, his previous essays having been in the style of the *opéra comique*. The production of "La Muette" in 1828 at once proclaimed the advent of a composer who should rival Rossini in his power of fascinating the public ear; and accordingly the melodies of the great French and Italian masters were soon heard in close conjunction all over the civilized world. With the grand opera of "La Muette" in 1828, and the lighter, but equally admirable work "Fra Diavolo" in 1830, Auber may be said to have really commenced that brilliant and prolonged career, during which he has produced a vast number of operas, all more or less worthy of his genius. It cannot be denied, however, that Auber has generally succeeded less in his few grand operas than in those many brilliant musical comedies in which the real bent of his genius was so much more naturally developed. Neither in the tragic nor the romantic style has Auber achieved such triumphs as in those works of a light and sparkling character in which there is little emotional or earnest feeling to cast a shade over the sunshine of his natural temperament. In such operas, therefore, as "Fra Diavolo," "Les Diamans de la Couronne," "Le Domino Noir," and many others of the like kind, Auber's genius has freer scope and fuller expression than in most of those larger works which deal with deep passion and intense dramatic situations. Among his few grand operas, however, "La Muette de Portici" stands forth pre-eminent in force and beauty; it was here that Auber first put forth his real strength, and developed the chief characteristics of his style, insomuch that this must be considered as his earliest representative work. Although it would be too much to say that Auber has, in "Masaniello," thoroughly realized that intense dramatic passion and pathetic emotion which the subject demands, there can be no question that, of all his few grand operas, this is the one which claims pre-eminence in point of serious musical interest. Neither in his subsequent opera "Gustave," nor his more recent "Enfant Prodigue"—the two works which in ambitious design and serious interest offer the nearest parallel to "La Muette"—has he at all approached the fervid tone and depth of passion which he has attained in the latter works. Although in power of characterization and massive grandeur Auber's "La Muette' can scarcely compare with Rossini's "Guillaume Tell" and Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," still, in exquisite grace, careful finish, buoyant vivacity, and complete individuality of style, the French composer's work may fairly challenge comparison with those of his Italian and German compeers. Then the profusion of captivating melodies which the hackneyed reiteration of some five-and-thirty years has failed to render commonplace, and the unmistakeable stamp of genius throughout, render "Masaniello" a work that will long retain an equal charm for the critic and the general public.

On its present reproduction there are two important changes from the cast of last season. Instead of Signor Mario, Signor Naudin is now the representative of the Neapolitan fisherman, while M. Faure replaces Signor Graziani as Pietro. Without at all undervaluing the two absent artists, we cannot but consider the change as an improvement in both instances. Signor Mario's delicate voice is heard to most advantage in that *suave* music of the best Italian school, where the display of the vocal art is as much the composer's object as dramatic effect. The modern French dramatic vocalization, by which the light tenor voices of that nation have been forced up and strained almost beyond even their natural capacity, is quite unfitted for a sympathetic Italian organ, such as that of Signor Mario; and this admirable artist's frequent performance of high French tenor parts can scarcely result otherwise than in some detriment to his voice. Then Signor Mario, as an actor, excels in the courtly, the refined, the chivalrous. Hence his Masaniello wanted more of the recklessness and fierceness of the Neapolitan fisherman. Signor Naudin, while inferior in voice and vocal acquirement to his predecessor in the part, has a more youthful and a fresher, although harder, organ; while there is a rough vigour and a declamatory energy of style in his performance that render him one of the most effective of recent representatives of Masaniello. Signor Naudin at once established himself in the favour of the audience by his delivery of the "Barcarolle," and confirmed his position by his expressive singing of the "Slumber Song" and his declamatory energy in the great duet with Pietro, in which, however, M. Faure, won equal honour. This excellent artist, besides being an admirable actor, is a complete master of that peculiar rythmical phrasing, without which French music loses much of its piquant effect. The remaining parts were cast as last season. Mdlle. Battu, the Elvira, gave her music in the thorough French style of vocalization which it requires. Mdlle. Salvioni, as Fenella, is a most graceful and expressive representative of the dumb girl, and her pantomimic action is more refined and less exaggerated than is generally seen in such parts. Signor Neri-Baraldi, as Alphonso, does all that can be done with a part of small interest, either musical or dramatic, and Signor Polonini, as Borella, is entitled to the same praise. Of the splendour with which this opera is mounted it would be impossible to convey any idea by description. All that can be done by scenery, costume, and stage management has here been effected; and it may be doubted whether so magnificent a result was ever before attained on any stage. To begin with the scenery—Mr Beverley's picture of a "view in the environs of Portici," which forms the scene of the second act, is one of those exquisite displays of bright aërial effects, à la Turner, that raise scene-painting to the rank of a fine art—while the Market-place of the third act is almost equally good as a piece of street architecture. The grouping in this scene, and the subsequent tumult and conflict, have an air of reality sufficient to create an illusion in the mind of the most hardened playgoer. Mr. A. Harris's stage management here is a triumph of combination and apparent confusion, resulting from the most skilful order. Of the orchestra (with its excellent conductor, Mr. Costa, who received a warm welcome on his entry), to say that it is what it has been for some seasons past, is to say that it is unequalled for power, brilliancy, and skilful execution. The overture was taken at such a rapid pace as would have rendered it impracticable to any but a band consisting almost entirely of accomplished solo players. This excess of speed, certainly beyond the composer's intention, tested to the utmost the power and efficiency of the orchestra; and the impetuous climax of the overture was almost drowned in the clamorous demand for its repetition. The chorus singing, especially in the unaccompanied prayer in the market scene, is such as a few years since could only have been heard on the German stage—the gradations of sound, the strong contrasts of *piano* and *forte*, are most impressive and effective. The incidental dances (in which Mdlles. Montero and Duriez made their first appearances), were worthy of the delicious music which accompanies them. The "Guaracha," the "Bolero," and the "Tarantella" in "Masaniello, being among the freshest and most genial specimens of ballet music. "Masaniello," as now given at the Royal Italian Opera, is one of those splendid combinations of composite effects from which the ear of the musician and the eye of the artist cannot fail to receive the highest possible amount of refined enjoyment.

Among the many musical tributes which the Royal wedding has called forth are various pianoforte pieces just published by Messrs. Lamborn, Cock, & Hutchings, New Bond Street. A Fantasia on G. A. Macfarren's "Freya's Gift," by Wilhelm Kuhe, is a brilliant but not difficult arrangement of the principal subjects of Mr. Macfarren's Cantata, embroidered with a few passages of display, within the reach of players of moderate power of finger. "Fantasie Brillante," by Jules Brissac, treats in a similar mode those bold Danish airs which are now becoming popular here. "Bridal Serenade," by Edward Roeckel, and "Wedding March," by Jules Benedict, are original pieces, the one graceful and flowing, the other bold and martial. Among other miscellaneous publications from the same house, a "Summer Song" and "Prayer at Sea," two elegant little pieces, in the *notturno* style, by Mr. H. C. Lunn, are especially noticeable as being admirably adapted for teaching. The piece entitled "Remembrance," in waltz *tempo*, by the same composer, deserves similar praise. All pianoforte teachers know how difficult it is to find pieces which make some show of brilliancy yet do not tax severely the pupil's executive powers. Mr. Lunn seems to possess the art of producing such pieces. His passages lie well for the hands, have a brilliant effect, and are easy of performance.

MEXICAN ART.

A LARGE collection of statuettes in wax, now to be seen in Newman-street, is interesting as the work of Mexican artists, and as forming a complete museum of the characteristic figures and costumes of the population of Mexico. The figures, which are modelled with extreme neatness and with very remarkable imitative skill, resemble those well-known Spanish figures of beggars and muleteers which have been made for a century and more in Spain and in some parts of Italy. Every minute detail of dress is closely modelled, and the texture of the clothes, as well as the colour, is perfectly represented. It is curious to see so much raw artistic faculty, as it may be called, expended thus, which, under the encouragement of a better taste, might be developed with much higher aims, so as to produce works which all the world could admire as true art. These extremely clever figures can only take the ground of imitative art; but, as such, they could hardly in any country be surpassed. We particularly noticed among the groups those of the Lazadori, or lasso-hunters, mounted on their compact little horses, and holding the wild bull entangled and struggling fiercely in the fatal loop of the rope; as well as the figures of the native Indians of the Camanche, Seminole, and Lipan tribes, with their handsome Squaws, the very picture of Amazons. In their kilt and panther-skin scarf, with pretty plumed cap, quiver at the back, and bow and shield in their hands, nothing can be more wildly picturesque than these Lipan women. The Ranchero and his wife, too, are very picturesque figures. These are the civilized rustics who live in huts, and are ready to fight or to rob, or to live peaceably, as their temporary convenience or inclination may lead them. The Muleteer, with his large, loose leather galligaskins

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curiously ornamented, and his wide-brimmed sombrero, with little bells on it, is a capital figure. The people of the streets of Mexico are all to be seen here, as if one were walking amongst them. Here is the water-carrier, with his large earthen bottle at his back, the charcoal seller, and the general herd of costermongers, all of the same Indian race, described as being like the Servian gypsies, though by no means addicted to the crimes of their class in other and more civilized countries, and generally disposed to accept the Catholic religion. These people seem to have the whole hawking business in their hands; some are selling hot cakes in Holy Week, or glasses of water and fruit, while others offer cups made out of gourds and wooden trays; another has travelled many miles with his butter and cheese. The Tlachiquero, or pulque maker, is shown, sucking through a long stalk the juice of the Maguey plant, a kind of cactus, into his bottle made of a pig-skin, in which it is carried about the streets. A very pretty figure is the Indian girl of Puebla, dressed with the true taste of the savage, in the gayest colours of the shops, with a yellow frock, bright scarlet skirt ornamented with tabs of silver, and a large green scarf, worn over the head, and not ungracefully held on the arm. But the wild Squaw in her purely native war-dress, rich in the charms of fine dark eyes, and with her silky black hair streaming over the naked figure to the waist, is really a creature of such romantic beauty as was never dreamt of except after reading Fenimore Cooper, or when beholding that wondrous specimen of "natural selection," whose habitat is the label of Rowland's Macassar Oil. We are disposed to credit the Mexican artist with fidelity to real life, as all these figures show the most extraordinary ingenuity in imitating the exact appearance, even to the hair of the eyebrows. As specimens, however, of this particular excellence, there is a small collection of the various fruits of the country, which, like the painted grapes of Zeuxis, would deceive the very birds to peck at them. It is worth remarking, perhaps, of this exhibition, that it displays, at work amongst the Mexicans, precisely the same tendency to prefer illusive imitation to subject, which has kept the art of Spain in an inferior condition. Velasquez, the great Spanish painter, never thought of the sublime, and his best works even show his feeling for the exact delineation of objects. Murillo, too, never evinced a lofty conception of the ideal, and is best known for his pictures of character. Even his Adoration of the Shepherds, in the Hertford Gallery, is a pretty rustic interior; his Madonnas are peasant women, and his St. John is a peasant child. Painting demands more of thought and imagination from the spectator. We can understand, therefore, in seeing these curiously exact models, how, while works of true art delight a people of high intellectual feeling, mere waxen imitations are by a people like the Mexicans esteemed far more highly.

SCIENTIFIC BALLOONING.

Ballooning is or ought to be something more than merely going up in the air and coming down again, to be worthy of a special scientific title. And yet show-toy only as the balloon, with very few exceptions, hitherto has been, the skill required in regulating and manipulating its movements, although confined nearly entirely to its upward and downward motions, has not improperly been honoured with a special designation. If we were to see a man lay hold of a gigantic air-bubble and float up from the depths of the Atlantic or the Pacific we should perceive at once what a strange sort of vessel he had to manage. Long and learned orations would not be required to show that if he could hold it tight and load it with weights, he might cause it to rise or sink, but that its horizontal progressive motion must be at the mercy of the currents of the sea. If the bubble were a long object like a fish, a paddle at each side, or the vibration of a rudder or tail-like part, might control its direction or afford it some proper motion of its own; but everyone can see at a glance that a spherical globule could be neither controlled in direction nor artificially propelled.

Now, a balloon is only a gas-bubble confined in a silken case and held fast by a network of ropes, to which weights in the form of bags of sand are attached to balance its lighter gravity with the denser air through which it rises. The equilibrium thus artificially made can be artificially altered; and, instead of rising like a rocket and coming down like a stone, the aëronaut can float up slowly like a cloud, and descend so gently as to press down the tender herbage of the fields without a shock of any kind being felt. It is well to take this simple view because it makes us at once perceive what sort of instrument the spherical balloon really is, and how mad have been some of the wild notions of what it could be made to do.

From the earliest periods men have watched the wonderful flights of birds and wished to imitate them. Some even made the attempt to fly with wings,—John Damian, the Lombard Abbot of Tungland, did so from Stirling Castle to astonish the courtiers of James IV., but "the French Leich" came to grief and astonished himself.

> "He schcure his feddereme thar was schene,
> And slippit out of it full clene,
> And in a myre, up to the ene,
> Amang the glar did glyd."—Dunbar.

A century after (1617), the worshipful magistrates of Tübingen listened to a lecture from the rector of their grammar school on the art of flying. Fleyder studied his lecture for eleven years before he published it, but prudently never outstepped his theory. A poor monk attempting, however, to put his notion into practice, took a leap from a high tower and perished miserably. As science grew, it was distinctly shown that the prodigious force of the pectoral muscles of birds could never be attained by the muscles of man.

In the fifteenth century an Augustinian monk, Albert of Saxony, had conceived the idea that since fire is more attenuated than air, and floats above the region of our atmosphere, a portion of such ethereal substance inclosed in a light hollow globe would raise it to a certain height, and keep it suspended in the sky. A couple of centuries later the notion was taken up by the Jesuit, Mendoza, who saw no real obstacle to the application of fire to balloons, and Casper Schott, who thought that the lucid ethereal matter which swims above our atmosphere was alone fitted for aërial navigation, and proposed to fill a hollow ball of wood and lead with it, then with rudder and sails to navigate this strange vessel through the sky. Nothing practical, however, came of these dreams than did of the bags of dew on which Cyrano de Bergerac despatched his imaginary traveller in his memorable "Comical History of the States of the Sun and Moon." And it was only when Montgolfier in 1782 put the idea in practice, that fire was really known to be able to raise man from the earth, and that aërial journeys were possible.

The discovery by Cavendish about the middle of the eighteenth century of hydrogen gas, and his observation of its being at least seven times lighter than common air, led Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, to astonish a party of friends, by liberating in the room a thin-scraped bladder filled with gas. The balloon rose to the ceiling, but his friends insisted that it had been drawn up by a string until the room above had been searched, and no evidence of any trick detected. Cavallo, in 1782, let off soap-bubbles inflated with hydrogen. But hydrogen was not positively employed for inflating balloons until shortly after Montgolfier's experimental balloon in 1783, when M. Charles filled and dispatched to a height of 3,000 feet, a bag of lutestring twelve feet in diameter, with hydrogen made with sulphuric acid and iron-filings. The first human beings who ventured in a balloon were M. Pelatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who went up in a Montgolfier fire-balloon in November of that year, and a month later the first air-balloon ascent was also made by M. Charles and M. Robert. The year following there were several ascents both in Paris and London, and from that time balloons have been commonly seen as popular show-toys, while from time to time attempts to apply them to more useful purposes have been made. Blanchard and Jeffries made an aërial voyage across the Channel in 1785; and in 1803-1804 Robertson, at St. Petersburgh, and Gay Lussac and Biot, at Paris, made high ascents for meteorological purposes—Gay Lussac attaining a height of 23,000 feet. Two years later Biroschi, the Neapolitan astronomer, attempted a higher ascent than Gay Lussac, but the balloon burst, and he only by the fortunate filling of the remnant of the balloon escaped destruction.

For more than forty years there was no further attempt to apply balloons to meteorological investigations. In the interval the repeated ascents of Sadler, Green (who introduced coal-gas), and others, had, however, rendered familiar and easy to skilful aëronauts the management of the air-balloon. In 1850 Bixio and Barrel, ascending from Paris, reached 22,900 feet, and recorded a temperature of—38° or 70° below freezing. In 1852, Mr. Welsh, of Kew, went up four times with Green in the Great Nassau, which in 1836 had made with himself, Holland, and Mason, the memorable voyage of 500 miles, reaching 19,500, 19,100, 12,640, and 22,930 respectively on those occasions. Although the subject since that time has never escaped the attention of the British Association, no further scientific ascents have taken place until the memorable series last year by Mr. Glaisher, excepting, of course, in our remarks, all reference to military ballooning, the first application to which purpose was by the French at the battle of Fleurus.

On mountain sides, however lofty the mountain, the influences of terrestrial disturbances and interferences can never be got rid of; and hence the reason why such strenuous efforts have been made to use the balloon for meteorological observations. The attempts that are praiseworthily being made to render useful the important science of meteorology, and to render prognostications of the weather practically useful, as well as to extend our knowledge of the causes of climatal conditions, the effects of changes of temperature, the effects on health and life of the various conditions and states of the atmosphere, and other important hygienic and meteorological topics, will achieve the most important data through these aëronautical explorations. If one could go straight up and come straight down in a balloon through the various currents of air, independent of the influence of their lateral force, the task of gathering facts in the regions of the sky would be far easier than it now is; for all the deviations from a perfect straight line in the balloon's course have to be allowed for, and all the up and down deviations of the balloon's ever vacillating height have to be accounted for in the results. In these respects Mr. Glaisher's latest ascent, briefly noticed by us last week, was the most fortunate, and the balloon's track approached nearer to a straight line than on any recorded occasion; the information, therefore, will be more than usually satisfactory, and will confirm in the best manner his previous deductions.

One of the principal subjects of research in the balloon experiments of last year, was the determination of the law of decrease of temperature with increase of elevation—a subject of great interest, and to which much labour and research have been devoted.

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Hitherto a theory has been adopted of a uniform decrease of 1° Fahrenheit for every 300 vertical feet; but the results of Mr. Glaisher's first series of balloon observations were inimical to this, and he found that while a decline of 1° took place within 100 feet from the earth's surface, at an elevation of 30,000 feet, a space of fully 1,000 feet had to be passed through before a degree of heat was lost. As the previous ascents were made in July, August, and September, it was of importance to get observations at an early and different period of the year, and the British Association therefore voted £200 for four further ascents—the one accomplished on Tuesday week past by Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell being the first. The gas was made at the Crystal Palace works by Mr. Ohren; and the instruments used by Mr. Glaisher were made and arranged by Messrs. Negretti & Zambra, as on former occasions. The observations on the decrease of temperature confirm those of last year.

The balloon left the earth at 4.16 p.m., the temperature of the air being 50°; at 4.25 one mile high, temperature 33½°; the second mile was reached at 4.35, temperature 26°; the third mile at 4.44, temperature 14°; at 3¾ miles, temperature 8°. A warm current of air was now met with, and the temperature rose to 12° at 4.58; at 5.2 the balloon passed out of the current, and when 4½ miles high the temperature was just zero of Fahrenheit's scale.

In descending, the temperature increased to 11° at about three miles high, at 5.38; then a cold current was met with, and it decreased to 7°. The balloon soon passed through it, and the temperature increased to 18½° at two miles high, to 25½° at one mile, and to 42° on the ground, which was reached at 6.30 p.m.

The air was dry before leaving the earth. It became very dry at heights exceeding two miles, and at heights exceeding four miles the temperature of the dew point was fully minus 40°.

The course of the balloon on leaving the earth was from the east, and continued so till about 4h. 30m., when it changed, and at 4h. 45m. the Crystal Palace appeared under it; its course again changed, and several different currents of air were met with.

The aspect of the terrestrial scenery on this occasion has been graphically described by Mr. Glaisher in several letters to the daily press, and in them he has specially recorded the strange appearance of the darkness of night creeping over the earth, while at 3½ miles high the sun was still brightly shining on himself. The circumstances of the ascent were very peculiar. Leaving the earth at the declining part of the day, so early in the season, with a cold east wind, to pass up into the still colder regions of the air, the skill of the aëronaut was especially required, and Mr. Glaisher as usual speaks in eulogistic terms of Mr. Coxwell's watchfulness, expertness, and care. It is pleasing to see the meteorologist offer this grateful acknowledgment of his confidence in the aëronaut's ability; Mr. Glaisher never forgets to render to Mr. Coxwell his due praise.

The ozonized condition of the atmosphere has also been one of the subjects of these balloon experiments; and on this point we are enabled, by a communication from Mr. Glaisher, to make known for the first time the results he obtained.

"Some of the papers prepared by Dr. Moffat for the late ascents of last year, have been carefully kept from the air, and were used on this occasion. During the last few months E. J. Lowe, Esq., has made many experiments with the view of getting a more uniformly sensitive paper, and he furnished me with some tests for this ascent. In the course of Mr. Lowe's experiments, he has found more uniformity in the results by using the test in the shape of powder, and he prepared for me two sets of powders made from the formula of 5 ozs. of rice starch, to 2 ozs. of iodide of potassium; the one marked No. 1 and No. 2; the former made doubly sensitive.

"The aperture was fitted for the reception of six sets of each, side by side, with receptacles for four parcels of flour, which of course would remain white, and thus, by contrast, the slightest tinge of colour in the above tests would be seen. The box was opened when about 100 feet high; at the height of half-a-mile one set of tests (No. 1) was tinged, and continued to increase in deepness of colour, till I closed the box at 6h. 17m.; at this time Moffat's paper and Lowe's paper were alike and just tinged, but not so much as 1; Lowe's powder-test was 1; and No. 1, or doubly sensitive, was deeply coloured to 8."

Mr. Glaisher has also forwarded us the following observations on the currents of the atmosphere:—

"On leaving the earth the wind was from the east; at the height of two miles nearly it changed to the west; a little above three miles the current was from the north-east; five minutes afterwards the current was south-west. At 5h. 18m., at the height of nearly four miles, the current was west, and continued west at the highest point; at 6h. 15m. we fell into a south-east current, and for the next quarter of an hour were moving towards London. The wind on the earth was nearly east all the time; when, between three and four miles high, we saw smoke move towards the west, then turn, and move towards the east; then change again two or three times, till we could see it following us on our level."

He has further sent us the following interesting notes from his miscellaneous memoranda:—

"The cumulus clouds were at the height of 1,500 feet, and when at the height of a mile the earth appeared dotted with them.

"At the height of one mile there were lines of blue mist crossing each other.

"At heights greater than three miles the sun's image was seen reflected in water.

"At four miles high Mr. Coxwell's pulsations were 98 and mine were 97 in one minute. On the ground our ordinary pulsations are 76 in one minute.

"The sky was of the deepest blue—dark Prussian blue—at the greatest height.

"At heights approaching four miles my heart beat quickly and loudly; not Mr. Coxwell's. At heights exceeding three miles the face was blue.

"At four miles high I had constantly to break ice to get water for wet-bulb thermometer. Surface ice formed instantly."

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

If anything could awaken the attention of the public and of *savants* to an important commercial and national, and one might almost say peculiarly British topic—fogs and fog-signals—Dr. Gladstone's recent lecture at the Royal Institution ought to produce a sensation. That a man of such eminent ability had nothing more to tell us than to point out the innumerable defects or shortcomings of all the means that were in use or had been tried, and to display the paucity not only of our information respecting fogs themselves, but of real scientific endeavours to provide effective and sufficient warnings to mariners of the approach of vessels to each other, or of the dangerous proximity of land, makes it patent at once in what a deplorable condition this department of maritime science really is. Some time ago members of the Lighthouse Committee drew the attention of Government to the matter, and various returns of the occurrence of fogs in various places have been printed; but little or no practical use appears as yet to have been made of these materials. A fog is simply a cloud resting on the earth. Dr. Tyndall recently described a cloud as the capital of a pillar of vapour; the fog is the capital without the pedestal, and consists of globules of water suspended in the air. The remarkable colour of London fog may in part be due to the presence of smoke, but it is the peculiar property of fog to destroy certain of the spectral rays of light, shutting out first the violet and blue end of the spectrum, then the green space, leaving only the yellow and red rays to penetrate it, the latter being the last to give way before total darkness ensues. An instance of this property occurred during the late illuminations. The electric light contains the blue rays proportionately so intense, that an ordinary observer would term it a blue light; but the electric light exhibited in Trafalgar-square on that occasion appeared to the inhabitants of Hampstead as red in colour. In the official returns of the occurrences of fogs there were seemingly considerable differences between stations even in proximity to each other; but an analysis of the returns showed this to be mainly due to the different ideas the observers making them had of a fog. Now, for any decisive practical advantages to be obtained from such records it is necessary they should be made on a given basis, and it becomes therefore highly necessary to distinguish carefully and absolutely between fogs and mists. Mr. Cunningham has proposed that the distinction between them should be defined by the vanishing from sight of a vertical pole at 100 yards distance; and this datum has been accepted by Mr. Glaisher for the Greenwich Meteorological Department. Some fogs are very local, while others extend over considerable areas, and some months are more prolific of them than others. In London November is regarded as the foggy month, *par excellence*, but it is not so throughout the British Islands. In the southern parts January and June are the foggy months, while February and September are free. In the east of Scotland January is free and so is September, but May and June abound in fogs. So also elevation and situation present their varieties, a high headland presenting numerous fogs, while their occurrence in the lower region of the vicinity may be very rare.

But the practical application of fog-signals is even of more importance than a knowledge of the frequency or absence of fogs. The electric light has vast penetrating power, but the dense fog ultimately shuts it out from the sailors' eyes. Reflectors have been placed behind bells to concentrate and throw the utmost volume of their sound to sea. Gongs, guns, drums, horns, rattles, and other ordinary and extraordinary means are used on shore and on ship-board to prevent wrecks and collisions. The steam-whistle has also been used with very good effect, but its use in lighthouses and shore warning-stations is open to the like objection as guns, bells, drums, and horns—that it is an *ordinary* sound, and it may proceed equally from a steamer at sea and a locomotive on land. It is therefore desirable to have an unusual and unmistakeable sound for shore-stations; and certainly Mr. Holmes, of electric light notoriety, has produced a machine constituted of a combination of numerous trumpet-whistles which gives one of the most horrible noises that ever deafened human ears. But unfortunately fog has no more respect for sound than it has for light, and cuts off the former as effectually as the latter. The only way to get over the fog is, seemingly, to send the warning sound through the water. For the accomplishment of this the famous De la Tour many years ago opened the way in his curious little instrument, the siren, which produces, by means of its rapid vibrations, a sound not unlike that of a tuning-fork, or a mild-toned steam-whistle beneath the water, and which sound is propagated through it for great distances. Like the old steam-whirligig however, the

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siren remains but a toy, and as yet no Watt has arisen to turn it to the advantage of mankind.

The Annual Soirée of the Microscopical Society took place on Wednesday. The new microscope presented by Mr. Thomas Ross excited much attention. The arrangement is on Wenham's binocular principle, and so constructed that the prism may be instantaneously removed and replaced whilst the object is under examination. In addition to the usual vertical and lateral motions, the stage is furnished with an annular notating plate, and rotates by means of a toothed wheel and pinion. The magnifying power of the glasses, which are remarkably free from colour-fringes and present a wonderfully flat field of view, extends to 4,000 diameter, or sixteen million times superficial. Messrs. Smith & Beck and Messrs. Powell & Lealand, also displayed magnificent instruments.

M. Goldschmidt states that Sirius appears to have, besides the companion recently discovered by Clark, several other satellites that hitherto have escaped observation. Thus the bright "dog-star" may soon be proved to be the centre of an important system of worlds, for M. Goldschmidt has already noted six or seven luminous bodies in its vicinity.

At the Anthropological Society, a paper, by Mr. Gore, "On the Microcephalic Brain of an Idiot," was read. A cast of the specimen was exhibited. It is the smallest on record, weighing only 10 oz. 5 gr. (283·73 grammes), the smallest hitherto known being that recorded by Spurzheim, which weighed 300 grammes. The next smallest is in the museum of St. Bartholomew's Hospital—332 grammes.

The Society of Antiquaries of Picardy have proposed for the congress of 1863 a gold medal of 500 francs for the best manuscript memoir upon a historical or archæological subject relative to the ancient province of Picardy; a gold medal of 1,000 francs, extraordinary prize given by M. Thélu, of Doullens, for the best history of the town of Doullens (Somme). The same society also proposes for the Congress of 1864 a gold medal of 500 francs for the best printed work on a subject relative to the history of Picardy, which shall be published in the years 1862, 1863, or 1864; and another gold medal of 500 francs for the best manuscript memoir on a subject relating to the archæology of Picardy.

M. de Saulez has made an exploration in the Eastern Pyrenees, in conjunction with General Creuly, and believes he has found the traces of the ancient way followed by Hannibal, and which afterwards became the Roman road.

The discovery of a Gallo-Roman sepulture has been made in a field in the territory of Warluis, Bruyeres. M. le Mareschal has investigated the discovery, and describes the tomb as composed of two juxta-posed stones about 10 mètres thick and 5 feet 8 inches long. It enclosed two skeletons, so placed that the head of one corresponded with the feet of the other. On the left of each head, between the shoulder and the neck, there was a small rather coarse earthen vase.

In a tumulus near Chatillon-sur-Seine a skeleton has been found retaining still upon its arm a gold bracelet, and having near the head two magnificent buckles in gold of ear-rings of very remarkable Gallic workmanship. Other very interesting discoveries of Gallic remains have been found at Questembert, in Brittany, consisting of bronze swords, lances, celts, and other articles. These have been placed in the Museum of Vannes.

Two Gallic "hachettes en trac des Vosges" have been presented by M. Chas. Cornault to the Museum of Nancy. One found on the coast of Sainte-Geneviève, near Nancy; the other found in a gallery of the iron-mines of Chaligny (Meurthe). The presence of the former indicates, M. Cornault thinks, the ancient existence of a Gallic settlement; and in the vicinity of the Canton la Trinité are the remains of an enclosure, which archæologists regard as belonging to the same epoch. The second implement he concludes was used in the working of the metal.

Suggestions have been made to apply spectral analysis practically in the casting of steel. It is important to know the exact moment at which to shut down the cover of the furnace during the melting of the metal, for the escape of the gaseous products injurious to the steel must be allowed; but if the time be prolonged beyond their escape injurious changes of another kind set in. The idea is that the gases may be recognized by their spectra as they pass off, and that the spectroscope will thus show the exact period of their cessation and the proper moment for closing the furnace.

Instruments of butchery seem well suited to the murderous phases of American war; and one of the latest inventions of this character is an automatic battery carrying five rifles. The shaft carrying the arms is terminated by a handle that is grasped by the gunner. By means of this lever and its connections the sight is taken and the apparatus discharged. As the lever descends, the opposite end is elevated, and working a series of sliding blocks reloads the rifles. Inventions of an opposite kind are not wanting, and the novelties of this kind include iron breastworks on trucks for the protection of infantry.

Some experiments have been made in the United States by Mr. Calvin Pepper on the effects of fine siliceous sand in facilitating and economizing the boiling of water and generating steam. He states that he can boil water and convert it into steam in one-third less time than without it; but there seems to be need for further experiments before this conclusion can be reliably accepted.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE happy event of the Prince of Wales's marriage has been quickly followed by another event, which will no doubt furnish a solace to the heart of our widowed Queen. On Sunday morning last, Her Royal Highness Princess Louis of Hesse (Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland) gave birth to a princess at Windsor Castle. The Queen was with the Princess constantly during the night. The bulletins give the most favourable accounts of the progress of Her Royal Highness and the infant princess.

Some time ago it was announced that the wedding presents of the Prince and Princess of Wales would, with the gracious permission of their Royal Highnesses, be exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. Our readers will be glad to know that Thursday next, the 16th instant, has been fixed for the opening of this interesting exhibition. The free and students' days will be kept as usual.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Durham have addressed their clergy with reference to Dr. Colenso's work on the Pentateuch—the former in reply to an address signed by a large number of the clergy of his diocese. His Grace writes that he is not surprised at the feelings of sorrrow and indignation which that work has raised; but that "it is satisfactory to be assured that the principal objections advanced by Bishop Colenso are for the most part puerile and trite—so puerile that an intelligent youth who had read his Bible with care could draw the fitting answers from the Bible itself; so trite, that they have been again and again refuted—200 years ago by Archbishop Usher, one of the most learned analysts of this or of any other country; more recently by Bishop Watson and others." While, however, such works as Dr. Colenso's are harmless to the diligent student of the Bible, they are pregnant with mischief to the ignorant and half-informed. But the steps which his clergy ask the Archbishop to take for vindicating the Church of England from the scandal arising from them are not practicable, inasmuch as in the case of the Bishop of Natal the primary jurisdiction rests with the Metropolitan of Southern Africa, the Bishop of Cape Town, who has just returned to his province, "and is prepared to institute those judicial proceedings which will try whether the charges brought against Bishop Colenso can be maintained." Under these circumstances, it is his Grace's duty to caution his clergy against admitting Bishop Colenso into their pulpits, or allowing him to minister in the Word or sacraments in their respective parishes, until he shall have cleared himself from the grave imputations which at present attach to him. The Bishop of Durham, alluding to a suggestion from the clergy of some rural deaneries in other dioceses, that the bishops of England "should unitedly suspend Bishop Colenso, authoritatively and by inhibition, from all ministrations in the home dioceses," says that he could not concur in such a proceeding; first, because it would be without legal authority, and therefore practically ineffective; and next, because he is fully satisfied that such a warning to the clergy of his diocese is wholly uncalled for, and would imply a suspicion that some of them are unsound in doctrine, which he is sure it would be a calumny to suppose. He then observes that it is not against such superficial writings as Dr. Colenso's that the clergy should be on their guard, but against "a wide-spread spirit of scepticism" which "pervades in many instances the scientific publications, the popular periodical literature, the daily journals, and even the theological writings of the present day. "In them," he continues, "specious objections to the plenary inspiration of the Word of God are constantly urged, and are cleverly adapted to suit the tastes and habits of thought of all classes; so that alike in general society, and in the pastoral work, every clergyman must be prepared wisely and effectually to defend the faith. This, however, can only be done by those who are diligent, well-instructed students of the Bible."

The correspondence between the owners of the *Peterhoff*—lately seized by Admiral Wilkes and sent before the Prize Court at Key West—and the Foreign Office has been published; and, as far as the statement of Messrs. Pyle, Spence, and Co., the owners, goes, there can be no doubt of the wantonness of the seizure. It seems equally without doubt that as the seizure, however improper, has been made in a legal manner, there is no help but to wait for the decision of the Prize Court. Earl Russell replies to the owners, through Mr. Hammond, that the Government of the United States has clearly no right to seize British vessels *bonâ fide* bound from this country, or from any other British possession to the ports of Vera Cruz and Matamoras, or either of them, or *vice versâ*, unless such vessels attempt to touch at, or leave an intermediate or contingent destination to some blockaded port or place, or are carriers of contraband of war destined for the Confederate States; and that in any such admitted case her Majesty's Government would interfere promptly to obtain immediate restitution of the ship and cargo, without waiting for the decision of a Prize Court. But it cannot legally claim for British vessels any general exemption from the belligerent right of visitation, nor proceed on any general assumption that such vessels may not act so as to render their capture lawful. A belligerent may capture vessels reasonably suspected of attempting to break a blockade, or carry contraband to an enemy—and the situation of the Mexican ports with reference to the Confederate States

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makes it probable that an ostensible Mexican expedition would be resorted to as a cover for such objects—and "whenever a cause of capture is alleged" the case cannot be withdrawn from the consideration of the Prize Court of the captor. The time for the interference of her Majesty's Government is in general when the Prize Courts have refused redress for a capture, which the evidence shows to have been unjustifiable; but it cannot upon *ex parte* statements deny the belligerent rights which Great Britain has always claimed to exercise. It is admitted that the judgments of the United States' Prize Courts which have been reported to her Majesty's Government during the present war have not evinced any disregard of the established principles of international law. And with regard to the particular case of the *Peterhoff*, as the papers submitted to the Government by her owners disclose no *primâ facie* ground of capture, and as there is every reason to believe the voyage to have been *bonâ fide* and the capture unjustifiable, her Majesty's Government will instruct Lord Lyons to make an immediate representation of the circumstances of that case to the Government of Washington, and "if no legal ground of capture should be alleged, then to press for the release of the vessel and her cargo, with compensation, and without the delay of proceedings in the Prize Court." If, however, legal grounds should be alleged, the case must follow the ordinary course. We may here mention that on Sunday a small wood-built screw steamer, the *Alexandra*, recently launched from the building-yard of Messrs. Miller & Sons, of Liverpool, was seized by one of the Customs surveyors, in consequence of information communicated to the authorities that she is built for a gun-boat, and is meant for the Confederate Government.

The Glasgow Working-class Dining-rooms are the subject of a letter in the *Times*. "The remarkable feature of our entertainment," says the writer, "was *that every article was of the very best quality*. Better broth, soup, potatoes, and meat are not to be had in any club in London than in these Glasgow dining-rooms; at no railway station that I have ever stopped at in Great Britain are such coffee, milk, and bread and butter ever sold at all." What is left after 6 p.m. is sold at half-price; what is left after 8 is given away; "so that none is left at night to disgust, by its staleness, the customers of the morrow." But the fare is so good, and the demand so brisk, that very rarely is there left anything to give away, or even to sell at half-price. The writer warns those who are introducing the system into London, not to attempt a variety of dishes; but to adhere to the Glasgow bill of fare. All the rations are priced at 1d. each, except meat, which is 1½d.; and for 2d. he was served with a large breakfast-cup full of coffee and milk, and four ounces of bread and butter. "For 4½d.," he writes, "I got a pint basin of pea soup, a plate of hot minced collops, a plate of potatoes, and eight ounces of bread. . . . . The quantity of meat was small, but the *ensemble* of the dinner was certainly sufficient to satisfy any one not endowed with an exorbitant appetite."

An extraordinary accident happened on the Great Northern line on Saturday evening, close to Little Bytham station, about seven miles from Stamford, by which an express train was dashed to pieces, strange to relate, without the loss of a single life to the passengers, many of whom, however, were severely hurt. The train had left Manchester for London at 3 p.m., and was about to pass the Little Bytham station, at a speed of forty miles an hour, when the tire of the leading wheel of the engine suddenly snapped and flew off. The whole train immediately left the main line, ploughed up the ballast, and rushed through the metals of several sidings into a number of goods vans and cattle-trucks that were most fortunately in the way, for otherwise the train must have gone over the embankment, which at this point is twenty feet above the road below. The trucks and vans were shivered to atoms; the engine and tender of the train "doubled up," and the carriages shattered and piled about the embankment "in a state of ruin," says the report, "which rendered it apparently hopeless that any of the passengers could be found alive." One carriage rested its wheels upon the metals on the embankment, while the other end was supported by the telegraph wires, and so saved from going down into the road. Of between twenty and thirty passengers, only three appear to have been seriously injured, though several were stunned and bleeding.

Actions for breach of promise of marriage, in which the sexes change places and the man sues the woman for damages, are events which, unlike others that acquire interest for their rarity, only provoke in us the sentiment of disgust. Not that a man may not confess to have blighted hopes and wounded feelings, but because the fact of his putting a price on them is unmanly and contemptible, while, if his action is brought to gratifying a feeling of revenge, the functions of justice are abused, and again, the act is that of a coward. We are therefore surprised to find a jury giving £20 damages to a Mr. Corbett, whose suit was heard at Gloucester on Tuesday last; for hitherto, on the rare occasions when such actions have been brought, juries have resented their impropriety by assessing the plaintiff's damages at "the lowest coin of the realm." But if the trial is unsatisfactory in this respect, it is instructive as a warning to bachelors not to place too much reliance on the fidelity of ladies of a poetic turn of mind, who, as Hamlet says, "protest too much;" while it furnishes another instance of the danger of long engagements and the feeble resistance which even the most sentimental ladies can oppose to the allurements of wealth.

Three years ago Miss Mary Chandler was engaged to the plaintiff. They had long known each other, having been brought up in the same neighbourhood, and their acquaintance ripening into affection they were betrothed. The manner of their wooing is sweetly described in a letter written by Miss Chandler to her "dearest George" on the 9th of March, 1861, from which it appears that Mr. Corbett was so timid and bashful that, but for the agency of pens and pencils, he could never have told his love. If an assailant cannot storm a fortress, his best plan is to undermine it; and so the timid Mr. Corbett used to write his thoughts and feelings on "sundry tiny scraps of paper" as they arose within his fluttering breast, and slip them into his Mary's hands on a Sunday morning or evening; "and perhaps," she writes, "once a year you would venture to send me something in the shape of a letter composed of pent-up feelings and desires of your heart, until at last we discovered that what was breathed by one heart was responded to by the other, and at last the secret broke forth that we loved." And when the secret did break forth, what was the result? Miss Chandler thus relates it. "Why, that one night, when all was hushed and calm in the stillness of slumber, and with the starry canopy of heaven above our heads, we found ourselves side by side, with hand resting in quivering hand and eye gazing into melting eye—'twas then you sought and asked for that one word which would place me in the sight of Heaven as your betrothed, and I gave it." She then protests that she has never repented her consent; that no girl who can deceive a young man can ever again be happy; that it is "all trash" to talk of distance causing estrangement; and that, though her doctor has told her she should marry an old man of fifty, who would know how to take care of her, as she cannot stand rough usage, she would rather be "a young man's slave than an old man's darling." Two hundred sheets of brief paper did this elegant lady's love letters to her "dearest George" fill; and judging of their tone from the specimens we have given, George must have been the most unworthy of lovers if he ever for a moment doubted that as there was only "one Mary in the world for him," so he was that one George of all created Georges who possessed her love. This went on till the 24th of January, 1862, when a Mr. Palmer, a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood of Ross, obtained an introduction to Miss Chandler's family. And from that very time the star of the plaintiff began to decline. Miss Chandler's rhapsodies about quivering hands and melting eyes gradually disappeared from her letters, like the luminaries from the "starry heavens" on the approach of dawn. Farmer Palmer's star was rising so steadily, that towards the end of May the plaintiff was fain to ask her whether it was true that she had accepted an engagement from him. "I answer," she replied, "no. I have not yet; but one and all of my friends wish me to break off my engagement with you, and perhaps it will be best for me to do so, for try how I will I cannot keep clear of these affairs, and it's the constant source of unhappiness to both of us. I never want it to be said that I turned you off, but I wish you to see it in the light I do, and consider it will be best for us to part. I shall leave it with you to say I am free." George does not appear to have relished this generous offer; and the knot which he would not help her to untie, Miss Chandler resolutely cleft in twain by marrying Farmer Palmer in the following November.

The trial of Joseph and Isaac Brooks, for the murder of a policeman at Acton, was held on Wednesday, and resulted in the acquittal of Isaac, against whom there was no evidence, and the condemnation of Joseph, who was sentenced to death. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, and not particularly strong. It consisted mainly of the fact, that on the night of the murder he had had his gun taken out of pawn; that it was clean when delivered to his messenger by the pawnbroker, and bore evidence of having been discharged when the police found it a few hours afterwards in his bed; and that certain shots which were taken from the head of the murdered policeman corresponded with others found in the possession of the prisoner. Jane Lake, a girl who was to have been married to him two days afterwards, stated that she was at the house where he and his brother lived on the night of the murder; that she went with his brother's wife to take the gun out of pawn, that she delivered it to him, and that presently he went out and came back again in twenty minutes, hot and agitated. As his house was nearly a mile from that of the deceased, twenty minutes was a very short time for him to have gone there, done the deed, and returned. There was, besides, no apparent motive for his act. The jury, however, arrived at the conclusion that he was guilty, in less than twenty minutes, and the Judge passed sentence in severe terms, holding out no hope of mercy. As the prisoner was being removed from the dock, a woman in the gallery, said to be his sister, raised a most heart-rending shriek, and when carried into the street in a pitiable state of grief, shocked the people in the neighbourhood by her despairing cries.

Some weeks back, in noticing the trial of a young man who had fired a pistol at his sweetheart, as he said to frighten her, because she had given herself some coquettish airs, we suggested that his acquittal would encourage other moody youths, who thought themselves neglected, to follow his example. Our fears were speedily verified. On the 1st of the present month a youth named Pye, aged 19, who had been keeping company with Matilda Madlin, but whose addresses were subsequently declined, as the girl had found a new admirer whom she preferred, accosted her in the evening in the Mile-end Road. She told him that his company was not required; but he followed her till she turned up the Bethnal-green Road, intending to return to her aunt's, which she

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had just left on her way home. When she got to the top of her aunt's garden she saw him raise his right hand three times, and then heard the explosion of a pistol, felt a severe shock, and fell. On being apprehended he asked the constable if she was dead, and said that he had shot her with a rivet, but had only intended to frighten and not to murder her. The girl, however, was injured; and the jury, not approving of this mode of wooing, found the prisoner guilty of shooting with intent to do grievous bodily harm. The judge gave effect to their verdict by sentencing him to six years' penal servitude; observing that offences of this description are at present becoming too prevalent.

The Volunteers mustered to the number of 20,000 at Brighton on Monday for their annual review. This field day was the most successful of any on a large scale in which they have yet distinguished themselves.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

We are still in doubt as to the success of the expedition which was to circumvent Vicksburg by the Yazoo River, and letters from Cairo of the 24th ult. state that the expedition *viâ* Yazoo Pass, was only a feint to divert the attention of the Confederates from the real operations of the Federals. These operations consisted in cutting a canal fifty miles below Helena, into the Deer and Sunflower Rivers, communicating with the Yazoo between Yazoo City and Haines' Bluff. It is now said that the canal has been accomplished, and that several gun-boats, with a strong detachment of General Grant's army, have already passed through by this route. These rumours, however, are not to be depended upon. What is certain is, that neither at Vicksburg, Charleston, Mobile, nor Savannah, have the Federals as yet done anything; while the Confederate statement of the repulse of their attack upon Port Hudson, for a while denied by the New York journals, has been confirmed by official reports *viâ* Cairo. The Washington Government, however, is in high spirits, and as it promises the Northern public a series of immediate victories which will utterly annihilate the South, already exhausted by want of food; the public is also in high spirits. Large investments have been made in Five-Twenty Bonds, enabling Government to pay the most pressing demands of the army, and on the 24th ult. gold had fallen to 46¾ premium.

On the other hand, the "exhausted" Confederates have entered Kentucky under General Longstreet and captured the towns of Mount Sperling and Danville, while in Tennessee their reconnaisances in the neighbourhood of Murfreesborough have given rise to alarming rumours. In Indiana the Government has ordered the seizure of all arms in the possession of citizens, and has prohibited the public sale of arms in Cincinnati. These steps have been taken partly in consequence of the fear that the inhabitants would by force resist the apprehension of deserters from the army, who have refuge and sympathy in the Western States in numbers variously estimated at from thirty to seventy thousand. But there exists a still stronger reason for disarming the population, in the outspoken dissatisfaction of these States with the prolongation of the war. While New York is fostering its "Union League" for the restoration of the Union at every cost, Indiana and Illinois have given birth to a confraternity which, under the name and style of "the Knights of the Golden Circle," numbers fifteen thousand members in Indiana. The object of this association is to put an end to the war as speedily as possible, and its indignation has not only been roused by the despatch of troops to seize deserters in spite of the warning that the attempt would lead to bloody work, but, by an act of General Wright, the military governor of the Western department, clearly unjustifiable. It appears that Judge Constable, while the circuit court of Clark County was in session, ordered the arrest of two persons who were accused of kidnapping in Illinois a young man under the pretence that he was a deserter. They produced a commission authorizing two persons named in the instrument to arrest deserters in a certain district of Indiana, but they failed to prove that they were the persons indicated or that they were in lawful possession of the document. The judge, therefore, held them to bail to answer the charge. This no sooner came to the knowledge of General Wright than he despatched a military force of two hundred men from Indiana into Illinois, by whom Judge Constable was arrested and thrown into prison. Seeing that the West has supplied by far the larger number of soldiers to the army, that it has not enjoyed the contracts which have made the war popular in New York and New England, and that, on the contrary, it has been impoverished by the cessation of its flow of grain crops to the Southern States,—all this is hard to bear, especially as the taxgatherer has made his appearance and is taking stock of the property of the Western farmers for the purposes of taxation in support of a war which has ruined them. No wonder that dissatisfaction is wide-spread, or that it is no longer safe to permit the sale of arms in Indiana and Illinois. The *New York World* of the 26th, in summing the American "situation" up to that date, gives a very gloomy account of the state of affairs in Kentucky and Tennessee. The news, it says, "is really alarming." "The rebels are flanking General Rosencrans as they did General Buell. They are in Kentucky in force, and have captured Danville. We hear of more feeble fighting and cowardly surrenders in the department of the Cumberland, and it is clear that General Rosencrans must either soon fight a great battle or abandon Murfreesborough and Nashville. The arrival of General Burnside with his 9th army corps at Cincinnati from the department of the East is significant, and shows that our military authorities are seriously alarmed at the threatening state of affairs at the West, especially in Kentucky." But, threatened at this point and baffled at every other, the Yankees grow daily more insulting in their language towards England. The President is urged to issue letters of marque to sweep the "British pirates"—the Confederate rovers—from the sea, and the *New York Times* insists upon war with England if another American vessel is captured.

While the governors of the Western States have been in council with Mr. Lincoln to devise means for opposing the resistance with which the arrest of deserters, and the enforcement of the conscription bill, and the excise taxes, will be met in their States, the Democratic general committee have held a meeting in New York denouncing the war, and calling for a convention of the States, with a view to an immediate peace. The resolutions, which were enthusiastically agreed to, are very strong. They describe the war as the "most unnecessary, most ineffectual, most devastating, and most cruel war of modern times." To obtain, for this war, a seeming and temporary unity of public sentiment in the North, "requires the suppression of newspapers, the intimidation of the weak, and the lawless imprisonment of brave and consistent tribunes of the people in military bastiles, along with an unexampled profusion of the official favours of a corrupt administration, a lavish distribution of civil and military honours, and the shameless plunder of millions from the public treasury." The war so sustained, after two years of fratricidal struggle, is not a single step nearer the restoration of the Union, "though hundreds of thousands of our best and bravest youth lie in their bloody graves, and the land is filled with mourning and suffering, while bankruptcy and grinding taxation are pressing upon us." After denouncing the Conscription Bill, the despotic powers entrusted to Mr. Lincoln, the banking system, and the Republican party meetings, they appointed the 3rd instant for a public mass meeting to give expression to the opinion of the Democracy of New York on the state of affairs.

POLAND.

The report that the Warsaw Revolutionary Committee has ordered a cessation of hostilities and the dispersion of the Polish bands, proves to be "an invention of the enemy." It is at least certain that hostilities proceed more briskly than ever, and that the number of insurgent bands carrying on the war at various points, and carrying it on with success, too, is on the increase. The *Austrian Gazette* speaks of four different bands who maintain their position in the palatinate of Kalisch; of others in Mazow; of two in Plock; of several in Lithuania. Four corps are mentioned in the immediate neighbourhood of Warsaw, so skilfully manœuvred that they do what they like and slip through the hands of the Russian columns sent against them. In the government of Lublin the Russians were surprised and beaten at Slavin. In the same government, and in Radom, several other bands are active. All accounts testify that the rich and influential as well as the peasants are daily joining the movement; and that the principle on which they act is to maintain a guerilla warfare and avoid any great combat.

Not until it could no longer be deferred, has the Austrian Government interfered in Gallicia to stop the transport of supplies and the passage of insurgents into Russian Poland. Up to the 15th of March, if it did not wink at these proceedings it did nothing to prevent them, and an amusing instance is recorded of the manner in which rifles were conveyed, under this friendly laxity, from Gallicia across the Vistula. While Langiewicz was still giving battle to his enemies, evidences of pious anxiety to supply the churches of Cracow with candles aroused the suspicion of the railway authorities. Candles as long as Minié rifles were pouring into the town; and the director of the railway is said to have applied to Vienna to know whether he was to examine the cases or let them pass. The Catholic Government of Austria did not see why it should prohibit the zeal of the faithful, and an order was sent back to stop only firearms and ammunition, and so the candle-cases, filled with Minié rifles, found their way into Poland. There must, of course, be a limit to this indulgence, and the Austrian Government appears to think that the limit has been reached, for the police make nightly arrests in Cracow, search private houses, and suspicious-looking packets are carefully examined.

Meantime, the Poles have issued a manifesto from their camp at Bialowicza, dated the 24th March, in which they appeal to Europe, and especially to England and France, for sympathy and assistance. They ask that a contingent of 30,000 troops should be sent to Poland, with 100,000 rifles. With this aid, they promise to make short work of the Russians. From another quarter, a document more important has been issued. The Polish Committee of Paris have published a manifesto, in which, with an urgent appeal to the conscience of Europe to aid the cause for which the insurgents are fighting, the Committee offers itself as "a centre to the exertions which will be made with the view of supplying the wants of the Polish cause, and of mitigating the cruel misery which results from the present struggle." "That struggle," the Committee says, "has already astonished the world by its duration, still lasts, and will long do so. Recent checks do not discourage the heroic perseverance of the Polish people. Even the most unexpected abandonment would not shake their confidence in the justice of God..... Let us, therefore, allow no one to believe that the Polish question can ever be buried in defeat or forgetfulness. Let us promptly

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carry aid to the supreme exertions of this superhuman devotion—aid to the captives, the sick, the devoted villagers, the ruined and famishing populations. Let public sympathy do its work until the concience of Europe, which is already aroused, finally ensures the triumph of this holy cause." This manifesto is signed by the Duc d'Harcourt (chairman), by MM. Odillon Barrot, Ernest Legouvé, Saint-Marc Girardin, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, Edouard Bertin (of the *Débats*), Count Cambacères, Hippolyte Carnot, A. Guéroult, Pierre Lanfrey, Henri Martin, Count Montalembert, Auguste Nefftzer, and many others.

Cracow telegrams of the 4th and 5th inst. state that the insurrection is increasing in the government of Kowno, in the palatinate of Augustowo, and that Ponsiwicz has been taken by the insurgents. They have also captured Radom, in the palatinate of Sandornier, and seized the public treasury. A fresh body of insurgents has appeared near Cracow, and on the 5th a battle took place at Szyce, near the Austrian frontier, in which the Russians, though double the number of their opponents, were defeated. Another battle took place near Olkusz, the insurgents entirely destroying a Cossack detachment. There is some reason to believe that the Poles were subsequently attacked in turn, and dispersed. At Mariampol, Augustowo, a band of insurgents have interrupted the railway communication between Kowno and Eydonhnew. Lithuania is in open insurrection; a battle has been fought at Janow, near Kowno; and armed bodies of insurgents, actively aided by the peasantry, are in the environs of Wilna, Wilkomierz, Szwale, Towiany, and Poniewicz.

The special correspondent of the *Times* at Cracow, in his letter dated the 3rd instant, warns his readers to expect great doings in Poland shortly. "Before the middle of the month the whole of Russian Poland will be shaken from the Dnieper to the Baltic, and from the coast of Courland to the eastern extremity of Podolia." Lapinski has landed in Courland with a band said to be well composed and officered by men who have served with distinction in various European armies, including one who has just quitted the English service for the sole purpose of assisting the Poles. The Russians dare not withdraw the garrisons from Warsaw and the fortified towns. They will not be able to resist the insurgents in Lithuania, or in Podolia, or in the south of Poland towards the Gallician frontier, from which they must soon withdraw before a force of insurgents twice as numerous as those lately under the command of Langiewicz. "As soon as the news of Lapinski's invasion of Courland is confirmed," says the writer, "you will hear of a movement in the south-east, which will rather stagger the Russians." To the disgrace of Prussia be it said, that while the Russians are allowed openly to purchase steamers at Dantsic for the transport of troops on the Vistula, though the police and government have been informed of it, neither lint nor medical stores are allowed to be taken from Prussian territory into the kingdom of Poland, "but are seized and confiscated, without mercy, at the frontier."

GREECE.

If the *Dagbladet* of Copenhagen correctly represents the policy of the Danish Government, the Greeks are not likely to obtain Prince William for their king on terms so easy as those on which they have offered him their crown. The journal above mentioned is hostile to the candidature, and maintains that if Denmark extricates Greece and Europe from the embarrassment of a monarchy without a monarch, she is justified in making such conditions as, while assuring her right, shall at the same time secure the tranquillity and equilibrium of Europe. "By accepting our terms," it says, "Europe could obtain a king for Greece, and would put an end to the Schleswig and Holstein question." The conditions are as follows:—The guarantee of the independence of Denmark by the great Powers; assistance to maintain order in the monarchy for that purpose; renewal of the guarantees for the possession of Schleswig by Denmark, as obtained in 1720; and the neutrality of Holstein.

LATEST.

A Cracow telegram of the 9th states that the bands of insurgents under Czieskowsky and Oxinsky are augmenting, and that the insurrectionary forces in the district of Kalisch have been largely increased. The insurrection is also spreading in Lithuania, where the peasants are burning the schismatic churches. M. Bentkowski, a member of the Prussian Parliament, and late chief of Langiewicz's staff, was arrested at Cracow on the afternoon of Thursday. The entire Russian army has, says the *Nord Deutsche Zeitung*, been placed on a war footing. It seems doubtful whether Lapinksi has yet landed in Courland. The Cracow correspondent of the *Times* writes that 600 men left Cracow for Poland on the 2nd instant, and 800 on the 3rd. They were almost immediately engaged with the enemy, and the sound of cannon was heard at Cracow between twelve and one o'clock on the 5th. A few hours afterwards four men were brought in apparently mortally wounded. The Russians, however, appear to have been beaten, and forty or fifty of them are said to have taken refuge in Galicia, and to have been discovered and made prisoners by the Austrian troops.

A Copenhagen telegram states, "on reliable authority," that the conditions imposed by Prince Christian for the acceptance by Prince William of the crown of Greece are, first, the formal abdication of King Otho, and secondly, that a suitable allowance should be made to the Prince. The King of Denmark, says the telegram, will give his consent only upon condition that England shall guarantee the present order of succession to the Danish provinces. The Danish Government will on no account agree to the regency of Duke Ernest, of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, during the minority of Prince William.

Correspondents of the *New York World* and *New York Times* give pitiable accounts of the distress to which the once affluent families of the Confederate States have been reduced by the war. At Jacksonville, Florida, now occupied by Federal troops, the women and children are mostly clothed in rags, and have nothing to eat but a small amount of corn eked out with rice. An examination of the houses told a similar tale. Beautiful little children crawled about in rags, with nothing to allay their hunger but uncooked rice.

Victor Emmanuel has arrived at Florence. The town, says the telegram, was decorated for the occasion, and the inhabitants received him with the greatest enthusiasm. The Sultan has arrived at Alexandria. On his arrival he declared that he wished to be considered and treated only as the guest of the Viceroy.

A Madrid telegram of the 9th says that at a meeting of the members of the former Parliamentary majority, it was resolved not to engage beforehand to support the Ministry.

The Bishop of Chichester has addressed his clergy, expressing his desire that no clergyman within his diocese shall permit Dr. Colenso to minister in his church.

A dreadful boiler explosion occurred near Glasgow on Wednesday. Seven persons were either killed on the spot, or so much injured that they died shortly afterwards. Others were more or less hurt.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES.*

THE author of "Life in the South" is a Miss Sarah Jones, an English governess, who resided in Virginia and Florida during the early part of the present civil war. We cannot conscientiously say that this work throws any new light either upon the causes of the conflict or upon the state of society or opinion in the South. At the same time her experience of Southern life furnishes a good many interesting illustrations of its more salient factions; and of the relations which subsist between the slaveowner and his slaves. Although, as an Englishwoman, she feels it necessary to disclaim any approbation of slavery, her descriptions of its actual working are highly favourable to the "domestic institution," so far as the negro is concerned. It was not her fortune to meet with any cruel slaveowners; nor do the sufferings consequent upon the internal slave trade,—the breaking up of families, and the severance of near and dear ties—appear to have come within the range of her observation. She saw a rather eccentric and very perverse race, of slight capacity, no forethought, and no natural inclination for work, living contentedly under the paternal care of the easy-tempered Virginian proprietors. So far as servitude goes, it would really seem to exist quite as much on the part of the masters as on that of the slaves. The latter can hardly be got to do anything without incessant watching and overseeing—not from any want of attachment to their owners or from any distinct discontent with their condition, but from sheer idleness and carelessness. On the other hand, the master and his family are the nurses and physicians of their "property," expected to attend to them in sickness and care for them in old age, and, according to Miss Jones's experience, rarely failing to discharge these duties. It is quite possible that this picture may represent with some approach to fairness the semi-patriarchal relations which exist in the Virginian households; but one cannot help doubting whether slavery does not bear a less unfavourable aspect in ruder and less civilized States, where harsher masters are struggling with keener avidity to raise the largest possible quantity of sugar or cotton by the labour of their negroes. Nor is it unimportant to remark that even in the "Old Dominion" the proprietors obviously do not act upon the undoubted confidence which they express in the fidelity of their sable dependents. So early in the war as Christmas, 1860, it was thought necessary to establish at Richmond a "home guard," in order to protect the city against a negro insurrection. Nor was this alarm entirely without foundation, for our authoress tells us that about that time incendiarisms were so frequent that the inhabitants of that city lived in a state of continual alarm. Scarcely a night passed that they were not awakened by the fire-bells. Sometimes, indeed, fires were raging at two or three parts of the city at once, and the "home guards divided themselves into regular patrols for night watches." On the other hand, there were instances in which the negroes, in the absence of their masters, deserted the plantations and ran away to the woods, because, as they said, they were "feared de Yankees'd cotch us." The truth, indeed, seems to be, that they have, with few exceptions, but little if any desire for freedom; but, on the other hand, they are so susceptible to any excitement, that it is quite a matter of chance in what manner it might act act upon them. Probably their general feelings are not inaccurately represented by a conversation which the overseer of a planter in Florida overheard, while hiding behind the huts of the

* Life in the South from the Commencement of the War. By a Blockaded British Subject. Chapman & Hall.

The South as it Is. By the Rev. T. D. Ozanne. Saunders, Otley, & Co.

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negro quarter on his employer's estate:—"Nothing transpired for a time more than general conversation, dancing, and frolics as usual. The war and the Yankees came accidentally on the *tapis*, and they began to argue upon the delights of freedom;—attractions appreciated by only two of the whole party, who said they should like to be free, 'because they knew all about the cards, and could get a good deal of money by gambling, without doing any work.' None of the rest expressed the least desire to be free."

On the other hand, there can be no doubt as to the mischievous effects of slavery on the whites. It had made them, up to the outbreak of the civil war, indolent, shiftless, and thriftless in the highest degree. They had neither decent roads, nor air-tight houses; while they were dependent upon the North for the simplest productions of mechanical or industrial art. Indeed, the extent of this dependence can hardly be appreciated without mentioning a few of the things which ran short as the blockade grew more stringent:—

"Such trifling articles of household requirement as matches, soap, candles, starch, glue, &c., were becoming exceedingly scarce. All of these could be produced at home; but it seemed no one's business to begin. Southern extravagance and affluence had never thought of saving grease for soap, any more than rags for paper, or hides for leather."

Extreme difficulty was indeed long caused by the want of shoes, and writing-paper was an almost unattainable luxury. So long as there was any hope that England would raise the blockade, these manifold wants appear to have been borne with a resignation bordering upon apathy. But as soon as the Southerners recognized the fact that they had only themselves to depend upon, they set to work to create home industries, with an energy and a success which showed, as much as any of their warlike measures, their thoroughly sound and manly character:—

"Manufactories were established in Virginia for envelopes, blacking, lucifer matches, hats, caps; tanneries, shoes for the Government, and iron. Cotton and woollen goods, sword factories, saddles, and harnesses, agricultural machines, oil-cloth, foundries for engines, &c.; sash, door, and blind factories, gun-carriages, waggons, wheelbarrows, camp-stools, tents, tent-poles, &c., and every implement of war. In North Carolina, candles, lamp-oil, cutlery, nearly all from recent inventions and natural products; gunpowder, bayonets, sewing machines, and a repetition of many of those articles made in Virginia. Also, jeans, cotton prints, linseys, blankets, cloths, and a variety of things too numerous to mention."

We need scarcely allude to the enormous exertions made in procuring the material of war. Most of us remember the proclamation in which General Beauregard called, not in vain, for the church and plantation bells to be moulded into cannon. And Miss Jones tells us that the people in the part of Florida where she then resided, had their old bells, copper kettles, brass door-knobs, lead and iron fragments, collected and forwarded to Columbia in Georgia,—there to be melted down for the same purpose. The determination to turn every available object to this use was, perhaps, most curiously exhibited by digging up cannon which had been placed as posts in some of the principal streets of Richmond. Under whatever difficulties they had to struggle, they did not, however, suffer from any of those traitorous tricks which some of their own side played the Federals. One of these, named Cunningham, had a situation in the navy-yard at Washington before the war broke out. "As soon as the orders were given for so many cannon balls and shell he saw very plainly that Lincoln's professions and Lincoln's intentions did not exactly accord; and, as most of the men under him were Secessionists, they set to work making bogus shells and filled them with sand and sawdust." Oddly enough, it subsequently happened that some of these very shells were fired at a party of Confederates, under the command of Cunningham himself.

If any further testimony were required to the unanimity of the South, or to the patience, endurance, and heroism which they have displayed in so unequal a contest, it would be abundantly furnished by these volumes. But these are points on which no further evidence can add anything to the knowledge we already possess. It is, however, clear that the virtue of self-reliance was one of slow growth. At the outset they depended with undoubting faith upon the assistance of England and France, at least to the extent of breaking the blockade; nor can we avoid seeing that the disappointment of these hopes has led to the growth of a feeling of very deep and bitter resentment against this country. However, we must be content to bear this as best we may; and it certainly ought not to detract from our admiration of the ready and cheerful "pluck" with which all classes bore up under their unexpected isolation. Of the gallantry of the Southern soldiers Miss Jones tells several anecdotes of which we can only find room for a few, relating to the incidents at the battle of Bull Run:—

"One of those Georgia 'boys' was shot in the arm, rendering it powerless, but it did not arrest his ardour. By resting his gun on the trunk of a tree he managed to reload it, and with *one arm* shot and killed successively three men, whom he had marked as having fired upon three of his friends. A similar spirit was displayed by a comrade whose leg was broken by a cannon-ball. Crawling to a tree, and partially shielding himself behind it, he loaded and reloaded his gun, and continued to fire till his powder was exhausted, each time picking out his man and sending him to his long account. Another wounded Georgian, whilst lying on the ground, saw his own two brothers shot down. Marking their murderers, and with an almost superhuman effort, he raised himself, faint with bleeding, upon his elbows, took aim, and revenged himself of their death by bringing both of the Federal soldiers to the earth, one with each barrel of his gun."

It is pleasant to know that this stubbornness in the fight was equalled by the humanity shown towards their Northern prisoners. Miss Jones had many opportunities of visiting the hospitals and prisons; and she declares emphatically, "that as long as any comforts and luxuries were to be had, whatever medicines or attendance or what not was required, I know also that they [the prisoners or patients] had it." In consequence of the blockade the supply of comforts and medicines often fell short; but for this the South were not to blame. All that they could do was to treat their enemies as well as their own troops; and this we are assured they did.

The Rev. Mr. Ozanne's work, although the production of one who has lived for twenty-one years in the South, abounds much more in general statement than in specific information. Like most of those who have been brought much in contact with the slave-owners, he takes a very favourable view of their character and abilities. Strongly prepossessed in favour of the justice of the cause for which they are now contending, he speaks in high terms, not only of the united spirit which pervades the Confederate States, but of the gallantry of their troops in war, and of the humanity with which they treat the prisoners who fall into their hands. His experience has convinced him of the general—indeed, the nearly universal—humanity, with which the negroes are treated; and he contends that immediate emancipation would be the greatest curse which could happen to beings who are at present entirely dependent upon the guidance and instruction of a higher race. At the same time he does not regard slavery as the final and permanent condition of the African. He believes that they may by culture be gradually elevated to a condition of liberty; and, moreover, that they would gradually obtain this blessing, much in the same way as the serfs of the middle ages passed into freemen, if the South were left to itself. But he argues that the progress which would be possible in such a state of things is rendered impossible while the Northern abolitionists keep the planters in a state of constant alarm, and compel them to keep their dependents in ignorance and absolute dependence, lest they should be excited to insurrection. There is no doubt much force in this view, for it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the negroes are at present wholly unfit to be their own masters; and it is equally difficult to see how any slow but certain process of transition could be peacefully or successfully carried on in the presence of an external agitation. This is, however, too large a subject for us now to enter upon; and we prefer to turn to the comparatively small portion of the work which is devoted to personal narrative. The author was at New Orleans while General Butler ruled in that city, and he fully confirms the stories which have reached us of this man's cruelty and rapacity. With regard to the former, he heightens our previous disgust at the execution of Mumford by a fact which we have not seen mentioned before. The wife of the condemned man pleaded earnestly with the General for her husband's pardon, he told her "to go to the place of execution to receive it." She obeyed this order, but it was her husband's death, not his release, that she witnessed. Of Butler's 'cuteness take the following sample. His brother Colonel Butler and Jacob Barker bought up the greater part of the sugar in the market with Confederate notes taken up by them (at the time their circulation was forbidden), at 75 per cent. discount. By the control which they thus obtained over freights, they were enabled in a short time to ship these sugars at 1½ dollars per hogshead (the ruling freights having been previously 16 dollars). By participation in such speculations, and by various exactions, the General is believed, at New Orleans, to have realized a fortune of from two to three million dollars. We will conclude by giving one other instance in which brutal inhumanity was, by this favourite Northern commander, happily combined with shameless encouragement of the most abominable treachery. He sent Dr. Symes, an extensive dealer in drugs, to Fort Pickens for six years, for selling a few hundred ounces of quinine and morphine to parties supposed to be Confederate agents; the doctor's confidential clerk, who reported the fact at head-quarters, receiving as his reward full control over the affairs of his master's establishment. And this occurred while the Federal prisoners taken at the battle of Shiloh were receiving the most careful and sedulous attention in the Confederate hospitals at Jackson and other places. Comment is needless upon facts like these.

THE COST OF A SECRET.*

"THE Cost of a Secret" is a novel written evidently by an author of refinement and imagination, and its faults are precisely those which are oftenest found united with considerable imaginative power. Novels may be divided, like all other productions of artistic minds, into two classes, and belong either to the ideal or to the realistic school. The minute delineation of life and manners, that we get so frequently in novels of the day, is more fatiguing and less pleasant than the ideal and even shadowy conceptions given to us by more dreamy and poetical writers. We live in a dusty and a noisy age; and to educated readers, whose path through life lies in a crowd and in a throng, it is a relief to escape into a volume

* The Cost of a Secret. By the Author of "Agnes Tremorne." In three vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.

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which seems written at a distance from the roar of commerce and of business. In the greatest art there is a quiet and a calm that refreshes weary spirits. The figures in the scenes depicted by great authors, either of ancient or modern times, look down upon us from their famous pedestals with an air of classical repose. Their passion and their action, intense and deep as it is, seems to be laid in some serene sphere, removed from the littleness and the turmoil of the world. Even crime, under the enchanter's wand, assumes an aspect of dignity. A criminal in bronze or in marble has a fascination for us, where a criminal in rags and in a London thoroughfare would only repel and disquiet. We are tired of common things and daily life, and when we take up a book we do not wish to be plunged back again into the stream from which we are endeavouring to escape. It is a mistake to suppose that practical minds care only for Dutch painting when they betake themselves to works of fiction. As a rule, perhaps, the contrary is the case with people of sensibility and education. Few people ever loved towns so dearly as Dr. Johnson, to whom a coffee-house in the Strand afforded as much pleasure as a thousand green fields. Few writers ever more undeniably showed their love for ponderous abstractions and for imaginative writing. Clumsy as was the imagination of the great doctor, he took refuge in it from the distressing anxieties and sufferings of the everyday world. There are many people who are of the same mind. Fictitious business and fictitious life have little charms for those who see so much of real business and real men and women; they want rather to be transported from themselves into the regions of fancy and romance.

The great difficulty with which a writer has to contend who belongs to the more fanciful and romantic school, is this, that it is not easy to depict character on a large and a romantic scale, when the figures can, after all, be figures of men and women only. The classical artist raises them above the earth by laying the scene of action either in heaven, or at least in that mysterious mythical age of heroes and demigods, the personages of which were surrounded with an indistinct and romantic grandeur. It was something more than human sorrow which spoke to the Greek in the person of an Antigone or an Œdipus. Nor was there any danger of the plot of the story being of necessity either vulgar on the one hand, or improbable and extravagant upon the other. A modern author has no such resources as were vouchsafed by the peculiar circumstances of the age to the classical poet or mythologist. He is anxious to fly from all imitation of common life, and in shunning Scylla he falls into Charybdis. He paints men and women, for he can paint nothing else; and in endeavouring to remove them from the everyday level of common things, he often makes his plot unnatural, improbable, and absurd. The effect is that he challenges and provokes the very comparison with common life that he wishes to avoid. His heroes move about as heroes never moved before in this world. His heroines place themselves in positions which have no parallel on earth. His groups are admirable, but the lights and shadows are overdone, and the background is a background constructed upon untenable assumptions which seem to do violence to our experience, and to contradict all that we have ever heard or seen. Wise indeed is the rare and happy novelist who, in such a dilemma, refrains from mixing in these impossible proportions the ideal and the real, and confines himself to making the interest of his piece turn entirely upon the internal play of the feelings, or at least upon the simple and picturesque grouping of the figures. The more common error is that of the author whose personages and characters charm us by their grace and their truth, so long as they stand still, but, when they move and act, act in violation of the ordinary laws of probability and social experience.

It is seldom that the reader of fiction comes upon a three-volume novel in which there is as much to please and as little to offend as is to be found in "The Cost of a Secret." The conceptions of character in it are graceful and refined; nor are the heroes and heroines built in any except a truthful mould. With the exception of the *Deus ex machinâ* of the tale, a certain M. Corsand, whose virtues perhaps verge upon the superhuman, the other male and female characters possess the rare advantage of being at one and the same time both naturally and elegantly drawn. The literary part of the book is done beyond all question well; and on arriving at the close, we can feel that in point of taste there has not been a blemish through the whole. Like "Agnes Tremorne"—a novel by the same hand—"The Cost of a Secret" is framed on a classical model and by classical fingers. Both tales belong to the gallery of art, in which stand the creations of some of the best modern writers of the classical school. But "The Cost of a Secret" has a fault which will not be found in the exquisite productions of such a novelist as the author of "Transformation." That the plot should be unreal is not in itself an insuperable objection. But the plot, which in reality is improbable and unreal, is meant beyond all doubt for a plot of real life; and as such it provokes a criticism and an investigation which it is unable successfully to bear. The merit of the tale would have been greater but for this. Had the author been contented with elaborating quietly the different admirable characters that had been put upon the scene, without introducing them to an impossible complication of circumstances, "The Cost of a Secret" might have lost something, but it would have gained even more. The author was afraid of being dull, and determined apparently to create an interest from the story itself, independently of the characters of the story. Nor can it be said that the object has been altogether unattained. The secret is somewhat transparent, and a curious inquirer might discover the key sooner perhaps than the author imagines; but the thread of narrative is on the whole well sustained, and—on the assumption that the narrative was possible at all—would be calculated to interest and please. Unfortunately this assumption is untenable. The plan is too fanciful to be human. There have been men and women like the men and women we meet in "The Cost of a Secret," and they have been charming men and women. But never were men and women placed in so singular and unlikely a position as that in which the characters of "The Cost of a Secret" have been placed by its refined and ingenious author.

It is owing, doubtless, to the imaginative tendency of the author that all the heroes and heroines of the story are drawn in some picturesque light or other, and never stand except in an artistic attitude. The author seems to look on them not merely as human beings but as statues or works of art. She places them and walks round them, giving them a touch here and there, or adding in an ingenious way to the effect. When she wishes them to do or say something fresh, she removes them carefully into another light, and there places them and groups them again. Evidently she has a keen interest in her own creations, and is extremely sensitive to the influence of the various lights and shadows in which they stand. The effect of this is to give a considerable finish to the book. It is agreeable to look at a tableau which is so artistically and carefully arranged. Every group is excellent, and every figure has been arranged in the most effective position; and as a series of pictures no fault can be found with the tale. It is, as we have said, to the thread of plot which connects the groups, and along which the figures move from their position in one group to their position in the next, that we take exception. The strings are too slight and complicated, the machinery is too tangled and impossible, for figures to move naturally along it at all. Cordelia, the heroine in chief, while travelling as a girl in Italy, falls in with, and falls in love with Gerard Clayre the hero. The admiration she feels for him is not less than that which he feels for her loveliness and her genius, and they are married. A Princess Bifrons, a Russian lady of some pretensions to talent and to beauty, for whom Gerard Clayre has shown a decided admiration, is on the spot, and determines to revenge herself for his desertion by alienating the newly-married pair. To Cordelia she represents that Gerard has been previously her own lover, producing as evidence a letter in his writing, which, when all is over, is discovered to have been written as part of a charade. To Gerard she represents, on the other hand, that Cordelia has been, and is still in love with M. Corsand, her senior in years, a paragon of all virtue, into whose company she has been thrown. These insinuations are not without their consequence. Coldness and mutual suspicion fall on Cordelia and her husband, a suspicion aggravated by Cordelia's proud and passionate refusal to break gratuitously with M. Corsand, her old and venerated friend. Gerard, weary and indignant, determines to leave his wife at her father's house, and goes to India, whence he returns to find that she has become a great singer at the opera in Italy. They meet to reproach one another, and part again as coldly and as proudly as before. On his second return to England, Gerard finds that malice has coupled again his wife's name with M. Corsand, who, in the interval, has happened to save Gerard's life. This time, if it were not for the good offices of Ivy Clayre, his young sister, who is, perhaps, the prettiest conception of the book, the separation might have been eternal. Thanks to Ivy's persistent courage, and to the opportune discovery of a diary of Cordelia's by her husband, in which he reads the history of her love for him and of her innocent relation with M. Corsand, the evil is avoided. The story closes, after many episodes, with the triumph of Cordelia's innocence, the restoration of her husband to a sounder and less suspicious state of mind, the vindication of M. Corsand—who, like all good genii, is for ever wandering, and who sets out for another philanthropic tour immediately to Algeria—and the discomfiture and late repentance of the wicked fairy, the Princess Bifrons. The intimate connection between Cordelia and M. Corsand is satisfactorily explained by the fact that he was privately and secretly married to Cordelia's greatest friend, and no shadow is left to trouble the future happiness of her married life. We cannot help, however, observing, in apology for Gerard Clayre, that without disrespect to feminine authorship, we discover in the moral of this part of the story the touch of a feminine hand. It is too much to expect from the weak and erring nature of husbands such implicit confidence in female discretion as the author of "The Cost of a Secret" seems to have expected from Gerard. Cordelia makes a decided mystery about M. Corsand, and does not hesitate to avow that he is the noblest of his sex. To play second fiddle to another paragon of virtue is a trying ordeal for a husband, and allowances should be made for the unhappy Gerard Clayre, which the author seems reluctant to make. It is the old story of the painter and the lion. If the lion had been allowed to tell the story, perhaps he would have told it differently. With this protest in favour of M. Clayre we are content to leave the conduct of Cordelia uncriticised, and to close a book which, whatever the improbabilities of its plot, is gracefully and pleasantly written.

ADMIRAL MUNDY AND THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.*

Admiral Mundy's book derives much interest from the glorious scenes of the Revolution in the Two Sicilies in the autumn of 1860.

He was appointed second in command of the Mediterranean

* H.M.S. *Hannibal* at Palermo and Naples, during the Italian Revolution, 1859–61. With notices of Garibaldi, Francis II., and Victor Emanuel. By Rear-Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy, K.C.B. Murray.

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fleet at the beginning of 1859, and was an eye-witness of the great drama which began with the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala, and ended with the destruction of the Bourbon tyranny in South Italy, and the annexation of Naples and Sicily to the Italian kingdom. The work now before us is not, properly speaking, a history of Garibaldi's achievements, which have, indeed, been already related to English readers by Captain C. S. Forbes, and by Count Charles Arrivabene. The Admiral's intention has been simply to put forth a condensed narrative of events in which he himself acted a part, carefully noted in his journal day by day.

Apart from the interest which is given to the narrative by the importance of the facts related in its pages, we are attracted by the high and generous tone which inspires it. If the Liberal party of Italy owes a debt of gratitude to Admiral Mundy for his noble conduct during the Revolution of the Peninsula, the debt is increased by the publication of this work. Count Arrivabene has already exposed the barbarities perpetrated at Palermo by the Neapolitan and Bavarian troops; but the statement of the Italian author might have been taxed with partizanship. Here, however, we have the statement of an unprejudiced eye-witness, in the position of an Admiral of the British Navy. Let us learn from the gallant seaman's own pen what he witnessed, when, after the bombardment of Palermo had ceased, he landed in the ill-fated city:—

"When looked upon from the Bay, the devastation could scarcely be perceived, the greater part of the missiles having been thrown over the buildings which face the Marina; but the interior of the beautiful metropolis of the island presented a heart-rending spectacle. A whole district near the Royal Palace, about a thousand yards in length by a hundred yards in width, was a crushed mass of ruins, still smouldering in its ashes. Families had been burnt alive within the buildings, and the atrocities committed by some miscreants of the Royal troops in their retreat from the convents of the Benedictines and Annnnziata were frightful. In the Toledo, and other streets adjoining, convents, churches, and palaces of the nobility had been demolished by the falling shells, eleven hundred of which were thrown from the citadel, and two hundred from the ships of war, before I arrested the fire. Solid shot, grape, and cannister in equal proportion, had also been launched in every direction to which the heavy guns could be trained, but their effect on the massive edifices was as nothing compared with the destructive power of the ten and thirteen-inch shells."

This wanton act of destruction committed by the Bourbon general, Lanza—who, by the by, is now living in his palace at Naples, and enjoying a handsome pension from the Italian Government—was only answered from the shore by an incessant peal of bells from all the churches, and by cries of "Long live Garibaldi!" from the enthusiastic population.

After long and tiresome negotiations, which proved the bad faith of the Neapolitan generals on the one hand, and the straightforward honesty of Garibaldi on the other, an interview between the chiefs of the two contending parties took place on board the *Hannibal*. The author gives minute particulars of this strange meeting, in which the Royalist generals were obliged to treat, upon a footing of perfect equality, with the chieftain whom they had denounced as a filibuster only two days before. Garibaldi appeared in the uniform of a Sardinian general officer. He was calm, courteous, and exceedingly modest in his behaviour. General Letizia, on the contrary, was boastful and impertinent. There was a great deal of altercation in the admiral's cabin about the presence of the French, American, and Sardinian commanding officers, to which General Letizia objected. At last, however, the negotiators seated themselves at a table, and the work seemed about to commence.

"I was now in hopes (says our author) that business would really begin; but, no: there was to be another passage of arms of minor import, and then a terrible explosion, with high dramatic effect. General Letizia, speaking abstractedly of himself, remarked to General Garibaldi, that he was a very old officer, and had seen a great deal of active service; he had fought through many campaigns, had witnessed much bloodshed, and though with this experience he thought little of the present aspect of affairs in the city, he should be glad, for the sake of humanity, if a suspension of hostilities could be adjusted. The Dictator, in a tone of ill-dissembled sarcasm, replied that he ventured to offer his congratulations to his brother General on his great good fortune. He could not himself pretend to equal experience in the art of war, though, perhaps, he knew something about it; he had, however, only acted once during his life with a regular army."

The 5th article of the convention, proposed by General Lanza, was the cause of a third storm, and perhaps the most violent of all. By this article the municipality of Palermo was invited to address a humble petition to Francis II., laying before him the real wishes of the town.

"To this, General Garibaldi, in a vehement and loud tone of voice, replied, 'No!' Then drawing himself up, he added, 'The time for humble petitions, either to the King or to any other person, is past; besides, there is no longer any municipality. *La Municipalité c'est moi!* I am the municipality! I refuse my assent. Pass on to the sixth and last proposition.'"

Immediately after the evacuation of the island, except the fortresses of Messina and Melazzo, by the Royal troops, Admiral Mundy sailed for Naples, where Francis II., pressed by events, had granted a Constitution. In the capital of the South, the British Admiral met with the uncle of the King—Prince Don Luigi, Count of Aquila, whose acquaintance he was obliged to seek, in order that he might refute an assertion that had been made by the Prince, to the effect that English sailors on leave had uttered the seditious cry of "Long live Garibaldi," in the Toledo and other streets of the Neapolitan metropolis. The Prince went on board the *Hannibal*, to return the visit, and the impression which he made on the Admiral was not very satisfactory. Subsequent events, however, showed that this impression was correct:—

"His Royal Highness Prince Luigi was arrested this morning (August 14th) and ordered to leave the country. He had been conspiring for some weeks against the new order of things in the State, and was on the eve of an attempt to overthrow the Constitution by force, and to re-hoist the white flag, when the plot was discovered by means of the secret police. For my own part, I have no reason to regret that his Royal Highness is doomed to expatriation. My interview relative to the British seamen gave me no high opinion of his character."

Events pressed, and Francis II. was compelled to seek safety at Gaeta. Of course Admiral Mundy went to pay a visit to Garibaldi, in the Palazzo D'Angri, where, according to the instructions he had received from home, he was anxious to bring about an interview between the Dictator and Mr. Eliot, Her Majesty's minister at Naples. This interview took place on the 10th of September. We may remark, by the way, that our author speaks of Major Missori as a Hungarian, whereas he is, in fact, a thorough Italian, born and brought up at Milan:—

"General Garibaldi and Mr. Eliot met on board the *Hannibal* at 11 o'clock. The General was accompanied by Count Arrivabene, Colonel Bertani, Major Missori, Colonel Bazzi, and another officer of his staff. Mr. Eliot having expressed to General Garibaldi the astonishment with which, in common with all the world, he had witnessed the marvellous results he had accomplished with such trifling means, informed him that, though he could have no official relations with him, he should remain at Naples until he received further instructions from her Majesty's Government. This information appeared to give great satisfaction to the Dictator, who said he fully understood that official intercourse was not practicable. Mr. Eliot then informed him that Lord John Russell had charged him to express the hope that no attack would be made upon Venetia, as, in his Lordship's opinion, it would be calculated to bring the greatest calamities upon Italy. Garibaldi answered by saying that he would make no concealment of his plans, which were plain and straightforward. He intended to push on at once to Rome, and when that city should be in his hands, to offer the crown of united Italy to King Victor Emanuel, upon whom would then devolve the task of the liberation of Venetia, and in which he would himself be but the Lieutenant of his Majesty. If the liberation could be accomplished by purchase or by negotiation, so much the better. He added, he was sure Lord John Russell, in counselling the abandonment of Venetia, did not fairly represent the generous feelings of the people of England towards the Italian nation, although he cheerfully recognized the obligations Italy was under to her Majesty's Government for the sympathies they had exhibited. Mr. Eliot, with great promptitude, then told the General not to deceive himself with regard to the feelings of the English nation; for that, although for the present undoubtedly almost to a man in favour of his efforts, that sentiment would quickly change if they saw him pushing matters so far as to be calculated to bring on a European war. Mr. Eliot next reverted to Rome, and pointed out in forcible language the danger which must accrue from probable collision with the French garrison, which would at once bring about the intervention of France in the affairs of Italy. General Garibaldi replied with vehemence that *Rome was an Italian city;* and that neither the Emperor nor any one else had a right to keep him out of it."

Although Admiral Mundy, with diplomatic reserve, does not express any opinion on this *vehement* reply of Garibaldi's, we need scarcely observe that Garibaldi was then, and still is, perfectly right in his assertion.

With his narrative of events in Italy, the interest of Admiral Mundy's book is at an end. Readers will care but little for his arrival at Beyrout, his visit to Sureya Pacha, and the accidents he met with on the journey. He gives, however, a valuable estimate of the efficiency of the French navy, and a comparison of its force with that of our own. The gallant sailor's book cannot fail to attract the attention of naval and military men, and above all, to secure the sympathy of all true friends of Italy.

As for the Italians themselves, for whom the book is to be translated into the language of Dante—they would, we are certain, cordially endorse, as a heart-felt testimonial of gratitude, the following lines, which Garibaldi wrote in the author's visiting-book, before sailing for his Island of Caprera:—"G. Garibaldi doit a l'Amiral Mundy pour les preuves bien sincères et affectueuses d'amitié dont il a été comblé dans toutes les circonstances, la reconnaissance la plus vive, et qui durera toute sa vie."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE have been few publications, but some events of literary interest, in France during the past month. We may notice the speeches at the French Academy upon the reception of Prince Albert de Broglie as one of its forty members. The Orleanist *noblesse*, as well as the most distinguished of French professors and writers, mustered strong beneath the dome of the Institute on that day. It was a meeting of parliamentary leaders under the disguise of a scholastic occasion; Catholicism joined hands with Liberalism, and the comedy was fairly played. The Prince de Broglie, son of the Duc de Broglie, had to pronounce the customary laudation of the late member whom he was chosen to succeed. This was the

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famous Dominican preacher, Father Lacordaire. The new member, of course, began with a confession of his unworthiness to receive this honour. It has, in fact, been insinuated, that his election was partly due to the fact that the Duc de Broglie, his father, was already a member. The sarcastic observation has been made, that the father owed his election to the writings of his son, and that the son is now promoted by the influence of his father's name. The Prince, however, parried these malicious remarks, by admitting that he had not been chosen for any talents of his own, but as claiming, by virtue of his religious convictions, to utter most fitly the eulogy of his reverend predecessor. It is well known that Lacordaire, who commenced life as an advocate, and took to divinity as a pupil of the celebrated Lamennais, still cherished, under his monkish frock, the Democratic sentiments by which he gained his election to the Republican Assembly of 1848. The Prince de Broglie, though not a monk, is a sincere and ardent Catholic; though no Democrat, he is an avowed Liberal. On this occasion, he boldly raised the banner of liberal Catholicism, hoping to reconcile those principles which, in France, have been too long divided. But, along with some very sound remarks upon the mutual services which religion and liberty can render to each other, the Prince ventured upon others which are grossly sophistical and untrue. For instance, referring to the Roman question, he spoke of the Vatican as the last refuge of liberty of conscience; and he described Lacordaire, a monk of the order of Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition, as one whose constant aim was to revive in France the principles of individual liberty and freedom of association! His speech was, nevertheless, applauded by a fashionable and aristocratic audience, but M. St. Marc Girardin, who followed him, did not enter upon the same ground; he skirted lightly around it, mixing with his compliments to M. de Broglie some epigrammatic hits at the present *régime*, which told with much effect. It appears, however, from the comments of journalists upon this academical tournament of the parliamentary Opposition, that the cause of "Liberal Catholicism" does not find many adherents elsewhere; and the adverse party is preparing for its revenge, at the reception of M. Octave Feillet, who, having got elected by the votes of friends of the Government, will pay his debt of gratitude with the same coin in which the Prince de Broglie has discharged his. The new member, at his reception by the Academy, is enabled so to distribute the tickets at his disposal, as to secure an audience pretty much in agreement with his own views; and M. Feillet is expected to praise the Empress, as the Prince de Broglie has praised the Pope. Before we leave the subject of this reception of Lacordaire's successor at the Academy, let us remark that the "Letters" of that reverend father, which have just been edited, are of some interest, as showing what he was in private intercourse as a religious director, while, as a preacher, he is well known by his published sermons.

Among the new books of the past month are to be noticed, first, the history of the Châtelet of Paris, its organization and its privileges, by Charles Desmaze; and the history of the Carmelite Convent and of the Seminary of St. Sulpice during the Reign of Terror, by Alexander Sorel. These are two important works, based upon authentic documents; and one of them throws much light on the police and judicial administration under the old monarchy, while the other shows the summary execution of what was called revolutionary "justice," where its ferocious violence was most displayed. Every English visitor to Paris must remember the Place du Châtelet, where stands, just opposite the bridge, a pretty column and fountain, the architecture of Jean Goujon, with a theatre on each side of the open space, planted with trees, which borders the quay. There stood, in the old Paris which modern improvements have swept away, the fortress both of royal and municipal justice in the middle ages; when, beside the Parlement of Paris, sat the Provost, who was charged to watch over the safety of the capital, to suppress popular agitations, to enforce the regulations of corporate guilds, to keep the turbulent students in order, and to give prompt decisions, as a magistrate, in cases for his summary disposal. This institution played a great part in French history, and acquired high political importance in times of civil war. M. Charles Desmaze, though he is more of a lawyer than historian, gives us an interesting account of it, and of the changes it underwent, successively, at different periods, before it was abolished by the Revolution. The history, likewise, of St. Sulpice and the Carmelite Convent, on the frontiers of the Quartier St. Germain and the Pays Latin, is full of interest. That convent, in which the massacre of the priests in 1792 was perpetrated, still exists, in aspect almost unchanged, at the corner of the Rue de Vaugirard and the Rue Cassette. It is curious to explore the old building, which has alternately been used as a monastery, a barrack, a dancing hall, and a prison, and is now restored to its first occupation. The most affecting recollections arise at every step within those fatal walls, where, in the massacre of September, more than a hundred priests were slaughtered in less than an hour. Here you see the spot where the first of those victims fell; there, in the garden, is the alley in which the Archbishop of Arles met his death; and there is the flight of steps, down which most of them were forced to go, after a mockery of trial, to be butchered by ruffianly hands. In the cells, you may read, inscribed upon the walls by prisoners who were confined there, sentences and verses of French or Latin, expressing their feelings of resignation or despair. Of the three prisons in which the massacres of the Reign of Terror took place, namely, the Temple, the Abbaye, and the Convent des Carmes, only the last remains, a monument of that dreadful time. M. Alexandre Sorel's book gives us a very complete account of its history, written with learning equal to that of M. Desmaze, and with more artistic skill. Aided by many records from the archives of the Hôtel de Ville, the Prefecture of Police, and the Imperial archives, as well as by a minute inspection of the place, the exactness of his narrative and descriptions may be relied on. The book is furnished with plans of the edifice, both old and new, and a photographic copy of the inscriptions on its walls. The history, which begins with the first establishment of the Carmelite order in France, comes down to the present time, when their old convent is the abode of the Dominican fathers, and the site of a college for the more advanced ecclesiastical studies; a sort of normal seminary, for the training of professors of divinity, to teach in the religious schools of secondary instruction.

We have next to mention three new books, which will probably make more noise than the two just described, but which are of a temporary interest. M. Michelet, to atone for his failure of "La Sorçière," has, in a book called "Poland the Martyr," given utterance to the indignation and to the sympathy which he feels, as we all do, in seeing once more renewed the cruel oppression and heroic resistance of the Poles. In this Apocalyptic protest against the Muscovite tyranny, he appeals to the serfs of Russia, as well as to the suffering nation of Poland, to join with each other in breaking the yoke of that despotism which is their common foe. Transfiguring, by the force of his imaginative mind, the disasters of the Polish cause, and the efforts of patriotism to revive it, as well as the obscurer struggles of Russian serfdom in certain provinces, he points to Siberia, that icy hell of rebels against the Empire, as the scene of iniquities which cry for signal vengeance. After thus invoking the compassion, as well as the enthusiasm of his readers, M. Michelet insists, with prophetic solemnity, on the dissolution of the Russian Empire, upon the ruins of which a great Polish Republic is to arise, to be the guardian of the East and of the Danube—and what is more, to take the initiative, by its example, in opening the way to political liberty for the abject Western nations. M. Proudhon, in his "Majorats Littéraires," enters a more peaceful arena, but still in a warlike spirit. He inveighs against the property of copyright in literary and artistic productions, which he compares to the law of primogeniture so odious to Frenchmen. It will be remembered, that a commission has lately been employed by the Government to devise a new law upon this subject, which will be laid before the Council of State; and, so far as we have learned, its recommendation is to vest in the author and his heirs a perpetual copyright, excepting those cases in which an *expropriation pour cause d'utilité publique* may take place, on payment of sufficient compensation. As the sworn enemy of property of every kind, M. Proudhon attacks still more vehemently the extreme proposal to confer upon this species of property a character of perpetuity, which no other sort of property enjoys. Apart from his exaggerated views about property in general, there is much truth in what he says of the growing spirit of mercantile speculation in works of intellect, and of the injurious effects upon literature and art of a system by which they might become mere branches of manufacturing industry, under the control of financial potentates; though we do not see the bearing of these remarks upon the simple question of copyright for a longer or shorter term. The reply of M. Veuillot to M. Emile Augier, entitled "Le Fond de Giboyer," is certainly not one of those literary productions which are destined to perpetuity; and he would perhaps have done more wisely to content himself with the letter, rude enough as it was, published by him when M. Augier's comedy was played. He has wished, however, to take a more ample revenge for the assault upon himself and his party. In the form of a dialogue, he vindicates the aristocratic and clerical factions, ridiculed by the dramatist upon the stage, while he pillories all the Liberals, Revolutionists, Democrats, and *bourgeois*, whom he counts as his foes. This pamphlet is well seasoned with pepper, if not with Attic salt, but as a dialogue, it is very inferior to the "Fils de Giboyer," which has provoked it.

We may notice, in passing, the "Crumbs of History," "Les Miettes de l'Histoire," a volume by that rather fanciful author, M. Vacquerie, who refuses to accept, for historical diet, the plain household bread of common use, or even the dainties of more subtle research, but will pick up the odds and ends of casual information that have fallen under the table. It is to the isles of Jersey and Guernsey, lying between France and England, that he has resorted for this collection; but instead of tracing their history as a possession once contested by two great rival Powers, and as a place of refuge for the exiles of one nation or another, he looks merely for their local curiosities, their quaint old legends, or those more recent associations, —which the sojourn there of tourists, or of more notable persons, have imparted to them. These notices are mingled with humorous and graphic sketches, which display some talent; and the book has been widely advertised. To finish with our chronicle of the month, we have to mention that the grand "Encyclopædia of Literature and Science," projected by M. Michel Chevalier and by Messrs. Emile and Isaac Péreire, seems now to be fairly organized, and almost ready for a start. A strong phalanx of Academicians, professors, and literary men, has been enlisted; they have formed sub-committees, drawn up the programmes of the several departments, and allotted to each section its part of this extensive work, which will comprise forty or fifty volumes. But one incident of an adverse tendency has occurred. We observed, some time back, that M. Chevalier, the Messrs. Péreire, and M. Duveyrier, took part in the St. Simonian movement of 1830; and it seems that the old chief of that movement, M. Enfantin, who is now director of one of the southern railways,

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was consulted the other day about founding the Encyclopædia. He advised them to attach to it a new institution, to be called the Intellectual Credit Establishment, which was to be for authors, for men of science, and for artists, what the Crédit Mobilier is for those engaged in manufacturing or trading operations; and he would have given to it, perhaps, somewhat of a Socialist character; but neither the influential capitalists who have projected this work, nor the editors to whom it is intrusted, would agree to this addition. The new Encyclopédie will, therefore, belong to no sect or school, but will represent, with perfect independence, the progressive and liberal spirit of literature in the nineteenth century; and with the array of diverse talents which it commands, there is a fair promise of success.

THE QUARTERLIES.

THE *Edinburgh Review* opens with a paper upon Mr. Kinglake's History of the Crimean War, in which the historian's main positions are challenged, not without success. The reviewer is especially offended by Mr. Kinglake's studied endeavours to reduce to a minimum the merits of the French army, and is justly severe on his fierce antipathy to Louis Napoleon. He defends the Emperor against the imputation of bad faith in his alliance with England during the negotiations which preceded the invasion of the Crimea; and believes that "the malignant aversion to the Emperor of the French" and the "studied unfairness—sometimes the poisonous inuendos—against the French troops" will destroy the permanent value of Mr. Kinglake's book. The article, whether we regard the judicious tone in which it is written, or the mastery of facts which the writer displays, is of high importance in the discussion which the publication of Mr. Kinglake's volumes has raised. "Mr. Kinglake," says the writer, "had the good fortune to appropriate the most important and heroic subject of our times; he has degraded it sometimes into a libel, sometimes into a caricature. He had the advantage of some personal knowledge of the men and the events he describes; but his personal experience chiefly manifests itself in the shape of invincible antipathies or prepossessions. He intended, no doubt, to raise a monument to the glory of England, but he has defaced it by injustice to France. For these reasons we are satisfied that the country cannot accept this book as the fitting and lasting record of the Crimean war in English literature; but will rather deplore that the fruits of great talent and labour have been marred by a greater lack of temper and judgment.

"'Some hand more calm and sage
The leaf must fill.'"

There is an interesting paper upon the "Simancas Records," edited by Mr. Bergenroth, and forming part of the series of State Papers published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. "The Black County" furnishes the subject of an article upon mining in the Midland district; and there are papers upon India under Lord Canning; upon Professor Huxley on Man's Place in Nature; Sir Rutherford Alcock's Japan; and the Greek Revolution. In the "Bible and the Church" the question of the inspiration of the Bible is examined, the writer contending that historical or scientific inaccuracies cannot affect its authority. Its inspiration, he holds, is not of a scientific, critical, or historical character, but distinctly and exclusively religious, and concludes that it is not necessary to say more of it than this:—

"That it is INSPIRED,—replete itself, and pregnant without stint for him that rightly uses it, with that spirit of purity, faith, obedience, charity, which forms the essential temper and characteristic of the Church and family of God:—that it is SACRED,—set by itself, a book apart, fenced from all levity, irreverence, and mere curious handling; a book worthy, if only for what it has effected in the world, of all possible respect and honour; and regarded with too great awe and love by multitudes of the tenderest, most heavenly, and sensitive minds for any one possessed of the commonest sympathy or charity to approach it with the shoes of every-day profanity upon his feet:—and once more, that it is CANONICAL,—or, in other words, that collection of writings which amid the multitude of claimants the Church has 'canonised,' has deliberately and after examination given her sanction to, as her authorized volume of appeal and instruction,—and which so, by a natural transition of meaning, has become her Canon, her rule of faith, her standard whereby to test the accordance of men and doctrines with the Spirit that is in her and with that 'mould of doctrine' into which the first Apostolic churches were cast.

"The Irish Church Establishment" is the subject of the first article in the *National Review*. The writer maintains that the establishment from the time of the invasion of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans has always been the Church of the invader; and says that in our own day, "maintained by force in a nation that detests it," it is "in its way without a parallel in the civilized world."

Mr. Kinglake's "Crimea" is handled almost as severely by the *National* as by the *Edinburgh*. The reviewer gives some curious instances of Mr. Kinglake's mode of working up facts. Speaking of Marshal St. Arnaud, he says:—

"He was a captain at the taking of Constantine in 1837. When the breach was assaulted, a mine was sprung and a panic ensued; St. Arnaud distinguished himself in rallying the fugitives and leading them again to the assault. Combes, Bedeau, and himself, with cries of '*En avant! à la baïonette!*' flung themselves into the gulf which had just swallowed their comrades; and 'our soldiers lowered their heads and crossed bayonets, with cries of "*Hourra! en avant!*"' The breach was carried. Later in the day, St. Arnaud came on a barricade in the interior of the town. He first occupied the houses on either side with sharp-shooters; 'then,' he continues, 'sword in hand, with cries of "*Hourra!*" better known by my foreign soldiers—with shouts of "*En avant, la légion!*"—I threw myself on the barricade, which I cleared.' These two incidents Mr. Kinglake works up into the following marvellous myth:—

"'When a great explosion took place, and many were blown into the air, the French soldiers ran back with a cry that all was ruined; but Bedeau and Combes, withstanding the madness of the common terror, strove hard to rally the crowd, and St. Arnaud having with him in his company of the legion some bold reckless outcasts of the North, he bethought him of the shout, very strange to the ears of Frenchmen, which he had heard in other climes. Skilled in the art of imitation, he uttered the warlike cry. Instantly from the Northmen around him, whether Germans or Swedes, or English, Scots, Irish, or Danes, there sprang their native "Hurrah!" and with it came the thronging of men who must and would go forward. It was mainly the torrent of this new onslaught by St. Arnaud and his men of the "stormy youth" which carried the breach, and brought about the fall of the city.'"

Several other papers are in the present number. Amongst them we may mention that on "Passages from the Life of Erasmus;" "Bolingbroke as a Statesman;" "Early History of Messianic Ideas;" and "The Attitude of Parties—this Session;" which last paper is a thoughtful and dispassionate review of the chief political tendencies of this time.

The *British Quarterly* is rich in eloquent articles, amongst which that upon Professor Wilson must take a high place. It holds the balance evenly between his literary faults and merits, his share in the sins of *Blackwood*, and the noble virtues for whose sake greater sins might easily be condemned. It refutes with some force the disparaging remark of the *Saturday Review*, that the merits of Wilson's writings "lie on the surface;" and gives a picture of the man not unworthy of the original. Professor Wilson was one of those men whom it is difficult to overpraise. Of gigantic mental and bodily powers, he had a heart gentle as a woman's; and when so much has been done to pull the dead lion by the beard, it is gratifying to see the task of vindicating him so well performed. The number in other respects is excellent. Sir Charles Lyell's and Professor Huxley's works, on topics the most interesting of the day, are fairly handled. The first of these works furnishes one of those points of collision at which religion and science may be supposed to clash; and the alleged discovery of human bones and instruments apparently of human manufacture, in sites which seem to indicate a pre-Adamite date, may be supposed at first sight to offer difficulties with respect to the Scriptural narrative of the Creation greater than any which Dr. Colenso has raised. The writer contests this conclusion:—

"If, however" (he says), "the reader should be of opinion that the advocates of antiquity have raised a fair presumption in favour of their views, it becomes necessary to inquire how far this doctrine bears upon the statements contained in the Bible. Should the theory be established by further researches, ought we to conclude that the story of Adam's creation, as chronicled by Moses, is false?

"Certainly not. The discovery of a whole cemetery of skulls like those of Engis or Neanderthal, or of a collection of microscopes and other philosophical instruments, in some pre-glacial formation, would not shake our faith in the veracity of Scripture for a moment. It would indeed be necessary to revise our construction of the opening chapters of Genesis. But since it is nowhere expressly asserted that Adam was the first intelligent creature whom God produced on the earth, we should surely have no right to charge the book with untruthfulness because it contains no allusion to the owners of those 'apelike' crania, or to the manfacturers of those miserable flints. . . . .

"But however this may be, all that Scripture requires us to believe in reference to Adam is, that he was the progenitor of the existing race. It does not assert that no other species ever belonged to his genus, nor does it even affirm that the extant tribes of human beings are the only tribes of human beings which have ever appeared. It is silent on such subjects; but its silence may be simply of the same kind as that which omits all mention of the sun until the fourth 'day,' and all reference to death until after the fall. That such previously created races may have wholly disappeared before Adam was introduced is no unreasonable presumption; on the contrary, it is suggested by the argument on which, as we have seen, the case of the antiquarians chiefly turns, namely, that these primitive men were coeval with the mastodon, cave-bear, and other *extinct* quadrupeds. The bipeds may have succumbed to the same adverse influences under which their four-footed contemporaries perished. Not only from the state of the climate which then appears to have prevailed, but also from the barbaric condition under which they lived, we are entitled to assume that they must have had great difficulty in making head against the miseries of their position. Until, therefore, it can be shown that the flint men of the Somme have left issue which now forms part of the human family, or until the heirs of the Natchez veteran can be traced into the Adamic line, we do not see that the existence of savages twenty or a hundred thousand years ago, even if fully established, could in the slightest degree impair the credit of the sacred Book. But for the present we do not feel that we are obliged to surrender the received ideas on this question. When adequate proof on the side of concession shall be before us, the concession shall be made. We reverence the past or conform to the present on all such questions, according to the law of evidence, and on no other ground."

In the article, "English Thought and the English Church," the intellectual movement in the Established Church, with the change it has worked and is working, is thoughtfully considered, from a Nonconformist point of view. Amongst the other articles in this

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number, "The Ethics of Periodical Criticism" is one which may be commended to the attention of readers, but especially of writers, whose profession, too often degraded to a trade, is criticism.

Sir Charles Lyell's work on the antiquity of man is one of the leading topics also of the *Home and Foreign Review*. The article is ably written, and shows thorough familiarity with the subject. It is evident that the time has come when the difficulties it presents must be openly met; and we have no doubt that, so far from shaking our faith in revelation, the result of the discussion they are undergoing will be to confirm, and, if possible, expand it. The writer is of this view. "If," he says, "we must admit that, although man is, geologically speaking, very recent, a long period of time has elapsed since his first appearance, what effect will such an admission have on those sacred traditions on which are founded the hopes of mankind? or, in other words, how does such a result harmonize with revelation? We think that it merely affects the chronology which has been adopted, and sweeps away at once a host of difficulties which were true stumbling-blocks to biblical critics." He proceeds:—

"The unity of the human race, if not the original unity of language, is a fundamental principle of revealed religion. The former we hold to be equally important to the well-being of man, whether revelation is admitted or not. But in a period of four or five thousand years it is indeed very difficult to account for the development of races by climatal influence, especially when we find the Negro figured upon the tombs of Egypt of four thousand years ago with the same features he has to-day. It is equally difficult to account for the American race with its six hundred languages. If in three thousand years the Indo-European languages have not lost the evidences of their radical and grammatical relationship, how are we to account for the development of the Chinese, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and Egyptian in a much shorter period? In the discussion of these points, while the advocate of revealed religion may point triumphantly to the wonderful accordance between the account of the creation given in the book of Genesis, and the results of the most recent discoveries in science, he is nevertheless placed at a disadvantage as regards his opponents, by a mere question of chronology. Now, although it would be very absurd to expect a treatise of geology or of any other science in the book of Genesis, we should like to know how much better the exposition of any modern geologist, who had to address people wholly ignorant of physical science, would be than the Mosaic account? If Scripture contained a revelation of the laws of nature, it would have taken away the greatest stimulus to activity by which man is influenced, namely, the desire to know causes. For this his mind is constituted, and the triumphs he has attained prove it. But he possesses no faculty by which he can know of a hereafter, and for this alone was a Revelation accorded. The wonder, therefore, is, not that the book of Genesis should appear to differ in minor points with the results of scientific investigation, but that in so short a space it should be possible to give so perfect a sketch of the creation. And now, by a simple change in the chronology, the Mosaic account will harmonise with the condition of science even better than it did when it served as the incentive and guide to geological investigation."

In this *Quarterly* again, Mr. Kinglake's style is praised, while doubt is thrown upon his facts. There is an article upon Parish Registers, which contains recondite, curious, and interesting matter; and the Review of Contemporary Literature and Current Events is more ample than we generally find it in periodicals in which it forms a feature.

The *London Quarterly* is somewhat more favourable to Mr. Kinglake than its fellows; but like them it doubts the historical veracity of his book. The "air" of his narrative is "stagey and unreal;" we must allow for distortion, for the instant deflection that results when a fact strikes upon the hard surface of the writer's prejudices;" "it is not too much to say that Mr. Kinglake has made this history a terrible weapon, with which he strikes at the man he most abhors." Dr. Colenso, his assailants and vindicators, are treated of in an article upon "English Rationalism." An article on the life and writings of Béranger is perhaps the most interesting paper in the number. There is also an able article upon "Greece and the Greeks," on the American war, and on "Irish Annals," for which the Annals of the Four Masters forms the basis.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, 13th April, 1863.

Geographical—At 8½ p.m. 1. "Frobisher Strait proved to be a Bay, and on the fate of five men of the Arctic Expedition in the reign of Elizabeth." By Captain C. F. Hall, of Ohio. 2. "A Visit to Red River and the Saskatchewan." By Dr. John Rae.

Medical—At 8½ p.m. "On Intestinal Stricture." By Mr. Gay.

Tuesday, 14th April.

Ethnological—At 8 p.m. "On the Antiquity of Man." By John Crawfurd, Esq., President.

Civil Engineers—At 8 p.m. 1. Discussion on Mr. Miller's paper on "Structures in the Sea." 2. "Description of the Line and Works of the Scinde Railway." By Mr. John Brunton, C.E.

Medical and Chirurgical—At 8½ p.m. 1. "On the Stricture of the Urethra by gradual distension." By Mr. Henry Thompson. 2. "The Pathology of Crura Cerebri." By Dr. Hermann Weber.

Syro-Egyptian—At 7 p.m. Anniversary Meeting.

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. Professor Marshall "On Animal Mechanics."

Wednesday, 15th April.

Meteorological—At 7 p.m.

Royal Literature—At 8½ p.m. "On Ancient Ruins in the Neighbourhood of Missolonghi." By D. E. Colnaghi, Esq.

Society of Arts—At 8 p.m. "On the New Art of Auto-Typography." By Mr. George Wallis.

Thursday, 16th April.

Royal Society—At 8½ p.m. 1. "On Ozone." By E. J. Lowe, Esq. 2. "On the Equations of Rotation of a Solid Body about a Fixed Point." By W. Spottiswoode, Esq.

Antiquaries—At 8½ p.m.

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. "On the Relations of Geology with Allied Sciences." By D. T. Ansted, Esq., F.R.S.

Linnæan—At 8 p.m.

Chemical—At 8 p.m. "Derivatives of Napthylamine. By Messrs. Perkin and Church.

Numismatic—At 7 p.m.

Zoological—At 4 p.m.

Friday, 17th April.

Royal Institution—At 8 p.m. "On the Culture of Fish." By Frank Buckland, Esq.

Philological—At 8 p.m.

Saturday, 18th April.

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. "On Language." By Professor Max Müller.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Blomfield (Bishop), Memoir of, with Selections from his Correspondence. By the Rev. A. Blomfield. Two vols. Post 8vo., cloth, 18s.

Butler's Argument on the Miracles Explained and Defended by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier. Crown 8vo., sewed, 6d.

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Short Notices.

Meetings of Learned Societies.
List of New Books.

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The next MEETING of the Fellows for the Election of New Candidates, Saturday, April 25th.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Colenso.
The Bishop of Manchester and the Bishop of Natal.
Thallium, the new Metal.
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SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

48, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

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FOUNDED IN 1845.

REPORT

OF DIRECTORS, AND STATEMENT OF PROCEEDINGS AT THE ORDINARY MEETING OF PROPRIETORS, held on the 7th of MAY, 1862,

LORD ARTHUR LENNOX in the Chair.

THE REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS, made in the Spring of last year, appealed to the Proprietors and others interested in the Office, to assist the Directors in making 1861 the most successful year of the Company's operations; and, notwithstanding the absence of general commercial prosperity throughout the country, the Directors are happy to say that in many respects the desired result of their appeal has been realised.

This year was, however, remarkable in the experience of this Office, as it is believed it was in that of other similar Institutions, for the number of lapsed Assurances, especially in those districts where industry has been impeded by the suspension of our commercial relations with America.

At the same time the business effected has been greater than at any former period, the New Premiums amounting to £6,055 11s. 3d. Assuring £171,250 by the issue of 722 Policies.

The point, however, on which the Directors have most reason to congratulate the Proprietors is, that after a very careful and rigid investigation into the position and prospects of the Company, made in pursuance of the requirements of the Deed of Settlement, by Mr. PETER HARDY, the eminent Actuary, the result, as embodied in the following Report, is of the most satisfactory character.

"TO THE CHAIRMAN AND DIRECTORS OF THE SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to submit herewith a full statement of the result of the valuation, just completed, of the Assets and Liabilities of the Sovereign Life Assurance Company, up to or as of the 31st December, 1861.

"This investigation has been, on the present occasion, a work of considerable magnitude and labour, as the number of Policies actually in force exceeds 5,000, covering Assurances to over One Million Sterling, and embracing almost every class or description of Life Assurance.

"I am happy to be able to assure you that the condition of the Company is sound and prosperous, and holds out every prospect of increased success. The Bonus, which the Directors may safely declare as the result of this valuation, is larger in amount, both as regards the Shareholders and the Assured, than that declared on any previous occasion; and this Bonus has been fairly earned by the past operations of the Society, *without in the smallest degree touching any portion of the future profits.*

"The valuation has been made with the greatest care and exactness, and the reserve for the future is most ample for the purposes of safety, and quite sufficient, with care and management, to maintain hereafter a proportionately favourable rate of improvement.

"I have the honour to be,
"Gentlemen,
"Your very faithful servant,
(Signed) "PETER HARDY,
"April, 1862." "Actuary."

It may be remembered, that on the declaration of the last Bonus the Actuary strongly urged the propriety of postponing the Actual Division of Profits until the alternate triennial valuation; the prudence of which course, though it naturally occasioned disappointment in some few instances, is now apparent; and it is most gratifying to the Board, while reviewing the peculiar difficulties which those alone who are actively engaged in the business of Life Assurance know to have existed during the last six years, to present so favourable a Report, especially as it emanates from a gentleman of such high character and professional standing as Mr. HARDY.

Without in the smallest degree encroaching on future profits the addition sanctioned by this investigation will give to each Share a Bonus of 4s. 6d. or 9 per cent. on the paid-up Capital, being three times the sum allotted on the last occasion, and 75 per cent. of the divisible Surplus will be added to all Policy-holders, assured at participating rates, on the 31st December last, in proportion to the premiums paid since the last Division.

The Circulars, announcing the allotment to individual Policies, will be issued as soon as practicable.

The Directors recommend that the usual Dividend of 5 per cent., free of Income-Tax, be paid on the Capital for the half-year ending 31st December last.

The Directors retiring are LORD ARTHUR LENNOX, T. M. B. BATARD, Esq., and JOHN GARDINER, Esq., who, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

(Signed) ARTHUR LENNOX,
Chairman.

LONDON: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Cox & Wyman, 74 & 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the County of Middlesex; and published, for the Proprietors, by JOHN KELLETT SHARPE, at No. 11, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 146.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863. [Price 4*d.* *Unstamped.*

The Budget.
The Nationality of Poland.
The Late Sir G. C. Lewis.
The Bishop of Durham and the Press.
The French Emperor and the Academy.
The Loss of H.M.S. *Orpheus*.
"The Midnight Missions."
Education in Italy.
Sewage Irrigation.
Art and Science:—
The French and Flemish Exhibition.
Music.
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The Past Week.
Reviews:—
Canon Stanley's Sermons in the East.
The Angel in the House.
Geneva and the Reformation in Europe.
Verner's Pride.
Life in Normandy.
The Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge.
A Secret Mission in 1808.
Meetings of Learned Societies.

THE BUDGET.

IF Mr. Gladstone's speech on Thursday evening was inferior as an oratorical effort to the speeches with which he has introduced former Budgets, it may not improbably surpass them all in the lasting satisfaction it affords. We are favoured with a Budget containing only one new principle. And on this occasion Mr. Gladstone had the pleasure of announcing that the receipts of the past year had slightly exceeded, and the expenditure had a little fallen behind, their respective estimates; so that his vague anticipation of a balance of £150,000 in his favour had resulted in an actual surplus of £1,300,000. The estimates for the forthcoming year have so far corresponded to the cry for economy, that the expenditure shows a reduction of rather more than £1,500,000, which, added to the previous surplus and the anticipated increase of about £900,000 from the former sources of revenue, gave Mr. Gladstone a surplus of £3,741,000 to distribute on the remission of taxation. When this announcement was made to the gratified House, there naturally arose an impatience to hear how the surplus was to be allotted; but here the Chancellor of the Exchequer was faithful to himself. The accomplished orator, who on a former occasion insisted upon magnifying an already alarming deficiency, and even made it seem worse than it was, before he would take into consideration the means by which it was to be met, had no sooner told the House on Thursday that he had this £3,741,000 to give away, than he proceeded to digress for an hour on chicory, clubs, parliamentary trains, and charitable endowments. By altering or imposing taxes on these things, Mr. Gladstone hopes to get about £133,000; so that he had the increased sum of £3,874,000 to dispose of. The secret of the delay in dealing with this sum was perhaps explained when it appeared that the first taxes to be sacrificed were Mr. Gladstone's own offspring—the petty charges on commerce. Their abolition will absorb in the present year £142,000, and in the future £191,000. The bulk of the surplus Mr. Gladstone proposes to absorb by a reduction of the Income-tax from 9d. to 7d., accompanied by a modification we shall presently explain, costing in all £1,600,000, and a reduction of the tea duty from 1s. 5d. to 1s., costing £1,300,000. There will then remain a balance of about half a million, which he hopes to preserve intact.

On the whole the Budget is most satisfactory, in showing the stability of the revenue under very trying circumstances, and in the promise which the small reduction in the estimates gives us of a return to the principles of economy. The reduction is not wholly trustworthy, since it is obtained not by diminishing our naval and military forces, but by a temporary abstinence from the purchase of stores. Yet it will probably be difficult for any Ministers to recur to the swollen votes of the past three years, and they will be driven to more permanent modes of economy. The stability of our revenue, however, affords unmixed satisfaction: in spite of the suspension of labour in Lancashire, and the destruction of half our trade with North America, the actual revenue of the past year has been £70,603,000, against an estimated revenue of £70,050,000; and the increase appears to be due to the development of the normal portion of the national income. During the past four years the revenue, exclusive of the accidental and remitted portions, has shown an annual increase of about £875,000. The actual expenditure of the last year has been £69,302,000, against an estimate of £70,108,000; whilst the total estimates for the current year amount to £67,749,000. Even this sum shows an increase of expenditure (other than the charge for the National Debt) of more than five millions over the year 1858-9.

The additions which Mr. Gladstone proposes to our sources of revenue are, in general, unimportant, though some of them will probably be hotly contested. Chicory has a bad name, and there has long been a tendency to equalize the duties on it and on coffee. The wisdom of such a course perhaps admits of a doubt; and there is certainly one important difference between the two articles,—that chicory is an article of home as well as of foreign manufacture, and the collection of duty upon it requires additional machinery.

It is impossible to dispute the propriety of requiring clubs to take out a spirit-license, and no one but a publican will object to the alteration of the beer-licenses. The legislation which Mr. Gladstone proposes with respect to railways and charitable endowments admits of more discussion. Much of the existing legislation about railway companies is anomalous, because it is founded on the assumption that they enjoy a practical monopoly, and that the public require protection against their powers. If Mr. Gladstone carries out his proposal to levy a uniform duty on all passenger-trains, there will remain the existing obligation on railway companies to run one cheap train every day, and perhaps the companies may not unreasonably complain of the injustice of imposing the tax and preserving the obligation. As for the charitable endowments, it is evident that Mr. Gladstone has not weighed all the difficulties of the question.

In the division of a surplus there are always some claimants who will be dissatisfied. The day cannot be very far distant when the Malt duty will require to be reconsidered, though an alteration of it could scarcely have been expected in the present Budget. The condemnation of a Select Committee, indorsing the opinion of the mercantile world, had sealed the fate of the petty charges on commerce, and Mr. Gladstone relinquished them with the best possible grace. It would, perhaps, have been better to have divided the

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reduction of the Tea duty, and to have reduced the Fire Insurance duty, which has not improperly been characterized as the worst tax in our fiscal system; but Mr. Gladstone was undoubtedly right in preferring tea to its rival—sugar.

The modification of the Income Tax requires some examination. It is clear that this, though a useful measure, will not effect all the ends proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He proposes that the poundage shall for the future be the same on all incomes, but that holders of incomes of £100 (the minimum limit, as heretofore) and upwards, but of less than £200, shall be allowed to deduct £60 from their income, and be taxed on the balance. Thus, the tax being for the next year 7d. in the pound, the recipient of £100 a year would have to pay 7d. on £40; the recipient of £150 would have to pay 7d. on £90; the recipient of £200 a year and of greater sums, 7d. in the pound on the full amount. "The effect would be," Mr. Gladstone said, "to get rid of those very sore places which are found to exist in the case of incomes a little over £100 and a little over £150." This seems to be a mistake. The owner of £200 a year will for the future complain of having to pay 200 times 7d., whilst his neighbour, who has £199 a year, will only pay 139 times 7d. The only way to remove this anomaly is to have the same sum deducted universally, or to have it gradually reduced. The latter plan could be easily worked; *e.g.*, let the owner of £100 a year deduct £60, the owner of £101 deduct £59; and so on; so that the owner of £160 a year should deduct nothing.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will, in any case, be allowed to preserve his surplus undiminished. It is little more than £500,000, and nearly the whole of it is due to the Chinese Indemnity, whilst the reductions of taxation proposed will involve an additional loss next year of £898,000. These considerations alone show that the surplus is too small rather than too large. And be it remembered that Lancashire will require at least a million next winter.

THE NATIONALITY OF POLAND.

THE Russian offer of an amnesty will appear contemptible enough to all who are acquainted with the rights of Poland under the Treaty of Vienna, or with the history of Polish complaints since that date. The Poles have raised the standard of rebellion—not simply because they have been ill-treated, but because they have been deprived of what had been guaranteed to them, as well by international compact as by Imperial charter. The Archbishop of Warsaw was right in representing to the Czar that mere administrative reforms would not satisfy his countrymen. Poland has a legal title to more than mere reforms, and those who imagine that liberalised institutions will be a panacea for the evil have not probed the full depth of the Polish wounds. What Kosciusko asked, and the Emperor Alexander promised, in 1814, was that the Poles should be allowed to preserve their nationality, and be formed into a distinct kingdom. This has been the burden of their cry ever since. This is what Clopicki prayed for in 1830, and Zamoyski in 1862. This, lastly, is what Archbishop Felinski, in resigning his post in the Council of the State, puts forward as the sum and substance of all Polish aspirations. Prince Talleyrand's opinion at the time of the Vienna Congress, that the original partition of Poland was the prelude, and in part the cause of the disorders which subsequently convulsed Europe, may yet hold good for subsequent times which he has not lived to see. The Poles, at all events, have this additional grievance in 1863, that they are not only oppressed, but oppressed contrary to the spirit and the letter of European treaties. This is not a case of ordinary insurrection. Poland has not merely a cause for rebellion against Russia, but a *casus belli*. Solemn international agreements have been broken by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and if the contracting Powers decline to draw the sword from motives of expediency, at least it must be conceded that Poland, who is the victim of the fraud, has a right to draw the sword herself.

Though a spirit of international jealousy, and perhaps a prudent fear of the growing powers of the Czar, prevented in 1815 the realization of the wishes of Kosciusko, and the formation of a Polish kingdom under the government of the Emperor of Russia, the Treaty of Vienna acknowledged virtually the weight of Polish claims. The constitution of the duchy of Warsaw was recognized as forming henceforward the link which bound that duchy to Russia. "It shall hereafter," so runs the proviso, "be united to the Russian empire, to which it shall be irrevocably attached by its Constitution." These words, it is clear, operate as effectually to guarantee the Constitution in question as they do to annex Poland to the dominions of the Czar, and in this obvious sense they have since been understood by Europe. Had the Constitution been preserved inviolate, the kingdom of Poland proper at all events would have enjoyed a free press, liberty of the subject, and a right to exercise some control over the national taxes and the national expenditures. But, at the close of twenty years, the kingdom of Poland found itself in possession of none of these benefits. Perpetual disregard of the above-mentioned constitution led the Poles, in 1830, to attempt to break their chains. Since that time Russian diplomatists have eagerly asserted that the privileges which Poland proper obtained by European treaty it had lost by insurrection and by conquest. Neither the English nor French Governments, however, has ever admitted the justice of so preposterous a contention. Lord Palmerston, in his despatches to the representative of this country at St. Petersburg, vehemently denies it. The Constitution—such is the indignant message he sends to the Emperor of Russia—exists under the sanction of the treaty. Once given, it became the link which, under the treaty, binds the kingdom of Poland to the empire of Russia, and that link cannot remain unimpaired if the Constitution should not be maintained.

The kingdom of Poland proper was by the contracting Powers distinguished from the other Russo-Polish provinces, and had a destiny assigned to it apart from the rest. But pains were taken in the Treaty of Vienna to protect the nationality of all the Poles in common. An express clause provided that the Polish subjects of Russia who were not to be included in the separate kingdom should, nevertheless, obtain a representation and national institutions regulated according to the degree of political existence that the Russian Government should judge proper to grant them. The stipulation was extended, to comprehend the Polish subjects of Austria and Prussia as well; and every Pole, wherever resident, thus found protectors in the Powers who are parties to the treaty. If the latter part of the clause seems to leave considerable latitude to the Russian Crown to exercise its sovereignty as it pleased in those provinces of Poland which formed no portion of the Duchy, at least it is certain that this nationality was to be preserved to them, and that this was an important object which the Powers kept consistently in view. An early article in the synchronous convention between Russia and Prussia states as much. The Powers themselves, indeed, declared that the principles of free navigation, of free circulation, of the products of the soil, and of commercial transit, should be invariably maintained, just as they had obtained through the length and breadth of the ancient Poland of 1772. Separated in their administrations from the kingdom of Poland, these exterior and outlying provinces retained something, while they retained commercial unity and the privileges of a common nationality. Though they form, no doubt, an integral part of the Russian Empire, it was intended that they should not be torn from their fellow-countrymen more than the exigencies of European policy required. Their welfare also was henceforward in some degree to be a care of these contracting Powers which had not thought it derogatory to the honour of Russia that she should provide by treaty for their happiness and prosperity.

While it is plain that the Poles wish for more than is guaranteed to them by the Treaty of Vienna, it is equally evident, on the other hand, that they have a right to complain bitterly of that treaty's non-fulfilment. The kingdom of Poland proper looks in vain for its vanished constitution. The other provinces ask in vain what has become of their share in the Polish name and nation. They may fairly demand, in conformity with European promises, first, to be governed well, and secondly, to be governed as Poles. If they go further, if they pray that the dispersed tribes should be re-united in a single realm, it is true that they pray for what Europe has not promised them, but is not such a prayer justified by nearly fifty years of mal-government and

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suffering? However this may be, they have the clearest possible right to be placed, at the very least, in the position guaranteed to them in 1815. If international covenants mean anything, if England and France are not determined to fling aside a protectorship which they both deliberately assumed, the Poles may claim our intercession. Lord Palmerston, in 1863, tells us that though we have the right to interfere, we lie under no obligation to do so. It is sufficient to appeal from the Lord Palmerston of 1863 to the Lord Palmerston of 1831. What appears to him now to be a mere convenience, then was held by him to be "a duty." "The time is come," he writes to St. Petersburg, "when his Majesty feels himself justified, both by his friendship for the Emperor of Russia and *by the duty resulting from the obligations which he has contracted under* the Treaty of Vienna, in addressing to his Imperial Majesty, in the most amicable tone and with the deference due to his rights as an independent sovereign, some observations as to the best mode of resettling the kingdom of Poland under the dominion of the Emperor." The "obligation" has certainly not ceased since the date of that despatch, and, whatever the result of the joint action of England and of France, we are glad that this country has not shrunk from the task imposed upon her by her honour and her plighted faith.

THE LATE SIR G. C. LEWIS.

WE only echo the unanimous voice of Parliament and the Press in saying that the country has sustained a heavy loss in the death of the late Secretary for War. With the exception of the Premier, there was, indeed, no public man whom we could so ill spare; for there was none who united, in so eminent a degree, qualities seldom found together in the same individual. Administrators as able—but none abler; debaters far more ready, ingenious, attractive, and eloquent, are left to us; but where shall we find, in either house, one who has so intimate and thorough a knowledge of the details of politics, with so masterly a grasp of the principles which ought to govern them? It is an obvious remark that Sir G. C. Lewis was at the same time a philosophical statesman, and an active, painstaking, skilful official. But it is not so easy to appreciate the rare combination of mental and moral gifts which this implies. Largeness of speculation is often divorced from sobriety of judgment; amplitude of learning is frequently found incompatible with the modesty and patience requisite to receive new lights or acquire fresh information. Extraordinary acquirements are apt to tempt their possessor into the paths of paradox; while habits of deep and sustained thought yield with difficulty to the exigencies of practical life. That the deceased Minister possessed the merits, without drawback from the defects we have indicated, is, however, universally admitted. It must have been a mind unusually well balanced, which could make its power felt in classical scholarship, in the most arduous and abstruse walks of literature, in the business of the Exchequer and the War-office, and in the debates of the House of Commons. But Sir George C. Lewis's success, and the position which he held, were due to something far higher than mere readiness of mental adaptability. Few men have ever brought to the consideration of questions coming before them so perfect an impartiality, or that less due to indifference and more to earnestness for the truth. The thoroughness with which he compelled himself to master everything that he took in hand, was, indeed, greatly attributable to the honesty which was with him not only a moral attribute, but a characteristic of his mind. His transparent clearness—his passionless serenity of thought—secured him almost entirely against the unconscious self-deception to which most of us fall constant victims; while the instinctive justness and accuracy of his reason shrank from the support or propagation of a fallacy, as nature is said to abhor a vacuum. Not only was his intellect one of great acuteness, and at the same time of great weight and solidity, but when he announced an opinion, men felt they had every guarantee that it was the result of careful and laborious reflection, working sincerely upon the best materials which industry could gather together. His authority with the House of Commons increased almost every session, in spite of—perhaps partly on account of—the defects which appeared to forbid his acquiring influence in a popular assembly. These were partly mental and partly physical. The comprehensive view which he took of every subject, and a naturally critical, if not sceptical turn of mind, often disposed him to give undue weight to objections, and to acquiesce somewhat too contentedly in inaction. His many-sidedness, his impartiality, and his candour, prevented his moving in any one direction with the momentum which a narrower nature would have gathered from its more dogmatic convictions. While he was almost totally destitute of the flexibility and tact requisite for concealing his ignorance—when he happened to be ignorant—or for passing off upon the House a convenient, but fallacious string of official excuses,—when he knew he was wrong, or felt his convictions overborne by the exigencies of the moment, he never could conceal the fact from his audience. They laughed at the perplexities of the Minister, and the shortcomings of the advocate; but they felt increased respect for the sincerity of the statesman. As a speaker, Sir G. C. Lewis never took his place in the first rank; nor was it likely that he could have done so, had he lived. His style was heavy; his anxiety to place the House in full possession of all the information bearing on a subject often rendered him tedious; and, unless he was unusually excited his delivery was sluggish and awkward. At the same time, it was impossible not to be struck by the clearness and exactness of his language,—by the facility with which he rendered plain the most complicated subjects,—by the lucidity and compactness of his argument,—and not unfrequently by the vein of grave irony and humour which ran, with the happiest and most forcible effect, through his more serious reasoning. Occasionally, indeed, he would throw off his apparent lethargy, under the influence of a great debate or the stimulus of personal attack. And the vigour with which he then poured forth a stream of the purest and most idiomatic English—the telling directness and weight of his blows—showed that, had he devoted himself to the art earlier in life, he might have become one of the first debaters of his day.

Had the deceased statesman never entered Parliament or held office, he would still have left behind him the reputation of a sound and learned scholar and a distinguished man of letters. It is probable, indeed, that to the latest hour of his life literature was more congenial to his taste than politics. The laborious research and the severe inquiries in which he engaged as an author, while bearing the burthen of some of the most important offices of the Government, showed in the most striking manner his prodigious capacity for work, though they must have tended to shorten his valuable career. We can, however, only allude here to this side of his life; for it is of the statesman that we must speak to-day. Although he had previously occupied a seat at the Poor-law Board, and had filled two subordinate places in Lord J. Russell's administration, he was almost unknown to the public when Lord Palmerston appointed him to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1855. The three years during which he was at the Treasury, falling as they did either during or immediately after the Crimean war, were not favourable to the production of financial novelties; nor did he show any desire to compete with Mr. Gladstone in the parentage of sensation budgets. His only important remission of taxation—apart from the reduction of the war imposts—was the removal of the newspaper stamp. But he proved himself a shrewd and sound man of business. He won the confidence of the City to a greater extent than any finance minister since Sir R. Peel; and although he had to contend against the united opposition of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, he generally convinced the House that, if his antagonists had the more fluent rhetoric, he had the better arguments. Outside his own department, he took a prominent and effective part in the debates on the fall of Kars, the Persian war, and the introduction of the bill for transferring the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown. When he relinquished office in 1858 he was generally regarded as, next to the Premier, the most important and influential member of the Government. He did not, as is well known, return to the Exchequer on the formation of the present Administration; and it is difficult to suppose that he can have approved of much that has been done by his successor. Indeed, in his last budget speech, in 1857, he denounced, by anticipation, the principle of abolishing the numerous small import duties; while he threw an abundance of cold water on that reduction of the wine duties which he was destined to sanction as a member of the Cabinet of 1860. As Secretary of State for the Home Department, he was a valuable member of the Government; and while he held the seals there was an entire

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absence of those complaints and controversies which have marked Sir George Grey's subsequent tenure of the office. The most remarkable features of this part of his official career were the "double-edged" speeches with which on successive Wednesday afternoons he used to demolish, while appearing to support, the legislative projects of amateur parliamentary reformers or of political dissenters. It may, however, be doubted whether these displays were due so much to conscious art as to incapacity for hiding the discrepancy between his own views and those to which, as the member of a Liberal Government, he was bound to lend an ostensible sanction. There was no doubt as to the heartiness of his scorn for the "unreasoning opposition" offered by the Nonconformists to the religious census. The speech in which he avenged the defeat he was compelled to bear, was one of the most masterly and effective of his Parliamentary displays. His victims long smarted under the biting sarcasms, in which he compared their "uncontrollable and instinctive" prejudices to those of George III. against Catholic Emancipation, and expressed his hope that, eventually becoming as enlightened as Mussulmans, they might abandon, like the latter, their objection to be numbered. When subsequently transferred to the ministry for war, he did his best to conquer an utterly uncongenial subject; but he never succeeded in replacing the loss of Sidney Herbert, although by dint of most assiduous and devoted labour he discharged respectably the onerous duties of the office. It is not, indeed, as an administrator that his loss will be most severely felt. Both the House of Commons and the Cabinet will sadly miss the calm judgment, the high sagacity, the even temper, and the serene composure of mind, which, under circumstances however agitating, he never failed to bring to their discussions. He was one of the men whose presence adds perceptibly to the dignity and authority of any body to which he may belong; and although the country had not yet learnt to value him as he deserved, those who knew him and had watched his career were almost unanimous in regarding him as a future Prime Minister. For that high place he had many eminent qualifications. His caution, his candour, his tolerance for the opinions of others, and his admirable single-mindedness, pointed him out as one fitted to combine and moderate the counsels of colleagues, and to wield an ascendancy which in his hands would have wounded no man's self-respect. Nor is there reason to believe that he would have been found wanting in vigour of action, either as a statesman or a legislator. It is true that he did not possess the confidence of many of his contemporaries in the efficacy of Acts of Parliament. Looking at human affairs by the light of his great historical knowledge, he had none of the impatience which drives men to seek the removal of evils by empirical remedies that only touch symptoms but fail to reach causes. He was disposed to rely for the improvement of society upon the progressive enlightenment of the people rather than upon the meddlesome activity of the Legislature. But in an age when the tendency sets so strongly and mischievously in an opposite direction, we should have seen with satisfaction at the head of affairs a Minister who was possessed of a manly faith in the capacity of Englishmen to bear letting alone. On the other hand, no one was more unsparing in the attack of proved abuses; and his natural boldness of mind would have secured him against vacillation or feebleness when a real exigency required trenchant and decisive measures. His death has reduced to ominously narrow limits the list of those to whom we can look for a successor to Lord Palmerston. Nor is it impossible that at some future day considerable difficulty will be experienced in finding a Premier who can hold together—as he might have done—the disunited sections of the Liberal party, while commanding the respect of the moderate, intelligent, and educated portion of the community.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM AND THE PRESS.

WE regret to see that the Bishop of Durham, in a letter to his clergy protesting against the subversive doctrines, and, for an officer of the Church, the scandalous example of Bishop Colenso, has gone out of his way to bring a hasty accusation against the bulk of the English periodical literature of the present day. By the etymology of "Bishop," the meaning of that title is, one who sees; but in this case, Bishop Baring sees a great deal more than is to be seen by the most accurate observer of existing facts; and he must have the rare gift of second sight, popularly ascribed to the Scottish Highlanders, if he can detect, in the habitual conduct of the Press, a general conspiracy to undermine the Christian faith. In justice, therefore, not only to ourselves, but also to the majority of our daily and weekly contemporaries, we must take leave to deny this sweeping charge. We make bold to say that, with a very few exceptions, the prevailing tone of English journalism and its ordinary treatment of subjects incidentally affecting religion are usually such as are consistent with a sincere respect for those time-hallowed convictions of divine truth, upon whose integrity, as we are fully assured, the main fabric of the moral, social, and political welfare of this country depends. What motives indeed could there be to prompt the anonymous directors and writers of these publications, which only exist by virtue of their general agreement with the feelings and prepossessions of the community, to take such a course as the Bishop has rashly imputed to them? Even if there had happened to be some amongst them who were personally unable to share in our common heritage of a Protestant Christianity, bequeathed to this nation by the Reformers of our Church and State in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the realm of England was cast into that shape in which, under the Divine protection, it has since grown up, they would probably have been restrained, at least by public spirit and patriotism, from wantonly assailing a system of beliefs so closely and familiarly entwined with the temporal prosperity of this land. As mere politicians, and as professors of mere philanthropy, which all journalists claim to be of course, they must have recognized, in the religious institutions of England, the chief historical security for her well-ordered freedom, and the most powerful agency for relieving, instructing, and improving the lower classes. As practised observers and interpreters of the English mind, they could not have failed to remark how, in that pregnant sentence of three words, which the leader of a great Parliamentary party quoted on a late occasion, "industry, liberty, and religion" form the triple chord of popular sentiments to which, as to the key-note of the English character, the hearts of our fellow-countrymen will always respond. More than our vast commercial enterprise and wealth, more than our perfect enjoyment of civil freedom, the English nation cherish in this, as in former ages, the traditional Christianity of the land of our birth. Does the Bishop of Durham, then, suppose that the men whose special calling and trade it is to comprehend the instincts and likings of the multitude of readers, can so far mistake their business as to attempt to destroy that persuasion which lies at the very bottom of our social life?

There is, we believe, no such disinterested zeal now-a-days for the diffusion of infidelity, as should urge the literary profession to employ itself, without thanks or recompense, in a mischievous task, which would prove not less unprofitable than discreditable to those concerned in it. The editors of our newspapers and critical reviews are generally too well acquainted with the conditions of success in the management of these publications, to risk forfeiting the confidence of their supporters for the vain caprice of attacking the established faith of this Christian country,—even if they were not, as for aught the Bishop of Durham knows they are, personally as good Christians as any of their lay or clerical neighbours, including the wearers of lawn-sleeves who sit on the Episcopal Bench.

We therefore beg him to observe, that there is an antecedent improbability in this charge against the periodical literature of the day, which should have induced him to look more carefully into it, before hazarding so injurious an assertion. We do not, certainly, mean to affirm that any department of the press is perfect. Far from it; we more than doubt if anything on earth is perfect. We have never met with a perfect bishop, or heard a perfect sermon, and we dare say that the Bishop has never met with a perfect editor or read a perfect newspaper, or a perfect article in any newspaper, or indeed found a perfect anything, in this fallen world of ours. There is no gold without alloy, no raiment without a moth, no tree without a worm at its root, no bishop or curate without an obtrusive crotchet, or, may be, a twist in his temper; and no public writer, secular or religious, free from a wrong bias or a particular conceit. England is not a Utopia, and our age is anything but a millennium. We confess that here and there things do sometimes find their way into

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print, which not only bishops, but all other ministers of the Gospel, may peruse with natural displeasure. In reference to matters of religion, it is not so much the spirit of free and scientific inquiry that they have to complain of, but the spirit of mockery and malicious derision. Do a few spoiled children of wit and fashion, joined with an arrogant and presumptuous clique who assume to be the arbiters of scholarship and taste, grow intolerant of every manifestation of those profound sensibilities of the religious nature in man, which an Epicurean philosophy can neither satisfy nor explain; indulge their vanity, and display their talent for ridicule, by scoffing at the faults of manner or phraseology which may be detected in the sermons, prayers, and hymns, of a popular congregation? Surely this is an offence against every rule of good taste and good manners, which the superfine school of essayists should be the last to commit. It is inconceivable that men of a certain degree of culture and refinement, boasting of a liberal education, should thus treat with scorn any genuine expressions of those deep instincts of humanity which have in all ages led our frail and mortal race to assemble for religious discourse and worship. The satirist must indeed be reckless and ungenerous, who, in the pursuit of his prey, will not stop at the door of the house of public devotion, but strike at a minister and a people, communing in their own style upon their own spiritual affairs.

Without, then, taking into account one or two publications which are the avowed organs of anti-Christian sects or parties, and whose insignificance may have escaped the notice of the Bishop of Durham, we know but of one conspicuous example of this abuse of literary power. And this is certainly an exception which proves the rule. For if, as we have remarked, no journal circulating in respectable society could, without risking the loss of public favour, frequently and grossly affront the religious sentiments of the community, the periodical to which we refer has usually taken care to select for the objects of its vituperation the Dissenting ministers and the Evangelical clergy, who are farthest removed from the sympathies of its High Church patrons. And it has atoned for these outrages upon the common charity and reverence due to all forms of Christian faith, by an obsequious and deferential behaviour towards that straitest sect of the Anglican Ritualists, who deny all religious fellowship with believers not addicted to the use of church furniture and ceremonial of the Margaret-street Renaissance type. We are not, however, tempted to dwell longer upon this singular exception to the prevailing attitude and temper of English journalism, in regard to Christianity and its professions or ministrations generally throughout the land. In this respect, as well as in the sound moral tone which pervades most of our newspaper and magazine or review writing at the present day, we believe that it will bear comparison with that of any former period, or of any foreign country. Whether the generally irreproachable conduct of the press, as regards all religious topics, is due merely to the skill of its managers in ascertaining the beat of the national heart, by a superior touch or *tactus eruditus* of its pulse, or is the result of their own individual convictions, neither any Bishop nor anybody else can have a right to inquire.

But of this we are sure,—that the Bishop of Durham never perpetrated a greater blunder or made a more unjust imputation than when he charged the English press, as a body, with infidelity and scepticism. The only upholder of Dr. Colenso in the daily press is one which does not applaud his theology or endorse his criticisms, but takes the ground of liberty of thought, and toleration of opinion,—a ground very defensible in itself, but which, in the special instance of Dr. Colenso, as an appointed officer of the Church, is quite inapplicable and foreign to the question of his consistency. We repeat, however, that whatever Dr. Baring may allege, the press is a stranger to avowed and open attacks on the Christian faith. If it sneers occasionally, it is at the expense of those who profess to expound the Bible, not at the Bible itself. If personalities and invectives are indulged in to gratify the prejudices and animosities of party,—or if there be jests upon topics which should not lightly and irreverently be touched,—it is still observed that, upon great occasions, there is, in most of our newspaper writers, a solemnity of tone, a religious and devout feeling—as, for instance, on the death of the Prince Consort,—which attest the strength of such emotions and convictions as Christianity inspires. We regret, therefore, very sincerely that Dr. Baring has hazarded so indiscreet and ill-considered a charge, not merely because it is unjust, but because it will provoke undesirable retaliation. The way to improve what is bad is to give credit for the good that yet exists. Censure is never more unfruitful than when it is undeserved. We must say, with real regret, that ministers of religion frequently provoke by their indiscretions the assaults they first deplore, and then charge the press with a hostility to religion which is merely the rebuke of some of its inconsistent or intolerant professors. But, returning to our main argument, we insist that no respectable journal can afford to be irreligious. It must be, if it would thrive, the exponent as well as the guide of public opinion. In fact, to charge the press with irreligion is to condemn the people of England. And if the people of England and its exponent, the public press, be what Dr. Baring describes, what has the Church of England been about during the last hundred years?

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE ACADEMY.

A visit from the French Emperor to the French Academy is an unusual event. It was occasioned by the election of M. Octave Feuillet, the well-known author, to the vacant fauteuil in that body. For the first time since the inauguration of the second empire, compliments have been openly addressed by an academician to the reigning family in the presence of his brother academicians, and an armistice seems to have been tacitly concluded for the occasion between Napoleon III. and his most relentless antagonists, the men of letters who belong to the French Institute. When Queen Christina, of Sweden, visited long ago the same illustrious assembly, she inquired of the Chancellor whether the academicians ought not to stand before her instead of sitting down. On consultation, it appeared that there was a precedent to be found in the time of Charles IX., in whose presence more than one meeting of literati had been held, at which all present seated themselves, without regard to ordinary etiquette. As soon, therefore, as Queen Christina sat down, all the members took their places in their respective chairs. Compliments were then addressed to her by the director, M. de Mezeray, and his companions. M. de Mezeray repeated to the royal visitor a treatise he had composed recently upon the Passions. M. Cotin recited some translations from Lucretius. Sonnets followed from a couple of abbés; and last of all a dictionary sheet, which was in course of composition, was read aloud. The word under consideration was *Jeu*; and we learn that one of the proverbial expressions under this head which amused the Queen heartily was "*The game of princes, which only pleases the player.*" The proverb would have had a much bitterer inuendo if it had been presented by the present French Academy to the present Empress. Among the body are to be found the most persistent enemies of the present *régime*; and Paris derives no little amusement at the election of each new academician from the piece of etiquette, which requires that he should be personally presented to his sovereign at the Tuileries by the director and the permanent secretary. M. Villemain, M. Guizot, M. Montalembert and others have had in turn to undergo their part in this uncongenial ceremony, and it is seldom that the visit passes off without some comical incident or *bon mot* to fix it in the memory of the diverted Parisians. His Majesty the Emperor is fully able to hold his own in these little hostile interviews, and the conversation has been known to approach as nearly the pleasant and polished repartee as would be consistent with respect for the Throne. At the reception of M. Lacordaire three years ago, it fell to the lot of M. Guizot and M. Villemain to accompany the new member to the Emperor's apartments, and to receive the congratulations of the chief of the State. "Ah, M. Guizot," said the Emperor, "I am glad to see you again at the Tuileries; pourquoi ne venez vous pas plus souvent chez nous?" Leaving M. Guizot somewhat taken aback by the cordiality of this invitation, his Majesty passed on to M. Lacordaire. "Mon père," he is reported to have said, "l'Imperatrice a ecouté votre discours avec beaucoup de plaisir (M. Lacordaire bowed with evident gratification) il y a dix ans à Bordeaux," continued the Emperor with a quiet smile, leaving M. Lacordaire to make the best of the reflection that his recent pulpit performances had excited less interest in the highest quarters. Napoleon III. came last to Villemain, the witty and ironical secretary of the Academy, whose sarcasms upon Cæsar and the things of Cæsar are generally supposed to be by no means limited in number or in pungency. "It was with the great possible pleasure, dear M. Villemain," observed his Majesty, "that I signed the day before yesterday the nomination of your son-in-law to a sous-prefecture in the provinces." For a single instant, it is reported,

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even M. Villemain was completely silenced by the equivocal and satirical compliment, the Imperialist opinions of one of his connection being naturally a sore point with him. But M. Villemain was not the man to be beaten by an epigram. "Veuillez croire, sire," he quickly returned, "que j'en ai appris les nouvelles avec au moins autant de surprise que de satisfaction."

On the presentation of M. Octave Feuillet there seems to have been an interview of less asperity between the illustrious head of the French nation and the learned heads of the French Academy. M. Vitel and the Emperor talked for some little time on the "Life of Julius Cæsar," which is being edited by Imperial hands, and M. Vitel expressed the high anticipations that had been formed of the coming work in the Parisian literary world. The Emperor replied —according to the account that has been given of his words—that though something had been done already, much yet remained to be accomplished before publication, as there were researches to be undertaken, and, in particular, several of the old battlefields to be hunted out which are supposed to be scenes of Cæsar's victories. M. Villemain remarked, that "it was a pleasanter task to hunt out old battlefields than to have to make new ones;" and the Emperor in return assured him that nobody could feel the truth of the observation so completely as himself, on whom the campaign in Italy had made an indelible impression. Among other incidents of the conversation the most curious was a casual expression which his Majesty let fall, and which has since been interpreted to mean that he had some idea of presenting himself as a candidate for election to the Academy at a future time. The wags of the French capital are already speculating on the manner in which the canvassing of the other members (which, by the rules of the Academy, must be conducted in person by the applicant) is to take place. The directors of the Academy would be obliged to pronounce an eulogy on the newly-elected academician; who, on his side, is bound to eulogize his recently deceased predecessor; and if the post of Victor Hugo or of the Duke de Broglie, or of some similarly-minded Academician, is the vacant one to which his Majesty succeeds, the complication will be increased. Napoleon III. pronouncing a funeral oration over Victor Hugo would be a quaint and instructive sight. It is, however, a little premature to speculate on the details of a ceremony which will not, probably, ever take place. It is true that the First Napoleon obtained, on account of his scientific attainments, a seat in the French Institute. He was not, however, an Emperor when elected, but a simple general; and moreover he was the private and personal friend of several scientific men. Great as is his imperial nephew, the laurel wreath of the Academy is not within his reach. Though his own genius and education are of a decidedly high order, the present *régime* is too unfavourable to men of letters for the Academy and the Emperor not to remain in the position of antagonistic powers. Intellectual capacity does not seem to be developed under the Second Empire, in spite of the obvious efforts of the present Ruler of France to gather men of learning and literary acquirements round his throne. There are no great generals who have been formed under the Empire, say the French. There are no great authors who belong to the Imperialist cause any more than there are great generals. Whatever be the reason of this, the first seems incontrovertible. Possibly there is an element of vulgarity in Imperialism that upsets the somewhat refined cynics and critics who lead the literary world of France. Certainly the effect of Imperialism has been to close the avenue of political distinction against all literary men except those who have given in their adhesion to Napoleonism; and Imperialist sentiments would sit badly on the greater number of French Academicians. The Emperor is not Augustus, and the Academy will never allow him to take the lead of French literature. The "Life of Cæsar" may prove that the French Emperor deserves under better auspices to be an Academician; but it never will prove that there is not an impassable gulf between the Academy and the Empire.

It is, however, tolerably certain that the French Emperor possesses literary talents of a very high kind. The "Idées Napoleoniennes" contains passages of remarkable merit; and some of the disquisitions in the imperial work are models of clear and condensed thought. The style is somewhat inflated, reminding one, in the more sentimental parts, of Mr. Disraeli, whose oratorical vein, in many respects, is not unlike the Emperor's. Both have the same grandiloquent way of generalizing upon political subjects, and expressing the result of such generalization in a sounding epigram. "France," says his majesty, "is the only country that goes to war for an idea." "England," said Mr. Disraeli in the same magnificent manner, "does not love coalitions." When Louis Napoleon, from the fortress of Ham, tells us that the Government of the Orleanists is an educational tyranny, we seem almost to hear Mr. Disraeli talking of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry as an organized hypocrisy. Whether the French Emperor has been as guilty as his great English antetype of sentimental and romantic writing, it is almost impossible to say. If he has written anything of the kind, it has certainly been suppressed. It is difficult to believe Napoleon III. a poet; yet if imagination, and an impulsive temperament are distinguishing features of a poet, it is not impossible that Louis Napoleon may have sighed and sung in his day, like lesser authors. His political speeches are admirable, though they are only suited for a Continental audience: and his despatches eclipse the despatches of our humble and constitutional Foreign Office both in dignity and power of expression. Of his capacities for reasoning, Mr. Cobden is said to think extremely highly, and he has had no doubt an opportunity of judging; but it is perhaps natural that an apostle should lose himself in admiration of the reasoning powers of his first Imperial convert. What he has published on the subject of artillery was more valuable at the time of its publication than it would be at the present day, since rifled guns have altered in some measure the science of military tactics. Yet it is believed that all the late improvements in French artillery have been made under his direct supervision; and military men are by no means unanimous in their condemnation of the conduct of the Italian campaign. His administrative abilities seem to be consummate; and the general organization of the war, which was undoubtedly admirable, was on all hands allowed to be entirely his own. His merits as a political thinker have frequently been criticised, and must be measured partly by his success. But his fertile powers of invention, his great activity and receptivity of mind, his breadth and liberality of view, his restless ingenuity, his turn for novel schemes and ideas, combined as they are with an extraordinary caution and sobriety, even apart from his mere political talent, would distinguish him as a man of extraordinary character. Whatever he had been—as a general, an engineer, or a merchant,—he could have raised himself to fame and fortune; and though his rank and his circumstances exclude him from the French Academy, there is probably not a single academician of the day who is mentally his equal.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. *ORPHEUS*.

The wreck of one of her Majesty's ships is literally a national disaster; but when it is not only the loss of a ship, but of a ship's company, that we have to lament, it is a calamity that comes home to the hearts of us all with something of the acuteness of a personal bereavement. As it is often, and justly, said of the recognition of living worth, we do not know how proud we are of our men-of-war until, by some mischance, we lose them.

No Englishman ever gazed without secret emotion at a frigate bearing his country's flag, as she lay at Spithead, under orders for some distant station, or preparing to go into harbour and dismantle after three years' faithful and laborious service. There she is, in all her bravery and promise, like youth in all the restless audacity of life, straining to be gone from home and to try its fortunes on the great highway of the world. To-morrow, at daylight, she will lift her anchor, and her next salute will be to shores upon which the sun is setting as she weighs from England. There she is again, shore-bound and weather-beaten, but as resolute and ready as an outward-bound, reposing in her shadow at the dear old anchorage after her round of duty and adventure.

In that ship dwells, as its very soul, the concentration of all the qualities and virtues that make or keep a nation great,—courage, obedience, honour, daring, patience, enterprise, discipline, self-denial, devotion to duty, love of home. A war-ship is always a striking and picturesque object, but to an English eye a ship that bears a British pennant is as the sacred ark of his country's strength, and in his secret soul he worships her. And so he finds it very difficult to believe that a British man-of-war can actually be *lost*, like a mere merchantman. Indeed, such a casualty is so exceptional, that it seems more like a visitation than an accident. Not only are her Majesty's ships understood to be the strongest and most enduring structures afloat, built of the best materials, put together by the most skilful workmanship, furnished and "found" with the exactest and completest care; but they are known to be commanded and officered by men with whom the glorious traditions of the service are a second religion, who are trained and taught from their youth up to meet and conquer all the hazards and dangers of the sea, to guard against all possible contingencies, to deal with the severest emergencies. In the course of his examinations for promotion, there is no conceivable situation of difficulty or peril, to try the resources of seamanship to the utmost, which a naval officer has not

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mastered. In the regulations, which are his text-books, it may be said that he is not left an instant, by day or night, without the most precise and detailed instructions for his guidance, whether at sea, or in approaching land, or in port. In short, in his purely nautical capacity the naval officer can seldom be said to be without instructions. It is rather in his occasional diplomatic capacity that the soundness of his judgment is put to the proof. As to coolness, promptness, and decision under stress, they are, of course, the alphabet of the seaman's education. Still, however comprehensive and precise naval regulations may be, they cannot provide for all contingencies. They must leave a wide margin for the discretion of the executive officer in command. It is one thing to regulate in advance the manœuvres of an army, and another to lay down inflexible rules for the thousand unforeseen vicissitudes of a ship at sea. Efficiency and economy, avoidance of all unnecessary risk and all superfluous expense—these are general principles dictated by a due regard for the inestimable national property (of which the ship's material value is the smallest part) committed to their charge. Let us apply them to the melancholy catastrophe of H.M.S. *Orpheus*, wrecked on the 7th of last February on a harbour bar on the coast of New Zealand, in broad daylight, and in fine clear weather.

H.M.S. *Orpheus*, a new corvette of 21 guns, 1,706 tons, and 400-horse power, was commissioned in the autumn of 1861 by Captain Burnett, C.B., to carry his flag as commodore on the Australian station. She was selected for this important command on the most distant and most extensive of stations, as the finest ship of her class. It was her first commission, but she was already a favourite at the yard where she was fitted out; and all who had a hand in her construction and her fitting out were proud of her splendid lines, her spacious decks, her sailing qualities, and her steaming power. The command of the Australian station requires a fast, a powerful, and a roomy ship; and the *Orpheus* was as big as one of Nelson's second rates, and twice as effective for all fighting and sea-going purposes. The *Trent* difficulty found the *Orpheus* at Spithead; and her destination was suddenly changed. She was ordered to convoy the *Melbourne* transport to Halifax. To conduct a clumsy steamer laden deep with stores and munitions of war across the Atlantic in the dead of winter was a trying service, and it was performed most creditably by the corvette in the teeth of a tremendous gale. When the *Trent* difficulty was arranged, the *Orpheus* was again under orders for Sydney, and left Bermuda for her station in the spring of last year. Since he took up his command, Commodore Burnett had visited the principal Australian stations; and at Sydney, Hobart Town, and Melbourne, the *Orpheus*, her officers, and crew were held in the highest estimation and regard. On the 31st of last January the *Orpheus* sailed from Sydney, on her first visit to New Zealand. After a fine quick run of seven days, she made the western coast of the North Island, about eight miles from the Manukau Head, at daylight on February 7; and at about half-past twelve she was seen off the Manukau Bar, under steam and canvas, and proceeding towards the bar with a strong wind, S.W. to S.W.N., "with occasional light squalls, and steering the course laid down in Captain Drury's sailing directions, E. and N.E.E." The signal from the pilot station, reports Lieut. Hill, had been flying since 11.20 a.m.: "Take the bar." The commodore and the master were very attentive with the chart on the bridge, and very particular in the steerage of the ship, and in the orders to the engine-room to keep the steam at command. The signal man and signal officer were on the look-out. It was high water at 12.20. It was 1.20 when the ship approached the bar, and at 1.30 she touched lightly on the afterpart, when the commodore gave the order, "Give her all the steam you can."

At about 1·40 the ship struck forward, broached to with her bows to the northward lurching heavily, and the rollers from the westward making a clean breach over her. The *Orpheus* was doomed to complete destruction. First, the port-quarter boats were carried away, then the decks broke up, then the masts went by the board. Officers and men, inspired by the noble example of their chief, behaved admirably. The commodore ordered the pinnace and cutter away with the ship's books and records, under charge of the paymaster, who was acquainted with the place on shore. These boats had great difficulty in clearing the ship against a strong ebb tide; the launch was capsized. The commodore, commander, first lieutenant, and master took refuge in the tops, and the crew in the rigging; and, one after the other, were swept away into the devouring sea. Out of a crew of 260 souls, only seventy escaped; some into the boats, some taken off by a colonial steamer from pieces of the floating wreck. Commodore Burnett, loved and honoured and prized by all, refused to leave his ship to the last, and died, as British sailors die, an example of heroic duty and devotion.

The causes of this lamentable loss are only too easily explained. The simplicity of the disaster adds to its poignancy. It was not in the darkness of a tempestuous night, or in a fog, but at noonday, in the broad sunshine, that the *Orpheus* deliberately sought and found destruction, "in the twinkling of an eye." From daylight to noon the ship was, it seems, waiting off the bar and getting up her steam to go in. Not one of her executive officers knew anything more of the coast than he found in Captain Drury's sailing directions. And there was a bar harbour of shifting sand liable to a sudden change of depth from tide to tide. Her Majesty's ships, we believe, are not allowed to enter a strange port without a pilot. For the English Channel they have Channel pilots. Did the *Orpheus* fire a gun or make signal for a pilot? There was a pilot boat at Manukau; yet the pilot went on board the colonial steamer, bound to Wellington, at 12.30,—precisely the time when the *Orpheus* was approaching the bar,—instead of going out to her Majesty's ship. The pilot station was content to make signal to a ship of 1,706 tons, drawing at least 22 feet of water, and a perfect stranger to the coast, to "take the bar,"—a bar of shifting sand which was known at the pilot station to have shifted considerably to the northward since Captain Drury's survey, by which alone the *Orpheus* could be steering, was taken. The pilot takes charge of a small local steamer, as familiar with the harbour as a Margate steamer with the Nore, and makes signal to the *Orpheus* to "take the bar." Was the *Orpheus* justified by the regulations of the service, or by ordinary prudence, in taking the bar without a pilot on board, on the faith of a flag flying over the pilot station? No doubt, had the ship driven or scratched across the bar in tolerable safety, it would have been remembered on the station as a daring feat. But prudence in such a case is the first law of her Majesty's service. There was no necessity for the *Orpheus* to go in upon that tide; and it must be remembered that she crossed the bar upon an ebb tide, with a strong wind almost dead aft, and consequently a heavy rolling sea; by no means a favourable opportunity for taking the bar, even had Captain Drury's directions held good; whereas in fact those directions had become nothing better than an invitation to suicide. Across the middle channel a spit of sand had formed; and on this spit the *Orpheus* struck.

And when the ship was irrecoverably lost, it is doubly painful to be assured that there was a lifeboat drawn up on shore; that a local steamer had only left the harbour an hour before; and that within twenty-five miles there were one of her Majesty's ships and a colonial steamer, which were only sent for when all that remained of the *Orpheus* was a stump of mast and a few ribs, and 190 of the bravest officers and seamen in the world lay engulphed among the breakers. All honour to the gallant and lamented dead! But it is due to a mourning nation and to her Majesty's service—that national property of inestimable price—we speak of the lives of British sailors; of Commodore Burnett, Commander Burton, Lieutenant Mudge, and Mr. Strong, and their noble company of seamen,—should not again be thrown away, for want of a pilot, on a treacherous harbour bar.

"THE MIDNIGHT MISSIONS."

Mr. Cobden has been writing to a friend in Nottinghamshire on the prevalence of what is called "the Social Evil" in our large towns. He speaks of the growing disparity in the number of the sexes, of the great excess of women over men, owing to the spread of emigration among the latter, and to the multitudes who are sent abroad in the army and other public employments; and he expresses himself in favour of the police regulations adopted in Continental cities, which he considers more favourable to morality as well as to decency than the absence of such regulations here. Yet the upshot of his letter is that, practically, he "can offer no suggestion" on the subject. That is, unfortunately, the conclusion at which most men who have considered the question have stopped short. There are certain evils which appear incurable, or, at least, only curable by some slow and not very definite process, affecting the whole structure of society, and partially even the tendencies of human nature. The real curative process grows not so much out of conscious effort in the particular direction needing it, as out of the general education and moral improvement of the people. Poverty is one of these grim puzzles; crime is another; the systematic immorality of large towns, and even of rural districts (for they are far from exempt from this particular evil), is a third. And the last is, perhaps, the most difficult of any to deal with. Both poverty and crime fluctuate every now and then in their degrees of intensity,

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and we see that certain conditions are favourable to their development, and that other conditions have the effect of reducing them to a minimum. The form of immorality to which we now refer is not easily proved to come under such certain laws. Its amount, however, will perhaps oscillate with the rate of wages or with the variations of national prosperity; it may be discouraged, though not suppressed, by the spread of education; and it may be fostered or checked in some degree by the prevalence of certain fashions, habits, and opinions. Still, it holds on steadily from generation to generation, increasing as the people increase in numbers, and seeming to defy all the influences which wisdom, philanthropy, and religion can bring to bear against it. A virtuous or a vicious court has an effect on *manners*, and that in itself is much; but its power over the *morals* of a nation is almost inappreciable. The amount of irregular living in this respect is, perhaps, as great under the pure and matronly rule of Queen Victoria as in the profligate and unblushing days of the Regency. The drunkenness of that period is no longer found among our educated classes; the coarse language, the loud swearing, the brute ruffianism of aristocratic patrons of the ring and the cock-pit, have yielded to more decorous ways; yet the streets of London still bear witness nightly to the corruption that is rife in all classes of society.

It is calculated that, in the metropolis alone, there are fifty thousand women who live by open immorality; that in the three kingdoms there are four hundred thousand; and that upwards of forty thousand perish annually, by disease, by destitution, or by suicide. These numbers are probably much exaggerated; but there can be no doubt that the army which Profligacy has at its command is a very large one. The miseries of this state are manifold; the average duration of life among its victims is only about five-and-twenty years; yet that unhappy army never wants recruits. Mr. Cobden, as we have seen, points to emigration as one of the causes by which a large number of young women, being deprived of their natural protectors and of all chance of obtaining husbands, are made liable to fall into this course of life; but the evil existed before the days of emigration, as it exists now. In Australia, the disproportion of the sexes lies in the other direction; the women are so few in comparison with the men, that wives, to speak in commercial language, are at a premium; yet at Melbourne, we learn, this form of evil flourishes as rankly as it does in London. As the facts of the case are so disheartening, the ladies and gentlemen who, during the last few years, have interested themselves in the reformation of fallen women, deserve all the greater praise for persisting in their humane and self-devoted efforts. We are far from saying that those efforts have been without the good fruit which was to be expected from them. On the contrary, there can be no doubt that they have done a great deal of good in individual cases, and that they deserve the support of all benevolent and thoughtful persons. But, if it be supposed that the "Midnight Missions" will go to the root of the evil, we fear that their promoters are doomed to much disappointment; and it would be a pity if, in the despondency likely to ensue on the failure of exaggerated hopes, this attempt were to be suddenly abandoned, and the positive and practical advantage were to be lost, which we have, with sincere gratification, already perceived.

The good which the movement has effected, and which it may continue to effect, if wisely ordered, is this:—Among the host of abandoned women who disgrace the imperfect civilization of our age, there are some who have fallen from purity, in the first instance, through misfortune or inadvertence, or through the weakness of natures too easily impressionable, or by the treachery of male companions; women who hate the life to which they have been reduced, and who would gladly escape from it, but who are constantly repelled and beaten back, in their conscious misery, shame, and self-abhorrence, by the cruelty of their relations, or by the stern countenance of the world towards them. To all of this class of women, the organisers of the "Midnight Meetings" offer the opening of a better path. The prayer-meetings, or the exhortations of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel and others, may now and then convert to better thoughts some of those women who previously had no desire to change their way of living; but it is probable that in most of these instances the effect is but a temporary impression. In the third report of the "Home of Hope," which now lies before us, the cases alluded to are those of girls who were not originally vicious, but who had erred through misplaced affection, and were afterwards driven to systematic immorality, as a means of getting their livelihood, in despair of recovering the position which they had lost. In most of the cases of those actually reclaimed, they had been in the streets for a brief time only—sometimes but a few weeks, or even a few days. To rescue such unhappy girls from the wretchedness of a mode of life which they had scarcely commenced, and had not sought by choice, is a good and necessary work; but its success in these instances must not lead us to hope that all can be reclaimed. It would be chimerical, and even mischievous, to suppose that the sum of this vice can be greatly diminished by such agencies. The fact is disgraceful to our human nature, but it is not to be gainsaid that female degradation follows the ordinary commercial laws of supply and demand. While men continue vicious and women weak, the Haymarket will not lack its votaries and its victims. Still, that is no reason why a helping hand should not be extended to those who would fain extricate themselves from the toils which circumstances have wound around them. This is the real benefit conferred by the Midnight Meetings on the class to which they appeal. They have offered a means of escape to all who desire it. It is true that penitentiaries and refuges existed before, but not to the extent demanded, and the very fact of their existence was not sufficiently known. The promoters of the movement seek out the women in their nightly haunts, and invite them to meetings, at which they are exhorted to a better life, and offered immediate admission to one of the "Homes" or "Refuges" in connection with the society, if they are willing to accept it. There are now thirteen institutions of this kind in London, besides institutions of an older date.

The girls undergo a probationary period of moral and religious training, and are then sent to their homes, or provided with decent situations. Some of them afterwards marry, and make good wives; others go to the colonies, where a new future of honest industry is open to those who have the moral courage to avail themselves of the chance. All this is excellent; but it leaves the main evil untouched. The statement of results in the "Third Annual Report of the Midnight Meeting Movement," just issued, shows how little the most zealous and painstaking agency can effect. It appears that thirty-three meetings have been held, that 7,500 women have heard the Gospel read, that 50,000 Scripture cards, books, and tracts have been circulated, but that only 500 girls have been rescued. Of these, moreover, a certain proportion (about thirty or forty) have relapsed. This has been the result in London during a period of three years. Taking the whole kingdom, it would seem that the proportion has been about 1,000 rescued out of 10,000 addressed; so that the per centage is apparently greater in the country than in the metropolis. We are the more disposed to dwell on these figures, because we detect a tendency on the part of the organizers of the meetings to exaggerate their influence. The result sometimes contrasts with the language which heralds its announcement, in a way that would provoke a smile, if the subject were not so painful, and, we may add, so sacred. A meeting in the Bagnigge-wells-road, for instance, is thus described:—

"One of the most interesting and successful meetings connected with this 'work of faith and labour of love,' was held in the Lecture Hall, Bagnigge-wells-road, King's-cross, on the night of Tuesday, the 14th October, when the invitations presented in the streets of that locality were responded to by *upwards of one hundred and twenty of our fallen sisters*, who began to assemble about eleven o'clock. They were then plentifully supplied with refreshments. This part of the evening's engagements occupied about an hour, after which the poor girls were addressed by four gentlemen, well acquainted with the work, and the class addressed. The attention was remarkable, and tears flowed down many of their faces. Many earnest and believing prayers were presented at the throne of grace, and the whole assembly of these poor wanderers fell upon their knees, with clasped hands, crying for mercy."

Of these one hundred and twenty, who, we are told, exhibited such fervent devotion over night, only *six* applied next morning at the office of the society in Red Lion-square for admission to the various homes. The other one hundred and fourteen, or upwards (for the numbers are not exactly stated), made no further sign. At another meeting there were only six applications out of nearly 390 women attending. The society, we fear, is sometimes misled by its own enthusiasm—a very natural result, since without enthusiasm a work of this kind could not be carried on. Apparently, the greater number of women following a vicious mode of life do not care to abandon it; and these women are seldom permanently affected by appeals to their conscience or to their religious sense. It is a mistake to suppose that all the girls to whom the society addresses itself are the victims of seduction in the first instance. Many have acted with deliberation and vicious resolve. The woman who was murdered last week in George-street, St. Giles's, was an example of this. She had not even the excuse of poverty. She was a needlewoman—an industrious worker, and usually a quiet girl; but every few weeks she was seized with an uncontrollable tendency to depraved indulgence, which had become the habit of her life.

We are disposed also to object to the tone of self-complacency which appears to have been developed in most of the reclaimed

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women. One of the vices of some professedly religious teaching is that it encourages in the repentant this high-flown style of protestation. Not a murderer is hung, but we are treated with his exhortations to all the world to do as he has done—since he has been in prison; and there is a peculiarly offensive way on the part of these Newgate saints of ostentatiously "forgiving" all men. The same habit of lecturing others from the pulpit of a false egotistical self-appreciation appears in some letters written by the reclaimed inmates of the "Homes of Hope," which are printed by the association.

The committee of the Home of Hope, in Regent-square, in their report make some remarks upon the frightful prevalence of infanticide, which has increased during the last few years to an alarming degree; and in the hope of diminishing cases of this kind, they "have opened a separate fund, out of which to pay for the child at nurse, while the mother is under their care at the Home, and for a short time when she is at service, or otherwise honestly and respectably employed, until her wages become due, and she is able to pay for the child herself." This design is a very humane one, and it deserves consideration. But we fear that women generally murder their illegitimate infants, not so much from inability to support them as from fear of exposure and shame, and from a desire to conceal the birth of the child. Popular feeling in England bears with terrible severity on all lapses from female virtue; and it is the dread of encountering this condemnation that drives so many women into violation of the very instincts of maternity.

EDUCATION IN ITALY.

We think there is no subject in which the true friends of Italy will feel greater interest than that of education. Free institutions without moral and industrious habits in the people, without manly spirit and self-reliance, without minds trained to respect the laws of the country and the rights of fellow-citizens, would be like an exotic plant obliged to live a forced life in a hothouse, but never take deep root, and cast their beneficent shade over the whole country, so as to foster and protect its moral progress and material prosperity. We are, therefore, as true well-wishers to the new Italian kingdom, particularly anxious to know that the regeneration of the Italian people, and especially of that portion most in need of regeneration, is likely to be promoted by that agency, which, however slow, is the only effectual means of attaining this result—viz., education.

When we speak of popular education in Italy, however, we take a field too large to treat of it under one general point of view. There are historical precedents in each of the old States, which throw some light on their present educational condition and wants.

In Piedmont, of course, the legislation has been more extensive and liberal, and the activity more intense, during the last fourteen years, than elsewhere. In Lombardy the Austrians found a system of primary instruction organized by the government of Eugène Beauharnais, and respected it, though they made the schools instrumental for enforcing upon people's minds peculiar notions of religious and political despotism. The Church Catechism, compulsory in the Lombard and Venetian schools, contained, after the precept that we must love, obey, and fear God above all things, a question, to which the child was made to answer, that, *next* to God, he must love, obey, and fear the Emperor, who was God's representative on earth. In Modena and Parma, the petty sovereigns did not think it necessary to keep such machinery in action as primary schools, even for political purposes. Among the documents of the Ducal Archives of Modena, published in 1860 by Chevalier Farini, the late Premier of the Italian Cabinet, then Dictator of the Emilian Provinces, there is a private letter addressed by the Duke himself to the Rector of the University, in which, acknowledging the receipt of the official report, he congratulated that gentleman that the number of students had sensibly diminished during the last scholastic year!

In Tuscany, from its palmy days of democratic prosperity, rich in endowed schools and institutions for the education of the poor, to which, as well as to the natural docility of her people, she owes her pre-eminence as the most cultivated province of Italy, private and individual exertion filled up the gap left by the negligent public authorities. In the ex-Papal provinces and the Neapolitan States, as in Modena and Parma, the neglect was almost complete. In the first, where all the cities, such as Ferrara, Bologna, Pesaro, Ancona, Sinigaglia, Macerata, and others, had been, till the period of the first French revolution, independent municipalities, under the protection of the Popes, institutions for the education of the people had not been wanting; but the Napoleonic principles of centralization prevailed in Italy at the restoration of the old rulers and destroyed the last spark of municipal freedom, the real soul of that local self-government under which Italy had flourished. Educational institutions were then intrusted to priests, monks, and Jesuits, and, as usual under these circumstances, almost entirely turned from their original purposes. In Naples, the laws for public instruction, like all the laws of that kingdom, were good; but they were laws on paper alone. Ferdinand II. used to repeat the saying of his intimate friend and prototype, the Emperor Nicholas, that he did not wish to trouble his subjects by thinking, as he thought for them all; on other occasions he said that paper, ink, and the printing-press were the plague of mankind, and that the world would be much happier if paper could be bought only at six ducats (one guinea) the sheet.

Such was the disposition of the Italian rulers before they were swept away in the flood of the wars and revolutions of 1859 and 1860. The new era which began to dawn upon Italy was prevented from shining forth in its full light by an all-absorbing political agitation, revolutionary attempts of the extreme parties, brigandage, and extraordinary military and naval preparations and expenses, which have thrown back this like other departments of social progress, not so much, however, but that some work is going on worthy of notice.

As gradually as the union of the various States into one kingdom took place one after the other, the most important laws of Piedmont became the laws of the whole country. This was done, doubtless, too hastily, and without due regard to local wants; but Piedmont had received a new code of public instruction in 1859, which, though not revised by the Parliament (having been promulgated at the period of the king's dictatorship during the war), was a step in advance of preceding legislation. This law, with little change in minor details, has been in the main adopted through the kingdom.

The main features of this new code are the following:—There is a *Consiglio Superiore di Pubblica Istruzione* of twenty-one members, all appointed by the king, of which the Minister of the department is president. There is a central inspectorship of eight members, four for primary and as many for secondary instruction, one provincial inspector for the first, and one *Provveditore* for the second, and as many district inspectors, for primary instruction only, as there are districts in each province. The public instruction is divided into primary, given in municipal schools; secondary, given in royal establishments called in the first stage *Ginnasi*, and in the second *Licei*; technical, divided also in lower and upper stages, called respectively *Schools* and *Istituti*; and last, the Universities, of which there are no less than twenty-two.

We cannot speak in high praise of the way in which all these branches have been made to harmonize among themselves, whilst all connected with the central government, nor of the way in which the courses of studies are arranged. There is a sad chaos of ideas as to the duties of the Government, the amount of its interference, the methods, the discipline, and the training of the youth in keeping with the requirements of the age and the institutions of the country, more especially in the secondary, classical, and technical branches, and in the universities. But we limit our remarks to the education of the people.

The duty of establishing and paying for elementary instruction devolves on the municipalities. The right to instruct the teachers belongs to the Government; the municipalities appoint them on the production of the certificates of the Normal School. When the communes are too poor to pay a master, the prefect, that is to say, the governor of the province, on the advice of the standing sub-committee of the provincial council elected by the people, pays him out of the provincial fund. The number of schools in each commune must be in proportion to the inhabitants. The school is gratuitous. Attendance is not compulsory, but exhortations are to be addressed by the Syndics to the parents who shall neglect the duty of sending their children to school. The instruction begins at the age of six, and lasts four years. The priests have no right to interfere, except that the curate is required to examine the children in religious instruction. Such are the principal characteristics of the law. The infant school and the education of adults are left entirely to the free agency and benevolence of the more enlightened citizens, who choose to assist the helpless age, and seek to improve the more ignorant members of their communities.

And here we are glad to report circumstances connected with the progress of popular education in Southern Italy, which have some interest, as showing the growing activity and benevolent readiness of the intelligent classes to instruct, as well as the readiness of the ignorant to be instructed. There are to be eighty municipal gratuitous elementary schools, to begin with, only in the city of Naples (the private schools, elementary and classical, were, in

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1861, 454). Many of these are already opened, and the rest will be thrown open as soon as school-houses can be found or built in that most crowded city. In the last year, twelve evening schools for adults were instituted. "And it is most comforting and promising," says a letter we have before us, "to see how eagerly ignorant youths and men of the people have come in such numbers as to oblige nearly all the teachers to refuse attendance to very many for want of room. There are by this time about fifteen hundred young men, and men advanced in age, who would never have cared or desired to learn reading and writing, and who now strive to secure a place in the school-room. These facts, reported to the Municipal Council at their last meeting, so engaged the kind feeling of the Councillors, that they immediately passed a series of resolutions well calculated to promote the education of the people. They have granted a sum for a popular library; they have raised the value of two prizes, already voted, for the two best reading-books, one for boys and another for girls; they have resolved to open three more schools for adults, and to found immediately two normal schools for training schoolmasters and schoolmistresses."

We have, besides, under our eyes the account of a sum collected in 1861 by a committee of benevolent ladies and gentlemen for the establishment of infant schools in Naples. It seems that out of 131,838 francs collected, 112,350 were the result of voluntary contributions. All this speaks for itself. But there is the dark influence of the priests. We mean the rich priests, for the poor clergyman in his long worn, reddish black gown will always be found among the majority of teachers in the provisional normal schools, which the Government has wisely instituted in the southern provinces to meet the immediate want of sufficiently trained masters. These poor clergymen—sometimes young, sometimes grey-haired men—would go and sit modestly beside the laymen, taking notes from lectures, so as to be able to present themselves before the committee of professors and inspectors on the examination day, and get a certificate of proficiency, by which they may be useful to their villagers, and add a few hundred francs to their scanty income.

In the cities, however, where there are richly-endowed churches, conspiring bishops, and stiff-necked canons, it is not the same thing. When the first infant-school was opened in Naples with great solemnity by the Prince of Carignano, the parish priests of the ex-metropolis persuaded the women that the schools were to Protestantize their children, and the women, of course, would not send them. The obstacle was partly overcome when the Government found itself obliged to exile the Cardinal Riario Sforza from Naples, and to remove several curates; but it seems the same influence is still in the way, since the letter we have quoted concludes by saying that the Municipal Council "would vote twelve prizes for each of the twelve sections into which Naples is divided, to the *parents* who would show themselves assiduous in sending their children to school the whole year throughout." This measure may be questionable, but when we take it as a sign of a resolve on the part of the promoters of education not to be overruled by priestly influence, we are disposed to approve it.

In the provinces the movement is not less remarkable, though there are localities where brigandage has prevented any active work in this direction taking place. There is already a normal school in the chief place of each province. The provincial inspectors assemble, from time to time, the masters of each district in conference, and discuss in a friendly way important points of discipline or of the art of teaching. Central inspectors and extraordinary commissioners were sent twice last year all over the country to spur the slow municipal bodies into life and action. Monks and nuns are now and then obliged to give up their buildings to the normal, the primary, or infant school; and frequent petitions to the Parliament, or appeals to the Ministry, ask for a portion of the property of religious communities to be appropriated to the assistance of higher schools. There are also several towns of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, where six gentlemen had agreed to teach, by turns, adult men each evening, and where no less than from three to four hundred men, three-fourths of whom were peasants, gave their names and attended to learn reading, writing, and cyphering. All this is still rough work. It requires method, discipline, and organization; but it is a good beginning, and time will do the rest.

The most wonderful fact, however, concerning the South Italian youth, is that brought before the Parliament by the Minister of Public Instruction under Ricasoli, last February—viz., that the sixty-three chairs of the University of Naples were attended, at that period, by 14,000 students; that is to say, a greater number than attended the whole of the rest of the Italian Universities together. We have good reason, therefore, to rejoice at the benefits, which scarcely more than two years of free government have already brought for that hitherto oppressed and neglected population.

SEWAGE IRRIGATION.

WHAT shall we do with our sewage? is a question asked with some impatience by many who feel the increasing weight of local taxation, ever since the term sewage was introduced into popular language. To most persons, the word conveys ideas of simple filthiness, while others regard it as Johnson did Thrale's brewery, as "the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice." The first class would be only too glad to learn that the sewage was safely poured into the German Ocean, and Mr. Bazalgette's last bill for getting rid of it duly receipted; while others look upon its prospective loss as the sacrifice of a large portion of our future national prosperity.

Two reports, one by a Government Commission, the other by a Committee of the House of Commons, have been recently published, which will go far to settle this long-vexed question, and to convince all who will give fair attention to the evidence, that the cases must be very few where sewage need be thrown away as valueless; that in most instances a very considerable return may be expected from its judicious use; and that in none need any nuisance from it be endured.

Most persons very naturally suppose that sewage irrigation must be a very disgusting process. This is, however, a complete mistake. Unless used in excessive and wasteful quantity, liquid manure, even when very strong, loses all offensive properties immediately on sinking into the soil; so completely, indeed, that any person unaware of the fact would not discover, a few minutes after its application, that anything except water had been used. Indeed, ordinary sewage has but little odour, and that little may be entirely removed by carbolic acid—an agent so cheap, and the quantity needed so small, that its cost is not a serious impediment to its use. These well-established facts remove all difficulty as to the conveyance of sewage in open channels, wherever that mode of conveyance is expedient and economical, as it generally would be in the open country. The cost of covered conduits *out of town*, and at a distance from dwellings, may, therefore, be entirely avoided, while all need for anxiety is past so soon as the sewage is deposited upon that best of all disinfectants, a fertile soil.

On the next point, namely, the proper quantity of sewage to be used on a given surface of land, there is still wide diversity of opinion; and it is a matter of just complaint, that the Royal Commissioners have not tried decisive experiments to settle this part of the question, as they might have done at least approximately, and certainly ought to have attempted. This much, however, is distinctly proved—first, that very small quantities of manure largely diluted produce very great proportionate increase of fertility; and, secondly, that off land dressed with very large quantities, crops of grass many times as heavy as usual may be obtained. Small dressings produce the greatest returns in proportion to the quantity of sewage used, and large dressings the greatest in proportion to the area of land occupied. As it must cost much less to convey the liquid over a very small, than over a very large area of land, those who seek to get rid of a nuisance without loss will prefer a plan for giving great fertility to a small area; while those who wish to make sewage as productive as possible would willingly encourage a larger first expenditure for spreading the means of fertility over a larger surface. To us there appears little difficulty in so arranging, that the sewage of any town may, in the first instance, be applied to as small a surface as can receive it without becoming a nuisance, and at the same time providing for such a future extension of the works as will afterwards allow such breadth of land to be reached as may be found expedient and profitable; all that is needed being, that no rights to the use of sewage shall be ceded, or be allowed to be acquired, that may afterwards impede useful modifications of the plan temporarily adopted at first.

As no plan for disposing of sewage is likely to find favour with the rate-paying public, which involves a large expenditure, we rejoice to find that at a very moderate cost sewage may not only be "safely got rid of," but be made largely productive. This is proved by experiments conducted at Rugby by Mr. J. B. Lawes, the eminent agricultural chemist, and one of the Royal Commissioners. By these experiments it is seen that extraordinary quantities of sewage may be put upon land without creating any nuisance, without injuring the quality of the grass, and with the effect of increasing its quantity, even in the first season of its use, more than threefold. As the quantity of fertilizing matter contained in the liquid put on the land is double that absorbed by the grass during even the warmer months of the year, when vegetation is

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most active, it is evident either that much more manure is put on than is absorbed, and, therefore, that less would produce the same effect, or that there is a large accumulation of it for future increased fertility.

The largest quantity of the liquid used was at the rate of 7,200 tons per acre per annum, though 9,000 tons was the quantity intended to be applied. Its strength was about that of the average of London sewage, or such as would be produced by a population in the proportion of twenty to about 1,000 tuns of water per annum; *i.e.*, the sewage of 154 individuals was applied to each acre of land irrigated with 7,200 tons per acre. In that proportion, the sewage of the three million inhabitants of London would supply nearly 20,000 acres of grass-land, *i.e.*, an area of rather more than thirty-one square miles, to reach which would be easy. If this had been the plan originally adopted, a large part of the cost of the main drainage might have been avoided; but that might not have suited either the engineers or contractors of those extravagantly expensive works.

Though this mode of using the sewage produces a far smaller return than may be reasonably expected from distributing it over a much larger area, and therefore using a much smaller quantity per acre, yet, as will be seen, its value even so used is very considerable. Mr. Lawes gives the exact weight of grass cut off plots of the same field, some in their usual condition, the others dressed with different quantities of sewage, showing an increase, for example, from 9¼ tons of green grass per acre off unsewaged land, to 14¾, 27, and 32¾ tons on three plots of the same field treated respectively with sewage in the proportions at the rate of about 2,400, 4,800, and 7,200 tons per acre per annum.

The increase of grass produced varied from three to five tons, and the value of the extra milk obtained from the cows fed on it varied from £5 to £6 for every 1,000 tons of sewage used. The value of the milk produced per acre rose from £10. 14s. on the unsewaged land, to £19, £27. 7s., and £32 on the three plots dressed with different quantities of sewage as above stated, being an increased value of £5 per 1,000 tons of sewage, when the largest quantity of liquid was used, and £6 per 1,000 tons when less was employed. The gross value of the extra milk was from five to six farthings for every ton of sewage used. Supposing, then, that the sewage of London were applied in the same proportions and with the same effect, it would render 20,000 acres fertile to the same degree, producing an increased gross value of milk, at £22 per acre, of £440,000. The quality of the milk was, we should add, found to be unimpaired.

Though there is of course a great difference between the gross value of the milk (even reckoned at 8d. a gallon, or half its retail price) and that of the grass which produces it, yet it is impossible to believe, as some tell us, that sewage used with such effects would not be well worth paying for. In short, its effect would be to add to every farm a productive power equal to three times as many acres of good grass land as may be thus irrigated; nay, the real benefit to a farm would be much greater than this, for good grass land would not continue good, if the grass were carried off, and no manure supplied; but land thus irrigated gets more than twice as much manure as the crop requires, and therefore all the large quantity produced by the numerous cows fed off it would be available for the rest of the farm, and thus much more land may be supplied with the means of fertility than the comparatively small area that could be so very heavily irrigated.

Strangely enough, this very satisfactory experiment has been supposed to show, that though by such a plan the sewage may be safely and easily got rid of, no profit, or only a very small profit, after paying expenses, is to be expected. This notion is the more strange, since by means of sewage, used in a very similar way near Edinburgh for fifty or sixty years, such extraordinary fertility has been steadily maintained, as to make the land, which was naturally a barren sand, worth above £20 a year per acre; and the owner of 344 acres (260 Scotch acres) claimed £150,000 as compensation, if obliged to give up using the sewage, and actually sold some of the grass land at £520 per English acre, its value being so estimated by a railway jury. At the same rate, the sewage of London applied to 20,000 acres would increase the rent of the land from say £4 to £20 an acre, or of 20,000 acres from £80,000 to £400,000 a year, enough to allow for a very handsome profit, after paying the highest probable sum for works of distribution, which at Edinburgh cost about £16 per acre, being much more than is usual.

Probably, what the objectors mean by saying that the sewage would be wasted by irrigating with such very large quantities, is that they think much better results might be obtained by distributing the fertilizing liquid in more moderate proportions over a very much larger surface. In this opinion we quite agree. We consider this to be fully proved by the evidence given to the House of Commons' Committee, especially by that of the Earl of Essex (who is chairman of the Royal Commission), and by that of Mr. Philip Pusey, Mr. Alderman Mechi, and Mr. J. Fenton, all of whom have obtained much greater returns, in proportion to the liquid applied, though less in amount per acre, by using much smaller dressings. It does not, however, follow that the plan which would yield the largest gross returns will also yield the largest net profit. That, of course, will be the balance remaining after paying interest on outlay, cost of repairs, and of management; and further experiments are needed to show what will be the most profitable proportion of sewage to use. Enough, however, has been done to prove, beyond all doubt, that a large stream of sewage may, without difficulty, be converted into a stream of wealth; all that is needed being to guard against its being monopolized for individual profit, instead of being, as it ought to be, used for the relief of the public burdens.

It is evident that the only way of preventing monopoly is by securing competition. This must be done by conveying the sewage conduits so as to give access to much more land than is intended to be used; so that the landowners who wish to apply the fertilizing stream may have to compete with each other for the privilege, and therefore be obliged to pay for it in proportion to its value. For this object it will be necessary for the local authorities of towns to be empowered to construct such sewage conduits as will be necessary to obtain access to an extensive area of land, upon paying full compensation for any property interfered with, and with proper securities to guard against any injury or annoyance being occasioned. If this just power be conferred, and if the unjust, injurious, and illegal practice of polluting rivers by discharging filth into them be effectually restrained, nothing can prevent an early development of sewage irrigation, to the great advantage of all concerned. Rivers may be restored to their native purity, the land increased enormously in fertility, the ratepayers of towns much relieved from the heavy burden of local taxation, and the supply of food, especially of milk, greatly augmented.

ART AND SCIENCE.

THE FRENCH AND FLEMISH EXHIBITION.

The French and Flemish painters seem to have fairly taken their stand upon English ground, and a very good thing it is that the artists of other countries and of different styles in art should meet in fair comparison. There are points in which our own painters may take a hint from both the French and Flemish schools, and if we could have had here some of the larger works of those painters, no doubt there would be found other and even more important examples for improvement. At the same time, it must be said for the English painters—more especially those who study in landscape—that they can still give a lesson to all the world. We have only to compare the painting of M. Achenbach, of the Flemish school, and a very accomplished painter,—of M. Auguste Bonheur, M. Troyon, or M. Frere (Theodore Charlés), with the works of corresponding English artists in landscape, cattle, and Eastern scenery—as, say, the works of Mr. F. R. Lee, R.A., Mr. Stanfield, R.A., Mr. Sidney Cooper, A.R.A.; and for Eastern landscape Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., or Mr J. F. Lewis—to acknowledge the superiority of the English painter of this style for all in all. It is in the style called, for want of a better term, *genre*, that the French and Flemish painters surpass us; we have nothing that can be compared with the works of M. Meissonier and his school, and the highly-finished style of conversation pictures of the Belgian and modern Dutch artists—a style well exemplified in the present exhibition by the pictures of M. Alfred Stevens and M. Pierre Knarren. M. Edouard Frere stands almost alone in domestic *genre*; perhaps the only painter of our school to be likened to him is Mr. Faed, and he possesses more power and a more extended view of his art, without, however, that nice perception of the rude and simple sentiments of peasant life and children which is so remarkable in M. Frere. We fancy it may be perceived that our painters have benefited by looking at the work of such artists as Meissonier, Louis Gallait, Edouard Frere, and the Bonheurs, with Madame Henriette Brown; all of whom have been constantly to be seen at the French Exhibition during the last ten years, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Gambart. More than one instance of the influence of Meissonier, for example, might have been noticed in the exhibitions already open, and when the Academy comes to be seen, the remark will, we apprehend, be found to hold good in reference to that exhibition. What our painters have to learn may be found in the free and perfect drawing, the living movement, and the exact relations of form and colour arising between figures and objects, as seen in a group of Meissonier's. His single figure of "The Etcher" (79) cannot be taken as exactly indicative of his excellence, because it does not display his power of separating a group such as the admirable "Corps de Garde" exhibited last year; but it abounds with beauties. Perhaps nothing finer in its way

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has been seen than the painting of the effect of light dispersed through the paper shade upon the objects before "The Etcher." The nicety with which this has been contrasted with the brighter light shed over the figure and throughout the rich-toned interior is something wonderful. There is nothing of that apt expression of some interchange of thought passing between the two persons, which this artist has a great faculty of suggesting by the completeness of his figures in attitude and countenance; still, this Etcher, in his indolent mood, with cigar in hand, is as full of life and as earnest as "The Flute Player" or "The Student." It would be surprising if any pupil of this master could paint as he does. M. Ruiperez cannot do this, nor is he so wanting in good taste as to imitate his teacher; he has learned the method of study, and he practises it with considerable success, as must be said of the four excellent works he exhibits this year. None, perhaps, are quite as happy in colouring as his "Gambling Soldiers" last year, but they are all remarkable for good picturesque grouping and admirable drawing; while, in the "Guitar Player" (96)—a soldier of a party of four in the seventeenth century costume, playing and singing to his comrades, with a delightfully swaggering air—the expression of the men listening and puffing their clay pipes is admirably well given. In the group listening to the reading of a manuscript, the expression of the attitude and face is so precisely true, that we become as it were one of the party, and curious to know what is the subject of their thoughts. Those who fall out with Meissonier and his school,—M. Eugene Pelletan, for example, in his "Nouvelle Babylone,"—despise all this excellence as evincing a degraded taste. It is not "high art" certainly, if by that term we mean the grand and beautiful of Raffaelle or Michael Angelo, since it aims to represent no lofty conceptions of the ideal, but it possesses a certain dignity from its beautiful truth and animated expression. It should be borne in mind, too, that while the greatest of men, after the example of Leonardo and others, first drew their compositions "in little," and afterwards on the grand scale, the method pursued and taught by Meissonier is to study the work first from the life, making a large cartoon of the subject, and then reducing it carefully to the small scale chosen for the finished picture. The method is reversed, but the purpose is the same in both. We say that these small works are not despicable as low art, because they involve the highest study that can be bestowed upon such subjects. It is true Meissonier has become a fashion, and his works have a value not to be guessed at by their size; they would not suit the collection of some millionaires, who hang pictures of the old masters on their walls, because they look comfortable and noble; but it speaks well for the taste of English connoisseurs to find that Meissonier is appreciated here as warmly as Louis Gallait and Paul Delaroche. M. Henry Leys will be remembered as the painter of those extraordinary pictures in the International Exhibition, painted in the style of the fifteenth century, and with the most surprising knowledge of costume. He has contributed a large work to this exhibition, representing in the same manner the entrance of Archduke Charles into Antwerp in 1514, swearing to observe the existing laws and privileges of his new subjects. We will not attempt to describe this picture; it should be seen as a curious instance of a perversity, only equalled by the defunct heresy of pre-Raffaellism amongst our painters. The ability displayed is not to be disputed, but it shows such a disregard of all the artifices of modern painting, that we naturally say, if this be right, then Delaroche, and Gallait, Maclise and Herbert, with a host of their followers, must be wrong.

M. James Tissot, a painter evidently of more sensibility and less antiquarian knowledge than M. Leys, has chosen to adopt a similar manner, in which he shows us how "Faust and Marguerite in the Garden" (117)—that subject so beautifully treated by Ary Scheffer, where Gretchen pulls the flower to pieces as she whispers "Love me, love me not,"—can be represented as repulsive in colour' coarse in suggestion, and altogether unworthy the theme of Goethe. Imagine Faust in a black cloak and Marguerite in an elaborate embroidered skirt, sitting on a crimson painted garden-seat against a pear-tree without leaves, stretching its ugly limbs like a strange demon upon the trellis-work! (118) "Young Luther at Church" has merit in the figure of Luther, looking at the *memento mori* lit up before the people in the church, but as a whole it is but a laboured and heavy production. M. Lugye, in his "Toy-shop of Antwerp, fifteenth century," shows that he is disposed to become an imitator of this style. By M. Edouard Frere there are four pictures, two of which are in his very best manner,—"Breakfast-time at the Farm" (34) and "The Arrival at School" (36). The former of these, which is larger than he generally paints, represents a very humble family of a poor French farmer taking their meal of porridge,—the old grandmother, the father feeding one little child, and the eldest girl another, the scraggy elder boy and the wife filling up the group, which is beautifully lit up by warm light from a primitive window. We have compared the fine qualities in this work with Mr. Faed's painting; it is equally rich and luminous, and the figures are touched with the same feeling for rustic life and character. The picture of "The Schoolboys" is in his humorous vein; a great hulking fellow in corduroy, either by fair words of schoolboy diplomacy or by threats, has made an unsuspecting little chap show how many apples he has got in his basket, with a purpose unmistakeable in his greedy face.

M. Alfred Stevens' picture is (110) "A Conversation at the Window." Three ladies, two of whom, in dark dresses, are sitting within the room at a low glass door, and one, in a light muslin, is outside in the sunlight, working at embroidery, and deep in some story she tells to the other two, who seem to be not so much entertained, as they are inclined to laugh in their sleeves at their talkative companion. All this is told with such a charm of colour, in every *nuance* and quiet repose of tint, as is very delicious to the eye.

M. Knarren's picture of "The Fortune-teller" (59) is chiefly noticeable as an example of the highest finish; the pink silk brocaded dress is really a marvel of technical skill, and the faces are by no means insignificant.

M. Gerome's "Camels at the Fountain" (42) would not indicate in any way, unless it were by the good drawing of the camels, that it was the work of the same hand that painted "The Gladiators" and the "Diogenes;" it is terribly opaque in colour.

The landscapes, as we have already hinted, are almost too poor to call for any remark; there is not one that we have the patience to speak of. They are altogether mistaken in their view of nature; they have none of the airy grace in the trees and other vegetative forms, no atmosphere, and no sun in the sky. The feebleness of colouring is attempted to be overcome by forcing the lights and shadows. There is a general want of reflected warm light, and a lack of that natural sobriety and chasteness which our painters obtain, and which are, in fact, proper to natural land scape.

MUSIC.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened on Saturday last with Verdi's "Il Trovatore," so that the opera season is now in full career at both houses, and the productions promised by the two establishments offer abundant attractions to the lovers of the various schools of music, Italian, French, and German. The principal singers at the Haymarket opera on Saturday were Mdlle. Titiens (Leonora), Madame Alboni (Azucena), Signor Giuglini (Manrico), and Mr. Santley (Conte di Luna). This, it will be seen, was a strong cast, and one that could not fail to give effect to Verdi's music, which is peculiarly dependent on vigorous and animated execution. It is essentially music of theatrical effect—incessant in its demands on the physical powers of voice and gesture; remorseless in its treatment of that delicate organ, the human voice; and presenting a constant succession of spasmodic emotions. Such music, therefore, requires, especially for its stage execution, singers of more than average vigour; and its performance on the occasion referred to left little or nothing to be desired, either vocally or dramatically. Mdlle. Titiens' Leonora is well known as the finest impersonation of that musical-melodramatic heroine since Madame Grisi's best days. For energy of vocal declamation and earnest action it would be difficult now to find a rival to the German songstress in such parts. Her brilliant and facile execution of music (such, for instance, as the air "Di tale amor"), which treats the voice as though it were an instrument of brass or wood, was such as almost to justify the composer in his arbitrary disregard of the amenities of the vocal art. Throughout the opera Mdlle. Titiens' performance was a magnificent display of vocal and dramatic power. Madame Alboni, who appeared after an interval of two years, sang with that *suave* expression and pure Italian style which has always distinguished her vocalization. Among her most successful efforts was, of course, the well known air, "Stride la vampa." Not less admirable, however, was her declamation in the scene where she recites the wrongs that Azucena has sustained at the hands of the Conte di Luna. If one were disposed to be hypercritical, it might be objected that Madame Alboni's Azucena is somewhat too genial in demeanour for the crafty and vengeful gipsy.

Never has Signor Giuglini appeared to greater advantage than on this occasion—he was in excellent voice, and his acting was characterized by a passionate earnestness that is not often seen in tenors of the Italian school. His delivery of the pathetic "Ah! si ben mio," was as expressive and plaintive as his singing of the air "Di quella pira" was earnest and passionate. Mr. Santley, as the Conte di Luna, was fully worthy of his coadjutors; and the pure style of his vocalization, in the best Italian method, was such as few English artists have attained. His singing of the popular "Il balen" was a finished piece of expressive *cantabile*. Mr. Santley, who has also greatly improved as an actor, has now taken an acknowledged high position as a dramatic singer. There is evidence of improvement both in the band and chorus, although the latter is scarcely as numerous as might be expected in an establishment of such importance as Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Arditi, who retains his position as conductor, wields his *bâton* with firm decision, and has his forces thoroughly under command. It would be difficult to imagine a better performance of "Il Trovatore" than that of HerMajesty's Theatre. A new serenata, in honour of the Royal wedding, was produced on the opening night. Of its title (if it had any), or of its poetical merits, it is impossible to speak, as no programme or description whatever was obtainable (at least by ourselves) in the theatre. As to the music—the manner of its reception by the audience, and its withdrawal after only one night's performance, render any criticism superfluous.

At the Royal Italian Opera, on Saturday last, one of the *débutantes* promised by Mr. Gye made her first appearance as Elvira in "I Puritani." Mdlle. Fioretti possesses a genuine soprano voice, of sympathetic quality, clear articulation, and sufficient compass. Her vocalization, although unpretending, is neat and certain; and, while there is a charm and geniality about the lighter portions of her Elvira there is a gentle pathos in the more serious situations, the combination of which renders her an excel-

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lent representative of any character of mixed expression. Her "Polacca" air, "Son vergin vezzosa," was given with playful ease and lightness, while "Qui la voce" was full of refined tenderness. In "Vien diletto," she displayed considerable volubility in the bravura passages of this air. In short, although perhaps scarcely adequate to the higher impersonations of lyric tragedy—to which, indeed, she does not appear to pretend—Mdlle. Fioretti has every qualification for such parts as that in which she made her *début*, and in which her success was complete. The other principal characters were filled by Signor Neri-Baraldi, Signor Ronconi (his first appearance after an interval of two seasons), and M. Faure; the latter of whom is becoming recognized as one of the most finished of dramatic vocalists, equally efficient in music of the French or Italian school. On Thursday Mdlle. Fricci re-appeared here, when she essayed, for the first time, the part of Norma with complete success. On the same evening, after the opera, there was a concert in which Mdlle. Carlotta Patti (sister to the renowned Adelina Patti) made her first appearance in Europe, with a result which promises to add another to the list of Mr. Gye's successful engagements.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts have long since established a high reputation both as to selection and performance. The orchestra, some forty or more in number, has been so completely organized under its skilful conductor, Mr. Manns, as to present that intimate combination and sympathetic union and fusion of sound which are too often wanting in orchestras even of great pretensions. Mr. Manns deserves high praise, too, for the special character which he frequently gives to his programmes by the production of some unknown or little known work of interest. Thus, within the last few weeks, the Crystal Palace Concerts have comprised a selection from Cherubini's classical "Medea," and Beethoven's music to "Egmont"—productions which, although ranking among the highest efforts of art, have hitherto remained in comparative oblivion. The concert of Saturday last included Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, extremely well given, with an attention to light and shade and a general delicacy of expression highly creditable both to instrumentalists and conductor. The chief feature of the concert, however, was the first appearance of Herr Dannreuther, a young pianist from the Conservatorium of Leipzig. This institution has for some years ranked among the highest schools of musical education in Germany. Mendelssohn's residence at Leipzig gave an impulse to that already musical city which still continues to be felt; and the presence there of such artists as Herr David and Mr. Moscheles has helped to render the Leipzig conservatorium second scarcely to any for sound musical education. As regards pianoforte playing, we question whether any other school in Europe could send forth a more finished performer than Herr Dannreuther proved himself on Saturday by his rendering of Chopin's Concerto in F minor. The work was scarcely well chosen for execution before a large and miscellaneous audience. Those delicate and minute details, the fancifully elaborated passages and graceful embroideries and ornaments in which Chopin's music abounds, have a charming and even natural effect when heard in his smaller works such as his Studies, Notturnos, and Mazurkas; but a concerto with full orchestral accompaniments, intended for public performance, requires clearness of design and breadth of treatment, such indeed as we find in all the best concertos, as those of Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, and Mendelssohn. The two concertos of Chopin, full as they both are of a certain melancholy grace and passages of delicate fancy, have a want of clear purpose in construction which casts an effect of feebleness over their many minute beauties when these are heard through a succession of three long movements. Few pieces, however, offer a greater test for executive power than Chopin's concerto in F minor; requiring as it does, not only extreme grace and delicacy of expression, but also occasional vigour of touch. Mr Dannreuther's execution was of the best order—he possesses a thorough elastic independence of finger, and a supple and pliant wrist, enabling him to command the lightest and fullest tones of the instrument. His success was so complete, that we have little doubt he will soon be heard again. Miss Robertine Henderson and Signor Emerico were the vocalists. A grand festival performance is announced for May-day, when Mendelssohn's "Athalie" music and Auber's and Meyerbeer's "Exhibition" overtures are to be given in the Handel orchestra, with 2,500 performers.

The Popular Concerts were resumed, after the Easter vacation, on Monday last, when the evening was appropriated to the benefit of Mr. Charles Hallé, whose admirable performances have so largely contributed to the success of these entertainments. The occasion was, moreover, signalized by the reappearance of Monsieur Vieuxtemps, the violinist, who is perhaps the most popular with a London audience after Herr Joachim. The programme, which was worthy of the artists, comprised instrumental pieces by Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven. The singers were Miss Banks and Miss Eyles.

The New Philharmonic Concerts commenced for the season, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, with an excellent performance of the following programme:—

PART I.

Overture—(Iphigénie in Aulide)	Gluck.
Song—"Love in her eyes"	Handel.
Concerto in A, Clarinet	Mozart.
Duetto—(Guglielmo Tell)	Rossini.
Symphony—(Eroica)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Concerto in C, Pianoforte	Weber.
Aria—"Diamans de la Couronne"	Auber.
Recitative and Song—"Love sounds the alarm"	Handel.
Overture—(Faust)	Spohr.

The orchestra which Dr. Wylde conducts at these concerts, consisting largely of members of the Royal Italian Opera band, is, of course, from that cause, of first-rate excellence; and the instrumental pieces are consequently given with a spirit, force, and precision, that leave little room even for hypercriticism. Apart from the individual excellence of the pieces in Wednesday's programme, the selection possessed the merit of variety and contrast; the greatest instance of which, perhaps, was offered by the very opposite styles of the calm, serious simplicity of Gluck's operatic prelude, and the impetuous and richly harmonized overture of Spohr. The Eroica Symphony would have borne a little more impulsiveness in the first and last movements, which might have been given with a slight increase of *tempo* without sacrificing that breadth and dignity which are the predominant characteristics of the work.

The two concertos were highly interesting both as compositions and performances. That for the clarinet, one of Mozart's later works, is imbued with that tender and graceful expression and refined beauty which scarcely any other composer has equalled. Its performance by Mr. Lazarus was a masterly combination of executive skill and cultivated style. Weber's pianoforte concerto, although not equal to his two later works of the kind, is interesting as an early specimen of the master. It is full of that wayward impulsiveness, that alternate sombre melancholy and flashing brilliancy which are characteristic of the composer of "Der Freyschütz." Its great mechanical difficulties, especially in the last movement, were overcome with that calm tranquillity which can only result from the consciousness of such unbounded manipulative power as Madame Arabella Goddard possesses.

Each of the concertos was received with that warmth of applause which was due in both instances. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington gave Auber's sparkling air (with variations) with great brilliancy, and Mr. Sims Reeves was as successful as usual in Handel's songs; while both artists were worthily associated in the duet from Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." The concert altogether was a worthy commencement of the "New Philharmonic" season.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE meeting of the Ethnological Society on Tuesday last, was the most numerous in attendance and the most important of any that has taken place this session. The paper was an attack by the president, J. Crawfurd, Esq., on the doctrines of the unity of the human race, the Aryan theory of language, and the transmutation of man from the apes, as advocated in Sir Charles Lyell's new work "On the Antiquity of Man." Mr. Crawfurd concurred with geologists as to the great antiquity of the human race, and suggested that the scarcity of human remains, compared with those of the extinct animals with which the flint implements are associated, might be accounted for by the fact that in the savage state men are ever few in number compared with wild animals, and that when they first appeared on earth, the disparity must have been greater even than it now is in the most uncivilized tracts. Sir Charles Lyell adopts the theory of the unity of the human race, as according best with the hypothesis of the transmutation of species, but neither he nor any one else has ventured to point out the primordial stock from which the many varieties which exist have proceeded. We see races of men diverse physically and mentally, as Europeans, negros of Africa, of New Guinea, and of the Andaman Islands, Arabs, Hindoos, Chinese, Red Americans, and Polynesians; and so far as our experience goes, these races continue unchanged as long as there is no intermixture. But recent geological discoveries, and Sir Charles himself was quoted for the authority, give this additional evidence of the most instructive kind, that "the human skeletons of the Belgian caverns, of times coeval with the mammoth and other extinct mammalia, do not betray any signs of a marked departure in their structure, whether of skull or limb, from the modern standard of certain living races of the human family." In the same manner the human skeletons found in the pile buildings of the Swiss lakes, and computed by some to be 12,000 years old, differ in no respect from those of the present inhabitants of Switzerland.

If the existing races of man proceeded from a single stock, Mr. Crawford contends, either the great change which has taken place must have been effected in the locality of each race, or it occurred after migration. Now, distant migration he conceives impossible in the earliest period of man's existence. It is only within the last three centuries and a half that the existence of one half the inhabitants of the world became known to the other half. The civilized Greeks and Romans did not suspect the existence of the New World. Their knowledge of India was imperfect, and of all the great countries east of it their acquaintance amounted to nothing more than vague rumours and gossip. Of the great islands of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific they were wholly ignorant, and even of Africa, so near them, they knew nothing south of the Atlas and Great Desert. Mr. Crawfurd concludes, then, that there is no evidence of any race of man having undergone any appreciable change of form. If none in a thousand years or a hundred thousand years, supposing the latter to be the age of the skeletons of the Belgian race contemporary with the mammoth, it

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is reasonable to believe that multiplying any of these sums by a million of years would yield nothing but the same cipher. The object of the Aryan theory is to prove that the many languages called Aryan or Indo-European sprang all from a single source. The doctrine as adopted by Sir Charles is extended to all the other languages of the earth, with the hope of reducing them from thousands to a very small number. But the examples of foreign languages infused into native ones are as mysterious and unaccountable as the Oriental words found in the languages of Europe and Western Asia. But were the Aryan hypothesis as true as Mr. Crawfurd believes it to be false, it is hard to see how it illustrates, or, indeed, can have any bearing on the theory of transmutation of species by natural selection, the progress of which is so slow that, as Mr. Crawfurd wittily remarked, no satisfactory evidence of it has been produced. All the languages of the world have been reckoned by some at 4,000, by others at 6,000 ; but it is certain the real number is unknown. There can be no doubt, however, but that there are many, and that, making ample allowance for mere dialects or branches, many real languages will still remain. Some of these are derivative and some primordial : the first prevailing chiefly in Central and Western Asia and in Europe, where an advanced society has given rise to those conquests and intermixtures which produce revolutions in language ; and the last prevail in Africa, America, Eastern Asia, and its islands, where those causes of change have either been of feeble operation or have produced no effect.

In the dentition of man and the apes there is certainly a singular accord. In the Old World apes, the number, form, and arrangement of the teeth are the same as in man. The American monkeys, however, have four additional teeth, or thirty-six instead of thirty-two. The digestive organs also agree ; yet with this similarity, man is an omnivorous, the monkey a frugivorous animal. While the similitudes of the monkey to man were pointedly dwelt upon, it was well, Mr. Crawfurd thought, to state, on the other side, the dissimilarities. The monkeys are chiefly found within the tropics, and even there there exist extensive regions where they are not met with at all. Again, in power of adaptation to the vicissitudes of climate, the monkey is not only below man, but below the dog, hog, ox, and horse ; for all these thrive from the Equator up to the 60th degree of latitude. The natural abode of man is the level earth, that of the monkeys the forest. If there were no forests there would be no monkeys ; their whole frame is calculated for that mode of life. The monkeys, then, Mr. Crawfurd considers, have an outward and even structural resemblance to man beyond other animals, but this is all ; and why Nature has bestowed upon them this similarity is a mystery beyond understanding.

Among the speakers in the animated discussion which followed were Sir Charles Lyell himself, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Professor Busk. In the course of the evening it was stated that M. Boucher de Perthes had within the past few days discovered, in the flint-implement-bearing beds of Abbeville, a human jaw, indicating a race of small stature, as the coeval inhabitants of Europe with the mammoth and extinct great beasts—news, however, which requires confirmation.

This discovery has been narrated by M. Boucher de Perthes in the French local newspaper, *l'Abbevillois*, the statement in that paper being that in a deposit known as the "Moulin-Quignon-lez-Abbeville," was a flint implement, accompanied by a human jaw, both of the same colour, and, as he believes, undoubtedly fossil. The objects were deposited about 13 feet below the surface, and close to the chalk rock which underlies the tertiary deposits at Abbeville.

Both Archæological Societies met during the the past week. At the Archæological Institute Dr. Henry Johnson, M.D., Secretary to the Excavations Committee, communicated a few notes on the recent progress of the investigations at Wroxeter. During the latter part of the past year the old diggings have not been touched, but have been kept open, and are still visited by numerous persons. In October the ground where the old north gate is alleged to have stood was opened for the purpose of ascertaining whether any remains could be found. The foundations of a town wall were traced running towards Norton, but nothing like a gateway was found. A few days were also spent in excavating in the cemetery, when sufficient evidence was afforded that the ancient burial-ground had extended along thus far from the gate.

The Rev. F. W. Baker, M.A., gave some account of recent excavations at Beaulieu Abbey, particularly referring to the tomb of Isabella, wife of Richard, "King of the Romans." Mr. William Molyneux at considerable length detailed the result of the excavations made at Beaudesert, Staffordshire. Mr. Molyneux sent plans of the explorations, and contributed for the inspection of the meeting everything he had found.

Amongst objects exhibited was a stone vessel of Flemish manufacture, found at Beaulieu, by the Duke of Buccleuch ; a plombus or glandus brought by the Count Stuart d'Albanie, a pax and other objects by Mr. Farrer, jun. ; a curious leaden spoon, similar in material to the articles found so abundantly of late years in the Thames. The spoon bore the effigy of Queen Anne, and had the letters A.R.

At the British Archæological Association, Mr. Norman exhibited a fine bronze leopard's head, of Greek workmanship, and a leaden seal, supposed to be that of a magician of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It is a curious object, and the mystic or cabalistic legends are conveyed in a singular combination of letters, Greek, Arabic, &c. There are also figures of the Pentacle, Double Triangle, &c.

Mr. Vere Irving produced photographs of fragments of stone conjectured to have belonged to an ancient priory at Lesmahago, Lanarkshire, and stated that it was intended to make excavations and trace out the plan of the building which Mr. Edward Roberts, from an examination of the photographs, assigned to 1100-1120.

Mr. Cæsar Long made a communication relating to the discovery of two leaden coffins on the site of the Priory of St. John the Baptist, at Holywell, Shoreditch. Evidence was adduced to show that they contained the remains of Sir Thomas and Lady Lovel, and belonged to the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas died in 1524. Mr. Syer Cuming read a paper on a fragment of an Easter sepulchre, in the Yeovil Museum, obtained from Glastonbury.

The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading of the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne's revised paper on "Queen Eleanor's Cross at Northampton."

The first paper read at the Geographical Society on Monday was an interesting one on "Frobisher Strait, proved to be a Bay, and on the fate of five men of the Arctic expedition in the reign of Elizabeth," by Mr. C. F. Hall, of Ohio, communicated by Mr. Henry Grinnell, New York, who, with disinterested liberality and a true spirit of philanthropy, has fitted out expeditions in search of the lamented Sir John Franklin. The president said this gentleman had expended between twenty and thirty thousand pounds upon this object, and it was mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Grinnell that Mr. Hall, of Ohio, had been assisted in his adventurous enterprise to search for traces of Franklin. The boat in which he endeavoured to reach the region in question was lost, and he was accordingly obliged to confine his explorations to the district in which he was embayed during two winters. He availed himself of the opportunity to learn the Esquimaux language, and he obtained, from traditions which had long been preserved among the natives, information respecting the Frobisher expedition in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He has brought home relics of this expedition, which he found in Warwick Island, and he has made out that what has been long called Frobisher Strait is in reality a deep bay or inlet extending in a W.N.W. direction about 200 miles from the entrance. The paper was prefaced by a short outline of the Frobisher expedition, undertaken in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to discover a north-west passage to the East Indies. Mr. Hall sailed from New London, in May, 1860, on board the *George Henry*, Captain Buddington, attended by an intelligent Esquimaux, supplied with a boat and necessary equipment, intending to proceed towards Boothia and King William's Island, in the hope of finding some of the survivors of the Franklin Expedition, or of ascertaining something more of their fate, being impressed with the conviction that, "if any of the survivors existed, it was impossible for them to get away unaided by civilized men."

The expedition proceeded first to Holsteinborg, in Greenland, where they were most cordially received by the Governor and his family. They then crossed Davis Strait to Frobisher Inlet, where, finding the season too far advanced to proceed northward, they wintered in 1860 and 1861, and did not escape until the summer of 1862. On an island named by Frobisher the Countess of Warwick Island, and by the natives Kod-lu-narn, or White Man's Island, are still to be seen the remains of a trench, dug out to receive a vessel, with embankments on either side. In the middle of the island are the remains of a house built of stone and mortar, near to which are the ruins of a blacksmith's shop, and a reservoir of water. Strewed over the island are various fragments of tile, glass, iron, coal, and wood. At a place called Ek-ke-lu-zhun, which is about eight miles S.E. of Kod-lu-narn, is a pile of coals containing ten tons. These relics Mr. Hall considers are the remains of the Frobisher expedition, specimens of which he very carefully collected and brought away ; and these were exhibited on this occasion.

The other paper was by Dr. John Rae, entitled "A Visit to Red River and the Saskatchewan."

The *Otago Daily Times* of the 16th February last reports the asserted discovery by some men in the employ of Mr. Rees, of Wakatipu, of the gigantic New Zealand bird, the Moa, supposed hitherto to have become extinct on that island. The men state the bird seen by them to have been about seven feet high, reckoning the head and neck, and a size not incompatible with the bones of the gigantic birds first made known to European naturalists by the late Dr. Mantell. The account, however, which has been generally copied in the daily papers, seems rather suspicious, and must be received with caution.

Dr. Klinderfuss, of Gottingen, notifies a new comet near the constellation Delphinus.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT re-assembled on Monday after the Easter holidays. No business of importance was transacted on that day.

On Tuesday, in the House of Lords, on the motion that the Augmentation of Benefices Bill be referred to a select committee, Lord St. Leonards said that as the bill would affect the privileges of the Crown, the assent of the Crown was necessary to its provisions. Earl Derby expressed his fear that some of its regula-

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tions would clash with those of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and thought that it would have been better had the Lord Chancellor thrown the advowsons of the larger livings into the market, and augmented the smaller ones with the proceeds of their sale. The Lord Chancellor said that he had not the least intention to interfere with the action of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and that he had taken every means to ascertain whether the provisions of the bill agreed with their rules. He concurred with Lord Derby in the opinion that, if the principles of the bill were good, it ought to be carried further, and hoped, at some future time, to include a larger number of livings within its provisions. There would be no difficulty, he thought, in finding purchasers for the advowsons of livings when once they were augmented. The select committee was then appointed.

In the Commons, Mr. Layard professed himself unable to reply to three questions put by Lord H. Lennox respecting the throne of Greece. The questions were—whether it was by the recommendation of the English Government that the National Assembly of Greece had proceeded to the election of Prince William of Denmark? Whether it was with the assent of the King and Government of Denmark, and with the concurrence of Prince Christian, that such a decisive step was taken? Whether it was in concert with M. Bille, the Danish Minister in London; and, if not, by whose authority the Greeks were advised in the matter? Mr. Layard, on the intimation that Lord H. Lennox would renew his questions on the following day, replied that he would then be equally unable to give an answer. In the present state of the negotiations, he said, it would not be for the benefit of the public service to make a statement on the subject.

The Speaker now called on Mr. Buxton to proceed with his motion for leave to bring in a bill to amend the Acts of Uniformity. Mr. Buxton and Mr. Walpole rose together, when, after a short delay, during which there were loud and general cries of "Walpole," Mr. Buxton sat down. Mr. Walpole then proceeded, in feeling terms, to move that, out of respect to the memory of the late Secretary of War, the House should not proceed with business that day. "At present," he said, "I can only say what everybody in this House must feel, that we never had among us a man more thoughtful, more considerate, more conciliatory, or more beloved than the late Sir George Lewis." Lord Palmerston, who was much moved, contented himself with simply seconding the motion. "It would be impossible," he said, "for any man to add to the well-deserved tribute which the right hon. gentleman has paid to the memory of the colleague whom we have lost." Mr. Disraeli, in a few words, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Sir George Lewis, whose death, he said, was a calamity to the country; and in whom the Queen had lost one of her ablest servants, and the House a member who possessed the universal regard and respect of hon. gentlemen on both sides. "Sir," he said, "I never knew a man who combined in so eminent a degree as Sir George Lewis, both from acquired and from native power of thought, the faculty, upon all public matters, of arriving at a sound and judicious conclusion. Although he was remarkably free from prejudice and passion, yet the absence of those sentiments, which are supposed in general to be necessary to the possession of active power, had not upon him the effect which it usually produces, and he was a man who always brought a great organizing faculty and a great power of sustained perseverance to the transaction of public affairs. I am sure," he continued, "that the rising statesmen on both sides may take him as an example that in many particulars may be remembered and followed with advantage; and I am persuaded that his name will never be mentioned in this House without feelings of deep respect, or without unfeigned regret for what may be deemed the untimely loss of a man whom the country could ill spare."

On Wednesday, in the Commons, the second reading of Sir M. Peto's Burials Bill was lost by a majority of 221 to 96. The object of the bill was to permit Dissenters to have their own burial service performed in churchyards of the Established Church. Mr. H. B. Sheridan obtained leave to bring in a bill to facilitate the appointment of stipendiary magistrates in cities, towns, and boroughs of 2,000 inhabitants and upwards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have now the details of the loss of H.M.S. *Orpheus*, in the official narrative of Lieutenant Hill, the senior surviving officer; and they leave us no room to doubt that the catastrophe was one against which seamanship was powerless. The *Orpheus* left Sydney on the 31st of January last for New Zealand, and arrived within eight miles of the bar of the Manukau, New Zealand, on the morning of Saturday, the 7th of February. This bar forms the entrance, by a narrow channel, to the Manukau harbour; but the passage is always dangerous, owing to the shifting character of the sands at the river's mouth, and the tremendous sea which, when the wind blows from the west or south-west, is driven upon the shore. Every necessary precaution was observed when the *Orpheus* neared the bar at mid-day, steering exactly according to the courses laid down in the sailing directions provided for her use, while the signal, "Take the bar," was flying from the pilot station on the shore. "The hands were on deck," writes Mr. Hill, "the ropes manned for shortening sail, the commodore, the commander, and master on the bridge, leadmen in both chains, spare tiller shipped, with relieving tackle hooked, and six men stationed; gratings and hatchway covers were placed ready for battening down." All was going well when at 1.30 the corvette touched ground slightly, when the order was given to put on all steam. At 1.40 she struck forward, and when the attempt was made to reverse the engines, neither engines nor screw would act. The ship broached to, with her head to the north, lurching heavily to port, and the sea made a clean sweep over her deck, taking away port-quarter, boats, netting, and bulwark. Sail was shortened as far as possible, the men being unable to keep the deck; and the moment the ship took the shoal the hatchways were battened down, but in vain, for the fastenings were thrown up by the bumping of the ship. Four port guns were now thrown overboard; the starboard cutter was manned and lowered, and the private signals, public records, and ship's books as far as possible committed to her charge. Two or three times after she got clear of the ship she was reported to be swamped; and Mr. Hill was ordered to take the pinnace, and go to her assistance; but as she was subsequently reported to be safe, Mr. Hill was ordered to go on shore in the pinnace for the purpose of getting assistance. When he got clear, he observed the smoke of a steamer, the *Wonga Wonga*, to the southward, going seaward. It was not, however, till six, p.m., that she could be brought to the wreck, which they now found lying very much over to port, the masts all standing, the crew in the rigging above the tops, the sea at times sweeping as high as the futtock rigging. They hailed the men to jump off the rigging and swim for it. Some did so, and several of them were picked up and saved. But about seven o'clock the flood-tide had made, and the rollers became so high and dangerous that it was impossible for the boats any longer to remain by the wreck. Mr. Hill shouted to those who were still in the rigging to make a final effort, but none would venture. At 8.30 the masts went, and the poor fellows on them gave three cheers, as if taking a farewell of life. Of a crew of 256 officers, seamen, and marines, only 71 were saved. The highest praise is due to the discipline of the men and the courage of the commander. He declared he would be the last to leave the ship, and when last seen was in the mizen rigging. He is supposed to have been killed by a spar. It is melancholy to note the statement that there was a life-boat on shore, by which most of the crew might have been saved if it could have been launched. But there was no means at hand to do this. At daylight on the following morning nothing could be seen of the ill-fated *Orpheus* but a stump of one mast and a few ribs. She was one of the finest corvettes of her Majesty's navy. The perils of the Manukau passage are well known, and a correspondent of the *Times* relates his own experience of the precautions taken on preparing to enter it by the captain of a merchant steamer in which he was a passenger. The captain "sent all the ladies below, had the ports and deadlights shut down, and required all the other passengers to take refuge on the bridge of the steamer. The third mate and an able-bodied seaman were lashed to the wheel, while two men were placed in the mizen-shrouds, ready to take the helm if the others were washed away." It appears that since the publication of the chart and sailing directions which the *Orpheus* took for her guidance, the middle banks and small shoal on which the ship first touched have shifted bodily, and considerably to the north.

Dr. Colenso has written to the *Times*, protesting against the assumption of the Bishops, who have prohibited him from preaching in their dioceses, that he is unable to use the prayers of the Liturgy or to discharge the duties of his episcopal office. He says, further, that the general assertions or insinuations of heresy which they make against him are contrary to the principles of the Ecclesiastical Courts; and that, even in the case of an incumbent, a Bishop is bound to specify the particulars of his offence, before he can take any measures against him. He condemns the course the Bishops are taking against himself, as one not seen nor tolerated in this Church and country since the days of Bonner and Laud. No definite charge, he says, has been made against him, though proceedings are threatened. "Yet," he adds, "the Bishops venture, in public and official documents, to accuse me of scandalous, dishonest, and heretical conduct, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has already pronounced judgment upon me, without a trial, though he would himself be the judge before whom my case would have to be heard should I have to appeal from a decision of the inferior court." Right or wrong in his theology—a question, he says, to be settled by time and investigation—he stands upon his rights as an Englishman, and protests against a course of conduct "which is as illegal as it is contrary to the first principles of the Reformation."

The seizure of the *Peterhoff* by Admiral Wilkes, and the doctrine laid down by our own Foreign Office that a belligerent may seize and carry off to its prize courts any neutral vessel sailing between neutral ports provided it "alleges" a legal pretext, has alarmed the owners of a vessel "on the berth" for Matamoras. Failing to obtain an assurance from the authorities that their vessel, being bound on a legal voyage, should not be detained on any frivolous pretence, as the *Peterhoff* was, they refuse to let her sail. The charterers and merchants whose goods are on board insist upon her sailing, and threaten the owners with law proceedings and a heavy claim for damages if they do not fulfil their contract. The owners reply that they engaged to send their vessel to Matamoras, believing it to be a neutral port and a legal voyage; that, if it is so, the law is bound to protect them in the prosecution thereof; but that, as the law officers state that the law is powerless to do so, the voyage cannot be legal, nor the contract of the owners with the merchants and charterers binding. The argument is convincing; and if the doctrine of the Foreign Office is sound, then no voyage is legal; for wherever an American admiral or commodore finds a

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British ship, he may seize it on the condition that he "alleges" a legal pretext. Surely this cannot be good law.

The County Courts are not important enough to have their proceedings reported in the daily papers, like those of the superior Courts, and strange things are, no doubt on this account, sometimes done in them. A victim writes to the *Times* to give a specimen of these doings, of which he was lately both witness and subject, in one of the county courts south of the Thames. The judge decided against him, but refused the plaintiff costs. The plaintiff's attorney, who had probably undertaken the case on speculation, displeased at this decision, stepped forward and said confidentially to the registrar, "You must contrive to get me half a guinea." The registrar nodded and smiled, and then turning to the judge said, persuasively, "Oh, your honour, you might allow him something; let him have his railway expenses." Judge—"Very well, give him 6d." Registrar—"Say a shilling, your honour." Judge—"Then a shilling." Registrar—"But he could not travel second class; so let him have two" (the first class returns being 9d). Judge—"Well, take two." Registrar—"Then, your honour, there are his cabs." How far the encroaching registrar would have proceeded with fresh suggestions for more shillings until the desiderated half guinea was reached, it is impossible to say. But just then "the angry spot did lower on Cæsar's brow." "Fortunately for me," writes the victim, "the face of the judge, who was rather irritable, assumed such a red and portentous appearance, that the registrar prudently brought his pleadings, and the giggles in court, to a conclusion." But when, subsequently, the defendant asked what he had to pay, he was handed an account in which, besides the costs of the court, seven shillings was put down for plaintiff's expenses. This was returned for explanation, and the amount was at once reduced to the two shillings allowed by the judge, with the explanation that it was "a mistake." A most suspicious one. We fear that acts of this disgraceful character are not infrequent in the County Courts; and that judges do not turn red in the face as often as they should.

One of the most useful questions of the week has been by what means proper dwellings for working men may best be obtained. A writer, who, in his letter to the leading journal, signs himself "W. D. B.," maintains that the undertaking must not be made in a commercial sense, that is, with a view to recovering a considerable percentage on the money expended. Alderman Waterlow combats this position, and thinks that nothing adequate can be done except upon this principle. He quotes the dictum of the late Prince Consort, who said, "Unless we can get seven or eight per cent. we shall not succeed in inducing builders to invest their capital in such houses." A third writer, "B.," follows on the same side. He points out that through the efforts of private individuals and associations, extending over a period of nearly a quarter of a century, dwellings have been provided for 5,000 persons. But the working classes number at least 1,500,000; and if the whole of Mr. Peabody's gift, £150,000, were permanently invested in a set of buildings for this purpose, it would only provide dwellings for 9,000 men, women, and children. The inference is, that if an effectual change is to be made, it must be on the principles on which capitalists invest their money. In other words, the undertaking must pay.

As far as the Severn is concerned there is a prospect of a fine salmon season. From Montgomeryshire down to Worcestershire the murlets, young salmon, are more numerous in the river than they have been within living memory. At Meifod they are "in thousands." They will go down the river in a few days, from 2 oz. to 3 oz. a-piece in weight, and will come back in July—those that do come back—from 2 lb. to 5 lb. Adult salmon, too, are more numerous than is their wont, in the upper waters. Some have been taken by fishermen, contrary to law; and the offenders have been punished. The "Protection Association" is active in issuing warnings and bringing captors of unseasonable salmon before the magistrates. Persons who write to the papers complaining that young salmon have been offered them for sale, would do well to use the power confided to them by the 24 and 25 Vict., cap. 109, sec. 15, of seizing the fish and prosecuting the persons in possession of them. If they will not do this, the Severn Fisheries Association, Worcester, will do it for them, on receipt of the requisite information.

A shocking murder was committed on the morning of Thursday week in a low den in St. Giles's. A wretched young woman, named Emma Jackson, entered the house with a male companion at seven in the morning, and engaged a room for two hours. At five p.m. of the same day, the servant, surprised that they had not left the house, sent a girl up to see why they remained. The girl found the door unfastened, the window up, and the man gone; but the unfortunate woman lay upon the bed, with her feet on the ground, dead, and covered with blood. The police profess that they have gained a perfect clue to the murderer; but he has not yet been discovered.

Joseph Harcourt, who was committed some time ago for inciting a man named William Smith to murder Mr. Isaac Wightman Dickinson, of Ash Grove, near Newry, was tried on Saturday last, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The evidence left no doubt that he had committed the offence; and his motive is said to have been the hope that, Mr. Dickinson dead, he would be able to possess himself of his widow and her fortune.

Another dreadful murder has been committed in Ireland, in the town of Crossmolina. On the night of the 5th instant, Mrs. McNaier was murdered by her eldest son, William, who appears to have been possessed with the delusion that she was the Devil. Horrible to relate, the murder was committed in the open streets, in the presence of four cowardly fellows, who did not move a hand to save the unfortunate old lady from her infuriated son.

Adam Grierson, who was lately shot at Glenreigh by a young man named Francis Bradley, son of a man who, with thirty or forty others, had been evicted by Grierson two years ago, died of his wounds on Monday. Bradley had previously been arrested, and was identified by the deceased as the man who shot him.

AUSTRALIA.

Miss Rye writes from Dunedin, Otago, under date February 16, to say that she and her hundred female emigrants landed safe at Dunedin, on the previous Saturday, "after a glorious passage of ninety-eight days." Storms and sea-sickness were almost mythical; and there was no illness worth speaking about, except in the case of Louisa Haines, who died on the passage. She says, "I shall have no difficulty in disposing of the girls we have here; they will all find good situations and good salaries; but," she adds, "already I see more clearly the force of my reiterated assertion that it is certain destruction to ship off unsteady girls." This remark does not apply to any of the young women she took out with her, of whom she says, "the girls are in excellent spirits, and 'all's well' at present with all."

A very strange story comes to us from Australia. A correspondent who signs himself "Investigator," writes to the *Melbourne Argus*, under date, "Mia Mia Creek, January 4th," to say that he has discovered in a stony creek, fifteen miles from Castlemaine, the bodies of three aboriginals quite whole, and not wanting in the smallest details, but which are petrified into solid marble. "When I first saw them," he writes, "I thought they were actually alive, until, on going closer, I noticed the eyes. They are in a sitting posture, and the veins, muscles, &c., may be distinctly traced through what is now a group of stone blocks; they are in a splendid state of preservation, even the finger-nails, teeth, &c., are as perfect as they were five hundred years ago. One of them has a stone axe by his side without any haft. The group altogether is the strangest concern I ever witnessed." It does not appear, however, that any one else has witnessed it.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

The exuberant good spirits which took possession of the people of Washington and New York on the promise of Government some days ago that great successes would be speedily gained which would do more than break the backbone of the rebellion, have given place to a decline of confidence and a rise in the price of gold. The brilliant accounts of the success of Farragut in running past Port Hudson and the arrival of the naval expedition at Haine's Bluff, turn out to be untrue. This, indeed, is the usual fate of the flattering telegrams which are forged by the employés of the Government for the contentment of the public, and the *New York World* does not hesitate to say that while Federal accounts are generally false, those of the Confederates are uniformly true in the main. "The telegrams," it says, "we get from Cairo and Memphis respecting alleged Union successes are almost invariably false; and the information vouched us from official circles in Washington as to military operations in the West is not a whit more reliable." It then proceeds to give instances of this official perfidy. "Within the past few weeks we have been told that the Yazoo Pass expedition was a success, which was false; that twenty odd transports and 7,000 men had been captured at Yazoo City, which was false; that Haine's Bluff had been taken, and Vicksburg evacuated, which was false; that Admiral Farragut's whole fleet had passed the Port Hudson batteries, which was false; that the *Indianola* had been recaptured as good as new, which was false; that the Lake Providence Canal was 'all right,' which was false; that the famous 'cut off' was ready for service, which was false; and, finally, that a Union fleet had reached the Yazoo by means of the Sunflower River, which was also false. On the other hand," it continues, "the Confederate reports and despatches have proved almost invariably to be correct." It is confirmed that Admiral Farragut has succeeded in getting two ships past the Port Hudson batteries—the *Hartford*, his own ship, and the *Albatross*. With these he can for a time cut off, both from Vicksburg and Port Hudson, as well as from the Confederate armies to the eastward of the Mississippi, the large supplies of cattle they have hitherto received from the vast country watered by the Red River. But as the *Hartford* is a wooden ship and the *Albatross* the only iron-clad he possesses between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and as the Confederates have two powerful iron-clads, the *Queen of the West* and the *Webb*, somewhere between Vicksburg and Warrenton, the Admiral's position naturally causes a sense of uneasiness at New York.

It seems probable that a great battle will ere long be fought at or near Tullahoma, where the Confederate General Bragg is said to have concentrated an army of 60,000 men. Confederate General Joe Johnston has his head-quarters at Atlanta, Georgia, and the Confederates are building immense fortifications at Chattanooga, and have already (March 31) between fifty and sixty siege guns in position. General Rosencraus is still at Murfreesborough with the Federal army, which he has raised to a high state of discipline. That there have been no operations during February and March is accounted for by the impossibility of moving troops, in conse-

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quence of the ocean of mud with which Kentucky and Tennessee are at this season coated. The ground could not, under the most favourable state of weather, be fit for military operations till the end of March. As to the result of a battle, the Southern correspondent of the *Times* gives his opinion that General Johnston, who will take the command of Bragg's army, will probably not be able to do more than hold his own, in the presence of Rosencrans's superior force. This opinion, however, is given in a letter dated so far back as the 28th of February; and the writer adds that a few thousands more men, not wanted elsewhere, might easily be placed at Johnston's service. If this has been done, the prospect of better success has of course been improved. This writer bears evidence to the difficulties which will be experienced in feeding the Southern armies till the grain crops are reaped in July. These difficulties will be very great, and the South will have to put up with much privation in the meantime. Not that there is not abundance of other food in the revolted States, but because the means is not at hand of conveying it to the mouths which are to be fed. Intelligence to the 2nd instant states that the most recent accounts from Tennessee are of a nature to show the imminence of a great battle at or near Murfreesborough, Tullahoma, or Chattanooga, and that considerable anxiety was felt for the safety of General Rosencrans.

Mr. Lincoln has issued a proclamation notifying that deserters, whose number, by the way, is variously estimated at from 130,000 to 150,000, who will return to their duty by the 1st of April, will incur no penalty except the forfeiture of their pay and allowances up to that date; while those who do not will incur the penalty of death. This warning had not had the desired effect; and the President is advised to give it force by shooting a dozen or two deserters in each State. Hardly a less evil than desertion has shown itself amongst the soldiers who still remain with the army. Encouraged by their officers, they have begun to hold political meetings, condemning the conduct of those citizens who presume to talk of peace. This may be a support to the Government, but it cannot but prove a source of eventual danger to it. Men with arms in their hands, who are taught to intimidate the unarmed public, can hardly fail to retort the lesson upon their rulers when their humour changes. It would be wise policy were Mr. Lincoln to take measures to restrain that brutal ferocity and disregard of the usages of civilized warfare by which his soldiers have distinguished themselves, and rooted still more deeply the hatred with which the South regards the Union. Unbridled licence is the order of the day both with officers and men. "Men of the highest intelligence," writes a Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, "and most undoubted veracity, do not hesitate to attribute the stubborn and implacable disloyalty of the conquered districts of the South to this cause. They even go further, and say that thousands of Union men have been converted into rebels by the outrages which have been committed upon them by the Union troops, who should be their protectors." Devastation and outrage in the Valley of Virginia, in Alexandria and Fairfax counties, in Tennessee and North Carolina, have alienated the whole population, and destroyed all love for the Union in those districts.

News to the 3rd instant states that the Federal soldiers in the occupation of Pensacola burned the town, when ordered to evacuate it by Colonel Dyer, their commanding officer. Both men and officers are said to be in a state of great demoralization; and all the colonel's efforts could not prevent the work of destruction. An official despatch from General Bragg, dated Tallahoma, March 27, reports that General Forrest had visited Brentwood, burnt the bridge, taken all the property and arms, and captured 800 prisoners, including 35 officers. Brentwood is nine miles from Nashville and Franklin, at both of which places there are several thousand Federal troops. General Sherman's Sunflower River expedition has returned, and was disembarking, on the evening of the 3rd instant, at Young's Point. The expedition is said at one time to have been hemmed in by the river obstructions placed in front and rear of the transports, and to have been extricated with difficulty. The canal opposite Vicksburg has been abandoned, the Confederate cannon commanding two-thirds of its length. The Confederates under Van Dorn are crossing the river at Palmyra, and are endeavouring to flank General Rosencrans on the left. The Confederate armies of Tennessee and the Mississippi are reported to be forming a junction.

POLAND.

A note in the *Moniteur* of Monday says, that "the Austrian Government having displayed views upon the Polish question in conformity with those of the Western Powers, an understanding has been established between the three Courts for acting in concert towards the cabinet of St. Petersburg." It was no doubt in apprehension of such an accord between the three Powers that the Poles are indebted for the amnesty which has been offered them by their oppressors, on condition that they lay down their arms and return to their allegiance by the 13th of May. The amnesty is "full," with two exceptions, which render it perilously empty. These are with regard to "ordinary" crimes, a very comprehensive term, and to such offences as have been committed by the army. The manifesto in which this generous offer is contained further announces that the institutions granted to the Polish people shall be maintained, and, after practical experience, shall be developed according to the necessities of the age and the country. It cannot be a matter for surprise when we hear from Warsaw that this manifesto has produced no effect, and that the insurrection will continue. When the Russian Government claims the allegiance of the Poles under the sanction of institutions "which have been granted," but "the efficacy of which has not yet been put to the test," they must forget the act of kidnapping which testified the humanity and sincerity of those institutions. It is not forgotten by the Poles. The amnesty has been universally rejected, and a protest circulated against it.

Any other course on the part of the insurgents was not to be expected, even were their operations in the field hopeless. They are far from this. Every fresh telegram brings news of the spread of the revolt, and of fresh successful encounters with the Russian troops. A fresh band of 600 insurgents has appeared in Sandomier; and Major Lopacki has occupied Polaniec, on the Vistula. The insurrection is spreading in Augustowo, in Lithuania, and Podlachia. Csacoiski, with 1,500 men, maintains the position formerly occupied by Langiewicz; and not far from him is a body of 1,000 insurgents under Geringer. Battles at various points are reported; and it is confirmed that at Koslawanda, Ciechocineo, Plockie, Kolo and Konin, the Russians have been beaten.

Langiewicz has declared to the Austrian authorities that he can no longer keep his parole, and it is expected that he will be placed under stricter guard. But his aide-de-camp, Mademoiselle Pustovoydova, for this appears to be the correct spelling of her name, has been set at liberty. This lady seems to have lisped enmity to the Russian Government. She is a Russian subject; daughter of Colonel Pustovoydoff, a Russian, in the Russian army, and a Polish lady. When she was quite a child she was shut up for uttering some disloyal sentiment at Zitomir, in a convent, from which two years afterwards she effected her escape, and on the outbreak of the insurrection entered the service of the Dictator. She is beautiful and young, little more than 18. Daring she must be, for she has had three horses killed under her, and led a charge of scythemen at Grochowiska. The Kossanieri, it appears, were hesitating under a well-sustained fire of Russian infantry, and could not be got to advance, when Mademoiselle rode in front of the regiment, and by the force of her personal attractiveness drew it forward.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

CANON STANLEY'S SERMONS IN THE EAST.*

As official discourses of religion, these sermons are exempt from our criticism, and the studied simplicity of their composition affords us no occasion for any remark upon the author's literary powers, which have indeed found ample exercise and proof in works of greater compass. There is little to distinguish Dr. Stanley's sermons preached before the Prince of Wales in Egypt and Palestine from such as any minister of the same theological complexion might preach at home, excepting the frequent allusions to local monuments and scenery around him, associated with the sacred narrative from which his lessons were drawn. On board the Nile-boat, when going up to the old capital of the Pharaohs, his congregation were thus invited to remember how Abraham, and afterwards his great-grandson Joseph, had sojourned in that famous abode of ancient civilization. Amidst the stupendous ruins of the Temple of Karnak, they were led to compare the depressing superstitions of Paganism with the spiritual liberty of the Christian faith. In the port of Joppa, while awaiting the appointed hour for them to land from the *Osborne*, and to set foot upon the shore of Palestine, they were bidden to "gather up the fragments that remain," to pick up whatever scattered hints and relics of information are left to be gleaned upon that soil, and so, from these fragments, to piece together a life-like conception of the realities of the Scripture history there enacted. On the Sunday before Easter, they were encamped above Nablous or Shechem, under the shadow of Mount Gerizim, where the remnant of the barbarous Samaritan race still keep up their peculiar sacrifice; and Dr. Stanley then reminded his Christian hearers of that profound truth, first uttered in the conversation at Jacob's Well, "God is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth." Again, it was in the village of Nazareth, among the mountains and forests of Galilee, through which a fierce storm was at that moment raging, and beating upon the house where the English party had taken shelter, that they listened to his comment on that parable of "The House built upon the Rock," which may have been suggested by such an incident in that very place. By the Sea of Tiberias, on the shelving beach, where, in the dawning light of the third day after the Crucifixion, those fishermen, who had toiled all night in their boats, suddenly beheld the figure of their departed Master, and leaped ashore to meet Him again, the solemn story of the Resurrection was a suitable theme. So, too, when the Prince and his company halted within a few miles of Damascus, they remembered not only the former magnificence of the kings of Syria, and their dealings with the Jewish rulers and people, but more especially the journey of Paul, then called Saul, along the same road, with intent to persecute the followers of Christ, from which he was diverted by the teaching of a vision, changing his heart and mind, so that he became the great Apostle of the Gentile world. In the ruins of Baal's Syrian temple, the preacher once more, as at Thebes, pointed out the visible monuments of that idolatry of physical

* Sermons preached before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, during his Tour in the East in the Spring of 1862; with Notices of some of the Localities Visited. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Regius Professor, &c. Murray.

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nature, which prevailed through so many ages of heathenism. Beneath the cedars of Lebanon, on the last day of their roving life in tents, these Englishmen reflected upon the daily experience of Israel encamped in the wilderness, and comprehended their reliance upon the Divine protection at morning and at night. At sea, between the Isle of Patmos and Ephesus, it was from the writings of St. John,—on another Sunday, having just left Athens for Malta, it was from the adventures of St. Paul, that Dr. Stanley chose the topic of his discourse. The last, only, of these sermons was preached in the chapel of Windsor Castle, after the party had returned home. We have merely indicated the circumstances under which they were composed and delivered, as giving them a sort of romantic interest, beside their value for religious edification, of which it is not our province to speak.

To the second part of this volume, containing, somewhat in the form of an appendix, a minute description of several of the most curious places which Dr. Stanley visited, in his attendance upon the Prince, we may give a closer examination; and as a topographer, if not as a chaplain to royalty, the author may come fairly under review. His book on "Sinai and Palestine," which he published some years ago, was the result of much careful study and of his personal observations in 1852 and 1853. Returning after nine years' interval, he found much to learn, and probably as much to unlearn, for the uncertainty of most antiquarian theories of locality must be felt most grievously in a country, the whole face of which has been completely changed by so many convulsions of nature, and by the successive domination of so many races and religions, for twenty or thirty centuries past. Dr. Stanley's long account of the mosque at Hebron, supposed to be erected over the Cave of Machpelah, would be much less tedious reading if we could but share the credulity of Jews and Mussulmans, who believe that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and their wives, were actually interred there. But though Dr. Stanley is willingly convinced—having been favoured with that permission to view the patriarchs' tombs, which had scarcely been enjoyed by any European visitor before the Prince and his party obtained it—we do not see that there is any better evidence of the site than the Mohammedan traditions, which cannot be trusted at all. Indeed, he tells us that the name of Machpelah was applied to the whole district, and though we read that its position was "in the face of Mamre," *i.e.*, opposite Mamre, he does not know whether Mamre was to the south of the modern town, or five miles to the north of it.

It may be doubted whether it was worth while for General Bruce to offend the prejudices of the Moslem people, by insisting so vehemently as he did, seemingly at Dr. Stanley's instigation, upon opening to the English party these apocryphal sepulchres, as well as the Tomb of David at Jerusalem, in which none but the Mohammedans believe. We cannot think that it was justifiable, by threatening Suraya Pasha with "the extreme displeasure" of the Prince of Wales in case of refusal, to gratify the curiosity of one or two members of his suite, at the risk of provoking a tumult which would probably have resulted in bloodshed. "What the Pasha feared," says Dr. Stanley, "was a random shot or stone from some individual fanatic, who might have held his life cheap at the cost of avenging what he thought an outrage on the sanctities of his religion." To prevent, therefore, an attack upon our Prince and his companions, as they passed through the town, the streets were lined with a double file of soldiers, while the inhabitants were forbidden to show themselves at their windows, or on their house-tops. "In fact, it was a complete military occupation of the place." The guardians of the Mosque groaned aloud, when the shrine of Abraham was thrown open, and implored their dead patriarch, the "Friend of God," to forgive this intrusion, declaring that, as for a prince of any but the English nation, they would rather have let him pass over their dead bodies, than have allowed him to enter. The Pasha declared that he himself would never dare to approach the tomb of one so holy as Abraham or David; and that even if the merciful Abraham would forgive such an affront, it was not so with Isaac, who was proverbially jealous, and who had driven back Ibrahim Pasha when he attempted to go in there. For the sake of common charity, and as a matter of courtesy, if not from considerations of prudence, it would surely have been better to refrain from violating these scruples; and the tone of exultation in which Dr. Stanley relates the affair is not commendable. If any mischief had happened to the young Prince—and be it recollected that the violence of Moslem fanaticism had been shown in the previous twelvemonth by the massacre of Christians at Damascus, as well as by the outbreak in India a few years ago—those who had led him into needless danger would have incurred the severest blame. After all, what did they see, in the interior of the Mosque of Hebron? "A coffin-like structure, about six feet high, built of plastered stone or marble, and hung with three carpets, green embroidered with gold," marks the supposed tomb of Abraham, and the others resemble this. At the corner of the recess, where Abraham's tomb is erected, Dr. Stanley peeped into a circular hole, eight inches in diameter, opening down to a dark space beneath the pavement, which he believes to be the old original cavern of Machpelah. The clerical guardians, or "Dean and Chapter" of the Mosque, as he facetiously calls them, place a lamp there at night, to light up the saints' true resting-place, and written prayers or memorials are cast through the hole, to be received by the patriarchs who dwell there. In our judgment, these "mysteries of Hebron" were quite unworthy of the attention which Dr. Stanley bestowed upon them. The character of Abraham is venerable indeed, not less to all Christians in England, than to the Jews and Mohammedans of the East; but this ghost of a patriarch, maintained by Moslem superstition in a gloomy underground cellar, to receive the petitions of the faithful prepaid by a fee to the priests, deserves no particular respect.

We cannot, however, charge Dr. Stanley with similar indiscretion in the next instance,—that of his visit to Mount Gerizim, upon the occasion of celebrating the Samaritan Passover, which is the only opportunity that still remains of witnessing the actual performance of the "bloody sacrifice," with the ancient ritual of the Mosaic code. His account of this scene is full of interest, if we consider that the small community of Samaritans, numbering about one hundred and fifty, who come up from Nablous for this ceremony, "at the full moon of Nisan," that was, on the 13th of April last year, represent the habits and customs of a once great nation, whose flocks and herds were pastured over the plains of Western Asia far and wide. Their high priest, claiming to be the last descendant of Aaron, stands on the rocky platform, at sunset on the appointed day, surrounded by the men clad in robes of sacred white. He chants the Hebrew liturgy of prayer and praise, till suddenly up come six or seven youths, each bringing a sheep or a lamb; and then,—as the sun dips below the horizon, at the reading of that passage in the book of Exodus which narrates what was done on the eve of the Passover, ere the bondage of Egypt was broken,—the people raise a wild murmur of acclamation; knives are brandished; the sheep are, in a moment, thrown down and slaughtered; and fingers, dipped in the flowing blood, mark the foreheads of the children with the mystic token of the chosen race of God. They all congratulate and kiss each other as brethren; the sheep, flayed and disembowelled, with many signs and phrases of consecration, and spitted on poles in the form of a cross, are hastily roasted, in holes dug in the rock for that purpose; at midnight there is a wild, eager, hearty feast, eaten on mats spread upon the ground, as though in the hurry of the moment of their departure. The fragments are carefully gathered up, and consumed by fire; the little band of Israelites then leave the mountain top, and return to their homes, after commemorating, in the fashion of three thousand years, the miraculous deliverance, "unhistoric" as Dr. Colenso deems it, of their captive race.

In Galilee, which must, after all, be the most interesting district of Palestine, the Prince of Wales and his company, having come from St. Jean d'Acre up the valleys overlooked by Mount Tabor, spent several days of the Easter week. They were at Nazareth on Good Friday; but the tempestuous weather prevented them from exploring that neighbourhood as they might have wished to do. Dr. Stanley's notice of the birthplace of our Lord is, therefore, so cursory and meagre as to add nothing to what was said of it in his former work. He recognized the village of Cana, distant about four hours' journey from Nazareth, in the ruins of a cluster of houses, now entirely deserted, upon a rocky spur of the hills at the western edge of the plain of Asochis or Buttauf, an upland continuation of the plain of Acre. The ground just below this village is swampy and overgrown with reeds, and from these he thinks the name Khana, which the place still retains, may possibly have been derived. Cisterns and a deep well, from which, perhaps, the water was drawn for the marriage-feast, are cut there in the rock; and a fig-tree, which reminds him of that one beneath whose shade the guileless Nathanael was found sitting, grows close by. This place is at the entrance of a wooded glen, one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery in the Holy Land. The mountains of Galilee, properly so called, stand opposite, on the eastern side of the plain, and Nazareth, enclosed between them, is out of sight beyond. The most striking description, however, is that of the Lake of Gennesareth or Tiberias, shut in by mountains east and west, which appeared to Dr. Stanley, on his second visit, when he suddenly looked down upon it from the overhanging hills of Hattin, above the western shore of the lake, to be a prospect of surpassing grandeur, apart from its sacred associations.

Walking, on the afternoon of that Easter day, along the shores of the lake to the southern end, Dr. Stanley reached the flat, grassy plain through which the Jordan emerges from it, as the Rhone does from the Lake of Geneva, but quietly, and in a scene remote from human dwellings. Next day, the Royal party rode northwards along the smooth white beach, passing the mouth of the deep rocky glen of Beth-Arbel, called the "Valley of Doves," and the traces of an artificial platform, cut high up, on the cliff side, which perhaps mark the site of lofty Capernaum; while Bethsaida is, by an eager imagination, recognized upon the gentle hill, at the northern end of the lake, rising from the marshy plain, overgrown with thickets of oleander and one group of five palm-trees, through which the turbid Jordan, pouring down from Hermon and Lebanon, as the Upper Rhone descends from the mountains of the Valais, carries its brown waters to mix with the crystal waves of the deep inland sea. A broad green level, above the fancied site of Bethsaida, may have been "the much grass," on which the multitude of Christ's hearers sat, and were miraculously fed; still higher, there is a bare ridge, to which "desert place" He may afterwards have retired alone, overlooking the whole length of the lake, with the ship in which the disciples had embarked that evening still tossed about on the stormy water. Dr. Stanley's conjecture about this locality would seem, indeed, to involve a discrepancy between the narrative of St. Mark and that of St. John; since one of them states that they sailed towards Capernaum, and the other says that they went "to the other side unto Bethsaida," which does not agree with his supposition that the grassy platform just above Bethsaida was the place where the congregation had met together. "The disputed sites," however, "of the cities of Gennesareth must remain

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disputed;" it is only the great unchangeable natural features of the district that we can distinctly trace at this day. A correct map of the topography of Galilee would have been far more useful to the reader of Dr. Stanley's book than the woodcut in which he gives us Captain Mansell's rough-drawn plan of the famous cluster of cedars on Mount Lebanon, whose exact position is of no historical importance.

The royal yacht, on its homeward voyage, touched at the isle of Patmos, the abode of St. John in his exile; and Dr. Stanley of course visited the little Greek chapel, or hermitage, called the κατάπανσις, or "The Repose" (as *Le Reposoir* is the name not unfrequently given to such places in the Alps of Catholic Switzerland or Savoy), which stands half-way up the hill, between the port and the modern town of La Scala, commanding a view of the sea. This is declared by tradition to be the place at which, in a cave under the chapel, the vision of the Apocalypse was beheld. Dr. Stanley, however, remarking that, from the topmost peak in the island, the Apostle might have had an extensive prospect of several of the islands of the Archipelago, including Samos and Icaria, with a portion of the coast of Asia (distant, we believe, some forty miles), has conceived a strange theory to account for the imagery of the Book of Revelations, which he thinks to have been borrowed from various features of the scenery actually before John's eyes. The sea around him, the mountains and islands within sight, the sky, which now and then displayed great white clouds, or was darkened by tempests of thunder and hail, or cheered with a rainbow, did enter into the apostle's common experience at Patmos, as they were beheld by Homer some hundreds of years before; yet it seems rash to presume that these physical accidents of his position really served to illustrate a directly inspired communication of spiritual truths. Dr. Stanley goes so far as to remark that the contorted and sinuous figure of the craggy island which lay beneath John's feet (supposing him ever to have climbed to its highest summit), may well have suggested the monstrous form of the beast with many heads, the huge dragon rising out of the sea, in his sublime allegory of the future trials and triumphs of the Church. This is a grotesque fancy which we cannot approve.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.*

In this age of rapid writing, we seldom meet with a work which has been so deliberately planned and so carefully executed as the poem which Mr. Patmore now publishes for the first time in its complete form. Fourteen years have elapsed since it was commenced, and during that period he has steadily remained faithful to his original design. Such constancy richly deserves success, and successful his undertaking has proved. For his generous enthusiasm for what is good and true, his appreciation of the nobility of virtuous love, and his courage in maintaining a long struggle with what he considers a poetic heresy, have won him the affection of many, the respect of all. His opponents, no less than his admirers, admit the skill with which he has handled a difficult theme, and allow him full credit for the fruitful labour he has bestowed on the language and versification of his work. And as to the originality of his plan they are agreed; it is his choice of subject on which they are at variance. It is a subject, say some critics, which all preceding poets have left untouched, or dwelt upon but lightly, considering it as belonging to the domains of prose rather than of verse. And at least the second part of "The Angel in the House" must be essentially prosaic, they affirm, inasmuch as it is devoted to the innocent loves of married people. A guilty passion, they admit, is always romantic, and love before marriage is the recognized source of a lyric poet's inspiration, but the wedded life which is unrelieved by intrigue is too dull and commonplace, they say, to be immortalized in song. The poetry of love is sacrificed on the Hymeneal altar, and the words of the nuptial benediction break the spell of its ideal charm. For them

> "Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier
> Reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei,"

And they hold that Psyche is no longer interesting when Eros has become her lawful owner. Mr. Patmore has thought otherwise, deeming that true love must ever be worthy of the noblest poetry, and that it is only in wedded life that it reaches its fullest development and attains to its highest degree of refinement; and, therefore, that the poet who seeks to analyze its nature and describe its influence, should trace it throughout its career instead of deserting it at the end of the first period of its existence. We fully agree with him, and consider the charge brought against his choice of subject as captious and unfounded.

Mr. Patmore has long been prized by thoughtful readers. The circle of his admirers embraces many of those whose good opinion is a certificate of merit, and whose esteem is an enduring reward. But hitherto, it must be said, Mr. Patmore has never done justice to himself. The poem, which we now possess in its entirety, has been published by instalments, and its fragments, though admirable in themselves, yet seemed somewhat hard and bare when standing alone, wanting the grace and harmony which become fully recognizable only when we see them linked together.

The first two books of the "Angel in the House" are devoted to "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" of the hero. Their story is sufficiently simple, and no great exertion of the intellect is necessary for its comprehension. Through them the stream of true love runs smoothly, broken only by just sufficient ripple to render its surface a blaze of gold. Fortune has smiled on Felix Vaughan and bestowed on him the three blessings which the ancient Greeks chiefly desired of the gods—health, good looks, and independent means. Moreover he bids fair to become statesman and poet, and he has in addition the appreciation of beauty which accompanies artistic tastes, and the capacity of loving, with which only generous natures are endowed. He falls in love with Honoria, the daughter of his neighbour, Dean Churchill, and in the first part of the work we witness the effect which a noble desire has on an ardent and chivalrous mind. Very attractive is the description of the sweet English home in which Honoria lived:—

> "A tent pitch'd in a world not right
> It seem'd, whose inmates, every one,
> On tranquil faces bore the light
> Of duties beautifully done."

Very charming is the picture drawn of her, and most delicate is the rendering of the changing lights and shadows of his life, shifting according as she is near or distant. We may take as a specimen the description of his visit to the Cathedral Close during her absence:—

> "How tranquil and unsecular
> The precinct! once, through yonder gate,
> I saw her go, and knew from far
> Her noble form and gentle state;
> Her dress had brushed this wicket; here
> She turn'd her face, and laugh'd, with looks
> Like moonbeams on a wavering mere;
> This was her stall, these were her books;
> Here had she knelt. Here now I stay'd,
> While prayers were read: in grief's despite
> Felt grief assuaged; then homeward stray'd,
> Weary beforehand of the night.
> The blackbird, in the shadowy wood,
> Talk'd by himself, and eastward grew
> In heaven the symbol of my mood,
> Where one bright star engross'd the blue."

And how tender is the reserve, how deep is the subdued feeling of these lines:—

> "Twice rose, twice died my trembling word;
> The faint and frail cathedral chimes
> Spake time in music, and we heard
> The chafers rustling in the limes.
> Her dress, that touch'd me where I stood,
> The warmth of her confided arm,
> Her bosom's gentle neighbourhood,
> Her pleasure in her power to charm;
> Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
> The least seem'd most by blissful turn,
> Blissful but that it pleased too much,
> And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
> It was as if a harp with wires
> Was traversed by the breath I drew;
> And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,
> She, answering, own'd that she loved too."

At this point ends the first book. The prize has been sought and won; its effect on the winner has next to be described. The second book traces the influence of happy love on the mind between the periods of betrothal and marriage. The revulsion which takes place in a man's feelings when his queen abdicates in his favour, when his goddess steps down from her pedestal and looks up to him instead of deigning to regard him from above; the rush of love which then takes place to fill the space which reverence has left vacant; the sudden fears and groundless alarms which startle him at times from his dream of bliss; the strange uncertainty and the doubts as to the reality of passing events which beset the mind as the crisis of life draws near; the varied emotions with which the lover's heart is then thrilled, and the shifting fancies which dance before his eyes,—such are the subjects of this part of the song, and very admirably are they treated. There can be but few readers who are not competent from personal experience to test the truth of Mr. Patmore's descriptions, and the singular popularity which this portion of the work has obtained is the best possible proof of their fidelity. With the marriage, the book closes, and at the point where the author usually takes leave of his characters, commences the second and most important part of the poem.

As in "The Betrothal" and "The Espousals" we have watched love's sunny day from early morn to blissful eve, so in "Faithful for Ever" we see the reverse of the picture—the dreary night, lit at first by neither moon nor stars, which steeps in its cold shadow the life of one who has loved in vain. Frederick Graham is as passionately devoted to his cousin, Honoria Churchill, as is his successful rival, Felix Vaughan. But he keeps the secret from her; only his letters to his mother express his feelings. He divines the influence which Vaughan exercises over her, and goes away without daring to ask her to be his. For two years his duties as a sailor keep him from home, and on his return he hears of Honoria's marriage. Then comes the blank despair which blots out the sun from heaven, and even draws a veil between God and man, followed at first by the impulse to seek relief in lower pleasures, and then by the tranquil sorrow which strengthens even while it pains. He sees his lost love and him who has won her, and the effort to conquer himself and worthily to welcome them restores somewhat of

* The Angel in the House. By Coventry Patmore. Macmillan.

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his peace of mind. He is hopeless, but his sorrow is no longer a merely selfish indulgence. It is a sadness which enables him to sympathise with all who grieve, a suffering which purifies and exalts the soul. Six months pass away, and he takes the step to which so many men commit themselves who have given up the one great hope of their lives, and think that all else is of little consequence. He marries a woman whom he esteems and likes, although he can hardly be said to love her. He declares that he is contented and almost happy, and generally he is so, but sometimes, he says, when she is sitting beside him, there falls

> "Dejection, and a chilling shade.
> Remember'd pleasures, as they fade,
> Salute me, and, in fading, grow,
> Like footprints in the thawing snow.
> I feel oppress'd beyond my force
> With foolish envy and remorse.
> I love this woman, but I might
> Have loved some else with more delight;
> And strange it seems of God that he
> Should make a vain capacity."

Meanwhile his wife perceives that she does not hold the first place in his heart, but she strives hard with proud humility to render herself more worthy of him, and to make him as happy as she would be if she could but please him. She is of a commonplace nature, but Love works miracles with her, and some subtle sense within tells her how to make herself dear to her husband. Day by day her natural and acquired faults grow less perceptible, her mind expands, the generous impulses which a cold and rigorous training had numbed are quickened by the sunbeams of happiness, and after a while the woman whom Frederick had taken in despair proves herself worthy of his deliberate choice. The book ends with the seventh year of his married life. He has not yet fully recovered from his old love-fever, nor can he yet calmly witness the wedded bliss of the former mistress of his affections. But he has found a tranquil contentment in his own position, and wanders on through the world with his wife and children, fully acknowledging her worth, and wondering at times why he should still cling to the Past, when the Present bestows on him such precious gifts.

And now come "The Victories of Love." At the commencement of the book we find Frederick and his wife staying at the Vaughans' country-house. Four years more have passed away, and Time, the consoler, has played his appointed part. Frederick has not bated one jot of his admiration for Honoria, but he is able to be in her presence without experiencing any longer a pang of sorrow or remorse. He loves her, he confesses, no less than ever he did, but it is no longer with the feverish passion which once swept across his heart, but rather with the quiet joy which the presence of what is beautiful and noble inspires.

> "For, somehow, he whose daily life
> Adjusts itself to one true wife,
> Grows to a nuptial, near degree
> With all that's fair and womanly.
> Therefore, as more than friends, we met,
> Without constraint, without regret;
> The wedded yoke that each had donn'd,
> Seeming a sanction, not a bond."

He feels that his wife is to him a blessing beyond all that he could have hoped, though he says the lyric time of youth has passed away with him, and he does not possess the joys which once he might have had. Some unrecognized discontent still lurks in his mind, and his wife fears, at times, that he is more resigned than happy, but still she goes on quietly winning her way into his heart of hearts. At last she feels that Love has gained the final victory, but it is only when her earthly career is drawing to its close. Death marks her for his own, and she slowly fades away. Then, as the shadows of night blot out the garish light of day, and the heavenly brightness of her character shines with a clearer, steadier radiance, all other influences give way to hers in Frederick's heart. One night, she says, as she lay apparently locked in slumber, and he sat watching by her bed,

> "I heard, or dream'd I heard him pray:
> 'Oh, Father, take her not away!
> Let not life's dear assurance lapse
> Into death's agonized "Perhaps,"
> A hope without Thy sanction, where
> Less than assurance is despair!
> Give me some sign, if go she must,
> That death's not worse than dust to dust,
> Not heaven on whose oblivious shore,
> Joy I may have, but her no more!'"

Then her last doubts and fears vanish; she feels that his heart at length is hers, and hers alone. All troubles and sorrows flee away. In the presence of this great joy the sorrow of parting is silent, the misery of byegone years is forgotten. In the tenderest, the most touching language, she bids him farewell. It would be difficult to find in the poetry of any time or country as delicate and pathetic an expression of a true-hearted woman's noble affection. In it this poem reaches its climax, speaking in its most thrilling tones, and most clearly unveiling the meaning with which it is fraught throughout. The hope which remains for individual love in death is, from first to last, the burden of the song. In the earlier parts it speaks chiefly in simile and metaphor; as the story unfolds itself, the allusions to the future state and mutual recognition in it become more distinct; and, finally, we have the full assurance of love's immortality expressed in Frederick's letter to Honoria after his wife's death:—

> "All I am sure of heaven is this:
> Howe'er the mode, I shall not miss
> One true delight which I have known.
> Not on the changeful earth alone
> Shall loyalty remain unmoved
> Towards everything I ever loved.
> So Heaven's voice calls, like Rachel's voice
> To Jacob in the field, 'Rejoice!
> Serve on some seven more sordid years,
> Too short for weariness or tears;
> Serve on; then, oh, Beloved, well-tried,
> Take me for ever as thy Bride!'"

With this extract, we must take leave of Mr. Patmore's noble poem. We have not the space in which to quote the lines which describe the full perfection of the love of Felix and Honoria, of their happiness so complete that it leaves no bliss to be desired. In their case, we have watched the progress of the stream of true love, fretting at little obstacles, or singing as it goes between banks rich with fruits and flowers; becoming by degrees a wider and a deeper stream, and at length gliding tranquilly along, a gleaming river, enriching the land through which it flows, and assuming towards the end of its course somewhat of the majesty of that vast ocean into which it will be absorbed. We have seen, while watching the fortunes of Frederick Graham, how the day-star of true love can dispel the darkness of despair, and how the sweet influences of womanly affection can gradually loosen the bands which sorrow has drawn round a wounded heart; and we are shown that deep religious feeling is not only consistent with the existence of passionate love, but is even necessary for its fullest development, and an indispensable agent in its perfect continuance.

Before closing the book, let us draw the reader's attention to the miscellaneous poems which are comprised in the second volume. "Tamerton Church Tower" will be familiar to many, but the shorter pieces which follow it will be new to the majority even of Mr. Patmore's admirers. Those who remember their first appearance will be surprised and gratified to see the alterations which they have undergone. In their case, as in that of the "Angel in the House," the greatest pains have been taken to insure perfection, and no sacrifice has been thought too great which could possibly conduce to it.

GENEVA AND THE REFORMATION IN EUROPE.*

THE reputation which Dr. Merle D'Aubigné owes to the five volumes of his "History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century," will be fully maintained by this new work, its natural sequel and completion. We congratulate him, therefore, upon having lived to bring so near its close the noble task which he first proposed to himself nearly half a century ago. He tells us, in his preface, that it was in 1818 that Neander pressed him to undertake a History of the Reformation of Calvin, and that he then entertained the project of doing so, after he should have written the History of the Reformation of Luther. Two portly octavos of the Reformation of Calvin are now before us, and two more are to be published in the course of the year. Judging from the scale on which this first portion of the story is constructed—Calvin, whose "Times" are to be the subject of it, being a student at the University of Orleans at the opening of the second volume—we may look for several more instalments, equal in bulk to the one already issued.

Even if we were inclined to complain of the remote point in time at which the historian has seen fit to begin his narrative, or of the great space occupied by what is only preliminary to the main theme, we should be effectually silenced by the very good reasons which he gives for adopting this plan; and if these reasons failed, by the singular charm, the freshness, and fascination of the preliminary narrative itself. Nothing in human history stands isolated and alone. No life, no fact, but is what it is, by reason of other lives, and other facts, which have preceded it in time, and is only to be comprehended by means of an adequate acquaintance with them. The higher the significance of the life, and the larger and more complex the fact to be studied, the more important it becomes to look well before and after, if we hope to attain to anything like clear perception and real knowledge. We laugh heartily with Knickerbocker, who begins the "History of New York" at the creation of the world; but we have to acknowledge, notwithstanding, that pedigrees both of men and events do reach back at least as far as Adam and the garden of Eden. It is, then, for solid reasons that Dr. Merle D'Aubigné has introduced his "History of the Reformation in the Time of Calvin," by a sufficiently detailed sketch of the history of Geneva, the home of the Reformer and the seat of the theocracy which he established; and especially of the long exciting struggle through which the city heroically maintained, and at length permanently secured, its political independence.

The history of Geneva is, in great part, written from original documents and important manuscripts; the latter including the registers of the Council of Geneva, histories written by two of the Syndics, and many papers found in the archives of the city. It

* History of the Reformation in Europe, in the Time of Calvin. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D.D. Vols. I. and II. Longmans.

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will have the charm of novelty to most readers. Many characteristic passages of contemporary documents are reproduced with the happiest effect, frequently imparting such life and startling reality to the pictures of the past, as only the greatest masters, by their most cunning touches of imagination, know how to produce. Without assigning a place in the highest rank of such writers to the historian of the Reformation, we must commend the artistic performance of this work, in spite of his modest expression of regret for its shortcomings in this respect.

With all this, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné never allows his readers to forget that he is a theologian. We cannot help sometimes wishing that he did not feel it necessary to give us, in his valuable works of history, such frequent repetitions of those curious little theological sentences and pulpit axioms which stand at the beginning and end of so many chapters, besides appearing in many other places. Truths do not gain in force by being converted into truisms. The chant of a chorus accompanying the action of a play would not have been very impressive, if it had consisted of nothing more than the monotonous repetition of a few formal phrases. We are further somewhat amused by our author's fondness for *triads*. On page 2 of his first volume we read,—"Three great movements were carried out in this city during the first half of the sixteenth century. . . . . Berthelier, Farel, and Calvin are the three heroes of these three epics." At page 10, "Modern liberties proceed from three different sources, from the union of three characters, three laws, three conquests,—the Roman, the German, the Christian." At page 15, "Three powers in their turn threatened these liberties" of Geneva. A triad of Genevese patriots allied themselves with Switzerland in 1507; and in 1513 six more, a double triad, followed their example (pp. 49, 50). "Three acts" we are told (p. 428), "are necessary to unite man again with God." "The three great nations on earth" are spoken of at p. 538. And so forth. It might be a curious inquiry from what metaphysical speculations he may have derived this disposition to see and to group things by threes.

The relation of the Reformation to modern liberty, treated of in the first chapter of the history, is a subject of profound interest, and involves problems so vast and so complex that all but the very wisest heads may as well let it alone. Our author naturally leans towards that view which would attribute the largest beneficial influence to the Reformation, and we confess that our own sympathies lie that way. For this very reason it is the more needful to be on our guard against hasty conclusions in accordance with our wishes, and to insist on keeping in mind the principle of the Horatian "*Vixere fortes.*" Our author feels the difficulty, but does not see his way out of it. He speaks uncertainly; and after writing a passage which appears to make too large a claim on behalf of the Reformation, he writes another, which reduces that claim to a minimum, returning, however, to the former view immediately and frequently. We notice that he takes a very early opportunity of referring to the delicate subject of the relations of Calvin and Servetus (p. 7-8). Naturally anxious to prepossess his readers, if possible, in favour of the Genevese Reformer, or at least to abate to some extent what appear to himself to be "inveterate prejudices against him," the plea which he puts in is altogether insufficient, not only to set aside the verdict of the world, but even to modify it to any material extent.

Of all the "questions" which at present perplex the world, and await wise practical solution, the greatest and most difficult is perhaps that of the mutual relation of Church and State; and of all the forms in which it presents itself the most momentous is, probably, that of the temporal power of the Pope. These chapters of Genevese history, setting forth in the liveliest way the difficulties, discussions, and conflicts which arose in that city three centuries ago respecting a question essentially the same—namely, the authority of the Prince-Bishop, or Pope in little,—and the end of which was his fall, can hardly fail to be read with that thorough sympathy which is made possible only by similarity of experience.

We shall not attempt to give our readers an outline even of the story, which is crowded with incidents and surprises, with heroic deeds and endurance, and also with foul deeds and shames. For the narrowness of the field—a small city—the variety of characters presented may well astonish us. The dewdrop is big enough to hold an image of the heavens and earth; and a city, closely studied, mirrors an empire. We must select a passage or two by way of fortifying our opinion of the book, and of inducing our readers to lose no time in reading it for themselves.

The Dukes of Savoy were ambitious of becoming masters of Geneva, and had hope of success by the connivance of the Pope, who was asked to give the bishopric of Geneva to one of the princes of Savoy.

"A singular circumstance favoured this remarkable intrigue. Duke Amadeus VIII., who had been rejected by the citizens a few years before, succeeded in an unexpected manner. In 1434, having abdicated in favour of his eldest son, he assumed the hermit's frock at Ripaille, on the Lake of Geneva; and the Council of Basle having nominated him pope, he took the name of Felix V., and made use of his pontifical authority to create himself Bishop and Prince of Geneva. A pope making himself a bishop—strange thing indeed! Here is the key to the enigma: the Pope was a prince of Savoy; the see was the see of Geneva."

Subsequently, John, named the Bastard of Savoy, was appointed by the Pope bishop of Geneva, and he had sworn to give up the temporal authority in the city to the Duke, the Pope pledging himself to force the city to submit. One part of the diabolical policy of Savoy was to irritate the citizens by plundering and violence, and thus provoke a revolt which would be a pretext for the meditated conquest. In 1515, Claude Vandel, a distinguished lawyer, was arrested by stratagem and carried off to the bishop's prison. The city was agitated, and the council met. Philibert Berthelier was present, one of the noblest of the citizens, ever trusted and turned to in the hour of peril, a simple, calm, heroic man, whom the bastard foolishly fancied he had bought by giving him a governorship of a castle.

The arrest was described, and Berthelier exclaimed,—

"'To maintain the liberties of the city, we must act without fear; let us rescue the citizen whom traitors have seized.' John Taccon, captain-general, and at the same time a pensioner of the bishop's, stopped him: 'Gently,' said he, 'if we do as you advise, certain inconveniences may follow.' Berthelier in great excitement exclaimed: 'Now the pensioners are showing themselves!' At these words Taccon could not contain himself: 'It was you,' he said, 'yes, you, who showed me the way to take a pension.' On hearing this reproach, Berthelier pulled out the bishop's letters appointing him governor of Peney, and which he had brought with him to the council, and tore them in pieces before the meeting, saying: 'Since I showed you the way to take them, look, I now show you the way to resign them.'"

The excitement and determination of the citizens alarmed the bishop or his council, and Vandel was set at liberty.

A practical joke of Berthelier on the death of a mule belonging to Claude Grossi, an unpopular magistrate, rose to grave importance as one of the steps towards the overthrow of tyranny. There was an evening gathering of the young patriots the day the mule died, and Berthelier was with them.

"'Gentlemen,' said Berthelier, after supper, 'it is a long time since this merry company has had any fun.' They were all agreed. Berthelier delighted in setting his enemies at defiance without any regard for the consequences. 'The mule of the respectable Claude Grossi is dead,' he continued; 'that judge is a wretch continually beating after us and our friends. Let us play him a trick; let us sell his mule's skin by auction to the highest bidder.' The proposal was adopted by acclamation."

One Littlejohn, a jester, was sent for:—

"'Here,' said Berthelier, 'here's a proclamation for you to cry through the streets. Forward!' All marched out with drawn swords, and, with the drummer at their head, began to traverse the streets, stopping at every place where the ordinary publications were made. After a roll of the drum, Master Littlejohn blew a horn and cried with his squeaking voice: 'O yes, this is to give notice that whoever wishes to buy the skin of a beast, of the *grossest* ass in Geneva, and will call at the house situate between the keeper's and the Hôtel de Ville, it will be sold to the highest bidder.'"

Immediately follows the strange pathetic story of the arrest, torture, and most singular deliverance of Pécolat. Another crime of the bishop, which was also one more step towards his fall, was the arrest and execution of the two patriots, Blanchet and Navis. They were beheaded and quartered at Turin; but the brutal tyrant was not yet satisfied. He had the flesh pickled, and the heads and limbs packed in barrels, to send to Geneva:—

"The bearers of these two pickle-tubs started from Turin, crossed Mont Cenis, arrived in the basin of the Leman on Saturday, October 2, 1518, and lodged on 'the other side of the Arve.' On the bank of this river, which then separated the ducal states from those of Geneva, at the foot of the bridge on the Savoy side, stood a fine walnut-tree, whose leafy branches spread opposite the church of Our Lady of Grace on the Genevan side. The bishop's agents, who had received orders to make an exhibition of the mutilated limbs for the benefit of the Genevans, proceeded to the bridge on Saturday night in order to discharge their disgraceful commission under cover of the darkness. They carried with them, in addition to their casks filled with flesh, brine, and blood, a ladder, a hammer, some nails and cord. On reaching the tree they opened the barrels and found the features well preserved and easily recognisable. The bastard's agents climbed the tree, and nailed the heads and arms to the branches in such a manner as to be seen by all the passers by. They fixed a placard underneath, bearing these words: 'These are the traitors of Geneva;' and the white cross of Savoy above."

The passion for independence was infinitely intensified.

We wish we had space to quote the account of the arrest of Berthelier. He lost his head for liberty, as he had said he must. But he faced death serenely, believing "there could be no evil in life to him who has learned that the privation of life is not an evil." In a lovely spot on the bank of the Rhone, at early morning, he was arrested and carried off, caressing his pet weasel as he walked. It accompanied him into the prison. Strangely pathetic this human sympathy with animal life may at times become! Philibert Berthelier was a man of the noblest character, one of the "selectest spirits" of the world, and far above the comprehension of all mere partisans. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné is evidently impressed by the moral grandeur of this man, of whom he gives us a bold and vivid portraiture, although the admiration which he cannot help feeling for Berthelier is chilled and checked by some doubts about his quality as a theologian.

We have not attempted in this notice to enter upon the wider field opened in the second volume of the history, to which we may return upon a future occasion.

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VERNER'S PRIDE.*

It is possible that people will soon get tired of the sensation novel, and young ladies will cease to thrill over bigamy and murder, which fill our fashionable novels as in the days of the Minerva Press. Perhaps, then it will be found that the ladies who write our novels and the gentlemen who compile our dramas are driven to the present fashion by the same cause, extreme weakness of conception. One of Mr. Thackeray's kitchenmaids is laughed at in his Miscellanies for recommending a novel to the heroine as "the gashliest she ever read;" it seems now as if that kitchenmaid had been gifted with prophetic forethought; she was a woman before her age, and, therefore, unappreciated; but she might now be of great use to publishers in guiding the public to books of sufficient "gashliness."

The Newgate style was introduced by Bulwer Lytton, and many people were delighted with Dick Turpin and his friends, who, if they were rascals, were at least genuine characters. Their crimes were fully described, and sometimes applauded; but they stood out in bold relief, with all their repulsive language of habits, and were very likely useful as a study of human nature. But the Simple Newgate has unhappily produced other styles worse than itself. There is the muscular heathen, or Guy Livingstone style: in this the hero is generally a brute, rendered romantic by immense strength and knowledge of Greek, combined with a certain music in the writing and art in the plot. But there is also that style which is just now so fashionable, and which we may call the Renaissance Newgate, a puny imitation of the classical model. This has produced many novels lately, which are much bought and talked about, and which are all full of namby-pamby sentiment and stupid crimes. People feared a year or two ago that ladies would be compelled to substitute the Pastorals of Georges Sand's later style for the Mayfair moralities, but now it is much worse; a lady will soon be thought "a little odd" or "a little fast," who does not confine herself wholly to French novels. The new school combines the viciousness of Dick Turpin with the sham sentiment of Guy Livingstone, without the truth of the first or the art of the second. As women are the chief consumers and producers of novels, and as what they ought to want is "a smooth tale generally of love," to amuse and somewhat instruct them, it does seem very odd that there should be such a run on crime. There is always enough in the *Times*, with the advantage of not being nonsensical as well as shocking. But if the interest felt in these vulgar Lady A.'s and Lady I.'s is merely bred by a literary toadyism, then the case is still more hopeless. We must, however, give up the problem of why these books are read, though we can, perhaps, account for their being written.

A novel written hurriedly to order for a weekly periodical is expected to have a fixed amount of "sensation" in each number, while it would be unreasonable to expect much artistic handling of the plot or delicate finish of detail, such as made "Adam Bede" almost a perfect novel. Just as the readers of the *London Journal* or *Family Herald* are weekly gratified by reading how the Lady Gwendolen shot two ruffians, or the old marquis was smitten by Heaven for his crimes, so the more refined subscribers to the popular magazines expect at least a fresh murder or bigamy started in each number. It is like reading a succession of slovenly reports of a series of Road murders. Some writers take special lines: for instance, a very celebrated authoress has almost monopolized the bigamy department; but the writer of "Verner's Pride" has boldly attempted success in all sorts of crime at once. The extraordinary success of "East Lynne," which appeared in a religious weekly paper, led to a large sale of "The Channings" and "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," which are a mixture of diluted "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and reports on petty larceny. "Verner's Pride" is a still more ambitious attempt in the numbers of *Once a Week:* it abandons the evangelical teaching of its predecessors, and is confined to crime. The plot is not over simple, and yet is hardly worthy of being called a plot at all. It has as much complicated action as would fill a story like the "Woman in White" or "No Name;" but the improbability is not redeemed by skilful use of the theatrical apparatus of fiction, which makes those novels amusing for a time.. The owner of the estate of "Verner's Pride" conceives that he is bound to restore it at his death to the son of his elder brother rather than to leave it to his own stepsons. On account, however, of suspecting his nephew to be the hero of a very brutal seduction and murder, he alters his will. The actual murderer might easily have been found by the police, as one of the three young gentlemen was seen with the girl when she was drowned; no one could say which of the three it was, and the matter is allowed to rest. In fact, had the police come on the scene the book could not have gone on, for the uncertainty allows each of the three in turn to be considered the murderer, and in turn to tantalize a melodramatic brother who goes round the pond publicly and continually with a gun, and only wants to shoot the right man in the right place.

Shortly before the old man's death he alters his will again, and gives back the estate to Lionel by a codicil, which is witnessed by an old friend and a doctor, whose daughter has just married the reputed heir for his expectations. Of course, as the doctor was by no means an interested witness, it is strange that he should steal the codicil, and thereby make his daughter the wife of the heir; it is far stranger that no one suspects him, though there was no one else to do it; stranger still that the ousted owner only mutters something about police, but never sends for them; and, perhaps, strangest of all, that the wicked doctor never destroys the codicil, but persists in leaving it about, so as always to be on the verge of discovery. When at last an explosion of chemicals throws it before the right man, the doctor is mildly treated even then. Jan Verner, a comic character, brings the news to the then owner of the land:—

"'That codicil has come to light.'

"John puffed on vigorously, staring at Jan, but never speaking.

"'The thief must have been old West. Only think! it has been hidden all this while (some years) in that bureau of his in my bedroom.

"'What has unhidden it?' demanded Mr. Massingbird in a half-satirical tone, as if he doubted the truth of the information.

"'An explosion did that. To talk of it sounds like an *old stage* trick.'

"'Where's the codicil?' inquired Mr. Massingbird, smoking away.

"'In Matir's charge. You'd like to be present, I suppose, at the time of it's being opened?'

"'I can take your word. This does not surprise me. I have always had an impression that the codicil would turn up.

"'It is more than I have had,' dissented Jan."

All this is rather unnatural, but not so violent as some other transmutations of possession in this book. The reader may say with a certain Sir Henry, who appears at the end with untold gold, "What a very extraordinary course of events seems to have taken place with regard to Verner's Pride! Now your brother's; now not his; then his again, then not his; I cannot make it out."

But we must mention some of the chief characters as well as the plot. The hero, Lionel, is rather like Mr. Carlyle in "East Lynne." He is meant to be perfect, and is only dull; he marries a widow, Sibylla, but is all along making love to and kissing the other perfect character, Lucy. At one time he is certain that his wife's first husband is alive; he thinks it would be unfair to leave her against her will. She, however, remains under a protest that she intends to keep to the real owner of "Verner's Pride," whoever he may be. This brings us to the character of Sibylla. We do not ever remember to have read of a more repulsively vulgar and bad character. She is, however, only meant to be silly and a little unprincipled, though very charming. We should not so much mind her robbing her husband, or even twitting him continually with "her first," but when it comes to her chuckling at him and "chaffing" him for the above-mentioned seduction and murder, which she looks on as a venial peccadillo, it is a little too bad. The real culprit turns out to be her first husband. But it would be impossible to show fully the deep vulgarity of this character without going right through the book, which we have done, but could not conscientiously recommend to any one else. It is not only vulgarity of language and bad English, to which we object, but it is to the whole character, and the evident feeling of the writer, that she has only drawn a frivolous little lady.

The other women in the book are not so objectionable; there is a cold and haughty Lady Verner, a good Lady Mary who makes love to the second hero, a surgeon; also Lucy before-mentioned, who is drawn as the perfection of female character, and who makes rather broader love to the first hero. Then we have a certain Mrs. Peckaby (comic), who wants to be a Mormon, and certain mysteriously bad characters, who are kept in the background throughout the book. We are only told that they *are* bad characters.

The comic characters are better than the serious, because the vulgarity is not quite so apparent here. The second hero is meant to be very comic. Jan is a surgeon, brother to Lionel Verner, who is always very blunt and simple (sometimes to the verge of idiocy), and who always dangles his legs. There is a blacksmith, Peckaby, who laughs at his wife for expecting a white donkey to take her to the New Jerusalem, and a Master Cheese who eats enormously. Each of these characters have their special point of comedy, and they are not in one single instance alluded to without making that point.

It will be seen that the jokes must be very good not to be spoilt by all this repetition.

The Estate of Verner's Pride, after fluctuating between Lionel and his step-cousins, John and Frederick, who are all in turn the owners, finally comes to Lionel. The rough gold-digger, John Massingbird, who was dead for the first volume and a half, finally retires, and does not continue his practice of impersonating his dead brother Frederick, as a ghost running round the pond where the poor girl died. That refined joke produces a good deal of complication in the second volume, and threatens at one time to make out Lionel a bigamist; that is happily prevented by honest Jan garotting the ghost. Then Sibylla is removed, by making her dance to death at a ball, so that nothing remains but the happy marriage of the hero and heroine. This is delayed for a little time by the fact that Lionel is in debt; and there is one pathetic scene where he tells Lucy of it.

"'I am a poor man now, Lucy; worse than without prospects, if you knew all. And I do not know why you should not know all,' he added, after a pause; 'I am in debt. Such a man cannot marry' (!). The words were spoken quietly, temperately; their tone proving how hopeless could be any appeal against them, whether from him, from her, or from without. It was perfectly true; Lionel Verner's position placed him *beyond the reach of social ties.*"

This passage may be taken as a fair sample of the sentimental parts of "Verner's Pride." As we said before, the broadly comic

* Verner's Pride. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Authoress of "East Lynne." London: Bradbury & Evans.

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parts are better in style, but monotonous; and we must say that the characters, for the most part, are either insipid, unpleasant, or vulgar. We cannot, therefore, speak in very high terms of this last specimen of the Sensational or Renaissance Newgate School, either as to its plot, its sentiments, or its English.

LIFE IN NORMANDY.*

This is one of those books to which the art-criticism of young Primrose forcibly applies; there can be no doubt that it would have been much better had the author taken more pains. It is sketchy, disorderly, and, above all, too long. These blemishes might, perhaps, have been avoided had the author himself superintended the publication. We gather from the preface that such has not been the case, that the manuscript was "written for pastime in 1848 by a Highland gentleman resident in Normandy, at the suggestion of an honoured friend," and that both the author and his friend have "passed away." Undoubtedly, the task of compression became on this account more difficult, yet it would have been well had it been attempted. The book is a perfect example of the truth of the proverb that a half is often better than a whole. These two volumes would have boiled down into an admirable single volume. As it is, the sweetness is really too much drawn out. Passages of interest are few and far between, and the reader is, on the whole, rather bored. The "honoured friend," we are told, suggested as fitting topics, French cookery, fishing, natural history, farming, gardening, and politics. Cookery appears to have been a leading idea in the mind of the said friend. This work was to accomplish the lofty ambition in which Alexis Soyer failed—was to reform the household pot of the unscientific and wasteful Saxon. In other words, it was to convince the British housewife of the excellence and nutritious qualities of cuttle-fish and limpets. But the bow of Apollo cannot be always bent. A mission so exalted cannot be laboured in without ceasing. Accordingly, amusing sketches of French manners and customs are to relieve such severe instruction, having the same relation to it, to adopt the elegant illustration of the preface, as well cooked "frogs, snails, and maggots" bear to raw salmon. We cannot think that this idea is carried out. The criticism of a plain eater on his pudding recurs to us—"too many plums and too little suet." There is here exceedingly little of the proposed suet, that is, of practical instruction in cookery. On so great a subject an author has most truly the world all before him what to choose, but the author of "Life in Normandy" has chosen precisely that which is worthless. It was open to him to have soared into the highest spheres of the culinary art with the brilliant author of the "Physiologie du Goût," to have reformed the dinners of the middle classes after the fashion of the "Original," or to have instructed the poor by teaching the excellences of the water in which meat is boiled, and the wonderfully good dishes into which a little skill can convert the commonest vegetables. He has done none of these things, and he has conspicuously neglected the last of them. We have a few hints on the higher philosophy of eating not undeserving of respect, but no earnest inquirer of the poorer classes will derive any "instruction" from these pages. They do, indeed, insist on the high argument that slugs and limpets are good to eat, but that is all. The supposed inquirer has, we think, some right to complain of this. It is most true that French cookery might teach many valuable lessons, but these lessons are untaught in this lengthened and useless sermon on the virtues of snails and shell-fish. The ignorant Saxon, his hopes excited by the Preface, seeks for some cheap and nourishing edible, and is proffered a maggot. In plain English the design of the "honoured friend," so far as "benefiting the poor at home" is concerned, has proved an entire failure. The only novel and important culinary lesson we have met with in the book, is the following method of rendering guillemots or sea-crows not merely eatable but even excellent:—

"Take away the whole back, cut up the remainder of your bird, place it in a casserole, and give it five minutes of the fire; empty your casserole into a pan of boiling water, in which you must allow your viand to remain for a single minute, then remove it, replace it in a fresh casserole, and proceed as you would with a salmi of woodcock."

It would hardly convey any very clear idea to the mind of a fisherman's wife to tell her to place a bird in a casserole, and dress it as she would a salmi of woodcock; but the French marquis who gives this recipe adds to it the really valuable information that almost all aquatic birds may be made eatable by cutting away the back the moment they are caught. In the back, it appears, is contained the oil which gives to the bird that rancid taste commonly supposed to be an essential characteristic, but which in reality is only an accident to be avoided by the simple means above mentioned. The following defence of the continental order of a dinner, though certainly in no way instructive, is ingenious and amusing.

"You make a great mistake," says an enthusiastic French marquis, addressing an ignorant Englishman, "by your arrangement; you reserve your palate for the strong food to the last, eating your choicest *plâts* when the stomach is voracious, and you swallow the best exertions of your cook so quickly, that you neither do justice to him nor to yourself. Now, by beginning with a small bit of roast, you imbibe the solid nutriment at a moment when you can best bear this coarser viand; your fish follows, to fire the palate with its mild and delicate juices, and prepare you fully to feel and appreciate the exertions and talents of your cook."

Equally characteristic, and equally calculated to edify "the poor Scotchman's wife," whose culinary education, according to the preface, was the object of the book, is the following description of a French breakfast:—

"Half a dozen (oysters) were offered to each person, and Hope bolted his nearly as fast as the Marquis. He had determined to follow the lead of so able a guide, at least so far as he was able. A plateful of eggs followed the oysters. The Marquis took two; Hope contented himself with one. This was washed down with a little claret, largely diluted with water, and then a dish of côtelettes was handed round. The same proportions were continued by the two Englishmen; that is to say, they helped themselves to one côtelette, the Frenchman to two. In the next dish were the two sand-eels, fried according to the rules so clearly laid down by the Marquis, and of these Hope ate quite as many as his leader; indeed, so amply, that when two roast chickens were put on the table, he could only venture on a very moderate portion, as he kept a small corner of his appetite for the crabs and prawns. These followed the chickens; then came a dish of fried potatoes, and after them two pots of preserves. Of all these the Marquis ate, helping himself to several spoonsful of the preserve, which he swallowed without bread. Some excellent bottled cider was produced and drunk after the sweets; then the fruit and white wine, a sort of vin de Grave; and the breakfast at last concluded with coffee and the usual glass of brandy."

What a meal! and yet the description is not exaggerated, as any one can testify who has ever breakfasted, or rather who has ever observed the natives breakfasting in a French café. Our refined neighbours are fond of sneering at the heavy feeding of the Anglo-Saxon, but the fact is that at dinner they are a fair match for us, while at breakfast no class of society on this side of the Channel can approach them, unless it be Oxford undergraduates just out of training.

Now this sort of thing is well enough in its way; but we must ask, in great wonderment, how it is calculated to improve the scanty dinners of the "poor Scotchman." And, as we said before, there is nothing more practical than such sketches until we get to slugs. Our opinion is that Englishmen, however poor, are just as likely to be induced by this publication to relish maggot soup as they are likely to be made able to eat breakfasts, such as that of the Marquis and his two English friends. To go through the *farrago libelli* given in the preface, "fishing," as here described, does not occur to the English reader as a pursuit partaking in the remotest degree of the nature of sport, and, therefore, he will hardly care for it. "Natural history, farming, and gardening," are not treated of at all; and we have nothing more intimately connected with "politics" than a young reprobate's account of his fighting at the barricades, and of his wanderings over the country afterwards. The best part of the book consists in the reminiscences of the Highlands; and of these the most striking is the description of a great storm in the north, and of the wreck of hundreds of boats away at the herring-fishery. And, *àpropos* of this, we have at last a practical suggestion, and one of great value. The sea that breaks on the coast of Normandy is as wild as the seas of the North. Harbours are there even scarcer than with us, for "they are all half-tide harbours, and the boats are sometimes obliged to stand off and on for hours before they dare run in." And yet we are informed that the French fishing-boats are very seldom lost,—the reason of which would appear to be "that all are decked, the smallest as well as the largest, and it is wonderful how very few lives are lost on this coast. We never hear in this country, as with us at home, of a whole fleet of boats being caught in a gale and the half of them foundering in a heavy sea, and this I attribute to the boats being all decked." In confirmation of this remark, the author assures us that in the Northern storm which he witnessed "all the loss of life and property arose from the boats being open; for every boat that was lost either foundered at the nets or was swamped in the sea." And as a contrast to this, the boats come into the Norman harbour "taking in the green seas clean over all; but then they were up again like a bung. In the nasty cross sea that was then running no boat could keep dry, and an open boat would have filled and gone down in five minutes; whereas these fellows got their feet wet, and had to hold on now and then, and there was the worst of it." We are not sufficiently versed in nautical affairs to express a confident opinion on such matters. But there does appear to be much force in the views here urged; and they are well worthy the attention of those who so lately have been engaged in relieving the misery which one of these fearful storms has brought on the Western Highlands.

"Life in Normandy" is hardly susceptible, from its nature, of any proper criticism, but the above remarks will have sufficiently indicated our opinion of its merits. Considered with regard to the special object suggested by the "honoured friend," and set forth in the foolish preface, it is of course an entire failure. Looked at more generally it is an attempt in a very difficult style of literature—a style in which perfect success has perhaps been only achieved by White's "Natural History of Selbourne." And we pay it a high compliment when we say that it has failed in this attempt mainly from its diffuseness. Better arranged and half as long, it would have been—not indeed a work of genius like the "History of Selbourne,"—but certainly an agreeable and not an uninstructive publication.

* Life in Normandy. In two vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1863.

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THE STUDENT'S GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.*

We do not quite know what to make of this little book. From the names of many of the contributors and the titles of their papers, we were at first inclined to anticipate a series of philosophical discourses upon the studies of Cambridge; but the contributors themselves take care to warn us against any such expectation. They tell us that they merely give information as to the actual state of things at the University, without expressing any opinion as to whether that state is good or bad. This leaves the book not without a certain delicate flavour of advertisement. It rather unpleasantly reminds us of those prospectuses of schools which occasionally appear in the columns of newspapers, but which we had certainly thought were quite below the dignity of the University. Perhaps, indeed, the University is seriously going to copy the example of the reverend gentlemen who request their young friends to bring up a set of linen and a silver spoon and fork. It has for some time been customary to publish elaborate notices of the attractions offered to freshmen in the way of exhibitions, and it may be as well to afford information of the cheap terms on which the young gentlemen will be provided for when they come up. From this point of view, we are not surprised to find in one of the papers careful directions to freshmen to bring with them pillow-cases, towels, and breakfast cloths; they are told what they ought to pay for cap and gown and surplice; they are presented with three different estimates of the amount to be spent in crockery, and receive a judicious warning to pay for these articles "in *cash*, as discount is then got, and open running accounts with tradesmen are avoided;" and another warning, equally judicious, if rather obvious, not to buy or sell horses. In one article by the editor, Mr. Seeley, the aspiring student receives careful advice as to the choice of a college, and in another he will find a full list of the various torments that beset his path in every harrowing form of examination from his matriculation to his degree. All this is perfectly unobjectionable, and as far as we can see, the facts are accurately and carefully given. The only question we would raise is whether it can be worth while to write it all down and print and publish it. If there is really any advertising animus, it is a singularly ineffective form of advertisement; whilst, if it is meant *bonâ fide* as a work likely to be useful to a freshman, he can get all the information much more easily, quickly, and appropriately by applying to his tutor or any man of ordinary experience at the University. In fact, after long meditation, we have only found one class of society likely to profit by this part of the work; a country schoolmaster, who wishes to impress parents with his familiarity with the University, may certainly gain from it a morbid familiarity with some of the small details of university life and a few well-expressed commonplaces about education and the choice of a college.

The greater part of the book, however, is taken up with careful accounts of the different courses of study encouraged at the University. This is, perhaps, liable to the same objection of being rather needless; it is either too much or too little; the facts accompanied by an intelligent criticism from such good judges as the authors of some of these papers would be of great interest; the bare facts are nearly as dry reading as that lively work, the "Cambridge Calendar," and not more instructive. Moreover, if any student wants to find them out, he can generally get them much better from living authority. Notwithstanding this, there is certainly food for reflection in them. The contrast between those studies which have thoroughly taken root and become an essential part of the Cambridge system, with those newer studies which drag out an artificial and stunted life, is one of the most striking facts in the volume. Mr. Campion and Mr. Burn describe the usual course of study for the mathematical and classical triposes. Mr. Burn's paper on the classical tripos is most carefully worked out; it gives a great mass of information as to books to be used, and is, on the whole, in our opinion, the best paper in the book. There is, in fact, only one objection to it. It reminds us of an old and true Cambridge story of an unfortunate youth who came up to be admitted as an undergraduate. The College register notes the fact with the melancholy and significant addition, "*sed, Euclide viso, cohorruit et evasit.*" We do not feel quite certain that a glance at Mr. Burn's formidable list of authorities to be consulted and work to be done may not produce a shudder and a bolt in some rash aspirant to classical honours. Both this paper and Mr. Campion's, however, produce one consolatory effect. They have the thoroughly business-like and confident tone of guides who know the ground. There is a good straightforward path marked out for the student, from which he has no business and will have no temptation to stray. The feet of more than one generation have worn the track, and there can never be a question whether he is advancing towards the mark or away from it. Above all things, it is quite clear that he must restrain any tendency to wander at pleasure over the boundless fields of human knowledge. This is by no means the case for the wretch who, despising the ancient ways, plunges into the wilds of moral or natural sciences. The definite prospect which the mathematician or classical scholar has before him, in which each year and each term is marked with an appropriate study, and each study is confined within strict and narrow limits, vanishes hopelessly. He looks over a confused and hazy panorama, where it is very difficult to say what possible provinces of study may not turn out to be useful. It seems as if Cambridge had suddenly been startled out of all propriety at her own narrowness, and had set up these two new triposes as a kind of receptacle for every unaccommodated branch of human knowledge. Whatever can call itself a science, may here find a place of honour for its votaries. Thus the unfortunate wretch who seeks for distinction in the natural sciences has the pleasant prospect of acquiring a knowledge of chemistry (including the laws of heat and electricity), of mineralogy, of geology (including palæontology), of botany, and of zoology (including comparative anatomy and animal physiology). As Professor Liveing justly says, "This is an enormous range, and, without some limitation, quite beyond the powers of any student. Any one of the subjects might be the study of a life." The same, he adds, might be said of astronomy or philology. But this by no means answers the objection to the examination as it now stands. In the mathematical tripos the course is strictly marked out. The candidates have a perfectly definite and intelligible course before them; moreover, it is a course not beyond the powers of the first men thoroughly to explore. The senior wrangler will not have a single question asked him which, if taken by itself, he would be unable to answer. But this is far from being the case with such an examination as we have now described. The limits are so vaguely and uncertainly defined that no man can be expected to be ready at every point where the examiner may attack him. If he has devoted himself, for example, to chemistry, he will have quite enough to occupy his whole time and energies without attending to comparative anatomy. But this at once introduces an element of uncertainty which goes far to make the examination useless as a comparative test of merit. It is clearly impossible to say, if A gets 100 marks for physiology, and B 150 for botany, whether A or B is the best man. It is as if, instead of the ordinary University boat-race, Oxford rowed in a man-of-war's gig on the ocean and Cambridge in an outrigger on the Cam. There is no common measure to be obtained. It is true that, by a kind of rule of thumb, this may be partially corrected. A rough system of justice may be carried out by distributing marks in certain arbitrary proportions to the different subjects. The papers set may practically confine the portions of the various studies in which knowledge is to be tested. But if the practical difficulty is more or less evaded by this means, another objection remains which goes more to the very principle of the examination. An examination such as we have described must, to a very great extent, be one of cram. Cram may be shortly defined as the disease engendered by an examination which merely tests knowledge of facts instead of skill in applying principles. In mathematics, which is better adapted than any other study for a fair examination, it is easy to secure a due proportion of questions which merely test the memory and of those which test the power of working out new problems. But it is hard to see how this can be done effectually in such a science as botany or geology. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to invent any questions in those sciences which shall try men's power of original investigation as distinguished from their mere knowledge of the facts. And we think it will be seen by any one who takes the trouble to look at such papers as have been set in the natural science tripos and elsewhere, that they are, as a rule, capable of being answered by any one who could acquire a certain number of technical names and rules by memory; and therefore incapable of being applied as a sensitive test to discover men of real ability. It is perhaps possible to remove these defects. Time and experience may show that a good examination in natural sciences is not an imaginary desideratum. At any rate, there can be no doubt of the advantage of encouraging such sciences in the Universities. If we turn to the moral sciences, as they are called, we find it hard to speak so hopefully. They are liable to the objections we have made to the natural sciences, and they have special faults of their own. We do not dispute, indeed, the advantage of such studies as Political Economy or Jurisprudence. Neither do we dispute the advantage of studying the Philosophy of History (including, as an aside, a knowledge of the facts of history as referred to in a long list of speculative works), although we would rather ask the questions than have to answer them. But we confess to grave doubts whether the study of Formal Logic, of Moral Philosophy, and above all of Mental Philosophy, is not time thrown away. We are aware that this sounds heretical, that Sir W. Hamilton would have considered us as grovelling spirits, and that lads at Edinburgh and Glasgow are taught to learn the jargon of "Contradictory Inconceivables" and of "Objective-objective theories of Perception," as if it all really meant something. We admit that if a grown-up man likes to study the history of German Metaphysics, a paternal government has no right to interfere, and he may even be doing well in studying a curious part of the history of human thought, or rather of the confusion of all human thought. But we have a distinct objection to encourage young men to get up Kant's "Kritik der Reinen Vernunft," under the delusion that their wisest course will not be to clear their minds of it afterwards as soon as may be. When there is such a thing as Metaphysical Science, it will be time enough to teach it. When any rules are discovered in it, or any definite results are arrived at, no doubt the University ought to disseminate the knowledge of them. Meanwhile we conceive that it is sheer waste of precious time to induce young men to wander over the wearisome wilds of Aristotle, Descartes, Locke, Kant, Sir W. Hamilton, and the other authors recommended. If a clever lad likes to sharpen his mind by polishing it against this very hard material, by all means let him, but don't profess to teach it as a moral "science."

* The Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge. Deighton, Bell, & Co. Cambridge. 1862.

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Besides the papers we have mentioned there is a very able paper, by Professor Abdy, on the Law Degree, which merits more notice than we have space to give it; others on medical studies and the theological examinations, and some useful information as to examinations for the Indian Civil Service, by Mr. Latham, of Trinity Hall, and on the local (or "non-gremial") examinations, by Mr. Roby, of St. John's. In many respects they confirm what we have already said. The art of examination has been carried to very high perfection at Cambridge. But it has chiefly been applied to the old University studies, classics and mathematics; it will take the labour of many acute minds for many years before it will be equally applicable to other sciences, if indeed that result is ever obtained. It would be easy to point out many failings (Mr. Latham has noticed some) in the Indian Civil Service examinations and others, owing to this cause. As, however, it is clearly of vital importance to the University that more attention should be paid to the newer studies than has hitherto been done, we fully expect that the same ingenuity which has constructed such delicate scales for weighing classical and mathematical attainments will in time succeed in inventing similar machinery for other purposes.

A SECRET MISSION IN 1808.

THE escape of the Marquis Romana, with the Spanish army under his command, from the Danish Island of Fünen, where they were practically prisoners of Bonaparte, was an object of primary importance to Sir Arthur Wellesley before undertaking the Peninsular campaign. But four agents who had been employed by the British Government to communicate with the marquis had been discovered upon their landing on the Continent and shot. It was necessary to provide a new volunteer, and one was found in the Rev. Mr. Robertson, who for some years had been a member of a Benedictine monastery established at Ratisbon for the education of Scottish youth. This book * contains the narrative of his mission; and as well from the danger of the undertaking, as the earnestness with which it is narrated, the volume is well worthy of perusal. Mr. Robertson had returned to his native country, and was resident in Ireland in 1807, at which time the Duke of Richmond was Lord-Lieutenant. The Duke had visited the Benedictine house at Ratisbon, and Mr. Robertson waited upon him to express his desire of being employed in the public service, in any way, consistent with his profession, that might conduce to the general good. Subsequently he renewed his offer to Sir Arthur Wellesley, then Irish secretary, who, shortly after his return to England, communicated with Mr. Robertson, requesting his attendance in London. After a delay of some weeks, a letter was put into his hands desiring his attendance at the house of Sir Arthur, in Harley-street. "Sir Arthur," he says, "broached the business with his usual affability, which immediately sets at ease those who have the honour of treating with him. 'You tell me, Mr. Robertson,' said he, 'that you are a man of courage.' 'Try me, Sir Arthur,' I replied. 'Well, that is what we mean to do. Will you assist in rescuing the Spanish army, now detained by Bonaparte in the north of Germany? Will you carry proposals from the British Government to the Marquis de la Romana, the commander of that army?'" Mr. Robertson expressed his willingness to do so with the utmost alacrity, and an appointment was made to meet Mr. Canning at the Foreign Office. His embarrassment in the presence of the Minister made Mr. Canning doubt that he was fitted for the mission; but he pressed the grounds of his hope so strongly, and manifested so eager a desire to undertake the task, that it was finally confided to him.

We cannot follow Mr. Robertson through the perils of his journey. His first difficulty was to discover where Romana was, and his next to get to him. At length he discovered that he was on the island of Fünen, and providing himself with sample boxes of cigars and chocolate, he proceeded to the island in the character of a merchant travelling for orders. Driving to the hotel at which the marquis had his headquarters, he was fortunate enough, after much persuasion, to obtain part of a double-bedded room, and, the next morning sent by a French valet an open letter to the marquis, stating his desire to present to him samples of some articles he dealt in, and to solicit from his Excellency facilities for the prosecution of his further journey. He was no sooner closeted with the marquis than he thus opened his mission:—

"'Señor, you see before you a stranger who comes to put his life in your hands. I am a Catholic priest, chosen, perhaps, partly on that account for the mission I am about to explain, as it was imagined that a Spaniard might be disposed to put confidence in the word of a Catholic clergyman. I am directed to your Excellency by the English Government; but let me say at once, I have no papers whatsoever to deliver to you, so that, in the event of my being arrested, you cannot be compromised in the least degree; and, moreover, I desire no writing from you. My message is merely verbal; be your answer the same. All that I can offer in the way of credentials is the knowledge I have of certain particulars of your personal intercourse with Mr. Frere, whom you will remember as our Ambassador in Spain. He desires me to remind your Excellency that the first time he had the pleasure of dining with you was at Toledo. After dinner you withdrew together into a cabinet containing books. In this cabinet there was one picture. That picture was by Mengs, and represented St. Peter and St. John at the gate of the Temple.' 'All most true,' exclaimed the General, his countenance assuming the most friendly aspect. 'Would your Excellency recognize Mr. Frere's handwriting?' I continued. 'Methinks I should!' Here I produced a very small fragment torn from a memorandum I had received from Mr. Frere, which was immediately recognized by the marquis. Having thus established my credit as a confidential agent of the British Government, I added that 'Mr. Frere had assured me I should find in the General a man of strict honour and high principle, and an enemy to French tyranny and oppression.

"'The message,' I continued, 'with which I am charged, is to announce to your Excellency that England is ready to convey you and the troops under your command to any country you may name. We ask nothing of you in return; you shall be free from any engagement to fight for us; in that respect act as you think proper. We simply wish to put it in your power to extricate yourself from your present position. Our transports shall attend your orders on any part of the coast. You may select South America, or Canada, Minorca, England, or Spain, as your destination; we are ready to forward your views, whatever they may be. If you desire a treaty in form, the British Government has authorized Mr. McKenzie to conclude one with you. He resides at Heligoland at present, and will there treat with any officer you may depute.

"'Further, although we do not pretend to dictate to the Spanish nation what course it ought to pursue, yet if resistance to the invader be resolved on, we are ready to co-operate with all our might. Our cavalry were never better mounted, nor our artillery better served. We long for an opportunity to try our strength on land with the French.'"

The marquis took time for reflection, during which Mr. Robertson employed himself in sauntering through the town of Nyborg. On his return to the hotel he was sent for by the Marquis, who asked many questions as to the state of affairs in Spain, of which he and his officers had long been kept wholly in ignorance. Mr. Robertson told him of the rising in Galicia and the Asturias, and the arrival of a Spanish deputation in London to solicit the aid and protection of the British Government. This news was welcome, but the marquis was still undecided; and Mr. Robertson took his leave of him, and proceeded to the shore, hoping to attract the attention of the British fleet, which lay within sight of the town. While waving his white handkerchief, as if accidentally, he was observed by a Danish militiaman, who lay couched on the grass, with his musket beside him. Putting a good face on it, he walked up to him, and asked him how he could manage to get across the Belt without falling into the hands of the English. The Dane, who suspected him, referred him to a fisherman, who was the owner of several boats, and who lived in the next cottage. Proceeding thither, he fell into the hands of six other Danes, who made him prisoner, and carried him to their officer. This gentleman was a Hanoverian, whom Mr. Robertson had already met, and by whom he was treated with courtesy. The officer, however, could not discharge him without taking him to his colonel; but the colonel, on sight of Mr. Robertson's passport, at once dismissed him, with apologies for the inconvenience he had been put to. This delay compelled Mr. Robertson to return to the hotel, when the landlord vehemently pressed him to sup with him. On his way to his room he passed the bottom of the staircase, which the marquis and some of his officers were at the time ascending; the marquis leaned over the banisters, and in a half-whisper and broken English, said, "Come to me—morrow morning—eight o'clock." This appointment was kept, and the marquis informed him that he had finally resolved to accept the offer of the English Government.

Let us now leave Mr. Robertson to effect his return, while we narrate from his book the manner in which Romana effected his escape with his army. He had some time before written to Bernadotte, proposing that he should come to Nyborg and review the Spanish troops. Bernadotte consented, but without fixing the time. Under pretence of a general review and inspection, the marquis collected as many of his troops as he could at head-quarters. Mr. Robertson lost no time in getting back to Hamburg, and reporting to Mr. M'Kenzie, who was at Heligoland, the successful accomplishment of his mission, and requesting that instructions might be sent to the commanders of the British fleet in the Baltic to hold themselves in readiness to communicate with the Spanish General. The marquis having collected all the troops he could, wrote again to Bernadotte, urging him to come and review the army. Bernadotte collected 3,000 men and marched for Nyborg with all possible expedition. La Romana, hearing that he was on his way, invited the principal inhabitants to a grand entertainment, and after déjeûner surrounded the hotel with troops. The Spaniards, to the number of 10,000, immediately marched down to the harbour, seized every boat and bark they could find, and signalled the British fleet for more boats. When all the troops were embarked except 300, Bernadotte arrived—too late. The handful of Spaniards who remained were about to resist him when their colonel, riding in front of them, showed the hopelessness of the struggle they were proposing to challenge, and desired them to lay down their arms. They reluctantly consented. The colonel

"Then dismounted, and, taking the pistols from his holster, shot his charger, ejaculating, 'But, as for thee, they shall never mount thee; and me,' he continued, putting a pistol to his head, 'they shall never disarm.'"

La Romana sailed with his army for England, and subsequently for Spain, where they did good service in the field. The rest of the book is occupied with Mr. Robertson's return to England, in which he ran as much risk as in getting to Fünen. Our notice

* Narrative of a Secret Mission to the Danish Islands in 1808. By the Rev. James Robertson. Edited from the Author's MS. by his nephew, Alexander Clinton Fraser. Longmans.

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has already exceeded our limit. We can only say in addition that we have read few books more interesting than Mr. Robertson's narrative.

Mr. Bohn proceeds rapidly with his new edition of Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual,* which he hopes to conclude before the end of the present year. The nature of the work will best be described, for those who may not be acquainted with it, by an extract from the title-page. It contains "An account of rare, curious, and useful books, published in or relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the invention of printing; with bibliographical and critical notices, collations of the rarer articles, and the prices at which they have been sold in the present century." A glance at the article "Shakespeare" will suffice to show the indefatigable labour which Mr. Bohn has expended on the present edition of this work.

No better guide through the wars of the nineteenth century can be found than Sir Edward Cust, who in the two volumes before us† has given a full and clear summary of military and naval events from the year 1800 to 1809.

Professor Massé's "Grammatologie Française"‡ will be a valuable aid to more advanced students of the French language. A Key, by the same author, is in course of preparation.

Messrs. Virtue have issued No. 141 of their Rudimentary and Scientific Series.§ The present volume contains three articles:—1. On the Motion of Camphor on Water; 2. On the Motion of Camphor towards the Light; 3. History of the Modern Theory of Dew. The present volume maintains the character of the series.

Volume II. of "The Museum"‖ is full of merit.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, 20th April, 1863.

Architects—At 8 p.m. "On the Crypt and Chapter of Worcester Cathedral." By Rev. R. Willis, F.R.S.

Asiatic—At 3 p.m.

Medical—At 8½ p.m.—"On the Laryngoscope." By Dr. G. Johnson.

Tuesday, 21st April.

Anthropological—At 7½ p.m. 1. "On the Permanence of Type." By Dr. Julius Schvarez. 2. "The Relation of Man to the Lower Animals." By C. S. Wake, Esq.

Pathological—At 8 p.m.

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. Professor Marshall, "On Animal Mechanics."

Civil Engineers—At 8 p.m. 1. Discussion on Mr. Brunton's paper, "On the Scinde Railway." 2. "Account of the Coffer-dam, the Syphons, and other Works constructed in consequence of the Failure of the St. Germain's Sluice of the Middle Level Drainage." By Mr. Hawkshaw, C.E., President.

Statistical—At 8 p.m. "On the Direct Imperial Expenditure for the Colonies." By F. Purdy, Esq.

Zoological—At 9 p.m. Dr. Sclater, "On the Known Species of Pheasants." Dr. Hartland, "On Birds collected in East Africa by Captain Speke."

Wednesday, April 22.

Meteorological—At 7 p.m.

Royal Society of Literature—At 4½ p.m. (Anniversary Meeting.)

Geological—At 8 p.m. 1. "On the Gneiss and other Azoic Rocks, and on the subjacent Paleozoic Formations of Bavaria and Bohemia." By Sir R. I. Murchison, K.C.B., &c. 2. "Notice of a Section at Mocktree, near Ludlow." By R. Lightbody, Esq.

Society of Arts—At 8 p.m. "On the Construction of Twin Screw Steam-ships." By Capt. T. E. Symonds, R.N.

Archæological Association—At 8½ p.m. 1. "On a newly-discovered Roman Villa in Berkshire; and an undescribed Camp in North Hants." By Dr. Palmer. 2. "On Roman Antiquities recently found at Corinium, and on Discoveries in other parts of Gloucestershire and in Wilts." By Professor Buckman. 3. "On Peaked Hats." By Mr. Cuming.

Thursday, April 23.

Royal Society—At 8½ p.m. 1. "On the Arrangement of the Muscular Portion of the Vertebrate Heart, with Physiological Remarks." By J. Pettigrew, Esq. 2. "On the Diurnal Inequalities of Terrestrial Magnetism, as deduced from Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from 1841 to 1857." By G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal.

Antiquaries—At 2 p.m. (Anniversary Meeting.)

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. "On Geology." By Professor Ansted.

Friday, April 24.

Royal Institution—At 8 p.m. "On Luminous Meteors." By Alexander S. Herschel, Esq.

London Institution—At 7 p.m. "Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

Saturday, April 25.

Botanic—At 3¾ p.m.

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. "On the Science of Language." 2nd series. By Professor Max Müller.

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* The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature. By William Thomas Lowndes. New edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, by Henry G. Bohn. Part VIII. H. G. Bohn.

† Annals of the Wars of the Nineteenth Century, compiled from the most authentic histories of the period. By the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L. Murray.

‡ Grammatologie Française; a series of fifty Introductory Examination Papers. By M. Massé. Nutt.

§ Experimental Essays. By Charles Tomlinson. Illustrated. Virtue Brothers & Co.

‖ The Museum: a Quarterly Magazine of Education, Literature, and Science. Vol. II. Edinburgh: James Gordon.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Abel Drake's Wife. By John Saunders. 3rd edition, cr. 8vo., cl., 6s.

Appleby Brothers' Illustrated Handbook and Price Current of Machinery. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Beeton's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. Vol. II., 8vo., cloth, 6s.

Benfey's (T.) Practical Sanskrit Grammar. 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Bonar's (Rev. Dr. H.) God's Way of Peace. 18mo., 9d. cloth limp; 1s. 6d. boards; large type edition, 16mo., 2s. cloth.

Boy's (The) Handy Book of Sports, Pastimes, and Games. Fcap., cloth, gilt, 5s.

Birchsel's (Rev. Dr.) My Ministerial Experiences. Cr. 8vo., cl., 3s. 6d.

Clephane's (Lieut.-Col.) Rough and Smooth: a Tale. Cr. 8vo., cl., 12s.

Close's (Dean) The Footsteps of Error. 8vo., cloth, 9s.

Cobbett's (W.) Advice to Young Men. New edition. Fcap., cl., 2s. 6d.

Craig's (J. D.) Handbook to the Modern Provençal Language. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Daily Incense: Family Prayers. Fcap., cloth, 3s.

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Frost's (Rev. P.) Analecta Græca Minora. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.

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Gibson's (C. B.) Life among the Convicts. Two vols., post 8vo., cl., 21s.

Griffiths (Rev. W.), Memoir of. By the Rev. W. Williams. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Hamilton's (Rev. Dr. J.) Mount of Olives. New edit. 16mo., cl., 2s. 6d.

Heart (The) and the Cross. By author of "Margaret Maitland." Post 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

Hinton's (J. H.) Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans. 8vo., cloth, 6s. 6d.

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Lives of Missionaries: Greenland. 18mo., cloth, 2s.

Lytton's (Sir E. B.) Novels and Tales. Library edition. Forty-one vols. Fcap., cloth, 5s. each.

Matheson's (H.) Practical Advice to Amateur Photographers. Crown 8vo., sewed, 1s.

Page's (D.) Introductory Text Book of Physical Geography. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

Patmore's (Coventry) The Angel in the House. New edition. Two vols. Fcap., cloth, 12s.

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ART AND SCIENCE:—
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL. SECOND APPEARANCE of M. VIEUXTEMPS, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, April 20. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Violin, M. Vieuxtemps. Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists, Miss Banks and Mr. Weiss. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Beethoven's Quartet in C, op. 59, received on Monday last with so much enthusiasm, will be included in the Programme. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s. Programmes and tickets at CHAPPELL & CO'S., 50, New Bond-street, and at AUSTIN'S, 28, Piccadilly.

EVENING LECTURES.—ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, Jermyn Street.—The following COURSES of LECTURES are about to be commenced:—

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—The General Anniversary MEETING of the Society, for the ELECTION of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers for the ensuing year, and for other business, will be held on WEDNESDAY, 22nd APRIL instant, at the Society's House, 4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square.
The chair will be taken at 4 o'clock, precisely.
W. S. W. VAUX, Hon. Secretary.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.—The LAST SPRING EXHIBITION—ROSES, PELARGONIUMS, &c.,—will take place on SATURDAY next, APRIL 25th. Tickets can be had at the Gardens, by orders from Fellows of the Society, price 2s. 6d. each; or, in packets of ten, for £1 per packet. Gates open at Two o'clock. Band at Half-past Two.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.—EXHIBITIONS of PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT—Wednesdays, May 13th, June 3rd and 24th; AMERICAN PLANTS, Monday, June 8th. Tickets can be obtained at the Gardens, by orders from Fellows of the Society; price, on or before May 2nd, 4s.; after that day, 5s.; or on days of Exhibition, 7s. 6d. each.
The next MEETING of the Fellows for the Election of New Candidates, Saturday, April 25th.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The Tenth Annual EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is now OPEN. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—The DRAWINGS and PUBLICATIONS of this Society ARE ON VIEW DAILY for the free inspection of all persons interested in EARLY ITALIAN ART. The Society has lately added to the collection copies of the frescoes by Luini at Saronno, by Fra Angelico at Florence, and by Filippo Lippi at Prato, &c.
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MR. J. A. TINNE IN THE CHAIR.

THE SECRETARY READ THE REPORT AS FOLLOWS:—

"The directors have great pleasure in informing the shareholders that the arrangements for the conversion of the bonds and old preference stock have been carried out with the most complete success; every bond has now been settled, and ample funds have been provided for the completion of the railway in accordance with the colonial ordinance, so as to secure the cancellation of the government mortgage. The company stands virtually in the enviable position of being without a single creditor.

"In pursuance of the scheme which had been devised, the affairs of the company were brought to a point on the 30th of September, 1862, all interest on the one hand, and traffic receipts (which for the three months ending 30th September were £4,655. 12s.) on the other, being brought into construction account; and the general balance-sheet to that date shows that the result of this arrangement was to place £40,222. 4s. 1d. in stores and cash at the disposal of the directors for working the railway and completing its extension to Mahaica.

"Following this general balance-sheet to the 30th September are the general balance-sheet and statements of capital and revenue accounts for the three months ending 31st December, 1862; the capital account exhibits the further progress which had been made to that date in the allotment of the new preference stock, and the further sum required for the purposes of the company has since been subscribed.

"The revenue account shows a net profit upon the quarter of £3,790. 17s. 11d., but the shareholders must bear in mind that this embraces the period of the largest returns, and that the rate of working expenses is proportionately light; the receipts of the railway, however, continue to exhibit improvement, and as it is morally certain that they will amply provide in future for the preference dividends, and leave a fair margin, the directors have no hesitation in disposing of the balance above alluded to; the sum required for dividend on the preference stock to the 31st of December, 1862, is £1,605. 4s. 5d., leaving £2,185. 13s. 6d., out of which the directors propose that a dividend of 1¼ per cent. should be paid on the original stock, which will absorb £1,688. 15s., and leave £496. 18s. 6d. to be carried forward to the credit of the revenue account of the current half-year.

"On the 9th March the manager writes:—'I am glad to say that our traffic receipts continue to compare favourably with last year, and that the trains are running punctually, and without accident. I made a beginning last week at Lancaster with the new embankment, and at Hope and Dochfour with bridges across the side-line trenches for the extension line to Mahaica.'

"The members who now retire by rotation from the general committee are H. Bruce, Esq., and G. H. Loxdale, Esq.; and from the local committee, Thomas Garnet, Esq.; all of whom offer themselves for re-election."

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said it was highly gratifying to the board to meet the shareholders on this occasion. It afforded a pleasing contrast to former meetings, when he considered how often they had met in this place and left the meeting sick of hope deferred. He was sure they must all feel gratified at the position of the company, and at the receipt of a dividend. Their traffic in goods and passengers was daily increasing. He hoped before the end of the present year that the line would be completed in all its integrity, when its resources would become fully developed. The reports of the manager were extremely favourable as to the new extension, which was rapidly progressing, and most of the materials were on the spot. He trusted that all parties in the colony, seeing the strenuous efforts which were being made to fulfil all obligations, would stand firm by the company. He thought credit was due to the deputy chairman (Mr. Chambers) for his exertions to promote the financial prosperity of the company, and he would request that gentleman, in seconding the resolution, to make some observations on this subject. Before concluding, he had pleasure in reading an extract from the manager's letter of the 23rd of March by the packet just arrived:—"The works for the extension are going on favourably, and I hope in the course of a couple of months to be ready to open up the Clonbrook (1½ miles), so as to get the passenger traffic from the villages of Ann's Grove and Bee Hive. The embankment across Lancaster is also progressing favourably; the contractors promise to have it finished in the course of ten days or a fortnight; when that is done I intend to go on with the work at Mosquito Hall, and by the time we finish there I hope to have possession of the remainder of the land." You will see from the returns that the traffic is still looking up.

Mr. Chambers, in seconding the motion, said it would be readily believed that he quite participated in the satisfaction expressed by the Chairman, for it would be idle for him to say, in the presence of many of the gentlemen attending the meeting, that there had been no difficulties to encounter in bringing the affairs of the company to their present position. Still, however, his opinion of the value of the undertaking had never changed: he knew that the railway was calculated to confer great advantages upon that district of the Colony through which it passed; and he therefore felt, that when all matters were judiciously arranged, it could not fail to be profitable to the shareholders also.

The company had been much hampered by a multitude of claims. There was, first, the colonial mortgage; then there were the bonds, and then there was the old preference stock. The difficulty with respect to the first claim was removed by the liberality of the colonial legislature. The colony said, "You finish the line, and we will give up our claim." A liberal policy was usually a wise policy, and he (Mr. Chambers) was strongly of opinion that the course thus taken by the colony formed no exception to the rule. On then looking into figures, this remarkable coincidence presented itself, that by bringing back the capital to the amount proposed when the railway was projected, it was found that all that was necessary might be done. From this sprang the application for an ordinance to issue £115,000 of preference stock, making, with the £135,000 original stock now existing, the original capital of £250,000.

Everything, he was happy to say, had successfully been accomplished. All the bondholders had been settled with; all the old preference stock had been converted, except £180, held by three persons, two of whom were dead, and their representatives had not yet been traced.

The liberality of the public had provided the funds for completing the railway; all the rails were shipped and paid for except 250 tons, which were about to be dispatched. The company was entirely free from debt, and under these circumstances there was no hesitation in disposing of the profit exhibited by the revenue account. He had therefore great pleasure in seconding the resolution "that the report now read and the accounts laid over therewith be received and adopted, and that the same be printed and circulated among the proprietors."

This resolution was carried unanimously, as well as a resolution "that a dividend of 1¼ per cent. (being at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum) out of the earnings from the 30th September to 31st December, 1862, be paid on the original stock of the company."

Mr. H. H. Maude applied for some information as to the rolling stock, which was furnished by the chairman; and in reply to an inquiry why there was no resolution for the payment of the preference dividend, he was informed that this dividend was made a charge upon the earnings of the railway by the colonial ordinance, which further provided that if the funds to meet it were inadequate in any half-year, the balance would be a lien upon future revenue.

Messrs. Bruce, Loxdale, and Garnett were re-elected as directors, and Mr. Bankart as auditor; and a resolution that the best thanks of the company be given to the chairman of the General and Demerara Committees, and to their co-directors, to the auditors, and also to the secretary, general manager, and other officers, for the zealous attention which they have devoted to the interests of the company, concluded the business of the meeting. By order,

V. PERRONET SILLS,
Secretary.

London, 15th April, 1863.

London: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Cox & Wyman, 74 & 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the County of Middlesex; and published, for the Proprietors, by John Kellett Sharpe, at No. 11, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—Saturday, April 18, 1863.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 147.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863. [Price 4*d*. *Unstamped.*

The Freedom of the Seas.
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The City Police.
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THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

IT is not strange that the conduct of the American Ambassador in this country should excite the warmest censure. Upon his own showing, Mr. Adams has been guilty of the gravest indiscretion; even if he has not, as was first supposed, committed the serious impertinence of issuing trading licences to British ships. The violent and reckless seizures of British ships trading in the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico are aggravated very considerably by the fact that the American Minister here ventures to assist American ships to draw a profit from the outrages committed on the British flag. His line of conduct puts a very grave complexion on the acts of the blockading squadron; containing, as it does, a tacit avowal that no mere honesty of purpose—nothing, indeed, but a pass from Mr. Adams—will protect an outward-bound ship from wanton seizure. If the Minister of the North thinks it right that integrity should be protected by a permit against Federal men-of-war, he virtually acknowledges that Federal men of-war are instructed to pounce upon the offenders or the innocent indiscriminately. In the second place, Mr. Adams has chosen to make himself privy to an act of distinct hostility to France. The destination of the ship he charters is not, as was the case with the *Adela* and the *Dolphin*, a neutral port. It is bound for Mexico—a belligerent country; a ship bound for Mexico with contraband of war, in the eyes of all international law, engages in warfare against the French Emperor. Mr. Adams has covered reams of paper to prove the iniquity of England whenever it appears to him that some Englishman in private life is stepping near the frontier of what is illegitimate. Here is an ambassador who has overstepped the absolute limits of neutrality,—not a private merchant, who may be pardoned for a selfish endeavour to evade them. Out of his own mouth he stands trebly condemned. He has mixed himself up with belligerent proceedings while resident here in the capacity of a minister of peace. An ambassador who is so foolish as to act thus violates the most sacred obligations. Sent here to represent a foreign power, he converts his embassy by such malpractices into a focus of intrigue against a friendly sovereign. England and France are both justified in exhibiting real displeasure at this departure from the comity of nations and from ambassadorial etiquette.

The gravest anxiety may well indeed prevail this week as to our relations with America. The *Adela*, which was actually seized within British waters, has been condemned, since then, by an American Prize Court; and we now have the news of the capture of the *Dolphin*, a vessel pursuing—as her owner affirms—a peaceable and legitimate voyage from Liverpool to Nassau. Sensible persons will make every allowance for the vexation which ships of all countries cause to the North by breaking the blockade. It is one of those annoyances which naval belligerents always have to endure. Nor is it at all improbable that Nassau has become a half-way house for which English vessels steer which are meditating a run into some Southern port. For contraband adventures of this kind we have no sympathy; they are a violation of that neutrality which England wishes to preserve; they imperil, for the sake of the selfish ends of their promoters, the peace of the world, and they are clearly opposed to the spirit and letter of international law. But Nassau is not to be put out of the circle of British traffic because some of the vessels that make for Nassau have ulterior and illegal views. The same observation applies to our trade with Matamoras, a port upon the Texas frontier, which trade is virtually obstructed by the practices of the American blockading captains. It is clear and manifest that, if an English ship professedly bound for a neutral is in reality destined for a blockaded port, she may lawfully be seized on the high seas. It is also to be admitted, that English ships may not carry contraband of war to any Southern port at all, whether blockaded or not. The cases of the *Adela* and the *Dolphin* came under neither head. The *Adela* was not captured on the high seas, but within two miles and a half of the shore—that is to say, within the territorial dominions of the British Crown. It is denied that the *Dolphin* was laden with anything approaching to contraband of war; and it is positively asserted that her destination was a neutral harbour. Admiral Wilkes and his colleagues appear to labour under the strangest delusions as to the first rudiments of international law. To justify seizure of a British ship, one of two things must be shown: either the vessel must have started from her last port with the intention of breaking the blockade, or else she must be carrying contraband of war, and carrying it to the belligerent territory. It will not do to prove that she is laden with powder, if her real destination is a neutral port. *Between two neutral ports no commerce is contraband.* As Sir W. Scott said in the case of the *Jemima*, "Goods going to a neutral port cannot come under the description of contraband of war, all goods going there being equally lawful." If, then, the *Dolphin* was *bonâ fide* bound for Nassau, she was as clearly exempt from capture on account of contraband of war, as if she had been crossing the British Channel.

We should be more inclined to believe that there were two sides to the question, and that the owners of these ships—with all their professions—might have given America cause of complaint, were it not for the inexplicable conduct of Mr. Adams. By offering his permits to Americans, he impliedly allows that British ships, whatever their real destination,

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will have to submit to the annoyance and indignity of seizure and a judicial trial. It may be said, that if innocent, they will be discharged by the Prize Court before which they are brought, and receive proper compensation. We can only say, that this is a very meagre satisfaction. In the first place, Prize Courts are not infallible, or even impartial, if it be true that the *Adela* was taken in British waters, and that she has been condemned by the Prize Court at Key West. In the second place, English ships are not to be stopped, except *bonâ fide* and on reasonable grounds, and a wanton and insolent Federal officer is not to be at liberty to carry all our traders to trial, and to protect himself by the cavalier answer that, if they have done no harm, they need not fear the result. Trade is being seriously damaged by the uncertainty and insecurity which is the consequence of these hasty and rash acts. Insurances at Lloyd's rise. Honest merchants decline to venture on the seas with no security except the forbearance of Admiral Wilkes or the inviolable integrity of Mr. Justice Bragg. In isolated cases of accidental hardship, the duty of our Government might be to refer complainants to the American law courts for redress. But if our Government see a random disposition on the part of American judges to condemn British ships right and left, or a determination on the part of American admirals to stop all trade indifferently, our Government must take the protection of her Majesty's subjects into its own hands. It is, indeed, said that the Washington Ministry have issued a caution to its naval officers, drawn up and revised by the English Government. But the caution has been either purposely or virtually useless in the case of the *Dolphin*, unless, indeed, the owner of the *Dolphin* is stating an untruth; nor does the conduct of Mr. Adams seem to show, that he believes in the effect of the caution so much as in his own permits. Nor does the recent intelligence of the temper of New York permit us to hope much from it. Nor does the Postmaster seem to believe in it, who wisely declines to allow a Post-office agent to accompany the *Sea Queen*, fearing still further to aggravate the evil effects of the misadventure which he certainly foresees. We sincerely trust that the statements made by the unfortunate victims may be untrue. We hope the Americans can justify these various captures. Nothing shall be done by us to fan a flame; let us make all excuses for a people at fever-pitch of excitement; and let us bear much for the sake of peace. But there are limits to English forbearance, and we cannot allow our vessels in time of peace to be driven pell-mell from the seas, or the blockading captains of the North to vent their disappointment and vexation by outrages upon the freedom of lawful English commerce.

Yet we earnestly deprecate a rupture. War is a terrible and disastrous alternative. War with America would be a wretched necessity at best. What Englishman would not receive the news of the bombardment of New York as if it were a national disaster? It is true that the New York press, the case of the *Alabama*, and the demeanour of some few individuals on both sides of the Atlantic, have fomented a spirit of hostility both here and there. But still it is untrue to say that there is a universal anti-Northern sentiment amongst us. The British Government has been consistently though coldly impartial. What infringements there have been of the Foreign Enlistment Act, have been as much to the advantage of New York as of Charleston. By persisting in their determination to insult this country, the Federals will lose what sympathy they find here. They have long since lost the respect that many were inclined to bestow on their cause. Let them not deceive themselves by any idea that an American war would be declined by England if England is driven to it. These outrages are strengthening the hands of the partisans of slavery and the South; and it may well be said that the North will be destroyed by the faults inherent in a popular and Democratic constitution.

NATIONAL MADNESS.

ONE of the lessons most clearly and most repeatedly taught by history is, in how very short a time the origin, the object, and the costliness of a conflict are forgotten by the combatants engaged in it. The dust of the combat obscures the field of action; the passions of the belligerents blind or distort their vision; and the hurry of events renders anything like reflection or calculation well-nigh impossible. Men who saw clearly, and could reason calmly, in January, become the wildest and most fanatical of partisans before July—they will listen to no warnings and will tolerate no cautions; while those who, a few months ago, were mild and money-getting, who shrank from violence and stood aghast at extravagance and waste, are seen, as if by magic, to shed blood like gladiators and to squander treasure like spendthrifts.

If it were not for such teachings, it would be harder even than it is for sober spectators like ourselves to behold without amazement the growing fury and almost insanity of the Northern Americans. By nature and habit they were—or at least they seemed to be—devoted to the pursuits of industry and peaceful commerce, full of enterprise, and lovers to excess of wealth and gain. They were proverbially said "to worship the almighty dollar." They proclaimed and believed themselves to be beyond all other nations obedient to the law—slaves, almost, to the forms of their Constitution and the decisions of their Courts; and in the main the idea was well founded, though no doubt they every now and then took upon themselves to supplement the law when it was inadequate, to hasten it when it was slow, and to supersede it when it put inconvenient impediments in their way. They boasted, too, that they were incomparably the freest nation in the world—*the* one free nation, in fact; that no ruler or monarch dared to trample upon their individual liberties; that their governors and legislators were nothing but their hired servants, appointed to do their pleasure and to obey the law like themselves. Finally, they held it to be the foundation of their whole civil polity—the great practical principle which distinguished them from and placed them far above all the down-trodden people of the Old World, that in America every man had a right to choose the government under which he desired to live, to change it as he wished, to upset it when it no longer pleased the majority of the citizens. They wound up the pæan—not, alas! of thanksgiving, but of self-glory—by exulting in the fact that they kept up scarcely any army, that they paid scarcely any taxes, that they had accumulated scarcely any public debt—or at least that, if they had, they did not always liquidate it.

Look at them now. There is not one of these national points of self-applause and self-congratulation which they have not practically repudiated, falsified, and reversed,—nay, which they do not boast of having reversed in the most flagrant and unequalled manner. They appear not only to be fast becoming the precise opposite of what they were, and of maintaining the precise opposite of all their former doctrines, but to be proud of doing so. They still love money, no doubt, and still make it; but it is the jobbers and contractors and pro-consular generals who grow rich. Their industry and commerce are turned exclusively into the channels which minister to war. Their farmers are busy feeding their soldiers. Their manufacturers are busy clothing the army. Their ships are busy bringing rifles and ammunition and implements of destruction and warlike stores. They are squandering the public money—and in a democracy the public money is their own—with a reckless profusion, a wasteful, mad extravagance, to which there really is no parallel in history. They are devastating rich prairies and flooding vast districts, where they formerly cleared the forest and reclaimed the wilderness. As to law and constitution, both have been ruthlessly trampled under foot. Members of independent State assemblies have been arrested, the doors of legislatures closed, and the elections supervised and controlled, at the will and by the force of single military commanders. The Habeas Corpus Act has been repealed by that very Executive against whose oppressions it was enacted as a safeguard. Judges have been arrested for executing the indisputable law, and citizens imprisoned without the shadow of a process or a warrant. In no police-ridden land in Europe has individual liberty been more scandalously disregarded. Newspapers that ventured to oppose the administration or assail its members, or in any way run counter to the prejudice or passion of the hour, have been suppressed more summarily even than in France, or coerced into hypocrisy more peremptorily even than in Prussia. Dissentient orators have been sent to Fort Lafayette, and spies or talebearers have denounced private conversations and succeeded in consigning their victims to a dungeon. And what is worse, not only have these things been done, but they have been defended and encouraged, and are persisted in, and are not punished.

The men, too, the Secretaries of State and their subordi-

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nates, who have been suffered thus to violate established law, and to ignore all civil rights, are the ministers appointed and maintained by that Government which is the creature of universal suffrage, so that the whole people shares in the guilt of these lawless and oppressive deeds. The army consists of volunteers; but thousands of these volunteers—who are *citizens*, remember—being sick of the war, sick of their trade, sick of their imbecile and ignorant commanders—have abandoned their colours, and gone home in disgust. Detachments of troops are pursuing them to bring them back by force, and mayors and magistrates are roughly handled by the military when they attempt to keep these pursuing parties within the limits of the law. The number of these deserters is said by some to be 130,000, by some to be 150,000—clearly indicating how wide-spread must be the disaffection which is forbidden to give utterance to its feelings. This army, too—the army of a nation that used to rejoice in having no standing army at all—is in nominal numbers larger even than the enormous host which the first Napoleon led to the Russian war in 1812. The debt, accumulated in order to support them, has risen to £200,000,000 in two years, yet their pay is frightfully in arrears, and their medical attendance disgracefully negligent and inadequate. Conscription, moreover, in this freest of free countries, has been twice decreed by the Legislature, but as yet not put into operation; while taxes without end have been voted, but none, so far as we can learn, have yet been levied.

And for what is all this? For what have established laws been set at naught, solemn tribunals reduced to insignificance and degradation, citizens imprisoned, citizens forced to serve in the ranks, the industry of generations mortgaged, debts contracted that will never be paid, crimes committed that can never be atoned for, infamy incurred that can never be wiped out? Strange enough! all this has been done and borne in order to deny and prevent the exercise of that very indefeasible right which the Republican faith of America proclaims as lying at the base of their whole polity—the right of men to say with whom they will combine in citizenship, and how and by whom they will be governed. All this is done and suffered in order to prevent eight millions of men, citizens of at least ten independent and "sovereign" States, from refusing any longer to form part of a Federation with which they have no sympathy, or to be ruled by men whom they abhor; to put force upon the political will and free action of native Americans; to exercise, in a word, the same coercion that Austria exercises over Venetia, and Russia over Poland. Yet the Federalists—utterly forgetting alike their own origin and their own principles—ignoring, as completely as if they were Spaniards or Egyptians, the fundamental doctrine of Republicanism—speak of those Southern States which have seceded as "rebels;" using the very language, sinking back upon the very ideas, of those Old World tyrants whom they have so long abused and despised, and in whose creed and vocabulary—though not in *theirs*—those words and those ideas have a real and consistent meaning. Is it not passing strange, and as sad as strange, to see a whole people who used to be shrewd and keen-sighted enough, thus striving to bind fetters on their fellow-citizens and to exterminate those who decline to wear them, and yet really fancying in their hearts that they are fighting in the cause of freedom and justice, that they are acting righteously, and that God will bless their arms? What is this but a fit of national madness, which is now spreading and heightening at a frightful rate?

THE NEW WAR MINISTER.

IT is certainly not to the credit of the party which acknowledges Lord Palmerston as its chief, that no one could be found in the House of Commons fit to assume the place of the late Sir Cornewall Lewis. The Prime Minister is notorious for his aristocratic predilections; but seeing that the Foreign Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the President of the Council, are all members of the House of Lords, it is difficult to believe that Lord Palmerston can have had any other reason for placing Lord De Grey at the head of the War Department, except that in his opinion no man could be found in the House of Commons capable of filling that office. Even in despotic countries, where it is thought expedient to establish the forms of constitutional government, it seems to be considered essential that the responsible Minister should have the opportunity of explaining his views to the assembly which is called upon to sanction his measures. And unless some Commoners can be found of sufficient rank and intelligence to fill the highest offices in the State, it may become necessary to invent some means by which the members of the House of Lords may be allowed to take their seats on the Treasury Bench, in order that they may explain the estimates, and defend the policy of the higher departments of government which may be called in question. It must be remembered that the army and navy absorb some £30,000,000 of the annual revenue. The House of Commons is alone responsible for this enormous estimate. It is therefore not unreasonable to insist that the Ministers upon whose responsibility they are voted, should be in a position to explain the grounds upon which the public are called upon to contribute so largely.

It is no doubt true that during the reign of the late lamented Minister, Lord De Grey did all the work. It is tolerably notorious that Sir Cornewall Lewis took little interest in the department over which he presided; its duties were not congenial to him, and he was, therefore, content to leave them to be discharged by his subordinates. Notwithstanding this, however, it seems to be admitted that the late War Minister efficiently performed the functions attached to his office; and therefore the conclusion would appear to follow inevitably that a single Minister is quite competent to discharge the duties of the War Office without the aid of an Under-Secretary. If Lord De Grey, as Under-Secretary, could conduct the affairs of the War Department without the active co-operation of so able a man as Sir Cornewall Lewis, it is difficult to understand the public advantage of encumbering the department with an Under-Secretary. If, on the other hand, Lord De Grey has of late been over-worked, and some of the duties of the War Office have been neglected, it is equally difficult to understand how the Minister's hands will be strengthened by those of the Marquis of Hartington. The rapid promotion of this young and ardent nobleman is one of the mysteries of the day. The world acknowledges the justice of putting the young engineer officer who saves a fortress, or an orator who defends a Minister with brilliant effect in Parliament, over the heads of others. But what has Lord Hartington done to justify his advancement? He cannot be said to be unknown in Parliament, for he brought forward the motion which was the occasion of bringing in the present Ministry; but since that period he has taken little part in public business. However, wealth, rank, and leisure are dangerous; and possibly the most useful purpose to which such offices as Junior Lordships of the Admiralty and Under-Secretaryships can be applied, is to furnish some employment for gay young noblemen of tolerable ability.

There is probably no public office which is more difficult to fill than that of War Minister. He enjoys (as it were) a divided supremacy with the Commander-in-Chief. That officer occupies so high a position, and his power of thwarting any measures of reform are so great, that it requires a Minister of no ordinary resolution to carry his plans into effect. It is well known that Lord Herbert was compelled to abandon some of his most cherished schemes by the opposition made to them at the Horse Guards; and it is equally notorious that the late Minister made no attempt to control that department. No man willingly abandons power; nor is it probable that the Duke of Cambridge will be any exception to the ordinary rule. It remains to be seen whether Lord De Grey will succeed better than his predecessors in asserting his theoretical supremacy. Nor must it be forgotten that the War Minister in accomplishing this task has peculiar difficulties. Hitherto the British army has been considered a Royal army, under the direct command of the Crown. To this theory both the Court and the officers in the army cling with desperate tenacity. It is no doubt true that of late years, whenever any question has occurred as to mismanagement, or when the propriety of an appointment has been called in question, the War Minister has loudly proclaimed his responsibility. Both Lord Panmure and Lord Herbert repeatedly declared before committees and in their places in Parliament, that all appointments were submitted to them, and that they had an absolute discretion to sanction or disallow them. But hitherto this responsibility has been more theoretical than practical. The Commander-in-Chief has had his own way. He has not only fixed the number of men in the army, but he has kept the patronage in his own hands. Officers who desire to obtain places on the staff must look

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to the Commander-in-Chief, not to the War Minister. The War Minister may draw up what regulations he pleases, but those regulations are left to be carried into effect by the officers of the Horse Guards. Impose whatever system of examination you please — establish any number of military colleges—fix any number of years for service on the staff—all is useless unless those who really administer the system honestly desire to give it a fair trial. It is not to be denied that there is a general impression throughout the army that officers, however zealous and however intelligent, are not promoted to the more lucrative and important posts in the army unless they can bring a certain amount of influence to bear at head-quarters. It is constantly asserted that favoured officers are allowed to retain their staff appointments beyond the prescribed five years, and that the promise to employ none upon the staff who have not passed through the Staff College is systematically ignored. But besides this, it is confidently asserted that some of our military establishments, and particularly Sandhurst, are in a most disgraceful condition—that young cadets are not only in a state of the grossest insubordination, but that this scandalous conduct has become notorious in the neighbourhood. It is the obvious duty of the new War Minister to investigate these charges—especially those which affect Sandhurst—with the utmost promptitude, and to take such steps as will not only put an end to grave scandals, but restore that confidence in official promises which has been so seriously damaged.

Lord De Grey has the advantages of youth and energy; and he has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being a Reformer or something more. The office which he has just reached will test the continued sincerity of his convictions and the strength of his will. If he can succeed in giving practical effect to the numerous suggestions which have been made for the improvement of the army, for securing a fair share of patronage to deserving officers, and for opening the military service to a larger number of the middle classes with moderate fortunes, he will deserve the gratitude of his countrymen. But he must always remember that these results he never can achieve without exercising a vigorous control over the Horse Guards.

THE CITY POLICE.

WHEN the cuttle-fish is pursued and hard pressed, it is said to resort to a peculiar mode of defence. Darkening the surrounding water with mud, it thus conceals its whereabouts, and escapes by literally throwing dirt in the eyes of its antagonist. The Corporation of London have profited by the hint. The question at issue in the proposed amalgamation of the City and Metropolitan police is one of the simplest imaginable. But the clearest and closest reasoner might well lose sight of it amidst the mass of extraneous topics which have been adroitly introduced into the discussion. At first sight, we seem to have before us nothing more important than a practical inquiry as to the desirableness of permitting one twentieth part of the metropolis to isolate itself from the rest in all that relates to the preservation of the peace or the detection of crime. But according to a certain paper of "Reasons," which bears in more respects than one the stamp of civic authorship and authority, "no more momentous subject for the liberties of England has been before the House of Commons since the days when Charles I. in person demanded of them the four members whom he sought to arrest, and who found refuge and protection in the free city of London." There is a slight slip here as to the number of the members, but we may well forgive this to a writer who was no doubt overwhelmed by the conviction that he was standing in the last gap, and defending the freedom of England against the attacks on Sir George Grey. The best informed amongst us might have made a worse mistake, had he been haunted by a vision of Liberty chased from the rest of the country and persecuted by Sir R. Mayne, flying to the City, there "to find a home, as she has done in ages past," behind the impregnable rampart of Captain Hodgson's 608 policemen. We cannot help thinking, indeed, that scanty justice has been done to these gallant men by the official scribe. Why did he not call them at once "the Palladium of the Constitution?" This reticence—shall we say timidity—is unworthy of one who sees that their destruction as a separate body implies the absorption of every local police force into a Government department, and gallantly meets such a project by the defiant challenge, "Is the country prepared for this? Will they like to give any government the power of controlling the liberties of England?" If any one thinks that this apprehension is rather chimerical, let him remember that Louis Napoleon effected the *coup d'état* "because he had the control of the police, and prevented the nation's representatives meeting;" and before he seeks refuge from his alarm in insular pride, and a few common-sense considerations, he had better answer the solemn and oracular question, "Is human nature so different in England that there should be any assurance of its not happening with us if there were the power?" Were there any doubt that this nonsense fairly represents the reasoning of those on whose behalf it is put forth, it would be removed by the speeches in which the Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Sidney on last Tuesday evening threatened the House of Commons with the danger of giving the Home Secretary the command over a "vast standing army of policemen." The House of Commons could hardly overlook the patent fact that this "standing army" has been already in existence for some years, and that an addition of a few hundred rank and file could not perceptibly augment its terrors, for worthy aldermen and common councillors see in truth through an atmosphere of unreality. They have brooded over the mythical glories of their municipal history until they have swelled in their own estimation, from the respectable tradesmen that they are, to the dimensions of a new and heroic race of Gogs and Magogs. They neither comprehend the difference between the England of to-day and the England of the past, nor the difference between the London Corporation as it flourished under Charles I. and the same body as it exists under Queen Victoria. Since the period to which we are invited to carry back our thoughts, the constitution has acquired several new guarantees, on which most of us rely with implicit confidence. If it were seriously in danger, it would derive about as much protection from shutting the gates at Temple Bar, as from anything which could be done by a Lord Mayor and his handful of police. There was, no doubt, a time when the Corporation was the City and the City was the metropolis; and it was then only natural that the civic council and their chief should take a somewhat swelling tone, and repel with imperious gesture all foreign interference within their sacred precincts. But everyone knows that the City is now only a fraction of the metropolis, while the Corporation is only what remains of the city after those who confer importance upon it have been deducted. The Committee of 1838, which included Sir R. Peel amongst its members, observes in its report, that ancient privileges, which were granted by charter for the benefit of the whole metropolis, "are now limited to what under altered circumstances is only a portion;" and they naturally infer that these musty parchments, whose object is thus defeated, ought not to stand in the way of any improvements which will be beneficial to London generally.

We may get rid, therefore, at once, of all the historical and antiquarian haze in which it is sought to envelope the present question. But before we can approach the gist of the matter, the great "centralization" bugbear lies in our path. Now, for a proper and useful jealousy of centralization we have every respect; but this, like everything else, may be overdone. We cannot see how the great principle of self-government is strengthened, or how anybody's liberties are secured, by a minute fraction being cut out from the heart of the metropolitan district, and erected into a separate police jurisdiction. So far as police is concerned, the application of the principle in London is practically abandoned. The liverymen and freemen of the City will preserve intact all their present privileges of managing the rest of their affairs —including a pretty sharp supervision of the Continental powers—although they may be deprived of the empty boast of commanding a corps of constabulary. For all political purposes, the metropolis is already in the hands of the Government, which nowadays means in those of the House of Commons. There, for our own part, we think it may safely be left. If a centralized system of police be mischievous or dangerous, the mischief is done and the danger is incurred. All the Corporation can do is to continue withholding from us the counterbalancing advantages which such an arrangement offers. But then it is said that if the City is deprived of the control over its peace officers, this will form a precedent for a similar treatment of other municipalities. Perhaps it might, in respect to any borough similarly situated. It is, however, notoriously impossible to

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find one which resembles it, in forming an undistinguishable part of a larger and surrounding town area. Still less is there any other town which is in the centre of one whose police is under the command of a Government officer. The state of things in the metropolis is so exceptional, that it can never form a precedent. It does seem to us, therefore, that the town councils which are lending themselves to the organized agitation which is being got up throughout the country, are meddling with a matter which in nowise concerns them, and either feel or feign an alarm which is utterly groundless. Their conduct is, indeed, only explainable by the morbid tendency of the average municipal mind to find pleasure in petitioning and memorializing—in vindication of everything in general, and in glorification of itself in particular.

The practical question that is left really seems to us a very simple one. Common sense points out that when a small district forms—as we have said—a perfectly undistinguishable part of a large one, one police force must operate over the whole area with greater unity and efficiency than two. It is no doubt possible to make two such bodies work in harmony, and perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, without any serious inconvenience, so long as their respective heads are on good terms. But it is rather a serious matter that this should depend upon the personal relations of independent officials. Moreover, the small district must be unable to keep a reserve adequate to meet any extraordinary pressure, such as attended the entry of the Princess of Wales. In introducing the Amalgamation Bill on Tuesday evening, Sir G. Grey wisely declined to renew the controversy as to the character of the arrangements made by the Lord Mayor and Captain Hodgson on that occasion. We are quite disposed to follow his example; only, however, remarking that the more completely do the City authorities exonerate themselves from blame, the more strongly do the occurrences of that day and of the following Tuesday tell in favour of the Ministerial measure. That on both the police were overpowered by the masses, is incontestable. If this was inevitable (and no doubt it was), under a system which left rather more than 400 men to deal with such enormous difficulties, the natural inference would be destructive of the system. The Home Secretary had no difficulty in showing that the separation of the Metropolitan and City police had been condemned by every Commission or Committee which had considered the matter. But there was one authority of some weight which he might have adduced, but did not, in favour of his scheme. We allude to the late Commissioner of the City Police, Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey. When that gentleman was examined before the Commissioners of 1853 he was, of course, disposed to make the best case he could for the force under his command. He said, what no one disputes, that the everyday duties of the police are by them efficiently performed. He contended that it was necessary to have in the City some one of higher rank than a mere superintendent, to answer inquiries, receive complaints, and communicate with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. But he added, "if there were a Commissioner, or person of suitable power, always to be found in the City, and there were a recognition of the right of the City to be protected to the extent which experience tells us is the proper extent, I can see some advantages which would arise to the City [from the amalgamation of the two forces] which they do not at present possess and cannot now possess." He then went on to say that as the City police was a very small body, and as every man had his allotted beat, "if his services are required elsewhere, he is diverted from his allotted duty, and to that extent the protection of the beat or section which may be assigned to him is enfeebled." It not unfrequently happened, he told the Commissioners, that seventy or eighty men were obliged to be detached for attendance at the Central Criminal Court, in charge of cases before the magistrates or, in those days, for extra duty in Smithfield on market-days. He concluded with the frank admission, "There can be no doubt that if it were one force, and a certain amount of extra strength were brought to supply the deficiency upon occasions like those of which I speak, the City to that extent would be benefited, because there would be uniformity of protection." If the want of a reserve is thus felt under very ordinary circumstances, it is obvious that the City force must be in a condition of standing incapacity to meet extraordinary pressure. We need not add a word of comment upon this evidence. It is, in fact, an admission of our whole case; since there can be no difficulty in providing for the two points upon which Mr. Harvey insisted as the preliminary conditions of union. We are told, indeed, that the City not only requires on ordinary duty a larger number of men in proportion to its area than suffices for the rest of the metropolitan districts, but that it so differs from other parts of London, as to require a separate and different regular force for its protection. But when that view was suggested to Mr. Harvey he promptly replied, "I think there is nothing in it." The Lord Mayor dwelt the other evening upon the peculiar excellence of the City detective force and the desirableness of keeping it distinct. Mr. Harvey, on the other hand, stated in the strongest manner his sense of the advantage which would accrue from having a detective force common to the whole metropolis. The late Commissioner evidently then did not share the opinion, that two forces acting separately in what is virtually but one city are as effective for the prevention and the detection of crime as they might be rendered under one head. Of course, if the citizens were alone interested in this matter, we should not have a word to say against their indulging their peculiar tastes. But the inhabitants of the metropolis generally suffer from the defects of a double system which facilitates the escape of criminals, and now and then interposes an insuperable difficulty in the way of protecting life and preserving the peace. At the same time we have no desire to impute insincerity to the Lord Mayor and aldermen, when they tell us that no improvement on the present state of things is either possible or desirable. One of the most distinguished of their predecessors—Sir Peter Laurie—no doubt believed what he said, when he told the Committee of 1838 that the then existing *régime* of "old Charleys" was as near perfection as might be; and that the establishment of the Metropolitan Police had in no wise tended to the diminution of crime.

SIR C. WOOD AND THE BABOOS.

EVEN those of us to whom it may seem a surprising thing that a public meeting anywhere should display enthusiasm for Sir Charles Wood, must observe with satisfaction that one of our most valuable institutions is being naturalized in India. Recent Indian papers have brought us an interesting report of a meeting of natives held at Calcutta, which had for its object nothing else but the glorification of the Indian Secretary, and the system of which he is the head. The proceedings, we may say, were exactly what those of a similar assemblage would have been in England. On the motion of Baboo Ghose, Rajah Radhakaut Bahadoor was called to the chair, resolutions were moved and seconded by a succession of Rajahs, Baboos, Cowars, and Moolvies, and the proceedings were wound up in orthodox fashion with a vote of thanks to the chairman. The speeches, if we may judge by the reports, were, with one or perhaps two exceptions, remarkably good in point of style—compact, neat, and business-like—being in respect of these qualities decidedly above the home average. As to their substance, if mistakes were made, they were not nearly so great as are constantly made about us by nearer neighbours of ours; and if there appears a disposition to make comparisons between the governing class of India and people at a distance, to the disparagement of the former, it is, perhaps, worth while to remember that we have known something of the same kind at home. If the unpronounceable, though no doubt highly respectable, names of our distant fellow-subjects have a painfully foreign look, and if, on the other hand, the criticisms made upon the civil service must be taken as showing that Indians regard our rule as a foreign yoke, it is well that the people of India should be acquiring the habit of speaking out their thoughts of us, and gratifying to find them, on the whole, doing justice to the disposition by which the British Government is actuated towards them. We could not, if we would, prevent an acute and intelligent people like the Hindoos from forming their own opinion of our acts; and publicity and free discussion must be immensely useful to us by obviating discontent and hindering the growth of feelings which might endanger our supremacy. The Society under whose auspices this meeting was held, the British Indian Association, employs itself, to use the words of Rajah Radhakaut, "in keeping the native people informed of the general features of the Indian Government by vernacular translations of their proceedings, and inviting discussions

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on questions connected with the welfare of the country." It is obvious that the discussions on Indian affairs which take place in England are closely watched by them; and English journalists would be more careful how they treated Indian questions, if they kept in mind that what they write is read and commented upon by a multitude of keen-witted but imperfectly informed critics, by whom loose statements and reckless charges are often received at much more than their real value.

The first resolution adopted by the meeting states that Sir Charles Wood has deserved the gratitude of India "for the wise and beneficent policy which has distinguished his administration;" because he has "steadily sought to govern it in consonance with justice and the true interests of its teeming millions." The second, while affirming that "to a certain extent" India must be governed in India, declares the control of the Home Government, as regards questions of principle, advantageous, because the Home Government is "divested of local prejudices and influences," and so enabled to act impartially. The address to Sir Charles Wood is simply an expansion of these resolutions, with the statement, which had been anticipated in the speeches, of particular benefits conferred by him upon India. Sir Charles Wood, it seems, has all the credit of the establishment of local Councils, of the admission to them of non-official Europeans and natives, of natives being made eligible to the Bench of the High Court, and of their being put on a more nearly equal footing with Europeans in respect of the public service. The despatches upon the law of contracts, upon the question of waste lands, and upon that of the permanent settlement, are cited as illustrations of the beneficial influence of the controlling power of the Home Government; and it was obviously the vetoing of the Contracts Bill which provoked this demonstration of approval. The meeting did not stop short of full approbation of existing arrangements (as they understand them), for the government of India, and Sir Charles Wood's Council came in for a share of their admiration. They seem to have thought there must be all the difference in the world between a Minister in England assisted by old Indians, and an English Governor-General assisted by civil servants, whose experience has not yet been carried over seas. And, indeed, some of the speakers talked as if a statesman's fitness to solve the most difficult and important of Indian problems must be exactly proportionate to his distance from the country, and probable ignorance of it.

That Sir Charles Wood has done something of late to earn the thanks of the people of India, we are far from denying; we will add that he has deserved the thanks of his own countrymen as well. And we do not care to insist upon the fact that the suggestion of various measures which his Indian admirers ascribe to him really emanated from Calcutta. The despatch decreeing the Permanent Settlement was creditable to the Indian Secretary as an economist and as a statesman, and had the merit of putting the drag upon the impetuosity of Lord Canning's reforming ardour; while, by his rejection of the Contracts Bill, Sir C. Wood undoubtedly saved India from a great trouble and England from a serious danger. Were the controlling power of the Indian Office really exercised only on questions of principle, as assumed by its admirers at Calcutta, we should have even less to say upon their second resolution than upon their first; but Sir Charles Wood and his Council are, unfortunately, addicted to vexatious and mischievous meddling with the details of Indian administration.

All the speakers seem to have had a very exaggerated notion of the difficulties which Sir Charles Wood has had to overcome in carrying out his views of Indian policy. Baboo Romanauth Tagore, in proposing the first resolution, lamented that there was a party in England which desired to govern India for English objects; Baboo Kissory Chand Mittra denounced the nefarious projects of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and held up Mr. Hugh Mason, of Ashton, a cotton manufacturer, to the scorn and indignation of all the East; and Baboo Coomar Tagore held that "it argued a high degree of moral courage in Sir Charles Wood to have risen above the clamours of his countrymen." All this, with reference to the Contracts Bill, the vetoing of which, as everybody knows, required no degree of moral courage beyond that requisite for snubbing a subordinate, in which, throughout a long tenure of office, Sir Charles Wood has never been found wanting. There is no party in this country which would govern India for English objects, and if there were, it would have not the slightest chance of success. Instead of "sacrificing his popularity with his countrymen," as one of Sir Charles Wood's admirers supposes he has done by his rejection of that measure, it may be doubted whether any official act of his career has been so great a success as this. And the reason is, that the British people, like Sir Charles, desire that India should be governed for the good of its inhabitants, and that, with rather a bad name in the world for selfishness, we shrink, as no other people would do, from the notion of oppressing a dependent race for the sake of profit.

The repeated mention of "local prejudices and influences," as prevailing amongst the governing class in India, and of the prevalence of "greater breadth of views and liberality of principle as to the natives," as existing in England, shows that the feelings with which the Civil Service is regarded in India are not particularly favourable. This was to be expected, and probably no exercise of wisdom and forbearance on the part of the governing class could materially alter the case. But it would be easy to show, that Baboo Kissory Chand Mittra is very far from accurate in telling his countrymen, that "most of the liberal institutions we possess, and the inestimable privileges we enjoy, have emanated from the British Legislature and the British Government." What of truth there is in the statement, is in a great measure due merely to the reservation of large powers to the Home Government. A moment's consideration will show how much more largely Governors-General have left their mark upon Indian history than Presidents and Secretaries of State. From the nature of the case this has been and must be so; the Home Government must, on the whole, be the controlling, the Indian Government, for good and for evil, the originating power; the former a conservative, the latter a progressive element. The Indian Government, however, seems to bear the blame of the Home Government's mistakes as well as of its own; and it is well that a Governor-General should be a scapegoat for the British nation, so that in times of discontent the latter should still be looked to with some feeling of kindliness, or at least of hope. The gratitude towards the Home Government now displayed does seem to be of the kind which anticipates future favours.

THE STUDENT STATESMAN.

It is now many years since a celebrated lawyer and statesman still living was reported to be dead. It was rumoured at the time that he had drawn up the account of his own death in order to see what the world thought of him. Nor was he disappointed. Instantly the daily journals were filled with elaborate criticisms on his life and character; and although some of them were somewhat bitter, it must be admitted that upon the whole they must have afforded the subject of them considerable gratification. It is natural to exaggerate the merits of the dead and to deal tenderly with their defects. The statesman to whom we allude had occupied so conspicuous a place, and had acquired his influence by such popular displays, that his reputation some few years after his career is closed is more likely to diminish than to grow in the eyes of posterity. If the statesman whose loss the country still deplores had followed the example of the nobleman in question, he would probably have found that he stood even higher in the opinion of his countrymen than he imagined. In truth, although Sir Cornewall Lewis occupied a prominent position amongst public men, few estimated him at his genuine value, for his time had not yet come, nor did any one anticipate that he was destined so soon to pass away from amongst us. Now that he is gone, there is but one opinion as to the irreparable loss which the country has sustained. There was, indeed, a general conviction that Sir Cornewall Lewis was the only man whose character, knowledge, and sagacity, would enable him to assume the lead of the great political party which now rules the destinies of the country; but until the melancholy event occurred which deprived us of his services, his character was far from being thoroughly appreciated. It is well known that his colleagues, and those who were most intimate with the late Minister, entertained the highest opinion of his powers, and proved the sincerity of the opinion by constantly consulting him and deferring to his judgment. The House of Commons and the public generally have, during the last few years, furnished unmistakeable proofs that in this opinion they cordially concurred.

Sir Cornewall Lewis was not a man who carried people by storm. He had no charms of eloquence—no fascination of manner.

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He relied simply upon his personal character and his intellectual power. That he succeeded in reaching the high position which he occupied at the time of his lamented death, was creditable not only to himself but to the mixed assembly in which he played a distinguished part. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to consider a little more closely those qualities which enabled him to achieve the eminent place in public estimation which he ultimately attained. Mr. Disraeli has said that the late Minister may be taken by the rising British statesmen, on both sides, as an example which deserves to be followed. Nor can it be doubted that his career furnishes a striking illustration of the truth, that solid attainments combined with perfect honesty, strong common sense, and political sagacity, will enable a modern statesman to reach as lofty a position as a man of the utmost versatility and the most brilliant eloquence.

It is strange to contrast the estimate which is formed of some men by the intimate friends and contemporaries of their youth with the estimate which is formed of them when they enter the House of Commons and engage in public affairs. At school and at College one meets men who are amusing in conversation, ready at repartee, and brilliant in the debating club, but whose superficiality and inaccuracy inspire neither confidence nor respect. But such men when they enter Parliament, if they are fortunate enough to possess the advantage of social position, good fortunes, and prepossessing manners, impose upon those by whom they are surrounded, and soon take a considerable part in the management of public affairs. Other men there are who by their accurate and extensive knowledge, profound thought, and sound practical judgment, command the respect and guide the opinions of the circle in which they move. But men of this temper are rather advisers than actors. At the bar they are Chamber counsel, not *nisi prius* advocates. In the Church they are learned theologians, not popular preachers. In politics they are the Burkes and Mills, not the Broughams and Gladstones. They are too theoretical and judicial to lead a party, and too passionately fond of truth to stoop to Parliamentary tactics. They are driven from the arena of such an assembly as the House of Commons by lively speakers; they are hustled out of the advancing column of rising politicians by more noisy and adroit tacticians.

Sir Cornewall Lewis was a singular exception to this general rule. It cannot be said that he owed his rise to any special advantages which he enjoyed in social position or in private fortune. Many higher in rank, and of larger possessions, have failed to reach even the dignity of Cabinet Minister. Men such as Canning rose to the top, but then Canning was distinguished for eloquence and power in debate. Even Mr. Gladstone, shorn of his oratorical power, would occupy a very inferior position to that which he now fills. Take him as he is, it cannot be said that his advice upon any political subject would prove as valuable as that of Sir Cornewall Lewis. Looking back to the brilliant but erratic career of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is difficult to imagine him the leader of a great party. Like the late Sir James Graham, he is an admirable lieutenant when his friends are in power; and in Opposition a terrible power to be cast upon the flank of an enemy. But he is not the statesman either to forecast the future or to command the obedience of a large political party. In short, he wants those solid qualities which distinguished Sir Cornewall Lewis. And, indeed, so obvious was this to those who had considered the subject, that the Minister whose loss the country deplores would certainly have been selected in preference to Mr. Gladstone to fill the place of Lord Palmerston.

Before the times of deliberative assemblies and constitutional governments, there would have been nothing at all surprising in such a man as Sir Cornewall Lewis filling the first offices in the State. His knowledge was vast, his political judgment was thoroughly sound, and his power of exposition in the council chamber and on paper was considerable. But he had none of those qualities which have generally been deemed essential for swaying the opinion of an assembly or for achieving that popularity which seems to be required in the leader of a political party. Look back through the last hundred and fifty years, and see if there be any man who has attained the same position as Sir Cornewall Lewis without possessing qualifications in which he was singularly deficient. During the last century the leaders in the British House of Commons were all men remarkable for their power in debate. Take the leading statesmen of our own time—Peel, Cavour, and Guizot—every of whom was an accomplished speaker. Indeed of late years it may be said that this power of tongue has acquired an undue prominence, and that the House of Commons is too much swayed by oratory. At such a crisis to find a man who at first found considerable difficulty in addressing an assembly at all—who did not enter Parliament until he was above forty years of age, and who, in the short period of eight years, not only rose to the highest offices, but was acknowledged as the future leader of the party to which he belonged whenever the office became vacant, was surely a striking phenomenon. If Sir Cornwall Lewis had won his position by pandering to popular passions, or by a course of political intrigue, his premature death could scarcely have been considered a calamity. But his public career was marked by far nobler achievements. In him there was nothing petty—nothing mean-spirited. He was the soul of honour. Magnanimously candid, he disdained to distort the arguments of an adversary. Armed with strong reasoning powers, and filled with all knowledge, he met him face to face, and fairly grappled with him. No taunts could disturb his imperturbable temper; no love of display could induce him, for a moment, to put off that guise of unassuming modesty which so eminently distinguished him; no weak sentiment could mislead his judgment, or turn him aside from the path which his unerring sagacity had marked out for him. As a practical statesman, as a man of learning, as a high-minded and most honourable gentleman, Sir Cornewall Lewis was without a superior. At the same time, he had his defects; and it may be questioned whether these defects would not have stood in his way as a party leader. No doubt, any one who came to consult him would have received excellent advice. In the council chamber he was invaluable. But it may be doubted whether he was sufficiently adroit to steer his party through a difficult emergency, or to control such men as Mr. Gladstone, if indeed that statesman would submit to assume the position of a subordinate. It is certain that, in the opinion of his countrymen, no statesman stood higher than Sir Cornewall Lewis. In times of great national difficulty, no one would have commanded more attention. But under ordinary circumstances, it is questionable whether he would have succeeded in long holding the reins of power.

CORNISH WRECKERS.

The age of chivalry is not past. Gentle knights are indeed no longer seen pricking o'er the plain, nor will any wanderer over the bushless downs of Wilts encounter Sir Percival or Sir Galahad coming out of Camelot on his perilous quest; but Arthur, as we know on the highest authority, cannot die. "*Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus*," was the legend on his tomb; and the laureate has told us that the "blameless king" oft reappears, though in divers fashions and under divers forms. It would be dangerous to pretend to identify so shifty a monarch; but some shadow of his presence we believe we have lately encountered. The circumstances are all favourable. If he is no longer a knight of the round table, he appears as a knight of the shire, and the son of Uther, born at Tintagel, and the friend of Sir Tristram, of Cornewayle, very properly comes before us as M.P. for West Cornwall.

The narrative should be told in numbers; and there may, perhaps, yet arise a sacred seer to sing its fame. At present it is contained in the inglorious columns of a Cornish newspaper, and we can only hope to tell a plain tale in homely prose. Mr. Bramley Moore first appears on the scene. That gentleman, who is, we believe, a Liverpool merchant, sits in the seat of Sibthorpe as M.P. for Lincoln. Early last month, as all the world knows, he brought before the House the miserable affair in Brazil; but it is too probable that few even of the constant readers of the *Times* waded through the speech he made on the occasion. It seems that in the course of it he took occasion to palliate the alleged offences of the Brazilians by imputing similar conduct to his own countrymen. If the Brazilians were wreckers, what were we at home? "It was well known," thus runs the report of the speech in the *Times*, "that there was a time when it had been, and even now was partially, the practice, not only in Cornwall, but on other parts of the coast of this country, to use stalking-horses to lure vessels on shore in order that the wrecks might be plundered." The grammar is confused, but the sense is tolerably plain: in Cornwall, and on other parts of the coast, vessels are occasionally lured ashore for the sake of plunder. Such a statement ought to have been received with laughter such as greets the Frenchman's story of wives sold at Smithfield-market; the utmost it deserved was a simple denial of its accuracy, accompanied with a laugh at Mr. Bramley Moore's gullibility. Unluckily, the man who would have eagerly given this denial was at the time out of the House: the claims of dinner, or the eloquence of the honourable member for Lincoln, had sent him to the kitchen or to the sedative influence of the smoking-room. Not till the next day did Mr. St. Aubyn learn what had been said,

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whereupon he rushed to the defence of his county. Your true knight-errant never considers the prudence of an assault; his temper was formed before the days of strategic movements. Had Mr. St. Aubyn reflected for a moment, he would probably have let Mr. Bramley Moore's slipshod statement alone; but "One and All" is the motto which Cornishmen bear to attest their fidelity to one another. An imputation on a single inhabitant of the county is a slight upon all, and who is so fitting for their defence as a knight of the shire? In right courteous wise did Mr. St. Aubyn address his brother M.P., and ask what authority he had for the statement he had made. So was opened the correspondence which the Cornish newspapers publish—a correspondence in which no less than nine letters were interchanged; so that we must perforce be contented with a few extracts.

Supposing it were worth while to take up the matter at all, it must be allowed that Mr. St. Aubyn discharged his office extremely well; his letters are short and to the point, and he never allows his adversary to slip away from him. Mr. Bramley Moore's defence is, on the contrary, sadly wanting in science; he hits out very wildly at starting, and although plucky to the last, he may be described in the end as mentally gasping and exhausted. The match was so hollow, that to an outsider its only interest is as an illustration of the advantage of training. Mr. Moore can neither parry nor hit; he is powerless at warding and he never knows when he has got an opening.

Mr. St. Aubyn's first letter is dated on the 7th of last month; Mr. Bramley Moore's reply to it is so characteristic that it deserves to be reproduced in its entirety:—

"Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, March 15, 1863.

"Dear Sir,—Absence from town is my apology for not sooner replying to your letter of the 7th instant. I did not preserve the memoranda from which I read about wreckers, but I may refer you to the *Annual Register*, McCulloch, Haydn, and other authorities on this subject. Cornwall has enjoyed an unenviable notoriety up to a recent period, and I feel constrained to say I am not a believer in the improved character of wreckers in Cornwall or any other part of the kingdom; they have, in my opinion, been restrained from carrying on their lawless system of plunder to the extent of former years solely by the increased means of prevention through the constabulary and coast-guard. Opportunity is all that a wrecker still requires to practise his nefarious calling, and I may instance the recent case of the plunder of the cargo, with acts of violence, of the *Regina*, wrecked at the entrance of the Thames.

"Cornwall has long enjoyed a bad reputation, and if there has been an improvement of late, I attribute that improvement solely to the strong arm of the law. It is well known that up to the death of a man* a few years ago, there was a regular organized band of wreckers with a regular code of signals and passwords along the coast.

"These facts are notorious and well known, and I am informed the best cellars of port wine exist in Cornwall at this time—the produce from wrecks on the coast.

"I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"John St. Aubyn, Esq., M.P." J. Bramley Moore."

No comment is necessary on the cheerful frankness with which Mr. Moore refers his correspondent to the *Annual Register*, McCulloch, Haydn, and other authorities. The "other authorities" probably include the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the *Acta Sanctorum*. To search through a few hundred volumes more or less, without a hint that anything can be found in them bearing on the subject, is a task to which no one can object. In some one of the authorities there must be found something about stalking-horses,—well, perhaps not stalking-horses, but, at all events, wreckers,—or, if not wreckers, why certainly wrecks. What can Mr. St. Aubyn wish for more? Besides, if the inhabitants of Cornwall are no longer wreckers, they would be if they could; the facts are notorious and well known, and the best cellars of port wine exist in Cornwall, the produce of wrecks on the coast. The last argument is curious, and the facts involved new and interesting. The best cellars of port wine exist in Cornwall,—and we shall certainly make an early visit to the county to test this statement,—but port is improved by being wrecked, consequently, the port wine of Cornwall is the produce of wrecks. If it be true that port is improved by being wrecked, the fact is important, and it might be desirable to wreck a ship now and then on the coast elsewhere, that other counties might enjoy such an advantage. Mr. St. Aubyn was, however, strangely dissatisfied with this letter, and forthwith replied, pointing out to Mr. Bramley Moore that he had failed to furnish any authority for the stalking-horses. "As to the port," he added, "I can only say that, although there is excellent port wine in Cornish cellars, I have never had the fortune to meet with or even hear of any derived from the source you mention."

* Mr. Bramley Moore added in a note, "Name well known."

On receipt of this letter, Mr. Bramley Moore began to feel that he was in a false position; and, naturally wishing to get out of it in the shortest and most conclusive way, he suggested that Mr. St. Aubyn should ask him a question on the subject upon the House going into Committee. The Cornish member was instantly ready with a reply: he would have asked the question in the House in the first place, but he found it would have been out of order. Well, replies Mr. Bramley Moore, I think it would been better if you had; and there can be no doubt that for the peace of mind of the honourable member it would have been much better. Any answer, however inappropriate, would then have been final, but to a correspondence with a pertinacious man who will stick to the point there is no end. However, the M.P. for Lincoln addressed himself once more to his task. At this point, he demurred to the right of his questioner to require any authority. "Except as a matter of courtesy, I don't admit that I am called upon to give the explanations you ask on behalf of a county; if I had made any charges of a personal character it would then assume a totally different aspect." It is clear that Mr. Bramley Moore has never realized the "one and all" clannishness of out-of-the-way districts; but he proceeds:—

"It would be impossible for me to give proof of stalking-horses having been used of late years, or indeed I might say at any period, but the fact is nevertheless notorious and an accepted truth. My remark was not confined to Cornwall; . . . . a thousand things occur, which we believe, but cannot prove by evidence. I believe Mr. Pilkington was garotted, but I could not prove that he was, although I left the House of Commons in his company, and separated from him only a few minutes previous to this occurrence."

Mr. Bramley Moore's notions of evidence and proof are perhaps not peculiar to himself, but they are at the least remarkable. That we believe many things without having the evidence for them formally adduced is undoubtedly true, but that we believe many things which cannot be proved by evidence is as undoubtedly a mistake. The example he gives is most unfortunate for him; nothing admits of clearer proof than the question whether Mr. Pilkington was or was not garotted, though the evidence on the point would not be of the character that Mr. Bramley Moore uses. In this letter he proceeds to quote the definition of "wrecker" from the Imperial Dictionary, and he then adduces the only facts at all bearing on the point, viz., that four persons were convicted in Cornwall in 1857 and nine in 1859 of appropriating to themselves the spoils of a wreck, though it would go but a small way to convicting a man of murder, to prove that he had quietly pocketed a purse he had picked up in a shop. Mr. Bramley Moore's notions of evidence are most fully exhibited in the close of this letter:—

"After the debate on the 6th instant, I received a letter from a gentleman of the highest respectability, from which I give you the following extracts:—'I have just been told by a Cornishman, that the little children in that region (which you are said to have maligned) used to repeat in their prayers, God bless dear papa, and dear mamma, and send a ship ashore before morning.'

"This may or may not be true, for anything that I know, *and I might with equal justice call upon you to prove it is not true*, or that delusive lights are not occasionally used to lure vessels to destruction, as for you to call upon me to prove that which is next to impossible, owing to the refusal of parties to give evidence."

After this even Mr. St. Aubyn saw that he might let Mr. Bramley Moore alone: it would be only necessary to publish that gentleman's letters to secure the due appreciation of his random statement about the use of stalking-horses.

"I am perfectly satisfied," wrote Mr. St. Aubyn in reply, "with your statement, 'that it would be impossible for you to give proof of stalking-horses having been used of late, or indeed at any period;' and living as I do on the coast of Cornwall, I can only express my regret that you should have been imposed upon by any such idle tales, as far as regards the customs of the present day;" and he concludes by asking permission to publish the correspondence in the Cornish newspapers. To this the M.P. for Lincoln consented, though in happy ignorance of his best interests he wished the publication not to be confined to the Cornish newspapers, a wish which we have at least the pleasure of gratifying. The notion of being imposed upon he, however, indignantly repudiated. History, tradition, painting, and public belief, all went, he declared, to support the truth of the statement, that such things did exist, and if so, why should they not exist still? Mr. Bramley Moore has, we must own, the strongest reasons for believing that there are some things that are unchangeable, and perhaps the lesson which Mr. St. Aubyn should learn from this correspondence, will be found in so old a production as the Proverbs of Solomon.

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GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THERE is a very large oil-painting, still on view at Exeter Hall, in which Mr. Cruikshank has put on the canvas a very wonderful assemblage of several hundred figures,—the drinking, the drunken, and the demented,—consequently, the despairing, the disorderly, the dying, and the damned,—all brought in to bear witness against the use of fermented liquors. What shall we say to this? A man of rare genius, and of equal benevolence, which is happily not so rare, he has laboured exclusively on behalf of the total abstinence mission, for some ten or twelve years past, from a sincere persuasion that, as an agency of moral and social reform, it ought to command the entire use of his extraordinary powers of illustration for the remainder of his life. We heartily respect the motives and the spirit of Mr. Cruikshank in taking this course, although we may differ with him in regard to the principle of total abstinence, as a universal rule, and as the proper remedy for those evils caused by the habit of intoxication, which we all agree to deplore. For reasons which need not here be stated, we may prefer the system of liberty and self-restraint, with habitual moderation and temperance in all things, to that of an absolute denial of this particular thing, which we find to be harmless, wholesome, agreeable, and even beneficial, when soberly and prudently enjoyed. But we are not inclined to argue with a picture, or to object to such a one as he has drawn. If it were not for the provocation of hearing a didactic showman recite, in front of this canvas, a dismal commentary upon the incidents which are there depicted, we might be content, without surrendering our own discretion in the choice of a narcotic or a stimulant which exhausted nature will sometimes demand, to admire the marvellous vigour, the fertile invention, the dramatic power, the graphic skill, the imagination, the liveliness of sympathy, the humour and pathos in Mr. Cruikshank's latest design.

It is, however, a remark obvious to the least experienced critic of works of art, that this composition, as a whole, lacks that epic unity of conception and of interest, which is most essential to every work of art. Strictly speaking, there is no general composition at all. It consists of many isolated groups, each of which stands quite apart from the rest, so far as any common action is concerned. Each of them is attending to its own business; either conversing, or carousing, or complimenting somebody with the insidious glass,—or else perpetrating some hideous crime, or undergoing some dreadful doom of misery, in consequence of the pernicious old custom of wishing your neighbours a good health, accompanied by those genial libations which, taken in due measure, the laws of health itself may approve. Here, then, we are pledging a bride and bridegroom at their wedding-breakfast, or christening their first-born babe, or feasting at the Lord Mayor's table, where the great golden loving cup goes decently and merrily round,—there, we are transformed into fiends, or madmen, or idiots, upsetting a railway train, or burning down a house, or jumping with savage fury on the lifeless body of a policeman, or going to the workhouse, or finally going to be hanged. And if wine be not a good familiar creature, when it is rightly used,—if there is no chance for anybody to be virtuous, until there shall be no more cakes and ale,—there can be no question that Mr. Cruikshank's Inferno is the proper place for us, the moderate drinkers; and we have all deserved our fate. But he has failed, we think, both logically and artistically, to show the slightest connection between those decorous and gentle convivialities in the front of his picture, and the scenes of bloodshed, havoc, shame, and misery, with which its background is filled. Though we must decline to pursue here the ethical controversy to which he invites us, we cannot therefore shut our eyes to the great artistic fault of his picture,—its want of unity of subject. The idea of Drink, as the sole cause of all these manifold shapes of human woe, is symbolized, in a merely conventional form, by the central statue of the god Bacchus, surrounded by his acolytes and immediate worshippers in a classic garb. These might as well be on a separate canvas, for anything they seem to have to do with the hundreds of small figures, attired for the most part in Cockney dresses of the Georgian era, or in robes and vestments of office, whose motley aspect reminds us of a masquerade, occupying, in distinct parties, all the remainder of the space. They are not adoring Bacchus, for they do not stand in his presence or even within sight of him; nor does the group over which he presides come into the same scheme of perspective with these minor groups; nor are they related in perspective with each other. The effect of the picture is thus dispersed and frittered away in so many different portions, which might, without injuring their vitality, be severed from each other by cutting up the canvas into as many pieces; and it is only in this way, by taking them in detail, that we can study the fragmentary materials of which the picture is made up. We find, however, in many passages of this disjointed procession, abundant proof that the artist's fancy has not yet been dimmed by advancing age, and that his hand has not yet lost its cunning; that his perception of character is no less keen, his sense of the ludicrous and terrible is no less exquisite, his skill as a draughtsman is no less remarkable, than at any time in the last half century, during which he has toiled incessantly to amuse and instruct the world. And though, in the painting now on view, the patchwork of colour, which defies all rules of harmony, must displease an instructed eye, the engraving, upon which Mr. Cruikshank is now busy, will preserve whatever characteristic elements of his genius are displayed by this interesting work; and we doubt not that it will be cherished by his posterity, for another half-century at least, as a memorial of the clever, kind-hearted veteran, the father of our pictorial humourists, one of the earliest and most delightful friends of this age.

Meantime, as Mr. Cruikshank, though his mental and bodily faculties are happily quite unimpaired, seems now, for some years past, to have abandoned to younger artists the active exercise of his profession, we would invite men, women, and children to visit his room at Exeter Hall, before it closes, and to renew their acquaintance with a few hundred of those diverting, charming little pictures, etched by his industrious hand, which have long been out of print, and which will some day be eagerly sought after, when perhaps for neither love nor money they may be procured. Those who care for George Cruikshank as we do may either listen to the teetotal lecturer denouncing the rites of Bacchus, or may turn a deaf ear to him, as they please; but we beg them not to be distracted from a leisurely and fond review of the rich collection of prints and drawings, the creations of a rare genius, which cover the walls and screens in the same apartment. For let us remind our younger readers, whose memory can scarcely go back to the time when *Punch* first made its weekly appearance, that long before that era George Cruikshank was, to more than one generation, a constant and pleasant companion, to whom the middle-aged men of this day, aye, and their fathers before them, have owed many an hour of innocent mirth. If John Leech, who amuses and edifies us now, should be spared until about the commencement of the twentieth century, will it not be well that the boys and girls of that future age should look again and still laugh, as we do, at his admirable comedy of the Rising Generation of this? Do we wish those remote youngsters of A.D. 1900 to suppose that we had no failings, no follies, no frivolities in the decennial period of A.D. 1851 to 1862, between the first and second of the famous historical Great Exhibitions? Would we have them to believe that there was nothing ridiculous, or queer, or odd, or funny about us,—in our fashions, in our dress, in our domestic arrangements, in our daily life and habits, in our pork-pie hats and crinoline, in the frequenters of our Epsom races and Ramsgate sands, in the solemnity of our heavy swells, in the frippery of our sixpenny snobs, in the sporting pretensions of our Mr. Briggs, in the continental tour of our Triad of Cockneys abroad, in the precocity of our Master Jacky, in the servant-galism of one sex and the plush-covered pomposity of the other sex of a pampered menial class below-stairs in our Belgravian mansions,—in all the "Manners and Customs of the English," as depicted from contemporary observation by the graceful Leech and the inexhaustible Doyle? Would we burn all the tell-tale books and papers and pictures, in which our newsmongers, our novelists, our satirists, and—though last, not least—our caricaturists, have delineated the most trivial, as well as the gravest, incidents of our social life?

George Cruikshank has been so long busy, with his fine finger scratching on the copper-plate, in giving form and body to the grotesque, the sublime, and often the beautiful creations of his fine fantastic genius, as well as in the realistic portraiture of all that was ridiculous in contemporary London life! Amid such a medley of the Ideal and the Actual, we know not where to begin—we are carried far back to fabulous ages of English history—in dealing with the endless list of his works. It is not that he is, after all, such an old man. Threescore years and ten, we believe, are not far from his mark. We rejoice to know that he has still preserved a vigorous body, a fresh unclouded mind, an alert and gallant port, which did much credit, in the Brighton Sham Fight last Easter Monday, to the uniform he wears as an officer of some corps of Middlesex Volunteers. As a born artist, he began in his very childhood, when he was but twelve years old, to make etchings for a London publisher; his early taste for drawing, which had already in his artless infancy become a master passion of his life, having been indulged, by wise parental consent, in the choice of this calling, instead of that of a lawyer's clerk, for which he had been originally intended. Here, indeed, is a sketch, made in the exulting moment

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of his deliverance. We see the interior of the attorney's office, and George Cruikshank's notion of the master from whom he had escaped. Here are his first rude drawings, made in 1788, before the dear little boy was breeched; here is a portrait of "My Lord," a favourite hunchback, a *lusus naturæ*, whom this precocious observer of human curiosities one day discovered in the neighbouring streets, and whose outline he committed to paper, with as much innocent glee as he may have afforded, perhaps, to some of us, long, long afterwards, when we in our turn were children, and when his renowned performances were our continual delight. And does not the poet Wordsworth rightly tell us, that "the child's the father of the man?" Which of us, therefore, being a man of some forty years or thereabout more or less, will deny the filial affection that binds him to a happy youngster in the early days of the Melbourne Ministry, or *Consule Planco*, as Mr. Thackeray would say, who used to pore over the funny pictures in the *Comic Almanack* with such wondering, delicious pleasure, as it is the privilege of youth to feel? Mr. Thackeray himself, whom in those days we knew not of, as we knew not of his contemporary, Mr. Dickens—though destined to be the immortal authors of a mighty revolution in English literature, which has since been accomplished in the last five-and-twenty years,—Mr. Thackeray himself tells us that, so far back as 1820, when he had his turn of boyhood, the works of George Cruikshank, then already famous, were the study of his sweetest hours. Does he keep an old well-thumbed copy of *The Humourist*, which was published in that year, and eagerly purchased with the schoolboy's pocket-money, and begrimed, not improbably, with sticky effusions from a jam-tart, or ink-blots from an unwiped pen, in the careless keeping of the future progenitor of Pendennis and Philip?

It is, therefore, simply attempting to pay off a long debt of gratitude, if we touch on this extensive and complicated subject of the genius of George Cruikshank, as displayed in the astonishing variety of his works, in view of the revolutions which he has witnessed and recorded in English society, manners, and sentiments, along with the progress of English humouristic art and literature as exemplified by his contributions thereto, since "the good old days when George the Third was king." In the mean time we desire, once more, that the very interesting exhibition, chiefly of his small etchings done on copper or steel to illustrate the popular stories and the serial publications of miscellaneous entertainment in his day, with several water-colour drawings worthy of price, may be seen and studied in the aggregate, as the evidence of that marvellous inventive power which has created a miniature world, peopled with many thousand figures, the ugliest and the prettiest, the saddest and the merriest, but mostly the queerest imaginable—all the fruits of great knowledge of mankind, all the teeming poetry of a true artist's brain, condensed upon a few square inches of printed paper—just as playful Science, in the tiniest photograph, will show an enormous multitude of objects by the aid of the microscopic lens.

THE LIABILITY OF INNKEEPERS.

Even before the days of Ulpian and Gaius, "mine host" had a grievance. That stringent edict of the Prætor was always, in his eyes, a crying injustice: "Nautæ, capones, stabularii, quod cujusque salvum fore reciperint, nisi restituent, in eos judicium dabo." Roman landlords, no doubt, wagged their beards in fierce invective against so exceptional and lavish a decree. And in our own day the grievance remains. An innkeeper receives no compensation for mere custody of luggage. He is not, like a carrier, paid to convey goods from one point to another, and therefore naturally responsible for their safe keeping. Guests arrive; he is compelled to receive them, whether they bring twenty packages or travel with only a clean collar and a tooth-brush; and then the law requires that he shall be answerable not only for the acts of his servants, but of any improper characters whom he may have innocently received under his roof. In the words of the old writ, he must see that the goods and chattels of his guests *infra hospitia* are kept safe from robbery or loss by day or by night, so that no harm shall come to them in any way, whether through the default of his servants or of other persons by him entertained. If even he tries to get quit of responsibility by expressly refusing to take care of the goods, because, as he supposes, there are suspicious characters in his house, for whose conduct he does not wish to answer, the law takes no notice of his disclaimer, and will not permit him to escape from what it holds to be his proper duty. So if an innkeeper at York is honoured by the patronage of half a dozen swell-mobsmen who have come from town to attend the Spring Meeting, he must not, on this ground, send them away; for, having no positive proof of their vocation, he might thereby lay himself open to half a dozen actions for slander. Again, the common-law says that, if he has proper accommodation, he must not refuse to receive anybody who is ready to pay for such accommodation; and if, upon false pretences, he does refuse, it renders him liable to an action. Having thus forced him to harbour suspicious guests, it makes him liable for any acts of wrong-doing committed by them upon the property of fellow-travellers, even, as we have said, in the face of express warning to the inmates and of an express disclaimer of responsibility. It is not necessary to prove that goods have been lost by his negligence, for in the eye of the law it becomes him to do an impossibility—provide honest servants and admit none but honest guests.

According to "mine host," this is scant justice, and on the face of it he seems to complain with reason of the severity of the rule to which he is subjected. He declares that in many cases compensation is claimed from him, and is obtained, for losses which never occurred, at all events in the inn; that these claims are sometimes made in mistake and without any intentional fraud, but that in many cases he is made the victim of deliberate fraud by persons who allege that they have sustained utterly fictitious losses; and that unscrupulous fellows, to whom hard swearing comes easy, are encouraged by the present state of the law to insist on claims which he cannot disprove. Why, he asks, should an innkeeper be compelled practically to insure the goods of travellers, who pay him no premium for his risk? Jones, who stops for one night at the Red Lion, having with him £500, is, in point of fact, insured against robbery as soon as he crosses the threshold, though his whole reckoning may not come to more than a few shillings. This seems hard on the Red Lion, and we wonder that when indignant travellers or tourists have written to the papers, exposing outrageous charges for waiters and wax candles, landlords have not replied that these items only veiled the perfectly legitimate allowance which, upon an estimate of losses, was necessary to satisfy claims for watches, purses, and portmanteaus stolen by stranger guests.

With a view to relieve licensed victuallers from what they regard as a crying wrong, the House of Commons has this week agreed to the second reading of Mr. Wykeham Martin's bill for limiting their liability. In the case of carriers and ship-owners, to whom much the same rule applied, the Legislature had interfered, and had defined the extent to which they shall be responsible for goods. But these persons are paid expressly for certain service done in respect of the goods, the safe keeping of which is properly a part of that service. Not so the innkeeper, who receives nothing in respect of *impedimenta*, whether bulky or otherwise, whether costly or mean. So Parliament is invoked by Mr. Martin, with a "whereas," and a preamble asserting that, from the great facility now given to travelling, the quantity and value of the property brought by travellers to inns is much increased, and it is therefore expedient to relax the old common-law rule, which has now "rendered the trade of an innkeeper extremely hazardous and dangerous." Accordingly, it is proposed to enact that no innkeeper shall hereafter be held responsible for goods or property belonging to his guests where the value exceeds £20, except such goods are expressly deposited with him for safe custody, in which case the innkeeper may require that each article shall be exhibited to him, and its value declared. Another provision is that where goods or property so deposited are stolen or lost, it shall be incumbent on the guest to prove the actual value.

Now we are not inclined to dispute the right of innkeepers to some relief at the hands of Parliament, but whatever may be the exact measure of relief to which they are entitled, there is no doubt that in principle the rule of making them responsible is a wholesome and a sound one. "Rigorous," says Sir William Jones, "as this rule may seem, and hard as it may actually be in one or two particular instances, it is founded on the great principle of public utility, to which all private considerations ought to yield. For travellers, who must be numerous in a rich and commercial country, are obliged to rely almost implicitly on the good faith of innholders, whose education and morals are none of the best, and who might have frequent opportunities of associating with ruffians and pilferers, while the injured guest would seldom or never obtain legal proof of such combinations, or even of their negligence, if no actual fraud had been committed by them." And this is the very reasoning of Ulpian and Gaius in vindication of the civil law on the same subject. Confidence is necessarily placed in innkeepers; travellers necessarily commit to them the custody of goods; and unless such a rule existed, they would have an inducement to conspire with thieves against those who trust them. The doctrine thus asserted in the Roman law has been generally incorporated

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into the jurisprudence of Europe, and in our own Common-law the responsibility of innkeepers, which is said to be founded on the custom of the realm, may be traced up to the same source. We do not think that "mine host" now deserves the ambiguous character given him by Sir William Jones. But unless some restraint like that now imposed were continued, he would be subject to much temptation, and travellers to no little risk. The limit of responsibility suggested by Mr. Martin is a question of detail. The guest should not be put to needless trouble and formality in obtaining protection for his goods. It must not be forgotten that, though an innkeeper is not paid in money for securing a traveller's trunk, yet the guest *facit ut faciat*, and alights at the inn, not solely for his own refreshment, but also that his goods may be safe; so that the custody of the goods may be considered as accessory to the principal contract, and the money paid for the guest's lodging as extending to the care of the guest's property. Again, the law invests the innkeeper with peculiar privileges, for he has a lien upon his customer's goods for the amount of the bill incurred. These are points to be borne in mind in any legislation which is attempted upon this not unimportant social question. While Parliament is merciful to innkeepers, it must not forget to be just to the "weary traveller." The bill of Mr. Wykeham Martin requires to be carefully examined in its progress through the committee of the House.

OXFORD LEGISLATION.

We drew attention, a few weeks ago, to the new Examination Statute at Oxford, which had then been adopted by a large majority in Congregation, or the resident body of Masters of Arts and higher graduates. In Congregation, ninety-seven voted for the measure, and fifty-eight against it. In Convocation, which comprises the non-resident members of the University as well, the same statute has this week been thrown out by a large majority. Thus, the deliberate and strongly expressed decision of the resident body has been reversed by the non-residents. For the first time since the establishment of the present Constitution, in 1854, Convocation and Congregation stand in open hostility to each other. Of course, there are some questions on which non-residents are fully justified in expressing and giving effect to their opinion. But it is not surprising that the tutorial and professorial body should feel some indignation at the course pursued by Convocation in this instance. Here was a proposition which introduced no important change in principle, but which was merely intended to give fuller effect to the Examination Statute of 1850, by affording every facility for men to compete for honours in the subjects of study then for the first time recognized; one which was asked for in a memorial signed by a large majority of tutors and professors, who based their demand on the result of ten years' experience of the working of the present system; and this is thrown out by a concourse of country clergymen!

It is difficult to conceive what there could have been in this simple measure which aroused such destructive wrath in the bosoms of so many well-meaning men. From the numbers in which the High Churchmen mustered, it might almost have been supposed that some great theological question was at stake. But that scent must have been keen, indeed, which could detect the slightest taint of heresy in the two simple propositions, that men capable of taking classical honours should be forced to finish their education with six books of Euclid; and that those who obtained honours in mathematics, modern history, or natural science, should be excused one out of three classical passes. It appears, however, that this last proposition actually did excite some vague idea that the classics were in danger. We can only say, that if this was their apprehension, the vote of the majority does no credit to their judgment.

It is not probable that the residents will accept their defeat with resignation. With a working majority in the Hebdomadal Council and in Congregation, it is not very likely that a measure which had obtained so much influential support will now be ignominiously defeated and abandoned. But, possibly, this may be the beginning of a series of unseemly struggles between the residents and the non-residents, which will not tend to elevate the character or dignity of the University in the public esteem. Still, it may be hoped, that if this conflict does arise, the Legislature will once again assert its right of interference.

There is only one other remedy, and that one for which it is almost too much to hope. It is, that some sense of responsibility may at last grow up amongst the voting body at Oxford. It is by no means creditable to them, but it is nevertheless true, that, taken as a whole, few public bodies are so slow to weigh the real merits of any proposition before them. The request of an old friend,—the excuse for a holiday,—the pleasure of dining once more in Hall,—the opportunity of refreshing old associations,—personal feeling in some form or another,—such motives as these are far more potent to induce non-residents to come up to record their votes, than an impartial examination of the change which may be proposed, with a desire to do some good, or to prevent some mischief. On the other hand, we are sorry to say, that these Oxford contests appear to present some of the worst evils of parliamentary party tactics. We should at least have expected that men of the high character and position which must be necessary to have influence among so respectable a body as the graduates of Oxford, would be calm and temperate in their statement of facts; and that they would wish all those who are to vote on the measure to be in full possession of all the circumstances of the case. Unfortunately, we are compelled to believe that this is not always their disposition, if we may judge from some of the fugitive sheets, which are printed in large numbers, before every Oxford contest, in order to influence the votes.

At the close of the Easter vacation, the supporters of the statute, finding that "papers had been circulated amongst the non-resident members of Convocation, urging them to vote against the new Examination Statute, on the ground that it is adverse to classical education and learning in the University," published the memorial to which we referred the other day, with the signatures appended. To counteract this memorial a paper has been circulated, with the signature of "R. Michell," who seems to have been the leader of the opposition party. He begins with the observation that "it is but right that the real state of the case should be known;" but he goes on to say that "the statute, in its present form, embodies provisions *far different* from those contemplated by many of the memorialists." This, of course, would appear to imply that the statute had been so altered as to make it more opposed to the views of Mr. Michell and his party than the original proposition of the memorialists was. But we learn from the rejoinder published by the advocates of the new statute, that this is not the case. Two alterations have, it appears, been introduced, but they have been introduced "in the interests of classics as concessions to conciliate Mr. Michell's party." This fact, which is, we believe, notorious, certainly does not justify that party in laying any stress upon the alterations, with a view to upset the statute.

We should not have devoted so much space to this subject of an academical contest, if it were not that the interests of education make it necessary that the press should watch with a vigilant eye the proceedings of the great universities. That of Oxford is the principal educational body in the kingdom. It has its constitution, its council, and its parliaments, established by the law of the land. It has its own internal politics, with its parties of Liberals and Conservatives. And in order that the public good may not be altogether sacrificed to personal and party interests, it is necessary that its measures, and the conduct of those who promote or obstruct them, should from time to time be brought within the wholesome influence of public opinion.

THE BREAD WE EAT.

We do not, as an inspired writer says, "live by bread alone;' and, according to the report not long since made to the House and country, with respect to the condition of London journeymen bakers and bakehouses, it is well that we don't. The journeymen bakers, it appears, have long been restive under the many evil conditions which surround them during their hours of labour—their long night-work, the frightful condition of the dens in which they work, the impurity of the air they are obliged to breathe, and the early time of life at which some of the hands are employed in the baking trade. These evils are, in all conscience, bad enough; but we question if they would have attracted so much of the public attention, if it were not for the disgusting fact brought to light during the course of the inquiry, with respect to the mode of making the staff of life we lean upon. The corn comes out of the ground, and the bread comes out of the ground—or, at least, from a fœtid basement—but the one is turned into nutriment by the aid of the refuse of the animal body; would that we could say the same of the other! There are some subjects so disgusting that there is no excuse for the bad taste that dwells upon them in the press; but we feel that the full force of public disgust is required to reform our present system of bread-making. Paterfamilias, when he cuts the loaf for breakfast on the Gothic wooden platter, surrounded by some highly spiritual motto, is certainly not aware of the physical impurity he is manipulating. But it is well that he should know the whole truth at once, for the remedy lies in his

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own hands. It is scarcely necessary to say that the art of bread-making has not advanced in the least from the condition it was in thousands of years ago. If the reader would verify this assertion, he has only to look at the process of bread-making as represented on the Assyrian marbles, in the British Museum. We make the toys our children play with, the pins we use, the pens we write with—the smallest items, in fact, that are called for by our civilization—by the most elaborate machinery; yet the bread we eat is made by the naked arm, the rough hairy arm of the not over clean workman.

Everybody knows the whereabouts of a London bakehouse by the indescribable hot odour that comes up the gratings; but we are not all permitted to see the den whence issues the main food of the people. We must, therefore, depend upon the descriptions of Mr. Tremenheere. In all cases there is defective ventilation; in many cases the most polluted drains are to be found in the bakehouse itself; and as the ovens are generally placed in the cellar under the pavement, the inevitable result is that the foul air in its draft towards the fire is drawn over the dough while it is being manipulated. In many bakehouses the heat, often at 90°, causes the apartment to swarm with rats and mice, beetles, ants, and even worse vermin; and its action on the human skin during prolonged exertion may be imagined. Now the first process of bread-making—the kneading process, or "making the dough," as it is called,—is a very laborious piece of business. The kneading process is carried on in a trough, the dough having to be turned over and over and thoroughly mixed with the bare arms. If you can imagine, good reader, a person making a bed at the bottom of a bath, the bed being very weighty, and the operation being carried on for half an hour in a temperature of 90°, the person leaning over the process the whole time, the inevitable result must be a copious perspiration which flows from the face and arms and drops down into the dough—"plenty of it," as one of the witnesses says,—and becomes incorporated with the bread. This sickening process is inseparable from the handicraft, and we may say, without fear of contradiction, that no loaf we eat, or that any one eats, from the Queen to the beggar, is free from some admixture of this vile animal impurity. But this is not all; one witness, James Reilly, says, "After the dough is made the journeymen first rub their arms out,"—*i. e.*, get off all the dough they can by rubbing, and using dry flour to get off what adheres; after that they wash off the rest in a pail. If they are not looked after they will throw this away; "*but a careful master keeps it and compels them to use it in the next batch*, with the rest of the water used in making the dough." Item, as old Pepys would say, beware of the "careful" master baker.

Need we say more as to the necessity for reforming this disgusting handcraft altogether? As long as it was only a question of the men's nightwork, and of the bad sanitary condition of bakehouses, the matter would have been viewed by the public with comparative indifference; for, as the world goes, you may spoil a man with impunity, but not our bread. Happily, however, the health of the men and the purity of the bread are ends attainable by the same simple means—the production of bread by machinery; the process is purely mechanical, therefore it should be performed by iron arms instead of by human muscles. There are two such machines at the present moment before the public—that invented by Mr. Stevens, and the machine working the far more scientific process, invented by Dr. Dauglish, and producing the well-known "aërated bread." This bread is not only free from any animal impurity, inasmuch as the hand never touches it from first to last; but it is infinitely purer and more nutritious than the ordinary bread as an article of diet, for it is raised, or aërated, not by means of the ordinary ferment, which often renders it obnoxious to dyspeptic persons, but by the simple mixture of a small quantity of carbonic acid gas with the dough. This bread, then, consists of the best flour, for that alone can be used, a little salt, and water. We all luxuriate in the bread at Paris during our annual holiday; but excellent as that is to the eye, it is not equal either in purity or nutritious qualities to the aërated bread, which Dr. Sieveking, the lately appointed physician to the Prince of Wales, predicts will speedily supersede all other kinds of bread for domestic use. The highly nutritious qualities of Dr. Dauglish's bread is owing to the use of the flour dressed in the manner patented by Mr. Bintz, of America, which removes the outer or siliceous skin of the wheat without destroying the inner skin adhering to it, as is done by the common process of dressing. The inner skin, termed cerealine, is found to be the most nutritious part of the grain. It cannot be used in the ordinary fermentive process of bread-making, as it turns the bread brown, and people, as a rule, will not eat brown bread; but by the aërated process the bread can be made white. Dr. Dauglish states that this valuable element is now thrown away as an article of human food by our ordinary branning process, to an extent that may be estimated at £8,000,000 per annum, and Mr. Tremenheere says he thinks this estimate is made on "good grounds." The introduction of Dr. Dauglish's process in the making of bread at once gets rid of the strongest grievances complained of by the journeyman bakers, inasmuch as it reduces the time requisite to prepare a batch of dough for the oven from a period of from eight to twelve hours to less than thirty minutes; and it also obliterates that fertile source of lung disease so common in the baker, the inhalation of the flour dust, which, according to Dr. Guy, causes one journeyman baker out of every two to spit blood; and, finally, it will have the effect of elevating the method of bread-making from a handicraft into a scientific process. The model bakery, at present at work in Islington, is as far removed in a sanitary point of bread from a common bakehouse, as a cellar is from a kitchen. We may therefore congratulate the public that this inquiry has clearly pointed out the means of ridding itself of the present disgusting method of making our chief article of food, and also of alleviating the sufferings of a very important trade. We scarcely know of an example, where the introduction of machinery is so clearly an unadulterated good, as in this new process of manufacturing bread.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

As the summer comes on, there will again be crowds of people listening to men preaching out of doors. What do they hear, and who speaks to them, and what comes of this preaching? It is worth while for us to try to answer these inquiries; for the practice has now become an ordinary institution among us. Twenty years ago, if a man was heard talking loudly in the streets, he was at once set down as a fanatic or a demagogue. Of late, the custom has been adopted by more sober advocates of religion and morality, who were determined not to surrender so fair a field to mere ranters. They justify it by the example of Christ himself, who lifted up His loving, solemn voice in the streets of Jerusalem. So, a few years ago, that reaction set in, which sooner or later must always take place, when a practice in itself good has become obsolete only because it was abused; and when there was something solid, useful, and true in it, after all. Ministers and earnest laymen now stepped forth from the threshold of the churches and spoke directly to the passing crowd. Soldiers came from their barracks, and lawyers from their chambers, to speak to the work-a-day people, in groups arrested by their voice. For some years the sneers and persecution, with which downright missionary work must struggle, checked its extension, but speedily it became right and orthodox, and then even fashionable to preach out of doors. All sorts of people were thus encouraged to come forth and speak on all manner of things. Not only the Gospel is preached in the streets and open places of London, but so are Mormonism, Spiritualism, politics, and infidelity. Anybody may speak, and everybody will listen; a man who talks earnestly, on any subject whatever, within hearing of the people, is sure of a large audience. The Christian laymen who had engaged in this work soon recognized one another, and were drawn by sympathy into an organization of their own. They fixed on about sixty regular stations, and mapped out London into corresponding districts.

It is curious to watch the manner in which an open-air preacher will begin. He first speaks at the chosen corner to a little child, and perhaps shows him a picture. Another boy will come, and soon a little audience is there. Grown people then collect, just "to see what is going on;" and before the preacher has got ready three sentences, a congregation is there to hear him. A few kindly and judicious words bespeak attention, and then he may go on for hours, with a throng only limited by the sound-carrying power of his voice. The faculty of doing this is a terrible power, if wrongly used. But good service may be done, if this liberty to speak and readiness to hear be wisely employed. The hearers are not always silent. Indeed, it would not always be a good sign if there were no interruptions. As the work in London progressed, certain stations soon became settled arenas for hard controversy. The Secularists met at King's-cross, the Infidels at Paddington-green, the Romanists debated on Tower-hill, and the unctuous Mormons battled for Nauvoo at the Southwark Obelisk. These and other such prominent posts gave, however, no example of the quiet, useful work that was being done in lanes and alleys and far-off back streets, to which a sensible, kind-hearted preacher had found his way. The squalid herd of dull and ignorant paupers there welcomed a pleasant face, and a plain-spoken tongue, with the words of love and wisdom to utter. As the preacher took his stand, up went

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the windows in the houses all around, so that the women in the top rooms might hear, while the men collected below and lounged towards the preacher, puffing smoke from their short pipes, but standing still to hear him. It is a curious and interesting scene. The grateful thanks of the crowd are often paid for such efforts to tell good news to the sad and weary poor. There are not less than two hundred members of this open-air mission thus employed in London—all laymen, and all unpaid. Even in the winter there are still crowds to hear; in the wet and cold of November the preacher can always get listeners enough to justify an hour's work. The men who may be seen hanging about public-houses on Sunday afternoons, or prone and snoring on the grass of the parks, or yawning listlessly at a street corner, are nearly all in the public room of some common lodging-house at eight o'clock. The preacher follows them there, and they let him in with right good will, for they are tired of their own vapid talk. They have exhausted their stale comments on the last police case, read or spelled out from a penny paper; and it is no wonder that such a stupid company hails with delight the appearance of a new face, cheerful, kind-looking, and willing to sit among them half an hour, and tell some pleasant anecdote, leading to good religious advice, ending, may be, with a few verses of some chapter of the Bible. This in-door visitation is made more easy since "Lord Shaftesbury's Act," by which the 1,800 "common lodging-houses" of London are now regulated. For, instead of the stolid neglect of former times, the poorest inmates of these houses find that the law now insists on their having reasonable comfort; the space, water, light, warming, ventilation, and drainage are all rigorously under police superintendence. In these lodging-houses a hundred vagrants may be assembled round a blazing fire on Sunday evening, all ready, and waiting for the "gentleman's" visit. A very little oratory suffices for such an audience, if only it be kind, earnest, and plain; and all the while he speaks, the men—a motley group, including some crossing-sweepers, negroes, Chinamen, and Lascars—must of course be allowed to move about and do their own business. Some smoke, others cook, some sleep, others wash their garments, and others may pretend to read, but all will probably be civil to the visitor. Even the veriest bear in the street will behave better when he "receives" at home and puts on his best manners to show how he can treat a stranger. Then, again, some members of the lay mission follow these people into the country. They find them chiefly at the rural fairs, of which there are 3,000 held every year in England. They also follow them to the races, of which there are 200 every year. Practical dexterity and skilful tactics need be exercised at the fairs and race-grounds to get an opportunity of speaking, but in every such place crowds are to be found who will listen with avidity and will even thank the open-air preacher. The clown and harlequin of a travelling circus will sometimes let the preacher mount the front platform on the Sunday when the show is closed.

But there is still a lower depth. It is among the very worst scum of our people that meet round the gallows at a public execution. Thousands may there be met with, packed close together for long, idle, waiting hours, and even the vilest heart may then be impressed with the certain knowledge that a human being is about to die. For such occasions, men from London, or from the country branches of the Mission, assemble the townspeople at a meeting the evening before. Ten, twenty, or sometimes forty brave fellow-workers are enlisted, and long before sunrise they take post near the gaol. Tracts, handbills, leaflets, and cards with appropriate verses, are distributed among the expectant thousands. If we were to trace the beneficial effects even of such efforts at the foot of the gallows, there would be ample evidence to show that they are not in vain. And what if it be said that there are many injudicious preachers, and much bad preaching, in streets and lodging-houses, at races, fairs, and executions? Are there no bad sermons in churches and chapels,—no bad books in schools and colleges,—no "injudicious" teachers in every department of common life? The man who decries all work that is not perfect will have little to praise. The open-air preacher ought, indeed, to be criticised, improved, and rightly directed, but not jeered at and put down. The very spirit of independence in this man, which urges him to undertake such work, will induce him to resist with British courage all unkind endeavours to browbeat and flout him out of his calling. After all, if men firmly believe that there is a truth which makes them happy, they will speak it out, whoever tries to stop them. "Yes," it may be answered; "but then there is a time and a place for everything, and so for this religion." But what time, they may answer, and what place? If men and women really will not come to be taught in churches and chapels and schools, are we to leave them ignorant, idle, and perishing the while for lack of knowledge?

"Propriety" and "order" are not words of sufficient power to keep these earnest reformers back. They tell us that it is criminal apathy and cowardice to make these considerations an excuse for doing nothing. Open-air speaking is not disreputable in itself. See, for instance, the candidate for Parliament, who has an *earnest* desire to win men's votes; how readily he puts up with the rabble around the hustings as a fit assembly for him to address in the open air. Why should not the voluntary preacher do the same with his earnest desire to win men's souls? In some way or other religious truth must be carried to the masses of our population; and those who choose this way of doing it may plead the command, "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

There is one mode of carrying on this work of the open-air instruction which had been much used and abused, till last autumn a police order was issued to prevent it. The public parks in London were opened every Sunday in fine weather to all sorts of preachers, speakers, and wranglers. This custom was brought in by the permission given to private bands to play in the parks on Sundays; for it was impossible for the open-air preachers to be kept out of the parks when these bands were let in. The present Commissioner of Works, reversing his predecessor's decree, had allowed them all to go there together. What was foretold by more prudent counsellors soon came to pass; there arose the Chartist spouter, and the loud shouting demagogue, and at last the tumult came to a battle, with blows, and bloodshed, at the Garibaldi riots in Hyde Park. Upon this, the authorities were again convinced that the parks are meant for peace and quiet, and they rightly excluded all orators of any kind. It is to be expected that they will apply the same rule to the bands of music, and that the parks will be left for the Londoners' quiet Sunday walk, since musical performances in the streets are certainly not stinted on week-days all over the town. It has been observed, by some of those who are most eagerly engaged in open-air preaching, that the desire to make an oratorical exhibition before a holiday crowd in Hyde Park, is a very different spirit from that which carries the earnest preacher to some dingy alley, where misery and wretchedness are to be consoled; and it is a very grave question whether more good is stopped or more evil by closing up the parks to all meetings whatever.

Meantime, the institution of open-air preaching, under proper regulation, has been approved by the sanction, and even the example, of bishops, clergy, and dissenting ministers, as well as of many respected laymen. These do now go forth and "speak unto the people the words of this life," and the people come to hear and thankfully too. Many and great are the drawbacks, no doubt, on this use of such means, which are as powerful for evil as for good. There are bad speakers, and foolish speakers, and stupid speakers, and vain, ignorant speakers, who only mis-spend the hearers' time. Nevertheless there are hundreds of good and sensible men who diligently and reverently use this freedom, the right of every Englishman, to address their fellows in a tone which every Christian must approve.

ART AND SCIENCE.

WATER COLOURS, OLD AND NEW.

The water-colour artists of England have completely created the delightful form of art which they have cultivated with so much success and such original genius, for the last half century and more. Turner, the greatest master of landscape of the naturalistic order, made his first efforts in this form under the very simple teaching of Girtin, and his first picture at the Academy was a water-colour drawing exhibited in 1790; in little more than ten years he became an academician and professor of perspective. There must be abundance of scope, then, for the art of water-colour painting, and we are not disposed to say that the artists have not both developed their own powers to the utmost and extended the limits of the style. That they have done both is evident from the increasing interest which attaches to the Exhibitions of the two Water-colour Societies, one of which has favoured us this year with an extra display of their works which possessed a peculiar merit. The two Societies, as we distinguish them by the names Old and New, were necessarily rivals—friendly rivals, in a good sense—for they have been equally animated with a genuine spirit of study in their art, and there are to be found members of each side who stand alone in their particular excellences of style and execution. However, the old stock became strong enough to throw out a shoot, and this has taken root and blossomed so well during the last thirty-two years, that the name of "New Society," which had been felt as a misnomer for some time past, has now been cast off without Act of Parliament, for the name of "Institute," but not without accession to a new estate, in the shape of a much better lighted and more appro-

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priate gallery. We are led to conclude, from the notice appended to the catalogue, that the new impulse thus given is due to the handsome donation from the late Mr. Woodburn, the picture dealer, whose services to art in this country, and indeed to the fine arts generally, have been highly valuable. The separation between the water-colour painters seems more marked than ever, but it is not altogether improbable that they may be brought together under some expansion of the Royal Academy which seems to be looming in the future. That the capabilities of water-colour art are now such as entitle the artists to take rank as Academicians, as Turner, their great teacher, did, we think there can be no doubt whatever. Those who are familiar with the many admirable examples of landscape, the work of the members of the two Societies, or with those drawings of finely-coloured, picturesque figures, always to be seen in their Exhibitions, must own that the style has the highest merits, and in some qualities—as in the more delicate and transient effects of light and atmosphere,—it is a question whether the water-colour artist has not surpassed his more robust and energetic rival the oil painter, who commands an advantage by his transparent tones, his scumblings, and his solid lights. It is this feeling that has gradually been at work, leading the water-colour painter on and away from the unaffected suggestiveness of Paul Sandby and Girtin, Varley, Copley Fielding, De Wint, and even Turner himself in his early days, to more ambitious aims at a more intimate companionship with Nature. An excellent opportunity was afforded at the recent sale of Mr. Mozley's collection of observing this transition. Here was an early drawing of Turner's, with the great man's first attempt to paint a rainbow, and a double one too, in a drawing of Schaffhausen. The feat has often been accomplished since by many water-colour painters. It is a step from the plain washes of colour, true enough in tint, of the drawings by De Wint, to such finished pictures as the "Old Mill by Moonlight" by Duncan; from the happy dash and lucky chance effects of David Cox to the sober mastery with equal boldness in Duncan's "Wreck on the Goodwin Sands." Compare, again, with the works of the past in water colours, those extraordinary pictures of fruit and flowers by W. Hunt, or those achievements in still more novel methods by Mr. J. Gilbert and Mr. Birket Foster. Compare, also, the prices realized by these last-named pictures, and they will be found to be nearly ten times the amount obtained for the De Wints, the Copley Fieldings, and the David Coxes. This advance in value is not to be attributed to mere fashion, though that had something to do with it, as in the case of drawings by Mr. Hunt, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Foster; it is due to the greater merit of the pictures as works of art.

We have referred to certain novel methods of work adopted by modern painters in water colour; these might have been noticed in strong contrast in the collection exhibited at Christie & Manson's sale room. Nothing could be more opposite than the drawings of Mr. Foster, minutely touched with body colour, and those of Mr. Duncan, Mr. Fred. Tayler, or Mr. Cattermole, broadly touched, and without any opaque colour. The same difference is to be observed in the drawings by Mr. Edmund Warren in the exhibition of the Institute and those by Mr. W. Bennett, Mr. Whymper, Mr. Leitch, Mr. Rowbotham, and others, who all adhere to what we suppose must be called "the orthodox school." Mr. Warren chooses to strike out into the domain of oil painters; he paints his trees much as the oil painter does with his "medium;" he gives his cornfields the same force and rich colour, and his ferns the same almost tangible reality that Mr. Vicat Cole and young Mr. Linnell heap in such luxury upon their canvas. Indeed Mr. Cole paints in water colour precisely as he does in oil, and a very fine example of this was to be seen in Mr Mozley's collection: high-spreading beeches hanging over a deep clear pool, with a water-hen splashing away across the water, frightened at the deer coming to enjoy the cool shade.

To return to the Institute Exhibition and Mr. Edmund Warren. Where this method is apt to fail is, in expressing the peculiar sense of life and movement in the open air. It is comparatively dull work to show us every leaf and prickly bramble. What we would see is the grand and glorious face of Nature. We should never be artists if we were always looking into the minutiæ of Nature's garments, testing their quality, and seeking if the same stuff could not be imitated by an inferior hand. If we look at the skies in all painters of this manner, and in Mr. Warren's pictures especially, we see at once the want of feeling, the absence of impression, and the lack of memory. The hand has failed because the eye has not prompted it, and the eye has become insensible to the changing beauties of the vast heavens, because the mind has been occupied with the mechanical task of imitation. A certain amount of vagueness and mystery should belong to a painted landscape, as it does to the natural scene; we wish to be cheated into a reverie, and not to be prompted to pull out our eyeglass to examine curiosities of painting. Mr. Warren's cornfields should be compared with a similar subject to illustrate the point; as in Mr. Moles's "Stubble Field, with Children Gleaning" (152), or his "Folding Time" (139), with a drawing of similar scenery by Mr. Whymper, 81, "A Common near Haslemere." As admirable pieces of landscape in the ordinary style, should be looked at Mr. Bennett's "Barden Tower" (37), Mr. Rowbotham's "Sorrento," and his "Castle of Ischia" (192). In the latter is most charmingly expressed the pure blue of the Mediterranean misty air of evening, and the sunny warmth over the shore.

Mr. Aaron Penley's "View of Buttermere" (200) has good points of airy effect, although it incurs the fault of being, as all very violent effects are, a little too like the red and blue fire of the sensation dramas. Mr. McKewan, Mr. Maplestone, Mr. Leitch, Mr. D'Egville, Mr. Fahey, are all very capable men, following the beaten track, though never slow to enter upon fresh fields.

Mr. Carl Werner's drawings are always a feature in this gallery; this year they are all of Eastern subjects, and chiefly from the half-ruinous buildings of Jerusalem, with the exception of one. This one is an attempt to call up, in Mr. Murray's room, the great departed,—Byron, Scott, Hallam, Gifford, Canning, Barrow, Disraeli,—in their habits as they lived; and the result is not more happy than it is invariably found to be in all pictures of this kind. But as for Mr. Werner's Eastern scenes, in his regular *métier*, they are wonderful for precision of light and shade and for the making out of every detail, as in "The Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre," or "The Entrance to the Hall of Justice, Jerusalem," and "The Wailing Place of the Jews." They are all faultless, except in the sky, and here we perceive a feebleness and untruth that leads us to wonder the more how the effects of sunlight and shade have been so accurately obtained. As fac-similes in colour they are superior to any photograph, but as for their spirit and feeling, they seem to be over-precise and pedantic. They are invaluable as illustrations, but want something of the charm we often feel in very inferior works.

Mr. Louis Haghe, as a painter of rich-toned interiors, with splendid architectural ornament and decoration, displaying some historical incident, with groups of figures admirably touched in, though only as picturesque suggestions giving interest to the place, takes a position quite parallel to any painters in oil. He has two superb examples in this Exhibition. The chamber at Fontainebleau, a splendid work of Italian Renaissance, has recently been touched up and improved upon by the Emperor's architect. In this, besides the beautiful work of the carved entablatures, inclosing pictures by Primaticcio, seen down the whole of one side of the apartment under a charming effect of light, we have Benvenuto Cellini showing a work of his to Francis I. and his mistress, Mdlle. D'Estampes, with cardinals and other pompous dignitaries in attendance. The other work is larger, but not finer in quality. The subject of it is the old Doge Dandolo, after having taken the Cross in St. Mark's, Venice, being led out through the crowds of the populace by the Marquis de Montferrat and the Grand Master of the Templars.

Mr. Corbould's "Memorial Design," painted for the Queen, represents the late Prince Consort, in golden armour, seen as if forming the picture in a triptych, the leaves of which are open and painted with subjects from the Old and New Testament. It is a beautiful piece of painting, whatever may be thought of the taste of such a design. Mr. Wehnert's picture of Lucrezia Buti and the painter Filippo Lippi, who fell in love with her when she was in a convent, and though a monk, persuaded her to elope with him, is curious as an instance of how an able artist may be betrayed into the absurdities of caricature when he is not satisfied with the reserve which the greatest painters never forsake. Mr. Augustus Bouvier seems to have erred in the opposite direction of inanity, in his drawing of "Princess Elizabeth entering London a Prisoner of State" (286). Mr. Fidey, one of the younger members, exhibits a clever commonplace kind of composition, on the subject of "Christ Blessing Little Children," a large work, but not, as we imagine, exactly suited to the style of this artist. The still-life pieces, especially Mr. Margett's "Mayflower" and "Bird's-nest," are most of them remarkably good; and, on the whole, we may consider that the first exhibition of the Institute augurs well for its future prosperity.

Having referred to Turner as the great exemplar of landscape art, it should be mentioned that there have been exhibited, during the last three days, before the sale which takes place to-day at Christie and Manson's, ten pictures by Turner, of which eight are in his finest manner. The "Ehrenbreitstein" is a beautiful work, frequently spoken of by Mr. Ruskin, painted in 1835. There is also the large picture called "Palestrina," painted in 1850; the "Antwerp," 1833; "Wreckers," a splendid example of sea-painting; two Views of Venice, gems of his later style; "Port Ruysdael," "Helvoetsluys," and two of his early works. There has never been such a sale of Turners as this, and the prices will probably be reckoned in thousands.

MUSIC.

In our last week's notice we briefly recorded the appearance, at the Royal Italian Opera, on Thursday week, of Madlle. Fricci as Norma, and the *début*, on the same evening, of Madlle. Carlotta Patti as a concert singer. The part of Norma, for many years one of Madame Grisi's most powerful impersonations, is a severe test for any but an artist of very high vocal and dramatic power. The requisites of finished musical style and tragic stage action are so rarely met with in combination, that any approximation to excellence in this double capacity merits a kindly welcome. There is so much that is good in Madlle. Fricci's Norma, that only hyper-criticism would dwell on some small shortcomings. The extreme tremulousness of the voice, and an occasional tendency to sing (only slightly) out of tune, were largely attributable to the nervousness inseparable from a first essay in a part which must challenge comparison with one of Madame Grisi's best representations. Madlle. Fricci has a voice of sympathetic quality, and a flexible vocalization; while her action is dignified without being stilted, and passionate yet refined. Her Norma is full of intention, and carefully studied

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throughout. In the most violent transports of passion belonging to the several highly-wrought dramatic situations, Madlle. Fricci combines the majestic deportment of the Druid priestess with the human tenderness of the woman; while in her greatest climax of tragic wrath she never approaches coarseness. If her Norma is not of the highest excellence, there is still much to admire in the general intention, both vocal and dramatic, and it improves on repetition. Madlle. Carlotta Patti, who appeared after the opera in a miscellaneous concert, is a singer of the brilliant rather than of the expressive school. Her voice, a high soprano, is more adapted for rapid execution than for music of sentiment and passion—it is of somewhat penetrating quality but without the least shrillness, and thoroughly under command in passages of the bravura kind. Her chief performances were Donizetti's Aria, "O luce di quest' anima," and the Queen of Night's song ("Gl' angui d'inferno") from "Die Zauberflöte." In the latter of these, Madlle. Carlotta Patti sang with facility those extremely high notes (reaching to F in alt.) which Mozart introduced as a means of displaying the peculiar voice of the singer for whom the part was originally written. The effect of these passages, forced out as they must be in a kind of "head voice," is generally rather surprising than pleasing, but is more admissible in the concert room than on the stage, where such an exhibition of mere vocal gymnastics is opposed to all truth of dramatic situation. The calm, not to say cold, tranquillity which Madlle. Carlotta Patti preserved throughout her several performances, argues her more accustomed to the concert-room than the stage. Her pleasing appearance, a combination of cool confidence and arch simplicity, at once enlisted the good-will of the audience, and secured for her a favourable reception, which was confirmed by the after-judgment of the house. It is impossible, however, to form an estimate of this artist's powers without hearing her in a more extended range.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, where the ballet is to be restored to something like its former importance, the new piece of this kind, "La Farfaletta," has been thoroughly successful; the dancing of Madlle. Ferraris being the chief attraction.

The third Philharmonic Concert, on Monday last, was "by special desire;" their Royal Highnesses Prince Alfred and the Princesses Helena and Louise being present. The selection, as will be seen from the following programme, was from composers that are universally accepted as "classical," with the single exception of Verdi; respecting whose merits there is as much conflict of opinion as exists with regard to the very opposite style of Robert Schumann:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in E flat	Mozart.
Recit., "Hai già vinta," Aria, "Vedrò mentr' io," Mr. Santley (Le Nozze di Figaro)	Mozart.
Concerto in E flat, Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cusins	Weber.
Scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," Mdlle. Parepa (Oberon)	Weber.
Overture (Leonora)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A major	Mendelssohn.
Duet, Mdlle. Parepa and Mr. Santley (Rigoletto)	Verdi.
Overture (The Ruler of the Spirits)	Weber.

The Philharmonic orchestra is fast ripening into a band of first-rate excellence. As we recently pointed out, the changes to which it has been subject within the last few seasons could not but result in unsettling that union and fusion which are only attained by long association of the same performers. These adverse influences, however, belong to the past, and the manner in which the symphonies and overtures were given on Monday, was such as to leave little or nothing for the most cynical critic to object to. Perhaps the first movement of Mozart's Symphony would have borne a little increase of speed—the time marked being "Allegro," unaccompanied by any qualifying term such as "moderato," or "non troppo." This, however, is greatly dependent on the individual temperament of the conductor, and we are bound to receive, with respect, the reading of so accomplished a musician as Professor Sterndale Bennett. No greater test could have been found for the steadiness of both orchestra and conductor than Beethoven's gigantic "Leonora" overture, the syncopations in which may easily lead to confusion of accent. Still more difficult are the passages for the violins which lead to the climax of the overture, where the slightest deviation on the part of the conductor, or even of one of the instrumentalists, may throw the whole into disorder. Nothing could be better than the entire performance; and we may here especially note the brightness and resonance of the string band, not forgetting to add that the wind instruments are, generally, of equal merit. Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony and Weber's romantic overture were also worthily interpreted. Mr. Cusin's performance of Weber's difficult (perhaps his most difficult) concerto was characterised by great neatness and certainty of execution. This gentleman has an excellent mechanism, great rapidity of finger, and pliability of wrist; a little more power, which would be gained by occasionally throwing the force of the arm into the *forte* passages, would give an effective contrast to the delicacy and refinement of his general style. The performance, on the whole, was a very satisfactory one; and was warmly greeted on its conclusion. The vocal pieces call for no special remark; with the exception, perhaps, of the duet of Verdi; but we reserve some remarks on that composer's merits, demerits, and characteristics for the more fitting opportunity of the promised production of his last opera, "La Forza del Destino."

The third concert of the "Musical Society of London" took place on Wednesday evening, when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

Overture (Lenora, No. 3)	Beethoven.
Recit., "Grazie clementi Dei;" Aria, "A te riedi," Madame Sainton-Dolby	Mercadante.
Concerto (Violin) in D minor, Mr. Carrodus	Molique.
Duet, "Now for him I lov'd" (Jessonda), Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Sainton-Dolby	Spohr.
Overture (Melusine)	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Symphony, No. 1, in A major (Op. 19)	Silas.
Aria, "Jour de mon enfance" (Le Pré aux Clercs), Madame Lemmens-Sherrington	Hérold.
Overture (Preciosa)	Weber.

The speciality of this concert was M. Silas' new Symphony, a private hearing of which had been previously given at the society's trial concert in February last. A symphony is, in music, much what an epic is in poetry; and the musician, equally with the poet, who essays this, one of the grandest forms of composition, at once challenges comparison with the greatest productions of the art: a comparison that cannot fail to be to the disadvantage of any but a very high order of genius. The ambition to produce a work of such importance is much more frequently met with than the combined invention, imagination, and technical skill, which alone can justify a composer in addressing his hearers at such length and from so high an altitude. The external form of the symphony, and its component details, may be well constructed, the instrumentation may be skilful, and the work may bear general evidence of great musical attainments, but unless the composer have some special power, his symphony can scarcely be anything but an imitation, more or less clever, of existing models; and in this latter class only can we place the work of M. Silas. This gentleman has long been known as an excellent pianist and a composer of much graceful music for his instrument; and we would gladly have hailed in him a symphonist promising to add to the store of works of permanent value. With much to commend in the earnest endeavour and musician-like skill displayed in M. Silas' Symphony, however, we fail to discover that originality of thought and coherently sustained treatment of subject which are to be expected in a work of such pretension. Beethoven would appear to be the model whom M. Silas has had in view, especially in the first movement, in which we are occasionally reminded of the overture to "Egmont" and the seventh symphony. There is a frequent use of that broken rhythm which Beethoven uses with such gigantic effect, but which is a dangerous feature for imitation. Some of the instrumentation is effective and masterly, but there is an occasional redundancy of sound and an excessive use of the brass instruments which are oppressive. The subjects of his last movement too are commonplace, occasionally approaching vulgarity, and not redeemed (as is sometimes the case in Haydn's Symphonies) by such unexpected and learned treatment as makes us forget the triteness of the theme. If M. Silas, in his next effort of the kind will not take quite so high a flight, he will probably produce a work of more real merit, and avoid disagreeable but too obvious comparisons. It is but just to record the great success which the Symphony met with on Wednesday, and the call for the composer, who came forward and bowed his acknowledgments. Mr. Carrodus, in Molique's concerto, achieved a success which requires no word of qualification. His tone, if not very strong, is pure and liquid, while his execution is irreproachable. The great mechanical difficulties with which the concerto abounds were surmounted with the calm ease of perfect mastery. The passages of octave-playing were especially noticeable for their accurate intonation, and the general style was of high finish. The applause which followed the conclusion of the concerto was loud and general, and a deserved tribute to an excellent performance. The remaining instrumental pieces were given with that energy and finish for which the orchestra has long been remarkable, and which has earned for Mr. Mellon the reputation of an English Costa. The vocal music was scarcely worthy of the rest of the programme. Mercadante's Aria is one of those vapid pieces of Italian musical conventionalism, the only merit of which is that they afford some opportunity for effective vocal display. Hérold's air, too, is of flimsy substance, and would produce little effect but for its brilliant obligato violin accompaniment, which, in this case, was played to perfection by M. Sainton. Spohr's exquisite duet, however, compensated in some measure for the poverty of the other vocal pieces, which appeared all the poorer by the contrast. At the next concert, on May 27, a new pianist, Miss Madeline Schiller, is announced to make her first appearance.

That excellent pianist, Herr Ernst Pauer, has commenced his series of historical performances of pianoforte music; the plan being similar to that of last season, but with some change of illustrations. Herr Pauer's admirable playing, and the research and information displayed in his analytical programme, render these performances delightful and instructive to amateurs and students of the pianoforte.

The Oratorio, "Israel's Return from Babylon," by Mr. Rudolph Schachner, which was performed in July last with so much applause at Exeter Hall, has been selected by the committee of the Worcester Musical Festival, for their performance early in September next. The other oratorio performances on that occasion will be the "Elijah" and the "Messiah."

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THE REPORT ON SMALL ARMS.

THE report of the Committee on the experiments on Small Bore Rifles, and the various systems of rifling tried last year, has just been printed, and contains results of a very important nature. By the seventeenth paragraph of the Government programme issued before the trials, it was notified to all makers that, whatever might be the general shooting of the arms, the ultimate value would be judged by the results of shooting with *wax* lubrication, which the same paragraph stated to have been "proved by experience to be the best adapted for all climates and conditions." The lubricant being determined, and the powder supplied of the same quality and quantity, the preliminaries were equal in all cases; the merit of the shooting must, therefore, be fairly indicative of the value of the gun. Under such equal circumstances, a higher interest attaches to these results than has ever before accrued to merely experimental tests, for these trials have been practical and final rather than experimental. The Government having got the best lubricant, their object was to find out the best rifle. We have before in this journal advocated, on purely scientific grounds, the principle of the Lancaster rifling; but what is best in theory is not always, though it generally is, best in practice. Mr. Lancaster's rifles have, however, maintained their superiority in these tests, as they had previously done in actual service in India and elsewhere, wherever they have been tried. The first and primitive idea of rifling was to get a grip on the shot, by which the vertical rolling over and over that it performed when projected from an ordinary smooth bore, might be changed into a spiral motion—screwing its way as it passed horizontally from point to point. After a time, elongated bullets were designed to assist this motion, various lubricants tried to destroy friction in the barrel, and assist the passage of the ball. Experience showed the differences of fouling attendant upon different plans of grooving and channeling; but the ultimate simplicity of the best method of rifling had to be found out by practice and thought, as the final results of every other investigation have ever had to be.

It is thus the result of innumerable attempts and experimental ideas that has produced the special varieties of rifling which are characteristic of the guns of our best manufacturers, and which, if not scientifically perfect in principle, are near enough so for our most eminent practical makers to have produced most effective and wonderful weapons. That these makers must yield the palm of pre-eminence is no degradation to them, because they are by the patent laws prohibited from using the correct principle of what is now the chosen arm of the national service, while the highest appreciation is due to them for those efforts that have helped in the attainment of what is the chief point to the nation—a good final result. Nor is it a mere matter of personal advantage of one maker over another. The adoption of the Lancaster rifle is a matter of national advantage.

The fouling of a rifle spoils its shooting. The fouling of a rifle hinders and finally prevents its loading. Bad shooting and incapability of being loaded are not qualities desirable on the battle-field. It would be little use to train men laboriously as exquisite marksmen and brilliant sharpshooters if the fine and costly weapons we supplied them with would only fire ten or a dozen shots with precision. In the Indian Mutiny, when other rifles choked up and became no better weapons than the now despised "Brown Bess," the Lancaster rifles alone were clean and effective. When that great portion of our empire hung by a thread, it may have been that the few Lancaster rifles amongst our troops were all that at some moments stood between our Havelocks, our Outrams, and a different destiny from that they have so gloriously accomplished.

It is for this important consideration, namely, that the Lancaster rifle is less liable to foul than any other small-arm, that we are gratified at its last unmistakeable success; for the delicate weapon that, in accomplished hands, projects in a shooting-match its bullet with unerring accuracy, might not be best adapted to the rough usage of war, and it might have been that a less accurate but more enduring weapon would have been more suitable for the horrid slaughter of the battle-field. As it is, however, there are grounds for popular rejoicing that the truest rifle in match-shooting is the simplest and best for war, and that our soldiers will be armed with a weapon that will fire its last shot in the fight with all but as much precision as its first. The Government report, and the tables of the trials will show that with pure beeswax—the selected lubricant—the Lancaster rifles were incomparably the best.

With the Whitworth ammunition, with tallow only—for subsidiary trials were also made with other lubricants than wax—they were very slightly inferior to the Whitworth at some distances. With grease and wax they were also inferior at some distances and superior at others; but after 100 rounds, when the other guns were all dirty, the Lancaster beat with *every kind* of lubricant. The tables also show that with the specified wax lubrication the Lancaster shooting was better than that of any other rifle, even when the contesting makers used whatever lubricant they pleased. The systems of rifling which have been under trial included the Enfield (three or five broad shallow grooves); the Lancaster (oval bore); the Whitworth (hexagonal bore); and Westley Richards' breech-loading applied to an octagonal bore—the two last in the smaller calibre only.

"Having, then," so runs the report, "carefully weighed and considered the relative advantages of the Enfield and Lancaster systems applied to large calibres, and adapted to one and the same ammunition, viz.,—bullet, 530 grains; diameter, 0·55,—wood plug; powder, 2½ drachms, J²; cartridge, service; lubrication, pure wax,—the committee are led to the following opinion:—1st. As regards precision when clean, the Lancaster rifle has the advantage. 2nd. As regards precision when foul, the Lancaster has a decided advantage. 3rd. As regards non-tendency to accumulate fouling, the Lancaster is considerably superior. 4th. As regards simplicity of management, the Lancaster has the advantage, a smooth barrel being more easily cleaned than a grooved barrel. 5th. As regards penetration. About equal (average penetration at 30 yards in ½-inch elm boards placed half an inch apart), Lancaster, 12·00; Enfield D, 11·40. 6th. Rapidity of fire, equal. 7th. Total weight of arm the same; weight of barrel same as the D Enfield.

	Lancaster. Feet.	Enfield D. Feet.
"8th. Initial velocity, arms being clean	1,234·9	1,248·6
With foul arms. After firing 1,020 rounds the initial velocity was	1,211·8	1,157·3
Showing the effects of fouling loss	23·1	91·3

"9th. As to flatness of trajectory, the Lancaster has the advantage. 10th. Cost of manufacture, about equal."

The estimation of the value of the shooting or "figure of merit" as it is technically called, is made by measuring the distance of each shot from the most central hit on the target, and striking an average from the total by dividing it by the number of shots. The *lowness*, therefore, of this average, shows the greater closeness of the shooting. The following results, eliminated from the detailed shooting-tables in the Government Report, will show at a glance some of the practical evidence on which the Committee has decided Mr. Lancaster's superiority.

SUMMARY OF TABLES, Nos. 54, 55, 62, 63, 64.

PURE WAX (Selected lubricant).

	yds.	yds.	yds.	yds.	yds.
Range	300 ...	500 ...	800 ...	1,000 ...	1,200
Whitworth, S. B.	5·″76 ...	8·″49 ...	19·″49 ...	34·″56 ...	66·″42
Enfield, S. B.	5·33 ...	10·46 ...	21·14 ...	30·69 ...	52·86
Lancaster, S.B.	4·20 ...	6·08 ...	12·20 ...	22·52 ...	44·80

SUMMARY OF TABLES 44 to 48. CLEAN ARMS.

	yds.	yds.	yds.	yds.	yds.
Range	300 ...	500 ...	800 ...	1,000 ...	1,200
Whitworth, S.B.	3·″89 ...	7·″39 ...	17·″18 ...	26·″54 ...	49·″69
Enfield D.	10·20 ...	17·04 ...	28·96 ...	43·66 ...	81·10
Lancaster, L.B.	10·06 ...	17·58 ...	28·35 ...	43·61 ...	65·09

SUMMARY OF TABLES 49 TO 53. GREASE AND WAX.

	yds.	yds.	yds.	yds.	yds.
Range	300 ...	500 ...	800 ...	1,000 ...	1,200
Whitworth, S.B.	4·″17 ...	8·″69 ...	16·″10 ...	31·″66 ...	46·″06
Enfield, S.B.	5·69 ...	11·05 ...	20·04 ...	37·22 ...	40·10
Lancaster, S.B.	4·48 ...	8·80 ...	19·04 ...	32·04 ...	43·56

Of the old Enfield rifle, this Government report admits, as an excuse for its shortcomings, that it was introduced into the service "when comparatively limited experience had been acquired in this country with respect to elongated rifle-bullets, and when no fixed and generally-accepted principles had been established as to rifling small arms." The Enfield rifle, with its present twist, fails in precision at distances above 600 yards, and any attempt at improvement by increasing the spiral entails a tendency to foul the rifle, and thus mars its efficiency as a military weapon. Another defect inherent in the system is the large frictional surface presented to the descending bullet by the broad lands between the grooves, and which necessitates the use of a smaller bullet than the capacity of the bore, and, consequently, involves a loss of power by windage in order to effect the loading of the piece. Mr. Whitworth, whose name is so famous, wisely competed with small bores only, knowing, no doubt, full well that the larger the bore the more apparent would become the principal defect of his hexagonal system. The examples of tact, skill, and sharpness with which Mr. Whitworth has masked this defect border on the marvellous to those who can appreciate his ingenuity. For military purposes, however, the Committee do not speak favourably of the small-bores, and they state that, although the reduced bore has shown a great superiority in precision over the large calibre, yet the wear that takes place in the percussioning is so considerable that the rifle in a very short time is rendered unserviceable. In the course of these experiments, and before 500 rounds had been fired from any one of the small-bore rifles, eleven hammers had been broken by the force of the gas escaping through the nipple. The threads of the screw in the nipple-lump had commonly blown through; and there are further difficulties in using ordinary cartridges, which are for the small-bores required of such length as to be very liable to break in the pouch. The Westley Richards' breech-loaders are recommended for cavalry, that method of loading presenting great advantages for horse soldiers.

There seems to us, however, in the Committee's report one defect, which is apparently common to reports of this nature. It treats of mere results attained without displaying any deep amount of knowledge, on the part of its authors, of the *principles* by which they have been accomplished. Some paragraphs, too, are evidently only complimentary to certain competing makers, as the inferences drawn in them cannot be logically collated with the

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results of the experiments or the decisions of the Committee. It is less than doubtful, however, whether anything more than strict and impartial truth should be admitted to appear in papers of so much practical importance.

Without referring to other of such paragraphs, we select the following, and we ask how it is possible to reconcile the statements made in them with the facts *displayed* in the tables of the very report in which they occur, and the actual decisions of the Committee itself:—

"68. Although the Committee have assigned reasons above for not recommending the general adoption of a rifle of the reduced calibre of 0·451", they think it only just to Mr. Whitworth to acknowledge the relative superiority of his small-bore rifle even as a military weapon, over all the other. rifles of similar calibre that have been under trial.

"69. With reference to the latter part of No. 3 question, they are of opinion that as the makers of every small-bore rifle, having any pretension to special accuracy, have copied to the letter the three main elements of success adopted by Mr. Whitworth, viz., diameter of bore, degree of spiral and large proportion of rifling surface, it is not probable that any further modifications or *quasi* improvements, that might result from the question being now thrown open to the gun trade, would be attended with any practical advantage.

"70. With the exception of the defect already noticed as to wear, and the difficulty of obtaining ammunition suitable for the rifle as well as the service, the Committee are of opinion that the Whitworth rifle, taking all other points into consideration, is superior to all other arms as yet produced, and that this superiority would be retained if Mr. Whitworth could ensure all the arms being made with equal mechanical perfection."

Now, the small bore principle was Mr. Lancaster's. It was submitted by him, in 1852, to the Select Committee of Small Arms, under the presidency of Colonel Alexander Gordon, and a model of the arm made for that occasion is now in the Enfield Factory. How, too, can this assertion be reconciled with the shooting in the table we have first given? It may be very well in ordinary life to show courtesy towards a favourite or pen a sympathetic eulogium for a non-successful competitor, but notorious as it is that Mr. Whitworth obtained the idea of small-bore arms and the manner of making them most effective by the generous unreserve of Mr. Lancaster himself, whose original idea it was, how can the writers of this report justify either the words they have used or the recommendation that the trade should be prevented from competing with a maker who is not even the inventor of the principle he has adopted? The points this committee claim for Mr. Whitworth were long ago claimed as Mr. Lancaster's right, as any one may see by turning to the *Mechanics' Magazine* for 1857, page 445; and that challenge then given in our contemporary Mr. Whitworth has never met.

For ourselves, however, having consistently from the first advocated the theoretical superiority of the Lancaster system, we can but be satisfied with the decision of the Committee, that "a strict but impartial comparison on all points connected with military efficiency establishes the superiority of the Lancaster rifle."

SCIENTIFIC BALLOONING.

On Saturday last Mr. Glaisher made his tenth ascent in Mr. Coxwell's balloon from the Crystal Palace at 1 P.M. After some hesitation as to starting, the wind blowing in the upper currents towards the sea at the rate of forty miles an hour, which would render a base line of eighty miles necessary for Mr. Glaisher's observations in an ascent of 4½ miles, the height it was intended to go. Length of journey being incompatible with height of elevation, a voyage across the Channel was impracticable, and the landing must, therefore, take place before the shore was lost. The balloon rose rapidly, in the first two minutes attaining 3,000 feet; the second mile was attained at 1h. 29m.; third, 1h. 37m.; fourth, 2h. 0m.; highest point, 4½ miles nearly, at 2h. 30m. On attaining this elevation Mr. Coxwell expressed his conviction there was not a moment to lose in getting within view of the earth. He, therefore, let off gas freely, and brought the balloon down a mile in four minutes (2h. 36m.); the descent was continued, the balloon passing three miles at 2h. 40m., and at 2h. 46m. it was at two miles from the earth, the barometer reading 21·20 in., when Mr. Coxwell caught sight of Beachy Head and the coast through a break in the clouds, and exclaiming, "There is not a moment to spare, we must save the land at all risks," directed the packing up of the instruments, and the making ready to throw out ballast, himself all the while using the great valve to let out gas, with a freedom which Mr. Glaisher laconically remarks would have alarmed any one not thoroughly convinced of Mr. Coxwell's competency and skill. On breaking through the clouds the balloon appeared already over the water, but, as the ground *seemed* to come up under them, it was evident there was land yet beneath. Mr. Glaisher, and the gentleman who accompanied him, threw out large quantities of ballast as they neared the earth, and the rapidity of descent was by this means, as well as by the balloon being thrown into a parachute form, in a great degree arrested; the balloon, however, striking the ground with sufficient force to break all the instruments except, fortunately, the two glass bottles containing the air that had been trapped above the clouds for Dr. Tyndall. The site, where the balloon landed, was within half a mile of the Railway Station at Newhaven; and the last two miles were dropped through in four minutes, for had the descent been less rapid the balloon would have fallen into the sea. Mr. Glaisher praises Mr. Coxwell's decision and expertness, which were put, he says, to as severe a test as it is possible to imagine.

Mr. Glaisher has kindly sent us the following notes of observations made on this occasion:—

"In my ascent on March 31 I took several observations with a spectroscope, with a view of observing the black lines in the spectrum; these I saw till I got above the lower atmosphere, when I began to lose the spectrum, and ultimately lost it entirely, the field of view becoming quite dark. This result was unexpected, and I could not avoid coming to the conclusion that the observations were all but valueless, owing to the late hour of the ascent; and hence I was desirous to ascend about mid-day, when I hoped to observe not only the sky, but the solar spectrum as well.

"Before leaving the earth, on looking at the sky, or rather clouds, chiefly, if not wholly to the south, the spectrum extended from B at the red end to G at the violet end; and on looking at the sun, B was then the limit at the one end, nearly H at the other, and all the prominent lines between these limits were seen.

"When below the clouds, or within a mile of the earth, the results were almost identical with those on the earth; but on ascending above the clouds, I began to fail in seeing any spectrum at all when looking at the sky, excepting in the immediate neighbourhood of the sun. The sky was blue and bright, and at last I became fearful that something was out of order, for the field became quite dark. I thought at first I did not look fairly through the telescope, from my constrained position; then, that in my anxiety I had breathed on the eye-piece, and I became very uneasy, lest I should lose all my time, and fail. At 2h. 15m., I succeeded in getting an admirable adjustment on the sun. We were now above four miles high, and the balloon was slowly revolving at the rate of one revolution in five minutes. I kept my eye at the telescope till a beam of light entered the slit; I was looking at the violet end, which was greatly lengthened; and the two lines of H, usually nebulous, were broken up into many lines. On passing off the sun, the limiting line of the spectrum was G; and as the balloon revolved, line F became the limit, and then the spectrum soon was lost entirely. On approaching the sun, I saw the spectrum again appear, and lengthen to G; I then diverted the telescope to the red end and saw B; and when the light came from the sun I saw A, a, B, c, and very many lines. On passing off the sun B was the limit for a short time, and the spectrum shortened as before, till it was lost entirely. On coming round to the sun again I unclasped the telescope; and moved it up and down, and a long way beyond H were the limits; there was every line I had seen on the earth, and a great many more. This was the last observation I made on the spectrum, but it seems to me conclusive, and shows that the solar spectrum includes all the lines we see from the earth, and that the sky proper has no light in itself. The several sky spectra experiments on this occasion confirm those I made on the previous ascent.

"At the height of four miles I opened four exhausted glass bottles for trapping air. These had been prepared by Messrs. Negretti & Zambra, with their necks drawn to a fine point. On opening them the air entered the small aperture with a hissing noise, which continued for some time; on its ceasing I sealed them up, and succeeded in bringing two down safely. In my previous ascent all the bottles I took up were broken on the descent.

"At 2h. 33m. I looked carefully at the sun through a blue glass, yellow glass, and red glass, for red prominences, or anything different in its appearance; but I observed nothing different from his appearance on the earth.

"Ozone papers, prepared by the formulæ of Schonbein, Moffat, and Lowe, were exposed, and their colouration during the whole journey was very nearly the same, and amounted to 1 on a scale whose darkest colour is represented by 10; during the same interval of time no ozone was detected at the Royal Observatory. Lowe's powder tests were not exposed till we had attained a height of 2 miles; they were coloured to 3 at the height of 4½ miles, and the colour deepened afterwards to 4 or 5.

"Before starting, my pulsations numbered 76 in one minute. At 2h. 0m., at the height of 4 miles, mine had increased to 90, Mr. Coxwell's was 113, and Mr. I.'s was 130. These experiments were repeated after a little time, when mine was 95, Mr. Coxwell's 98, and Mr. I.'s still steadily at 130. Mine was so weak that I had difficulty in counting; Mr. Coxwell's varied, no doubt, according to the more or less exertion he had to undergo. The difference between 98 and 113 with Mr. Coxwell, would be accounted for by the fact of his having raised a bag of sand of 60 lbs. and discharged it.

"The great difference in our pulses, viz., 90 to 130, is very remarkable, but quite agrees with what was observed in the pulsations of the same three persons in an ascent last year."

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

PARLIAMENT.

The Prison Ministers Bill and the City Police Bill have been the main subjects of interest during the week. The second reading of the former was carried on Monday by a majority of 152 to 122; a small majority, looking to the fact that the bill was a

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ministerial one, and was supported by Mr. Disraeli and the leading members of the Conservative party. Sir George Grey explained that the bill merely extended a principle adopted by the House to Roman Catholic prisoners, of whom there is a very large number in the county and borough prisons of England and Scotland. He observed that in Ireland there was a paid Protestant chaplain in every prison, even though it did not contain a single Protestant prisoner; and he explained that the provisions of the bill empowered the Court of Quarter Sessions to appoint Roman Catholic chaplains in prisons with a reasonable remuneration, and to remove them. Mr. Disraeli thought that those who objected that the bill would injuriously affect the interests of the Church of England must have a very mean opinion of the position of that Church. The privileges of the Church of England, entirely in theory and greatly still in practice, embody and represent popular rights; and he could not see what popular right is represented by the Church of England exercising an arbitrary power to prevent the captive who is not in her communion from enjoying the consolations of his religion. Such a policy, he thought, is injurious to the Church of England, whose interest it is to favour the development of the religious principle. Lord Palmerston said that, in his view of the bill, it was a question between sound sense and most respectable and honourable prejudice. Parliament, when it repealed the penal laws, affirmed the principle that no danger to the Protestant religion is to be apprehended from the intercourse of Catholic priests with any part of the community. It affirmed the principle that there is no danger to the Protestant faith in the access of Roman Catholic priests to the members of either House of Parliament; or in the intercourse of priests with the officers and soldiers in the army. Would it then say that there is danger if a priest is allowed access to men confined in prison, suffering for their crimes, and whom it is the duty of the State, if possible, to reform? That would be to act in opposition to the policy of the country for the last thirty-four years. On the other hand, Mr. Gore Langton, in moving that the bill be read that day six months, insisted on the fact that out of the large number of Roman Catholic prisoners, very few had desired the attendance of their priests, and that those who did so obtained it. He observed that however liberal the Catholic laity might be, intolerance always followed the predominance of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Colonel Barttelot said that the fact that in some prisons there was a large number of Roman Catholic prisoners was no reason why they should legislate for the whole of England and Scotland. The bill would be a brand of dissension thrown amongst the visiting justices, who at present worked harmoniously. Mr. Newdegate maintained that the proportional excess of Roman Catholic prisoners showed that the religion which produced fewest criminals was the best for the criminals themselves; and, both for the sake of the prisoner and the community, he refused to debar him from the benefit of Protestant teaching. No grievance to call for the bill had been proved; and it was brought forward, not for the sake of the prisoner, but to gratify the Church of Rome. Mr. Whalley, after a storm of interruptions, which prevented a connected sentence being audible for nearly ten minutes, said that the Government, by their attitude, discouraged those Roman Catholics who desired to emancipate themselves from priestly intolerance. Catholic emancipation had not answered the expectations formed at the time it was passed. The Roman Catholic religion was the cause of all the misery, all the pauperism, and all the crime in Ireland; and the time would come when the civil war to avoid which the Duke of Wellington consented to pass the Catholic Emancipation Act would have to be fought. The division involved a curious political medley. Many Liberals voted against, and many Conservatives for, the Government measure. And, on the other hand, many Conservatives voted against their leader.

Sir George Grey moved, on Tuesday, for leave to bring in a bill for the amalgamation of the City of London police with the Metropolitan. The measure, he said, was not founded on the mismanagement that occurred on the 7th of March, though that mismanagement proved that the opinion which had been the result of inquiry was confirmed by facts. He read extracts from the reports of several commissions which were in favour of amalgamation; and expressed the hope that the House would not be influenced by the powers of resistance possessed by the Corporation of London. Mr. Crawford said that on the motion for the second reading he would move that the bill be read that day six months; and after the Lord Mayor and others had spoken for or against the bill, leave was given for its introduction.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The capture of the *Peterhoff* by Federal cruisers has been followed by the capture of the *Dolphin*, and as there is no knowing where this interference is to stop, the merchants, charterers, and owners of the *Peterhoff* and the *Sea Queen*, a vessel now at Falmouth and bound for Matamoras, have had an interview with Earl Russell upon the subject. At this interview it was stated that the captain, officers, and supercargoes of the *Peterhoff* had been treated as criminals on board the vessel, and were not permitted to communicate with either the agents of owners or merchants, or with the British consul. The conduct of the Federal commanders has rendered the trade between this country and Mexico impossible, and Mr. Adams, the American minister in London, has undertaken to limit that trade to such vessels as carry his certificate that their purpose is lawful. A letter was shown to Earl Russell, in which Mr. Adams vouched that, "amid the multitude of fraudulent and dishonest enterprises from this kingdom (Great Britain) to furnish supplies to the rebels in the United States through the pretence of a destination to some port in Mexico," it gave him "pleasure to distinguish one which has a different and a creditable purpose." The agents of this vessel are a Mr. Howell, an American contractor, and General Zirman, of the Mexican army; and the "creditable purpose" on which the vessel is bound is to supply munitions of war to enable the Mexicans to fight the French. Mr. Adams's letter is addressed to Admiral Dupont, commanding the Federal fleet, and it has been circulated at Lloyds', in order to effect, at as low a rate as possible, an insurance of £110,000,—£80,000 in arms and ammunition, and £30,000 on the ship and freight. The manifesto, both of the *Peterhoff* and the *Sea Queen*, was offered for the closest inspection, to prove the legal nature of the voyage of both ships; and it was urged upon the Foreign Secretary that, if a mail agent were placed on board the *Sea Queen* in charge of the Post-office letter-bags, his presence would be a kind of official guarantee that the vessel would proceed to the port for which she was cleared. Earl Russell promised to consider this suggestion. In the mean time, the Post-office authorities have shown his lordship a way out of the difficulty by offering to relieve the owners of the duty of carrying the mail. So far, then, it would appear that British merchants are left in the lurch by their Government, and that the United States cruisers are at liberty to outrage our ships with impunity.

The case of the *Dolphin* is as follows:—She sailed from Liverpool on the 10th of February last, bound to Nassau with a cargo of lawful merchandise, and duly reached St. Thomas's on the 25th of March. She sailed thence for Nassau; but when about three miles from Calebra Island, off Porto Rico, she was fired at and stopped by the Federal ship of war *Wachusetts*, from which a boatful of armed men presently boarded; and, notwithstanding that the legal character of her voyage was attested by her papers which were produced, the Federal officer seized her. Our Government must do something promptly to put a stop to these outrages if we are not to become contemptible.

On Monday the Lord Mayor made an important statement at the Mansion House police-court with reference to the distress in Lancashire. It was, in effect, that the present system of relief cannot long be maintained; first, because its tendency is to demoralize the recipients; secondly, because the prospect of a revival of the cotton trade is remote and uncertain; and finally, because the subscriptions which are coming in are inadequate to the prolonged maintenance of the present system. He said that the time had now come when we must devise other means of supporting the operatives, and that the most feasible and effectual remedy lies in emigration. He stated that the Mansion House Committee, at their meeting on Friday week, had set apart from the fund at their disposal a sum of £5,000 to aid and encourage emigration from the cotton districts; and that, should the public be of opinion that it is desirable to assist such a movement, he would be happy to receive contributions to a special fund to be set apart for this object. This is more than an intimation; it is an appeal; and one which will be sure to meet with a liberal response. The old proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine," is well in point in this case. The English community abhors stagnant industry as Nature does a vacuum. Our Lancashire vacuum will swallow up far more than we find to fill it. There seems to be a growing opinion that the best course is to send a portion of our idle operatives to our colonies, where they will not be idle.

At the last Guildhall sitting before the Lord Chief Justice, an action against the *Saturday Review* was tried at the suit of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, editor and part proprietor of the *British Standard* and *Ensign*, resulting in a verdict, with £50 damages, against the defendant. The plaintiff, in his journal, had written certain letters entitled "Missions to China;" and in the numbers in which they appeared appeals were made to the public for co-operation in the great work of evangelizing the Chinese, by purchasing copies of the plaintiff's letters; while lists were set forth of persons who had subscribed for a considerable number of copies. The writer in the *Saturday Review* treated these lists as fabrications, and charged Dr. Campbell as guilty of "a most scandalous and flagitious act," in putting forward the pretence of spreading the Gospel in China, as a means of puffing his newspaper. The Chief Justice directed the jury that if they thought the effect of the article was fairly to discuss the proposal of the plaintiff, they should find for the defendant; but that if they thought that its effect was to impute base and sordid motives, then they should find for the plaintiff. It was, moreover, clearly proved that the subscription list was genuine. On Saturday Mr. Bovill moved for a rule to set aside the verdict, on the ground of misdirection, and also on the ground that the verdict was against evidence. But the court refused a rule. The Lord Chief Justice said that the line must be drawn between hostile criticism upon a man's public conduct, and the motives by which he may be supposed to have been actuated. He said, "You have no right to impute to a man whose conduct you assail, and who may be fairly open to your attacks, base, sordid, and dishonest motives, unless there is so much ground for the imputation that a jury should think, not only that you had an honest belief in the truth of your statements, but that your belief is not without foundation. Now, in this instance, it turned out that the charges were wholly and utterly without foundation. It may be that the doctor, in addition to religious zeal, may not have been wholly insensible to the collateral object of promoting the circulation of his paper. But there

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was no foundation for saying that he had assumed the character of an impostor, and that he had resorted to false devices to induce persons to subscribe to his newspaper. That being so, the defendant took his stand upon the ground of privilege, and asserted that because he had a *bonâ fide* belief that the statements were true, therefore he was not liable for the libellous imputations he had made. I cannot assent to that doctrine." Justices Crampton, Blackburn, and Mellor expressed similar opinions. Our readers may remember that this was the view of the law which was taken in an article which appeared in the *London Review* at the time of the trial.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

At last Charleston has been attacked. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th inst. nine Federal Monitors opened fire on Fort Sumter, at a distance of 3,000 yards. But at four o'clock the ironsides withdrew, leaving the *Keokuk*, one of their number, sunk on the beach of Morris Island. It appears that the reception they got from the batteries and the Confederate iron-clads, which took up their position between the forts, was so satisfactory that they have since shown no disposition to renew the conflict, but have anchored outside Charleston bar. The Federal land forces were not, it is said, to co-operate in the attack till after the effect of the bombardment of the fleet was known. The Confederates admit a loss of one man killed and five wounded. Elsewhere the victories which were promised by the Washington Government are substituted by perils or defeats. General Porter, who lately took 2,000 men with him on a reconnaissance up the Tarr River, is surrounded at Washington, North Carolina, by a superior force of Confederates, and a reinforcement which has been sent to him has been stopped by Confederate batteries. He is cut off by land and by water, and is expected to capitulate. On the 28th ult. the Confederates captured the Federal gunboat *Diana*, at Brashead City, Louisiana, killing and wounding 25 Federals and capturing 170. In this district the state of affairs is so alarming that General Banks is reported to have left New Orleans with 10,000 men to join General Weitzel in a campaign on the Bayou Teche. Two Federal steamers have been captured and burnt on the Cumberland River, near Clarksville, Tennessee.

But the most stirring piece of news which reaches us from the great Republic is a semi-official report from Washington that Mr. Seward has forwarded despatches to Mr. Adams to the effect that, if any other vessels of the character of the *Alabama* and *Florida* are allowed to leave British ports, the British Government will be held responsible for the injuries that may result to American commerce!

PRUSSIA.

M. von Bismarck has given the Prussian Chamber another taste of his quality. On the 17th inst., M. Twesten brought forward his interpellation on the recent acts of the Danish Government. On the 30th March the King of Denmark, by proclamation, gave the Federal duchy of Holstein a position of isolation and independence of the rest of the monarchy. He assigned it an independent army, a share with the rest of the monarchy in the civil list, the appanages, the public debt, the navy, the department for foreign affairs, the customs and the postal arrangements, reserving to the Holstein estates the right of deciding upon details. Against this arrangement Austria and Prussia have protested. M. Twesten said that protest was not enough; at the same time sarcastically admitting that Prussia, with the king in opposition to its Parliament, could not go to war. "Gentlemen," said M. von Bismarck, in his reply, "in foreign countries people are not quite so credulous as here. If we find it necessary to go to war, we shall do so with or without your approbation." The debate continuing, the Premier rose and left the Chamber. Dr. Loewe, who was speaking, went on: but when he had finished Dr. Virchow got up and said, that as it was useless to carry on a debate the object of which was to produce an effect upon the Ministers, and especially on the Minister-President—which could not be done in his absence—he moved the adjournment of the debate, and that Ministers should be invited to attend its continuation, in virtue of Article 60 of the Constitution. Immediately upon this M. von Bismarck appeared at the ministerial table. "To tranquillise the gentlemen," he said, "I wish to remark that both the last speaker and the one who preceded him were perfectly intelligible in the next room." Upon this a deputy rose and objected to this unbecoming treatment. "It is known," he said, "that Germans have a large stock of patience, but when we are treated in such a depreciating, unbecoming manner it is, I think, the business of the President to point out its impropriety. We do not sit here for our pleasure but to discuss serious matters." M. von Bismarck replied that the deputy was at liberty to consider what he said proper or improper. He did not sit there for his pleasure either; he had many other important matters to attend to; he had to transact business with persons whom he could neither keep waiting nor receive in the Chamber. And he did not see why, if a speaker was so fortunate as to have a voice that could be heard in the next room, he (M. von Bismarck) should not profit by the opportunity of working there. The Prussians must, indeed, be largely stocked with patience when a Minister can indulge in such insulting raillery.

At Wednesday's sitting, during the debate upon the bill respecting ministerial responsibility, M. von Bismarck said that the preliminary condition requisite for such a bill is that the constitution should offer a clear and complete basis, which, in the opinion of the Government, could not exist so long as there were material differences of opinion between the Crown and the Chamber upon the bearing of important portions of the constitution. The Government was, therefore, unable to sanction the bill. Notwithstanding this declaration there is no doubt it will be carried.

DENMARK.

The Legislative assembly for Denmark-Schleswig (the Rigsraad) was opened in Copenhagen on Wednesday, by the President of the Council reading a speech from the throne. The speech adverted to the marriage of the Princess Alexandra; and the King expected that the Rigsraad would vote her Royal Highness a dowry. The speech then turned to the royal proclamation of March 30, and the opposition it had encountered from the great German Powers. The Government of the King, it said, would not allow itself to be led astray by that opposition from the intentions it had expressed.

The *Berlingske Tidende* of Wednesday says that Prince Christian has had an interview with the British Minister, at which his Royal Highness declared that the only obstacles which had hitherto opposed the acceptance of the Crown of Greece—namely, the abdication of King Otho and the state of the Greek finances—having now been fully removed, he definitively accepted it for his son, Prince William.

POLAND.

It appears, if the statement of *La France* may be credited, that the notes of England, France, and Austria have caused a great sensation at St. Petersburg. A Privy Council was held on the 19th inst., at the Palace of Tsarzkoe-Seloe, near St. Petersburg, at which the notes were simultaneously presented, to the astonishment of the Czar's Government, which was not prepared for the expression of views so completely in unison. The *Pays* of Monday last gives an analysis of the French note. M. Drouyn de Lhuys states that the troubles in Poland have occasioned uneasiness in Europe as they are not the result of a temporary crisis. The periodica, convulsions which take place in Poland are symptoms of an inveterate disease, leaving no doubt of the inability of the combinations attempted up to the present time to reconcile the country with the situation in which it has been placed by the treaties of 1815. The note points out that such disturbances are a subject of alarm to Europe; they excite the public mind, and might, if prolonged, disturb the relations of governments in such a degree as to produce the most lamentable consequences. It is thus the interest of all the Powers to see dangers incessantly reviving definitely removed. The note concludes with a hope that Russia will recognise the necessity of adopting measures which will place Poland in a position of lasting peace. The *Pays* further states that the Russian amnesty will effect no change with regard to the notes of the three Powers, as the intention of the Czar to promulgate an amnesty was known to the Powers previous to the despatch of the notes.

The text of the proclamation in which the Provisional Government of Poland rejects the amnesty has been published. It declares that Poland has no faith in Russian concessions; that it was not to obtain more or less liberal institutions that Poland took up arms, but to get rid of the detested yoke of a foreign Government, and to reconquer her ancient and complete independence; and that arms alone must decide the issue of the struggle.

Of the progress of the insurrection there is nothing important to record, except the fact that it does progress, and satisfactorily.

LATEST.

On Thursday Earl Russell explained in the Lords that the legal advisers of the Crown have given their opinion that, on a *primâ facie* view, there were no grounds for the seizure of the *Dolphin*; but that there might be facts which afforded reasons for sending her before a Prize Court. The American cruiser, however, was clearly wrong in respect to an un-neutral use of a neutral port, that is, for the purpose of watching British merchant vessels; and also in taking a part of the crew out of the *Dolphin* and landing them on neutral territory. These grounds of complaint would be brought before the American Government by the next mail. With regard to the certificate given by Mr. Adams to a vessel about to sail for Mexico, his lordship said that was a very extraordinary and most unwarrantable act, and improper in a person holding a diplomatic position in this country. He should not think, however, of complaining to Mr. Adams, but should bring his conduct under the consideration of the United States Government.

In the Commons Lord Palmerston moved a resolution for granting to her Majesty £50,000 towards erecting a suitable memorial to the late Prince Consort. After some discussion, in the course of which Mr. Disraeli said he thought the Government had taken a judicious and well considered course, the vote was agreed to.

Mr. Roebuck called attention to the conduct of Admiral Wilkes in the West Indian waters, of which he spoke in terms of the strongest condemnation, adding, amid "loud cheers," and cries of "oh, oh," from the peace members, that the people of England were ready for war. Lord Palmerston replied that the subject was under the consideration of the Government. The feeling of the House against Admiral Wilkes's conduct was very strong.

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MEMOIR OF BISHOP BLOMFIELD.*

A LIFE of Bishop Blomfield can hardly fail to interest a large circle of readers; for it was the fortune of this prelate to preside over the See of London during a very critical period in the recent history of the Church, and to exercise a marked, if not preponderant influence, in her counsels during this time. He was the author of the greatest and most successful scheme of church extension which has been carried out in England, and if he was not, as his friends claim for him, "a great statesman of the Church," he was certainly one of the ablest and most indefatigable administrators whom she has ever counted amongst her dignitaries. His readiness and power as a debater rendered him for some time her most conspicuous representative in the House of Lords, and his position between the two extreme parties in the Establishment gave peculiar importance to his utterances at several junctures. It may safely be asserted, that in any history of the Church during the thirty years which immediately preceded and followed the passing of the Reform Act, he will always be one of the principal episcopal figures. His son has therefore done well in presenting us with this biography, which tells simply and well, although with some natural bias, the story of his useful life.

Charles James Blomfield was born in 1786, at Bury St. Edmund's, and received his education in the grammar school of that place, and subsequently at the University of Cambridge. His career at the University was one of great distinction, for he came out third wrangler, and afterwards took the highest classical honour then attainable—the Chancellor's gold medal. At this time he was devoted to Greek literature, and his letters show that his ambition lay rather in the line of scholarly than of ecclesiastical distinction. He not only applied himself sedulously to the task of editing Æschylus, at which he worked for some years, but wrote many critical articles on classical subjects in the *Museum Criticum*, and the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*,—his connection with the latter being finally severed in 1815, by the appearances of some article which he thought injurious to religion or morality. His early connection with the great Whig organ may, perhaps, excite some surprise, but as a young man he was inclined to liberalism in politics; favouring Catholic emancipation, and scandalising the Tory squires of Bucks, where he held a living, by taking in the *Morning Chronicle*. We need not, however, dwell upon his achievements as a scholar, for although abundantly creditable in his own day, they have long been thrown into the shade by the remarkable progress made during the last half century in this department of literature.

His first living was that of Quarington, in Lincolnshire, to which he was presented by the Earl of Bristol, a warm and sincere friend of his family, in the latter part of 1810. He afterwards held other country preferments through the kindness of the same nobleman and of Earl Spencer; but it was as rector of the parish of Bishopsgate (which he became on the nomination of Lord Liverpool, in 1820) that he first displayed his remarkable capacity for administration and for the transaction of business. Not only was he most assiduous, both in preaching and in the visitation of his flock, but he took an active part in the proceedings of the National Society and of the Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge and for the Propagation of the Gospel; was one of the earliest and most zealous promoters of infant schools; and yet found time for writing pamphlets in defence of the Church of England against the attacks to which it was then exposed; for composing his excellent "Manual of Family Devotion;" for contributions to the *Quarterly* and other reviews; and for the discharge of the duties of the archdeaconry of Colchester, to which he was appointed in 1823. The prominent position which he had now attained marked him out for elevation to the bench. This took place in 1824, when he was appointed to the see of Chester. After presiding for four years, with great vigour and success, over the affairs of this diocese, he became Bishop of London in 1828. He resigned this dignity in 1856, and died in the following year.

Bishop Blomfield was frequently accused of vacillation both in his opinions and his conduct, nor can it be denied that the charge derived some countenance from more than one passage in his life. At the same time it is fair to recollect that much which looked like vacillation on his part, was due to a desire to maintain the comprehensive character of the Church. He sought to confine within narrow limits the essentials of conformity, in order to retain within the fold as many as possible of those who differed on minor points or on speculative articles of faith. Without those limits he was willing to sacrifice much for unity; and it was inevitable that earnest men, who regarded as matter of principle what he deemed merely matter of expediency, should on more than one occasion resent with some bitterness a temporizing policy which was perfectly justifiable from his stand-point, but quite unjustifiable from theirs. With the instinct of a ruler and something of the temper of a statesman, he naturally, and we believe quite sincerely, gave up to considerations of expediency a larger province than was allotted to them by those who were more purely influenced by exclusively theological views. It cannot, indeed, be said, that he was either a profound or a speculative theologian. In point of doctrine he held a middle position, which rendered him particularly open to misrepresentation. Although he entertained a strong repugnance to extreme Calvinistic views, he was equally adverse to the opposite extreme; nor could anything be more emphatic than his repugnance to a compromise of the Protestant character of the Church. He accepted unaffectedly and completely its liturgy and articles as his rules of faith, and in more than one charge he dwelt very strongly upon the close and punctual conformity to these, which was, he conceived, binding upon every clergyman by his ordination vow. Conformity to the liturgy, too, implied as he thought an exact observance of the rubrics. It was, therefore, quite consistently that while strongly discountenancing the Romanist tendencies of the authors of the "Tracts for the Times"—and especially of the well known No. 90—he should, in his charge of 1842, impress very strongly upon his clergy the duty of strictly following the rubrics in the celebration of divine service. At the same time he failed to perceive that in the then excited state of public opinion this course would be associated by a great body of the laity with the sanction of doctrinal views of the most obnoxious character. He looked with not unnatural favour upon the efforts of the more moderate members of the Oxford school to revive the ritual and reinvigorate the worship of the Church. He forgot that the more extreme members of that school had almost inseparably connected any departure from the existing practice with a return to the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith. The consequence was, that this celebrated charge was the signal for an unexpected outburst of Protestant indignation which might or might not be justified by the circumstances, but which at any rate might have been easily foreseen by any one who had an adequate idea of the movement of popular thought or the strength of popular feeling. The result was that, under strenuous pressure from without, he was compelled to acquiesce in the non-observance of the disused rubrics, and to permit clergymen whose congregations clung to the existing practice, to continue in what, on his own showing, must be considered a lax observance of the discipline of the Church. Of course those clergymen who found themselves in difficulties with their flocks in consequence of adopting his suggestions, complained that they were abandoned by their diocesan. It is evident that he felt very keenly, as, indeed, he ought to have done, the reproaches which he thus incurred. And although the great rubrical controversy of 1842 gradually died away without leading to any very important events, the Bishop's share in it proved that he did not possess the foresight or the appreciation of the religious tendencies of the time, which would have entitled him to be considered in the highest sense "a statesman of the Church." We will pass over a controversy involving similar points in which he became engaged some years later with certain well-known high-church clergymen; nor can we stay to notice the Gorham case, in which he differed from the majority of the members of the Privy Council (including the two archbishops), in holding that the articles and formularies of the Church required a belief in the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. His prudence, and we may add, his clear perception of the actual bearing of the judgment upon the character of the Establishment, were shown in the steady exertion of his influence to prevent the contemplated secession of an extreme section of high churchmen. It was fortunate that he failed to obtain the sanction of Parliament to a bill which he introduced for converting the Upper House of Convocation into a court of appeal in matters of doctrine. The erection of such a tribunal would have tended to promote controversies and foment internal dissensions rather than to secure union; and his support of such a project was another proof that while he was keenly alive to immediate and external dangers, he was comparatively blind to those of a more remote and contingent character, and especially to such as had their seat in the bosom of the Church itself, and were of a religious rather than a political character.

As a spiritual peer he enjoyed unquestionable influence, to which his skill as a debater and his practical sagacity both contributed largely. Very soon after his elevation to the Bench he took a prominent part in opposing (contrary to the early inclination of his opinions) Catholic Emancipation, and in supporting the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. His conduct in regard to the Reform Bill was hesitating and ambiguous. When it first came before the Upper House, he absented himself from the second reading; although he seems to have thought that it should at least receive consideration in committee. But he subsequently became an avowed convert to its necessity, and an active agent in those negotiations between the Government and the bishops which ended in the latter giving to it, in 1832, a nearly unanimous assent. His share in the introduction of the New Poor-law, first as one of the Commissioners of inquiry, and afterwards as its steady and consistent advocate, is well known; it was highly creditable both to his sagacity and his courage. He took, however, but little part in general politics, nearly confining himself to the Church questions which occupied no inconsiderable portion of the attention of Parliament during the Melbourne Administration. He will be principally remembered in connection with the Ecclesiastical Commission, of which he was from the first a very prominent member. Indeed, Sydney Smith asserted that it was "the Bishop of London diluted with some watery additions;" and on one occasion the Archbishop of York remarked of himself and the rest of his colleagues, "We never do anything more than nib our pens till the Bishop of London comes." Even before this body was appointed, he had seen the necessity of meeting the reforming temper of the times by measures for the gradual extinction of pluralities, the enforcement of residence, and the application of a portion of the cathedral

* A Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London, with Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by his Son, Alfred Blomfield, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Philip's, Stepney. Murray.

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revenues to the augmentation of poor benefices. This is not the place for any discussion of the working of the Ecclesiastical Commission, which has no doubt failed in many respects to realize the expectations originally entertained of it. At the same time it is fair to recollect that, if too much of the funds at its disposal have been swallowed up in solicitors' bills and bishops' palaces, it has added, in twenty-five years, £108,500 to the incomes of the parochial clergy. Much of the good which it effected was undoubtedly due to what Sydney Smith called the Bishop of London's "ungovernable passion for business;" nor ought we to forget the substantial aid which it rendered to the great work by which his lordship will be long—and by all gratefully remembered—the erection and endowment of sixty-three new churches in the metropolis in the short space of ten years. Assisted as he was by the liberal contributions of the faithful, the Bishop's own subscriptions were on the most munificent scale; and although here again all was not obtained that the most sanguine anticipated, and all was not done so wisely as it might have been, the deceased prelate must ever retain the enduring credit of having been the first to take effectual steps for bringing within the influence of the Church the masses of our metropolitan population.

We can but allude in the most cursory manner to a few other points. Although he was rigid in exacting from his clergy a strict adherence to the standard of discipline and faith laid down by the Church of England, his general liberality of mind was shown by the uniformly good terms which he maintained, both as a parochial clergyman and a bishop, with the Protestant Dissenters, and by the warmth and openness of his sympathy for the Reformed Churches abroad. He was zealous in the promotion of the various religious and educational societies established in connection with the Church of England. At the same time, his conviction of the importance of definite principles, the high value which he set upon regular organisation, and his deep sense of what he deemed that Churchmen owe to their own body, rendered him throughout life indisposed for associated efforts with the members of other religious denominations. Of mixed or secular education he was an uncompromising opponent. Both as a bishop and as one of the committee of the National Society, he struggled manfully for the recognition of the clergy as "managers" in schools founded by them, but brought under the operation of the Minutes of Council. He was, however, characteristically ready to accept the compromise which Lord John Russell's government proposed in 1847; and he eventually succeeded by a happy suggestion in terminating the contest which subsequently raged on this subject in the ranks of the society itself between the high and the low church parties. He was, of course, warmly attacked by both, because he prevented either gaining a decisive triumph.

We have dwelt upon the points we have just noticed because it is impossible to judge the late Bishop fairly unless his position as a thorough Churchman, and yet a member of neither extreme party, be thoroughly understood. It was inevitable that in such a position he should frequently disappoint both, and occasionally excite in turn the vehement anger of each. Moreover, he had a quick and sensitive temper, which was apt to hurry him into saying or doing more than on subsequent reflection he quite approved, or was prepared to maintain. Nor can it be said—as we have already intimated—that he possessed either the large foresight or the clear perception of religious tendencies which would have enabled him to steer a course altogether direct and consistent. Though a man of marked ability, he was by no means a great man. He never contributed anything of importance to theological literature; nor is it probable that he could have done so had his life been one of less activity. For he was not a close or a profound thinker, nor had he the imagination which makes the thoughts and feelings of other men a reality to its possessor. His mind was entirely of a "practical" character. His strength lay in administration; in the transaction of business, and the enforcement of discipline. He exerted his powers strenuously in the service of the Church, and she owes him for what he did a deep debt of gratitude. But he cannot be numbered amongst those whose massive intellects, eloquence, and genius are her most illustrious possessions.

LISPINGS FROM LOW LATITUDES.*

THE passion for Eastern travel is invading the highest circles. Nobody of literary taste or consequence can consider his life rounded and complete until he has drunk bottled beer under the shadow of the Pyramids, and wandered, as it is said, by moonlight among the nightingales in the valley of Jehoshaphat. From the Prince of Wales down to the young Oxonian who has just taken his degree, all laymen perform the fashionable pilgrimage. It is needless to add that every divine of distinction has turned his footsteps in the same direction. Even the Rev. Mr. Bellew has been a "lingerer" in the sunny East. It can hardly be a matter, therefore, for surprise that the British heroine, who is never so grand and imposing upon her travels as when she is totally unprotected, should have followed the example set her by the British hero and the British divine. *Omnes eodem cogimur.* It is merely a question of time. Sooner or later we all have to take tickets from the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, and perform the necessary sea-voyage in the midst of Oriental missionaries, brown-looking ayahs, babies, dragomans, artillery officers, young English ladies, and Albanian Greeks. The Hon. Impulsia Gushington—who appears in the literary world under the patronage of Lady Dufferin—has been seized with the universal infection. She has been induced to turn her thoughts towards the rising sun, partly in consequence of the advice of her esteemed medical man, who believes in travel as an efficacious panacea for all mental and bodily ailments, and who spends all his own autumn vacation in trips to the Sandwich Islands or to Central Africa. Partly he is animated by the natural longing of a maiden for something more satisfying and romantic than the attachment of her faithful Minikin and the caresses of her playful Bijou can supply. But last, and not least, she has felt the bewitching and enticing influence of "Eöthen;" a volume that has not only given her an increased desire to visit the East, but has inwoven an imaginary portrait of its author into her dreams.

"*2nd January.* 'Eöthen' is indeed a delightful book! I fell asleep over it last night, and dreamt that, mounted on an ostrich, I was careering over the boundless sands of Arabia, with the author by my side! What a fascinating being he must be!—simple, earnest, full of reverential feeling and mild enthusiasm! he has taken complete possession of my imagination. I know by instinct what his personal appearance must be: *dark*,—with the rich bronze of travel on his manly cheek,—wild masses of raven hair, and flashing eyes of jet! Something Manfredy or Corsairish in expression, perhaps,—but mellow and softened, no doubt, by the gentle influences of a more ornate civilization.

"I wonder—does he still wander on those distant shores? or, like the honey bee laden with exotic sweets, has he returned to garner his perfumed memories in his native land—and another volume? If in England—*where?* I gather from the book that he is still unmarried—if so, *why?* Ah, Frolic Fancy, whither wouldst thou stray?

"The answer from Sir Merlin just arrived. 'The author of "Eöthen" is *not* dark, and he *is* married.'

"*4 o'clock p.m.* I have been reading a page or two of my favourite poet, Moore. What beautiful lines these are:—

"'"'Twas ever thus: since childhood's hour,' &c.

"*Mem.*—Moore infinitely superior to Dryden! Far deeper knowledge of the human heart!"

The bitter gush of disappointment about the colour of Eöthen's gifted author's hair seems to have stimulated the Hon. Impulsia still more to follow in his glowing footsteps to the East. The faithful Minikin—her attached personal attendant—in vain pleads for Margate. Corkscrew, the butler, who has understood from a gentleman's gentleman of his acquaintance, that "there was a good deal of going up rivers in the East in native boats called 'dabyers,'" begs, with some asperity of manner, to be informed whether he should be expected to black his own boots on the journey?—whether he should find a proper pantry and steward's-room on board "these here 'dabyers'"?—and, above all, "whether or not there will be a second table in the servants' hall?" The Hon. Impulsia is obliged to confess her inability to promise anything except crocodile haunches and pelicans' eggs; and Corkscrew is left behind. Even the faithful Minikin deserts at Alexandria, upon being required to mount a donkey, which species of animal she thinks are all very well at Highgate or Hampstead, but ought to be kept in their proper place when people go abroad. Impulsia, accordingly, is left alone, and starts on her expedition in all the confiding innocence of girlhood, united to the sober courage and determination of maturer years. She hires a dragoman before she leaves Alexandria, whose name is Dimitri, and who is a noble-looking being, in Albanian costume, realizing very much the Hon. Impulsia's notion of what Byron must have been in the first flush of his romantic manhood. Cairo she enters in a railway carriage, missing much the caravan from Mecca, the merchants from Bagdad, and the princes disguised as camel-drivers, whom her imagination had promised itself. Where, oh! where, are the Ginns and Afreets, the tomb-haunting ghouls, and mahogany-faced magicians of her dreams? The shriek of the locomotive has scared the delightful phantoms away for ever. Though the East is not what it was, Impulsia's acquaintance with it is destined to be eventful. The usual adventures befall her at the Cairo hotel. Her bed-room door is broken open by the rush of weary travellers on the arrival of the Indian mail; she is fleeced by her dragomans and deceived by the natives. She strikes up a warm friendship, meanwhile, with the MacFishys, an estimable Scotch family, with whom she takes luncheon at Thebes, by the tomb of King Rowdedowses, the fifty-seventh of the eighteenth dynasty, and with whom she agrees to share the expense of a boat up the Nile. At Edfou she tires of her companions, whose society pleases her less and less the more she sees of them, and decides upon parting company from them; and at Edfou begins the solitary tour of Impulsia Gushington. She has two camels across the desert all to herself, and her only comrades are Arabs, whose language she cannot speak. It is at this period of her existence that she learns the true misery of being unprotected. Her own camel first runs away with her and then from her; and ultimately she is robbed and stripped by her escort, and flings herself in despair on the protection of a village sheikh. He furnishes her with a donkey and a negro driver to take her back to Cairo; and the following description of her driver—of the negro's continual and insatiable desire for a gratuity—speaks for itself:—

"The negro who accompanied me was certainly the most disagreeable specimen of the race that I ever met with. He grinned and stared in my face unceasingly, while in a loud voice and rambling

* Lispings from Low Latitudes; or, Extracts from the Diary of the Hon. Impulsia Gushington. London: John Murray. 1863.

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manner he poured forth a voluble monologue. I think he was insane, but there was a certain method in his madness; the word '*Bakhshîsh*,' constantly reiterated, gave me an intimation of the nature of his discourse. Sometimes he half-shrieked it in an angry determined tone, as if his rights had become too patent, and his necessities too pressing, for any further delay. Sometimes he stopped my donkey, and placing himself in front, he put it to me in a reasonable argumentative form, whether it were possible to resist the evidence he adduced as to the absolute propriety of making him a present. By and by, in a whining apologetic tone, with real tears dropping over his oily cheeks and shining nose, he would adjure me to consider his humble request. Then he would as suddenly recover his spirits, flourish his stick in the air, and pour out a song of praise and thanksgiving for the reward he knew I was going to bestow on him. Soon after, a sense of my obduracy would seem to weigh him to the earth, and, with moody brow and sepulchral voice, he would merely boom out the words, 'Bakhshîsh, Bakhshîsh,' with the mournful regularity of minute guns.

"Alas! I had nothing to give him, or I would willingly have purchased immunity from his ceaseless harangue; but it was quite useless to attempt to convince him of my destitution. Lying is such a matter of fact and matter of course institution in this country, that it almost assumes the value and simple dignity of truth. I mean that, as nobody believes anything that anybody says on any subject, no deception is really practised, and by a somewhat roundabout process society is fast arriving at the transparent integrity of the Golden Age.

"My donkey only fell twice, and once kicked me over its head: on each occasion my companion demanded an immediate reward for picking me up. Again, towards evening we arrived at a large village on the banks of the Nile, and I at length got rid of my dreadful negro, who saluted me at parting with a volley of execrations, in which the fatal word, 'Bakhshîsh,' still predominated."

A boat belonging to a Dutch engineer, who is fat, sleepy, and unimpassioned, conveys Impulsia from the village in question as far as Luxor. There, thanks to the kindness of the English vice-consul, she is able to repair the losses of her toilette, and there she passes long bewildering days, wandering about the fallen columns at Gourneh, and watching the sun to his rest behind the purple Hill of Tombs. It is on one of these occasions that she falls in with Major and Mrs. Cornelius O'Whacker, of Ballybosh Castle, Fibbereen, County Kildare. They have a magnificent castle in Ireland—a place of great antiquity—to which they give Impulsia the most pressing welcome; and they insist upon her returning to Cairo in their "dahabiêh." The Major's sentiments are all chivalrous and elevated. Mrs. O'Whacker is amiable and kind. Impulsia feels at last that she has met those whom she may consider friends for life. With the proverbial generosity of his countrymen, the Major presses his purse upon Impulsia, and is really annoyed to find that a large balance in the hands of Messrs. Coutts's Egyptian agent relieves her from the necessity of trespassing on his goodness.

"Me chawrming frind!—to-morrow our deloightful mission will have tarminated, and we shall relinquish our swate charge to more worthy, though certainly not to more deeply attached and interesting protectors. Now, me beloved Miss Gushington, away with false delicacy!—which is a thing me very soul abominates, loathes, and detests! Spake to me with the openness you would use to a raal frind—to an elder brother!—shall we say, to an adopted father? Be intirely sincere with me, me sweet frind. Let me have the happiness of smoothing away any little pecuniary difficulties that may visit ye on your arrival in Cairo; consider me purrse as your own—me whole fortchune, such as it is, is at your disposal. I have told my beloved Letitia to intimate as much—has she recollected to mention the unimportant matter to ye?"

The Major's amiable wife informs Impulsia, next morning, that the Major had not been able to sleep all night, from dwelling with regret on the fact she had communicated about the balance at Coutts's. A happy chance affords Miss Gushington the pleasure of repaying the Major's kindness. By some strange remissness on the part of the Major's agents at Cairo, a large sum that he had expected to find waiting for him had not arrived. Miss Gushington is anxious to lay her purse at his feet, but the Major, who is the rigid soul of honour, will not hear of her lending him more than one hundred pounds, though he forces on her his note of hand in return, against her will.

"No, me sweet frind! in all other things ye shall command my entoire obedience, my implicit subsarvience to your wishes; but in all things connected with pecuniary obligations, Cornelius O'Whacker is adamant!"

The lifelong friendship between Impulsia and the O'Whackers is broken by a sudden summons which the latter receive by telegraph to the death-bed of a near relative at Aleppo. They have not even time to bid Impulsia a personal farewell. They take leave of her in a letter containing a pressing invitation to Ballybosh and a promise that the first remittance shall be spent in discharging their obligations to their charming friend. Miss Gushington is a little sobered by the incident, and an awkward episode that follows between herself and an Indian cousin, Sir Marmaduke Fitzdoldrum, if anything, tends to lower her opinion of the sincerity of mankind. The volume closes with a scene in which Impulsia accepts the hand and heart of Monsieur de Rataplan, a Frenchman she meets at her hotel, and with a promise that the history of her adventures in love shall be forthcoming on a future occasion. The illustrations, which are clever and amusing, form an important part of Miss Gushington's diary. The diary, in fact, is made for the drawings, and not the drawings for the diary. There is so little literary pretentiousness about both, and so much fun and good humour, that it is an invidious task to offer the unfavourable criticism, that, for a drawing-room book, the fun sometimes goes a little too far, and the frolics become almost uproarious. The picture of the Hon. Impulsia appearing in the cage of her crinoline to the Sheikh, after her dress is stolen, approaches the limits of pictorial propriety; and the Fitzdoldrum episode turns upon a mistake of Miss Gushington's, about which the less we say the better. There is nothing harder for a writer of good spirits and a sense of humour, than to keep fun within bounds, but a drawing-room book should be as innocent as snow. Mr. Leech is the true model for humourists of this kind to follow, who never forgets for whose eyes his pictures and jokes are designed. The Hon. Impulsia Gushington, when writing her diary, should remember where her diary will lie when it is printed. *Virginibus puerisque cantat.*

SIR G. C. LEWIS ON GOVERNMENT.*

Some new and melancholy interest is given to the little treatise, which we propose to notice here, by the too early and lamented death of its learned and sagacious author. Fate has willed that this "Dialogue on the Best Form of Government" should be, such as it is, the last literary product of the mature thought of Sir G. C. Lewis; and though it advances no pretensions to being a methodical and exhaustive discussion of the subject, yet it will in nowise diminish the reputation of a man who, in a somewhat brief political career, administered more than one great department of the State with success, while he held a conspicuous place among the speculative political thinkers of his time. Rare is the union in one man of political power and philosophy; and this was the new feature in society which, above all things, Plato desired to see. "Never," he says, in his immortal "Dialogue of the Republic," "will mankind be delivered from evil,—never will states and individuals be happy, till the true philosophers, now despised and rejected of men, are compelled, whether they like it or no, to undertake the government of states; or until the present rulers of the world become divinely inspired with a true love of true wisdom." And by this happy change alone did he hope to establish and maintain what he himself conceived to be the best form of government. The late Secretary of State was just such a man as Plato would have delighted to place among the "guardians" of his ideal republic. Of simple and temperate habits,—kind and just and true in all his dealings,—of great natural capacity, developed to its highest point by severe, unceasing study,—comparatively indifferent to the power and the honour and the glory which this world can bestow, and loving best to linger in the regions of speculative thought,—it is scarcely too much to say of him, that he was the living image of an ideal governor of the state as painted by the fancy of the old Greek philosopher. The quality, however, in which especially Sir G. C. Lewis overtopped other men, was the exquisite fairness of his mind. Some, though very very few, among his contemporaries, may have been as learned—others certainly surpassed him in power of imagination—and he was deficient in that half mental, half moral stuff out of which the great leaders of men are made; but in the passionless serenity of his intellect, his calm breadth of view, his freedom from prejudice, and the even balance of his judgment, he was second to none. This singular fairness of his mind is breathed through every line of the "Dialogue on the Best Form of Government."

"I have supposed," he says in his preface, "the dialogue to take place in our own time and country, between four Englishmen, belonging to the educated class. My object has been to conceive each of the three recognized forms—Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy—as represented by a sincere partizan, and to attribute to him such arguments as a judicious advocate might properly use. I have attempted, in succession, to place each government in the light in which it would be regarded by an enthusiastic admirer, and to suggest all the strongest objections to the other governments which the advocates of each would naturally urge. My aim has been to conduct the controversy in such a manner as to represent the strength of each case; but I have not endeavoured to exhaust the subject." . . . . "As the best mode of accomplishing this object, I have selected the dialogue form, which affords facilities for bringing on the stage the advocates of conflicting opinions, without any attempt at a decision, or at leading the reader to a dogmatic result." . . . . . "The philosophical dialogue possesses peculiar advantages for presenting distinctly, and in a small compass, the opposite arguments on an unsettled question. It is neither a debate nor a conversation. It has not the long speeches of the one, or the incoherent rambling and extemporaneous character of the other. It enjoys the benefit of the dramatic style, and it enables conflicting arguments to be put forward with an appearance of conviction on each side."

What Sir G. C. Lewis attempted in his dialogue, that he has done. Whatever form of government he may himself have preferred, his own predilections are carefully hidden out of sight; and no unworthy arguments are placed in the mouth of either of the three rival partizans. The diction of the dialogue is clear and easy; the historical illustrations are varied and apposite; and the general cast and tone of the discussion bear the impress of a mind which had studied men as well as books, and had been conversant with the practical conduct of affairs.

The scene of the dialogue is laid in the house of a certain

* A Dialogue on the Best Form of Government. By the Right Hon. Sir G. C Lewis. Parker, Son, & Bourn.

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"Crito," who sets the ball of discussion rolling. Himself denying that there is any one form of government which is best for every state, he invites his three guests, who agree only in thinking that there is but one best form of government, to advocate the claims of that form to which each has given his entire and unswerving allegiance. In reply to Crito's challenge, Monarchicus undertakes to prove that monarchy is the one best form of government for all states; and for a first proof, appeals to the universal testimony of mankind in all ages and countries. "The great majority of nations," he says, "always have been, and are now, governed as monarchies." To this sweeping assertion, Aristocraticus takes exception as being in point of fact untrue and contradicted by history read aright; and it becomes necessary to arrive at some common understanding with respect to the meaning of the term "monarchy." Aristocraticus, dividing governments into monarchies and republics—"by a monarchy understanding a government in which one person is practically sovereign; and by a republic understanding a government in which the sovereignty is divided among a body of persons"—places limited or constitutional monarchies in the category of republics, while Monarchicus claims them for his own by right of their very name, and on the ground of those dynastic and social privileges which place a constitutional monarch on a level with his autocratic brother, and of that hatred which both alike arouse in the democrat. Monarchicus, however, is ready to abandon constitutional monarchies, as being far too few in number to weaken the strength of his argument drawn from the testimony of mankind. But reason, as well as experience, is all on the side of monarchy. The very simplicity of the machine commends it to the use of all nations, whatever may be their degree of civilization. The rapidity, the consistency, the firmness, and the stability, which are the fruits of unity in government, more than outweigh the dangers and evils of singleness of power. "A monarchy *may* be, but a republic *must* be, unwisely governed;" for in every legislative assembly the wise and good are in a minority, and the exercise of their wisdom and virtue is perpetually fettered by the necessity of obtaining the consent of the majority—who, unhappily, are inferior to them in everything but political power. Can, indeed, any contrivance for obtaining a right decision be more absurd than that of decision by a majority,—counting votes instead of weighing them? Nor is this all,—for wherever the political power is divided among a body of men, rivalries and factious conflicts are the inevitable result. While, therefore, a republic *must* be afflicted by these evils, the monarch, if he be a good one, as he *may* be, dwelling above the atmosphere of conflicting passions, will bear beneficent rule without let or hindrance, consulting only the voices of wisdom and justice.

To all this Aristocraticus replies that absolute monarchs, living in constant peril of their lives, are prone to cruelty, the child of fear; and, moreover, the undivided possession of sovereignty is an ordeal out of which only a very rare nature comes unscathed. To this is due the evil reputation which belongs to kings as a class. The vital principle of government for which Aristocraticus contends, is "plurality of persons, as opposed to unity, for the possession of the sovereign power." Thus the exercise of power is placed beyond the reach of purely personal and individual passions; and the student of history meets at every step some tale of horror, which has grown out of the anger, lust or jealousy of absolute rulers. But "in a corporate sovereignty, the exercise of the supreme power can only be influenced by those feelings, passions, interests, and motives which belong to several persons in common." To the Greeks, who held despotism in abhorrence, belongs the honour of having invented corporate government, but they failed in the application of the principle. "They either divided the entire sovereignty among a few men, determined by birth or wealth, or they divided it among the entire body of free citizens." And thus it was left for modern times to discover "the philosopher's stone of politics,"—the representative system. The best form of government, therefore, in the judgment of Aristocraticus, is, as it were, "an aristocratico-democratic representative constitution, provided it be understood that the aristocratic element is real and not fictitious or formal, and that the aristocratic class has a substantive voice in the government." Pure democracy, like pure monarchy, is fraught with evil, because it is founded on a false principle, namely, that all men are equally competent to be judges of public affairs, which they are not, and never will be. The working classes have not the knowledge, the intelligence, and the "proprietary feeling" which are requisite for the proper use of political power. Tutelage is, therefore, necessary for the lower orders; and the real interests of those orders are safer in the hands of an enlightened aristocracy, than they would be if committed to their own unfettered control.

These latter arguments are expressed by Aristocraticus in controversy with the third partizan, Democraticus. Being the advocate of unmixed democracy, he maintains that a section of the community cannot, any more than a single man, be safely entrusted with the entire sovereignty; for the aristocracy, like the monarch, will pursue their own interests at the expense of the people. No theory of government, according to him, is sound "which is not founded upon mistrust." "Democracy rests upon this basis, and gives no man credit for good intentions. It neutralizes his sinister interests by merging him in the majority;" and the advocate of democracy is in no wise driven to maintain that all men are equally competent judges of public affairs; it is enough for his purpose that all men are sufficiently competent judges for the exercise of the electoral suffrage in choosing representatives. To deny that some races and nations are utterly unfit for democratic representative institutions is a doctrine inconsistent with religion, for it supposes, without warrant, a natural inequality in mankind; and if democracy has only been too rarely found among men, this rarity is owing to its excellence. Simply because it is the best form of government, the governing classes have selfishly used their power to prevent its establishment. Yet, notwithstanding their efforts, it will surely spread over the face of the earth; for "democracy is the natural goal of all civilized society. As men become more intelligent and orderly, the dislike of artificial and legal distinctions increases, and the desire of equality is strengthened."

Such are the main arguments advanced by the three disputants in behalf of that form of government which each believes to be the only panacea for human ills; and as the dialogue grows, there gather round the central stems diverse appreciations of passages in history and existing institutions, and the exchange of conflicting opinions on hereditary privileges, the feudal system, the ballot, the government of dependencies, the working of federal and state institutions in America, the possibility of a millennium of peace, and other kindred topics. These, the undergrowth as it were of the dialogue, we have not space to notice at greater length; but perhaps the chief interest of the discussion will be found in them. Very few, if any, Englishmen of the present day are likely to agree with Monarchicus, at least as far as their own country is concerned; more, no doubt, would agree with Democraticus; but a large majority, probably, would range themselves under the banner of Aristocraticus, while all, we may believe, would share Crito's conviction, that it is hopelessly impossible to establish any best form of government applicable to all communities. The design, which alone the three partizans have in common, of thrusting each his own favourite government upon all states alike, making no allowance for habit, association and historical recollections, is on the very face of it absurd. To discuss and settle the form of government to be adopted without any reference to the wishes of the community, as did the Persian conspirators in Herodotus, would in these days be an idle childish form of procedure, that could only suggest itself to the King of Prussia and a few fanatical *doctrinaires*.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, we are loth to believe that there is no best form of government, no ideal commonwealth towards which all societies should look and guide their steps as towards a polar star. Some may be nearer, others farther; but towards it, when found, all should tend. In a search for the best form of government, it is as well to start with some tolerably definite conception of the objects of government, about which the speakers in Sir G. C. Lewis's dialogue have not a word to say from beginning to end. Stating it broadly, we may say that the object of government should be to make the governed as healthy, intelligent, and virtuous as they are capable of being made; in short, to make the sum total of happiness in the community as large as possible, for all are agreed that health, intelligence, and virtue are the fundamental elements of happiness, out of which other blessings will assuredly flow both to states and individuals. There is, however, the happiness of cabbages and sheep, as well as the happiness of good, enlightened, and active men and women; and we must take care that government tends to promote happiness in its higher form. Despotic government, if prolonged without relaxation through a succession of able and virtuous rulers, would raise the governed to no higher condition than of contented but dependent children; and for this reason Mr. J. S. Mill has, in his treatise on Representative Government, entered a vehement protest against the common saying, that if a good despot could be ensured, despotic monarchy would be the best form of government. This he looks upon "as a radical and most pernicious misconception of what good government is;" and we will conclude with quoting the summary of his masterly and exhaustive argument:—

"From these accumulated considerations," he says, "it is evident that the only government which can fully satisfy all the exigencies of the social state, is one in which the whole people participate; that any participation, even the smallest public function, is useful; that the participation should everywhere be as great as the general degree of improvement of the community will allow, and that nothing less can be ultimately desirable than the admission of all to a share in the sovereign power of the state. But since all cannot, in a community exceeding a single small town, participate personally in any but some very minor portions of the public business, it follows, that the ideal type of a perfect government must be representative."

ADMIRAL FITZROY'S WEATHER-BOOK.*

THIS "Weather-book" is, more or less, a compilation of the official pamphlets Admiral Fitzroy has issued during past years, and chiefly in his capacity of director of the Government Meteorological Department, with additions and interlineations, which are made up of facts, extracts, and ideas, seemingly on the Captain Cuttle principle of "when found make a note of." Still the book, with all its defects and irregularities, is a good book; and if the pamphlets were good pamphlets, and contained useful practical matter, there is no harm, but much advantage, in collecting them into a volume. The "Weather-book" is full of sound, sailor-like, practical matter, communicated in a plain way; but it has a certain want of compactness and uniformity, which is not agreeable. We should wish, however, to make allowances for any failures, caused by deficiency of observations and information in

* The Weather-book: a Manual of Practical Meteorology. By Admiral Fitzroy. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

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the present condition of meteorology, for Admiral Fitzroy's essays in storm warning are made *con amore* and in excess of his specified duties.

The first two chapters of the "Weather-book" contain practical instructions for gathering weather wisdom from the indications of barometers, thermometers, the appearance of the sky, and other ordinary means. The details, however, of Admiral Fitzroy's official department are scarcely worth so much space as is taken up with them; for they have as little to do with the science as the description of an observatory has to do with astronomy, and their introduction has the ill effect of wearying the reader before he gets to the more practical portions of the work.

As the admiral himself occupies so prominent a position as a meteorologist, his book must have some importance. But as the superintendent of a department of the Board of Trade his business is essentially of a practical character, and pure theory does not pertain to his office; nor can it now be said that the mere collection of scientific facts engrosses his attention. He has to deal with the practical application of the information he receives. To call him a "weather-prophet" would be to class him amongst those empirics through whom "weather-wisdom" has come into contempt. He warns us of coming storms, but on very different grounds of anticipation from those which "weather-prophets" are wont to do. A storm has taken place, say on the borders of the Mediterranean; it is telegraphed from several points at once to Whitehall, and, long before the tumultuous waves of the aërial ocean have reached our coasts, the electric impulse has heralded its approach. Its course has been laid down on the map as readily as the position is marked of a ship at sea, but the accuracy of its anticipated direction depends on the fulness and completeness of the information received. It is possible that the storm may traverse a tract not well supplied with instruments and observers; and, therefore, the forecast would be less accurate than when fuller information had been received. And this should be well borne in mind before we ridicule the admiral for his failures.

We differ greatly from him in some important matters, but in common justice to his well-meant efforts, we should not lose sight of the fact that many years must elapse before the warning system can be perfected, before the laws that regulate the rate of travelling of storms in the mean and higher latitudes can be accurately ascertained, and a fuller acquaintance with exceptional cases attained. Increase of knowledge in these respects, with a more extended system of telegraphy, will no doubt render the meteorological department useful in the highest degree, and by the precision of its warnings enable it to establish itself finally in public favour.

We would, however, now dive deeper into the admiral's pages, and deal with his scientific opinions and practical details. First, we find him differing from popular ideas as to the thickness of the earth's atmosphere—usually conceived at thirty to forty miles. He tells us from ten to twenty miles seems a probable total depth, and not too small for its depth as air. Ten to twenty miles is rather a wide range; but when some meteorologists put auroral phenomena a hundred miles high, and infer from their exhibition the presence of air there, rather wide ranges may be admissible. The admiral, however, has a reason for his opinion, which is more than is always the case for a new idea. No mention of ancient meteorology is made until the fourth chapter, when, under the head of historic sketch, a few lines of the leanest observations are given. The admiral accounts for the origin of the mythological story of Prometheus, by supposing that that personage really made a "Franklinian Essay" with the lightning conductor. Most of us have been led to believe that the story had its origin in the half-learnt narrative of the fall of man; but Prometheus might have been, for all we know, the first practical electrician. The admiral's later history of meteorological science—that is, of its progress and condition during the last and present centuries, is concise and full of interest, although it is rather an account of what has been done for the sailor than a history of meteorology proper. Two chapters are devoted to a general view of the air in motion, and are exceedingly interesting, especially to the sea-going reader. There has been much more discussion on the origin and propagation of winds than the case at a first glance would seem to have permitted. The simplicity of the first cause, heat, and the chief detective impulse—the rotation of the earth—however, would have been apparent long ago, but for the modifications that the wind-currents undergo from the unequal heating of the sea and land, the unequal degree of solar radiation, owing to the interposition of clouds, the absorption of heat by evaporation, and the mechanical obstacles the currents themselves meet with in passing over the globe. These interferences render the interpretation of the law that was at first simple extremely difficult and complex, and requiring a vast amount of collateral knowledge to reduce observational data to practical results. Thus the multiplication of observatories in localities previously meteorologically unexplored, has completed, as it were, a network of instrumental readings over the greater part of the world, and enabled the admiral give us the most perfect idea of the rise and progress of atmospheric waves that we anywhere possess.

From the waves of the air he is not unnaturally brought to speak of the waves of the ocean, and he gives some interesting facts, chiefly gathered from Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea." The chapter on barometric curves is interesting, as the author denies the existence during storms of a mechanical modulation of the atmosphere—a theory which the previous sheets of Espy had seemed to place beyond a doubt. Future observations must decide who is right.

Among meteorologists, the "gulf-stream" is a favourite agent, and supplies, not unfrequently, an answer to questions relating to the occasional warm winters of Europe, when the true reply should have been "We don't know." Admiral Fitzroy goes a good way towards demolishing this notion. He says—

> "Whatever effect the gulf-stream may have locally, it is obvious—comparing its extreme limits, source, and direction—that the great bodies of tropical air which incessantly traverse both temperate zones towards the poles and eastward, must have far more effect on climates than air from over any comparatively small tract of ocean."

From this to the end of the twelfth chapter, the pages are taken up with a general view of the development and characteristics of air-currents over different parts of the globe. The thirteenth chapter is reserved for the explanation of the system, theory, and practice at present pursued in the admiral's department for forecasting the weather. Those who have followed up the matter have already been made familiar with the processes employed by the official papers issued at various times; to those who are not so informed it is sufficient to say that the data from which the forecasts are drawn are—direction and force of wind, tension, temperature, and humidity; and which data are telegraphed to the meteorological head-office in London from numerous outlying stations. Those who read this and the succeeding four chapters will perceive that the office of meteorological superintendent is no sinecure.

In Chapter XVIII., a new theory is advanced to account for the disturbances created about the periods of the equinoxes, for which, as the admiral observes, the mere fact of the sun's position is not sufficient to account. His new theory is that "the united tidal action of moon and sun upon the whole atmosphere, which at the equator is a maximum force, causes lateral offsets; streams overflowing towards each pole, and as they go, preserving more or less a momentum, are at those times more powerful, and their effects are more felt everywhere." Although we are not prepared to assent to this idea, we admit we have always felt that some such theory was wanting to explain those bi-annual disturbances which experience has taught us occur over the whole face of the earth, and for which the sun's astronomical position cannot be the only cause. The two succeeding chapters contain nothing new,—they are chiefly a collection of data from various authors illustrative of hurricanes. The last has a discussion (illustrated with charts) on British storms, including that disastrous one, the *Royal Charter*. Chapter XXI. treats of extreme cases of storms at sea. Nervous individuals, about to venture on the "deep waters," had better not read it. Lastly, we come to an appendix of something more than a hundred pages, followed by a series of charts and diagrams. The first twenty pages are taken up with descriptions of the method employed in telegraphing the information, and with directions and instructions to the observers. Some comments on thermometric scales and a memorandum respecting a moistened thermometer are, however, included in them, and are as much out of place as some other things in the book. Following these we have remarks on tides written by the admiral, when captain, many years ago. Then Luke Howard's descriptions of clouds, to which, as the admiral does not think them sufficiently numerous to describe all the forms of clouds required to be noted, he has made many additions, chiefly by adding the termination "onus" as an augmentative and "itus" as a diminutive; thus, cirronus, cirritus, &c. Very nicely executed plates, illustrative of these modifications, are annexed. We are next favoured with a reprint of the letter of the Royal Society, containing the suggestions made to the Board of Trade by their invitation, in 1854, as to the best way of carrying out a system of meteorological observations at sea. Unconnected papers then appear on vapour, temperature of the air, climatology, temperature of the sea, thunderstorms, and on charts of the magnetic variation. The last, although not properly belonging to meteorology, we are very glad to see, for the advances that have been made in the past fifteen years in our knowledge of the secular changes in magnetic declination in different latitudes and longitudes,—a knowledge that has been materially assisted by the establishment of self-registering magnetometers,—will, we trust, help to furnish the mariner with more perfect charts, on which should be given the approximate annual rate of change. Many a vessel has been lost from the want of sufficient knowledge on this point.

The remaining pages are occupied by descriptions and tables, illustrative of improved wind-charts and an account of the handy little anemometer invented by Dr. Robinson, of Armagh. A note on the dew-point comes in here. At page 437 is a notice of those very ancient weather-indicators called "storm-glasses." The admiral says they are reliable to a certain extent, and that they are acted upon by the *direction* of the wind and by *electrical tension*. We should incline to think more experiments on this head are required before deciding what does and what does not affect them. Examples of the reports, charts, and index, bring the volume to an end. The charts, every one must admit, are exceedingly good, both as regards design and execution. Those of the *Charter*-storm are remarkably perfect.

In taking leave of Admiral Fitzroy's "Weather-book," we would remind those who have read it, and those who intend to read it, that the admiral is a sailor, thinks and writes like a sailor and for sailors. He invents, or aids in the invention of small aneroids for sailors to carry in their pockets; his warning-signals are for sailors; he makes rude rhymes on his barometers to impress the most important points of observations or results upon the sailors' mind; in short, having had charge of ships and of sailors, he feels the dangers they are exposed to, and a humane desire to lessen by

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the applications of science those numerous perils which surround them. Let us, then, rather strive to assist him than attempt to check his hopeful and energetic perseverance, which seeks to attain unmistakeably useful results.

SHORT NOTICES.

Mr. Edgar, who has written for the rising generation "The Boyhood of Great Men," aims, in his "Danes, Saxons, and Normans,"* at a narrative of the Norman conquest, which shall be popular without any sacrifice of historic truth. We must regard this book as also written for the youth of England; and in saying this we by no means wish to disparage it. When they have read of the Norman Conquest in school histories, they will have but a limited idea of the men who were the actors in that decisive battle; and it is a matter of high educational importance that they should know much more, both of the men and of the event, with what led to it and followed it. But the difficulty is to place a larger knowledge of the subject before them, in a form sufficiently comprehensive and at the same time not encumbered with dry details. We do Mr. Edgar no more than justice when we say that his book supplies this want. Without sacrifice of historical truth it is pleasant as a romance; and the profuseness and excellence of the illustrations make it clearly a boy's book of the most acceptable character. Not only for this class of readers, however, will it be found of value, but for all whose knowledge of our early history is defective. Mr. Edgar wisely goes back to give the origin of the Norman power in that expedition of Rolfganger and his comrades, in 876, up the Seine, which ended in their defeat of the French and the cession to them of Neustria, to which, mindful of their Norwegian home, they gave the name of Normandy. From this he passes at once to the Conqueror's parentage, and the perils of his youth after the death of his father, Robert the Magnificent. Leaving William at this point, he turns to England, and briefly traces the advent of the Saxons and the invasion of the Danes, till he brings the reader to the reign of Edward the Confessor, and that mission of Harold to Normandy which ended in the compact between him and Duke William, by which the Norman bound him to aid him in obtaining the kingdom of England on the death of Edward. In every page there is some anecdote or dialogue taken from the old chronicles, which lightens the narrative and impresses it upon the mind,—in a word, gives flesh and blood to the dry bones of the school manuals. The account of William's preparations for the invasion of England, of the battle of Hastings, and the subsequent events of the Conqueror's reign is ample and most interesting. And the story is continued to the death of Henry Beauclerc, giving a picture of the times which is as correct as a faithful adherence to the best materials at the author's disposal could make it, in the space to which he has limited himself.

A few years have caused such a revolution in our Australian colonies that the Australia of to-day is no more the Australia of twenty years ago than if they were separated by many generations. Now we see great cities sprung up as if in a night; Parliaments the pictures in little of our own. The convict, the bush-ranger, and the native have disappeared; and though the settler still survives, he is not the settler as he used to be, but a farmer within easy reach of the comforts and luxuries of civilized life. In the midst of this new creation, which has suddenly filled up the measure of civilization with all its conveniences, it is refreshing to go back a few years, and see what Australia was before the gold discoveries; what were the perils, the shifts and contrivances, and the rough pleasures of life in the bush; and Mr. Graham in a book,† which he tells us is not a tale, a novel, a romance, or any form of fiction, but "sketches of the real life of a real man," gives us ample means of doing so. Laurence Struilby left Ireland for Australia in 1832. At that time bush-ranging atrocities were very common, and in Van Diemen's Land police and settlers could hardly preserve the island from barbarism. There was a force called the Field Police, who were volunteer convicts that had served a certain time, and by additional service got a ticket of leave or emancipation. Few of these men would scruple to swear a man's life away for a crown. "It was very common in those two years of which I write," says the narrator, "for Government to offer a pardon and a free passage to England to any convict who should capture an armed bush-ranger living *or* dead. And it was no uncommon thing to see one come down the country in company with a policeman having a man's head wrapped up in a piece of blanket or in a pocket-handkerchief." No wonder that the colonists dread a return of transportation. Leaving Van Diemen's Land, Mr. Graham's hero proceeded to Bathurst Plains, and found employment at a cattle-station forty miles from Bathurst. Here he gives us an amusing account of the aborigines, and especially of a hunting expedition which he made along with them, and which at times reminds us of similar narratives from the pen of Captain Mayne Reid, in which adventure and natural history are amusingly conjoined. This part of the book is highly interesting. Here is an account of a kangaroo hunt by the natives:—

"By this time it was near noon; and Dick, looking up anxiously at the sun, said—'Ha ha, euroka jump up high, high above waddy; poor fellow, kangaroo, all tumble down, I b'lieve.' If I must interpret for Dick, he said—'The sun has mounted to noon, over the tree; the kangaroos are all killed by this time, I guess.' We walked as fast as the broiling heat would permit; and, after six miles over brown detached tufts of kangaroo grass, we came to an outlying water-hole, which was surrrounded with great gum trees. From behind these old Eagle-Hawk and about fifteen black fellows made their appearance. He looked daggers at Dick for being late; but some conciliatory grunts in Warragera about 'boombilly' (tobacco) made all right. They had been delaying the hunt for us. The gins were in a knoll of trees within beckoning distance. Old Hawk ordered one little fellow, with an enormous mouth full of white teeth, to ascend a tree and look out for game. He did so; and descried a troop of kangaroos in the distance. These they had tracked from the water, and they were now within reach. Then all advanced to the trees nearest the open feeding-grounds of the game. The gins were beckoned in; and they advanced with long thick branches of gum and mimosa which they gave to the men. They threw out detachments to surround the kangaroos; and each man advanced behind his screen of branches at measured pace. We got up on a tree to see the battue. All is exciting, but quiet as midnight. Now the kangaroos take long leisure hops among the tufted grass, and appear disposed to play as they feed. Anon they alternately stoop to eat and rise to look around; the black fellows watching the opportunity to advance, silent as shadows; sometimes standing still as if growing from the ground; but again crawling on. As they receded from us, they became almost undistinguishable from the branches they carried. At last the circle drew close, and the kangaroos rose on end to gaze; to what a height those enormous boomers can rise! Just then the branches were thrown aside; and the blacks rose shouting and yelling, and hurling their spears at the affrighted game, which ran together, and against each other in consternation, one after another falling by the spears. Some eight fell, and as many more probably escaped. I often afterwards saw the natives hunt emeus in a similar way, and with like success."

The subsequent process of cooking is also worth remark:—

"The blacks brought in the carcases under the trees beside the water-hole. And *such* jabbering of men, gins, and pickaninnies, as was there over one of the richest captures ever even Eagle-Hawk had seen! He walked about giving orders for dinner. The gins, with their connois—long flat sticks which they always carry for digging roots, &c.—dug out four grave-like holes, in the bottom of which they laid flat stones, filled up with dry wood, which they burned till the pit was hot as an oven. They then cleared it out, and putting in the carcases for dinner, covered them up with hot stones and embers to stew. Roots were dug, grubs taken from the roots of a gum tree, calabashes were filled with water, and by-and-by the stewed kangaroos produced. And oh! ye admirers of venison, what a meal was there! Such splendid cookery of venison I never saw before. The carcases were cut up; the entrails and the fore-quarters, which are bony and dry, were given, or rather thrown, to the gins and pickaninnies, who ate at a distance; while the hind-quarters were eaten by the sable lords of creation."

A round game composed of extracts from the British poets is, in this country at least, a novelty; but whether the discovery is worth much is another matter. Mr. Smith, whose book we notice,* confesses that he has taken his idea from a similar work, which has been produced in America. The plan of the game is simple enough. Thirteen questions are proposed, and to each of these fifty answers are given, culled from the writings of our most distinguished poets. A questioner is selected by the "round party," and he asks, for instance, "What is your character?" Each person selects any number from one to fifty, and if he selects, say 15, he finds that he is—

"A wilful man, half wit and half a fool;"

or if the person questioned is a lady, she is told that—

"Probity and truth,
Prudence and patience marked thee from thy youth."

There may be some amusement in all this. For instance, if the person questioned happens to be unpopular, it will please every one but himself if he selects a number, through which he is told that he is—

"Grave as owl and just as witty;"

or that he is—

"Peevish and malcontent,
Clownish, impertinent,
Dashing all merriment."

But his capacity to add to the pleasures of the "round party" will not be improved by the information. It is clear, too, that a good deal of fun may be derived from the answers to the question, "What is the personal appearance of your lover?" Miss Polly's friends will be delighted to hear, on the authority of Spenser, that her swain is—

"An uncouth, salvage, and uncivil wight,
Of griesly hewe, and fowle, ill-favour'd sight;"

or, on the authority of Swift, that—

"He's lean and he's lank;
His nose, long and thin,
Grows down to his chin;
His chin will not stay
But meets it half way."

We need not multiply samples of Mr. Smith's "Oracles." They are, for the most part, well selected; and as the book has reached a third edition, we conclude that it has found favour with "round parties."

* Danes, Saxons, and Normans; or, Stories of our Ancestors. By J. G. Edgar. Beeton.

† Lawrence Struilby; or, Observations and Experiences during Twenty-five Years of Bush-life in Australia. Edited by the Rev. John Graham. Longmans.

* Oracles from the British Poets; a Drawing-room Table-book and pleasant Companion for a round Party. By James Smith. Virtue, Brothers & Co.

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LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 27TH APRIL, 1863.

GEOGRAPHICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "Visit to Ode, the capital of the Jjebu Country, Western Africa." By Capt. Bedingfield, R.N., F.R.G.S. 2. "Explorations of the Elephant Mountains, &c., in Western Africa." By Capt. R. Burton, F.R.G.S., H.M.'s Consul at Fernando Po, &c. 3. "Travels in Equatorial Africa (Gaboon, Corisca, &c.)." By W. Winwood Reade, Esq. 4. "Notes on Madagascar." By Lieut. Oliver, R.A.
ACTUARIES—At 7 P.M.
MEDICAL—At 8 P.M. Special Clinical Meeting.

TUESDAY, 28TH APRIL.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. 1. Discussion on Mr. Hawkshaw's paper, "On the Middle Level Drainage." 2. "The Charing-cross Bridge." By Mr. Harrison Hayter, C.E.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On Sound."
MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On a Remarkable Case of Injury of the Head." By Dr. A. T. H. Waters, of Liverpool. 2. "On the Therapeutics of Continued Fever." By Dr. T. K. Chambers.

WEDNESDAY, 29TH APRIL.

ZOOLOGICAL—At 1 P.M. Anniversary Meeting.
METEOROLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 12 Noon. Anniversary Meeting.
SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Varieties of Minerals Used Economically Considered in Reference to their Geological Position, and Relative Value for Certain Purposes." By D. T. Ansted, Esq., F.R.S.

THURSDAY, 30TH APRIL.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M.
ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.
ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Geology." By Professor Ansted.

FRIDAY, 1ST MAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 2 P.M. Anniversary Meeting. At 8 P.M., Evening Lecture, "On Japanese Art." By John Leighton, Esq., F.S.A.
ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—At 4 P.M. "On the Crypt and Chapter-House of Worcester." By the Rev. Professor R. Willis.
LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M.
PHILOLOGICAL—At 8½ P.M. "The Letter R." By R. F. Weymouth, Esq.

SATURDAY, 2ND MAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller. Second series.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

A Dark Night's Work. By Mrs. Gaskell. Crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.
A Simple Woman. By Author of "Nut-Brown Maids." Crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.
Agnes Falconer. 18mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.
Aimard's (G.) The Freebooters. Illustrated. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
——— The Pearl of the Andes. Fcap., bds., 2s.
Anderson's (G. & P.) Guide to the Highlands of Scotland. Fourth edition. Fcap., cloth, 10s. 6d.
Andrews' (L. J.) The Life of Our Lord upon the Earth. 8vo., cl., 12s.
At Odds. By the Author of "The Initials." Two vols. Post 8vo., cl., 21s.
Balfour's (J. H.) Botany and Religion. New edit. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
——— (Mrs.) A Mother's Lessons on the Lord's Prayer. New edition. Folio, bds., 2s. 6d.
Bancroft's Handbook Almanac for the Pacific States. 1863. 12mo., cloth, 5s. 6d.
Bertha's Repentance; a Tale. By J. F. Corkran. Crown 8vo., cl., 9s.
Bessy's Money: a Tale. By Author of "Mary Powell." Fcap., cl., 1s.
Bibliotheca Classica. Virgil, with Commentary. By J. Conington. Vol. II. 8vo., cloth, 14s.
Black's New Map of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Coloured. 14s., in case.
——— New Map of the World, on Mercator's Projection. Coloured. 20s., in case.
——— Guide to London and its Environs. Second edition. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
Boucherett's (Jessie) Hints on Self-Help. Fcap., cloth, limp, 1s.
Buckmaster's (J. C.) Elements of Chemistry. Second edition. 18mo., cloth, 3s.
Cæsar de Bello Gallico, with English Notes. By Dr. Anthon. New edition. 12mo., cloth, 4s. 6d.
Chambers's Standard Reading Books. Book IV. 12mo., cloth, 1s. 4d.
——— Ditto. Book V. 12mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.
Chronicron Abbatiæ de Evesham. Edited by W. D. Macray. Royal 8vo., half bound, 10s.
Daumas' (E.) The Horses of the Sahara, and the Manners of the Desert. 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.
Dean's Moveable Books. A Visit to the Birds and Beasts. Royal 8vo., bds., 2s.
De Burgh's (W.) The Messianic Prophecies of Isaiah: Donellan Lectures. 1862. 8vo., cloth, 6s.
De Porquet's (L. P. F.) First French Book. Twenty-seventh edition. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.
Dicey's (E.) Six Months in the Federal States. Two vols. Crown 8vo., cloth, 12s.
Dick and his Donkey. Fcap., cloth, limp, 6d.
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Dixon's (H. D.) Digest of Cases connected with the Law of the Farm. Third edition. 12mo., cloth, 21s.
——— Appendix to ditto. 12mo., sewed, 3s.
Dorner's (Dr. J.) History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ. Division II. Vol. III. 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.
Dresser's (Dr. C.) Popular Manual of Botany. Fcp. cloth, 2s. plain; 2s. 6d. coloured.
Erskine's (Rev. Ralph) Works. New edition. Seven vols. 8vo., cloth, £3. 3s.
Fairy Book (The). By Author of "John Halifax." Fcp., cl., 4s. 6d.
Fisher's (Col.) Narrative of Three Years' Cruise in China. 8vo., cloth, 16s.
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PUBLIC OPINION is sold at all Railway Bookstalls, and by all Booksellers and Newsagents throughout the Kingdom. Price 2d., stamped, 3d.

PUBLIC OPINION every SATURDAY, 2d.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

LONDON: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Cox & Wyman, 74 & 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the County of Middlesex; and published, for the Proprietors, by JOHN KELLETT SHARPE, at No. 11, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

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THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 148.—Vol. VI.] SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863. [Price 4*d*. *Unstamped.*

Mr. Stansfeld and the Liberal Party.
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MR. STANSFELD AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THERE is nothing so wearing to the spirits and aggravating to the temper of the truly Radical Reformer, as the continual tendency of his most cherished friends to accept office under Government. It is not as if the accident happened only once or twice. Like Mr. Pickwick's sufferings, this kind of misfortune is chronic. Never have Mr. Cox and Mr. Hadfield loved a young gazelle,—never have they trained him up to cheer them with his glad bright eye, but when he came to know them well, and love them, he was sure to be carried off by Lord Palmerston to the Ministerial benches. This it is that makes political life unutterably trying to the people's friend. It is one long course of disappointment. By some curious fatality, he finds that it is invariably the Admiralty which exercises this fatal fascination on his companions. Perhaps it may be, that the unhappy Government department in question is managed in a way to attract the especial notice of a patriot,—who, however, little knows where he may expect to go to when he looks up the subject of marine retrenchment for the first time. Perhaps, occasional promotion is only Lord Palmerston's way of cutting off the heads of the tallest Liberal poppies. At all events, the thing occurs too often to be merely a coincidence. It happened to Lord Clarence Paget. It used to be always happening to poor Mr. Bernal Osborne. No sooner had they laid their guns for an assault upon the Administration trenches, than they were picked off by some Ministerial rifleman. After a short interval they used to reappear on the other side of the wall, radiant with new found glory, very much as Romulus appeared to his astonished countrymen after his deification. From their new position these transfigured heroes used to waft the fondest messages back to their old associates. "Weep not for me," Mr. Bernal Osborne was wont upon such occasions virtually to tell the Radicals, "I am not dead, but sleeping here. Lord Palmerston has got my body, but my soul still belongs to my country." Mr. Layard's fate, though slightly different, was equally distressing. Cruel destiny had marked him out for one of those Government offices of which he had spoken slightingly so often. It is Mr. Stansfeld's turn at last. Lord Palmerston has come for the Radical pilgrim, as the Angel came for Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and Mr. Stansfeld has taken leave of his friends at Halifax in the same touching spirit of mingled resignation and hope.

Mr. Stansfeld is too clever a man not to know where he is going to be taken. As Julius Peregrinus was "banished into the Senate," Mr. Stansfeld feels evidently that in accepting office he is banishing himself to the Ministerial benches. The erratum which Mr. Stansfeld is so anxious to correct in the *Times* really is of no consequence. Whether he was "*kicked* out" of the Liberal camp or "picked out," is all the same in its results. The virtuous Cox will think nothing of him now. In time, Mr. Bright will come to denouncing him together with the rest of the bloated oligarchs. The distressed Poles are already beginning to give him up. The champions of the runaway negroes seem to gaze after him more in sorrow than in anger. They have taken a kindly farewell of him, and they are good enough to say that they think it right of him to go. But he can no longer sincerely flatter himself that he belongs to that bright band. It must have been a harrowing thought to any of the number who formed part of the Halifax audience, to feel the conviction creeping on them as he spoke, that the white feathers of office might already be seen growing on the new-fledged official swan. Short as was the interval that had elapsed, Mr. Stansfeld, by the time he had got to Halifax, had begun to look on the Admiralty as a rather ill-used public body. It was a great mistake to regard that excellent branch of the public service as a mere Augean stall. "I should not be speaking the truth," Mr. Stansfeld told his constituents, "if I did not say that the present Board of Admiralty had already gone some way, and with an earnest purpose and with great personal labour, in the path of reform." We do not say that Mr. Stansfeld has ever attacked the Administration as a demagogue or a firebrand; on the contrary, he has uniformly conducted himself, in his short political life, as a high-minded and liberal gentleman. But when the Halifax reformers saw their representative assuming the part of charity, and hoping all things and believing all things of the Admiralty board, they may well have moaned in spirit, and thought that the world was out of joint. "It is impossible all at once to return to a condition of expenditure which would be as satisfactory as a normal state of things. But I look forward confidently to a gradual, well-considered, and progressive diminution in the burdens of the country." Was this the Lancelot of debate, who had so often shot like a star before the eyes of lords and ladies in tournament at Westminster? It is probable that the hearts of the friends of the people marked and appreciated the sudden growth that had taken place in Mr. Stansfeld's confidence in the economical resolutions of the Whigs. With a corresponding acuteness Mr. Stansfeld bade them good-bye, very much as if he was going not to Downing-street, but to New South Wales. This is a changing and dangerous world, and he well knew that the sweets of office could not be tasted without loosening the ties that bound him to his political school. The moment was a

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painful one. A creditable ambition alone enabled him to sustain it :—

"A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!"

Leaving the amenities and commonplaces incidental to the condition of the lady who accepts her petitioning lover, the clergyman who takes the proffered bishopric, and the young member who feels it his duty not to refuse an Under-Secretaryship of State, we confess that it is with satisfaction that we find Lord Palmerston's offer to Mr. Stansfeld has been made and not declined. The leaders of the Whig party have been much to blame for recruiting their ranks so little from among the independent members of the House. The result is as might have been expected. The Whig flame is on the point of dying out for want of fuel. If Lord Palmerston were to retire suddenly from public life, a Liberal ministry would find it difficult to hold their own in the House of Commons. There is no school of rising Whig statesmen to hand down to posterity the sacred torch of Whiggism. It has been the fault and it will be the death blow of the Palmerstonian *régime* that the spirit and nucleus of the system is nothing but Palmerston. There is no successor to the English Metternich. The men on whose shoulders his mantle would fall by right of political tradition have little or nothing in common with him; and Lord Palmerston cannot, like Charles V., go on governing his country from his tomb. The ablest and most vivacious of his colleagues are not Whigs. Ten years hence Mr. Gladstone may perhaps lead the House of Commons, but he will not lead it to the same green pastures or beside the same still waters. Other views in foreign and domestic politics will have to supersede the views upon which the policy of the present Ministry is based. Could the present Prime Minister leave a trained troop of disciples and an armoury of political ideas, as Sir Robert Peel did, the Liberal party might have to undergo no great change upon his retirement or his decease. As it is, he will have no faithful interpreters of his creed when he is gone. Nothing but tall Whig weeds will be found growing round the tomb of the most active and vigorous of modern statesmen.

That Palmerstonianism will come to a sudden conclusion or collapse, whenever that period arrives which we hope may long be deferred, will not be the least evil of the exclusive system which has been too much adopted by the Whig leaders. The band of able men, who are obliged by the fashionable traditions of party to stand aside and resign all expectations of office, do not improve in temper, in charity, or in political wisdom by seeing themselves tabooed. Lord Derby's foolish insult, a few years back, has not made Mr. Bright a greater friend to Lord Derby's "Order." In the same way, the Manchester School have become more *ultra*, thanks to the exclusive airs that the Whigs have chosen to give themselves. Lord Palmerston cannot imagine that many outsiders, who are both able and honest men, do not feel their isolation, for he was pointedly reminded of it at the famous meeting at Willis's Rooms, which preceded the accession of the present Ministry. His friends will have to thank themselves for what will be by no means an unmixed advantage to the country. The Liberal party will be re-formed, and re-formed on a wider basis than would have otherwise been necessary. Men who have been driven into *doctrinaire* opinions will find the ball within their reach at last. Ten years' more denial of office would perhaps have converted Mr. Stansfeld's present somewhat extreme opinions into a settled hostility to the Constitution. He enters office now as a mollified philosopher; ten years hence he would enter it a furious and confirmed democrat. During the last few years we have heard of a Conservative reaction a good deal. We may well doubt whether we are not destined to see a Liberal reaction. That a man of Mr. Stansfeld's ability should, even at this late hour of Lord Palmerston's career, be taken into the counsels of the Sovereign before he has committed himself to any extravagant political propaganda, shows a symptom of returning prudence among the Liberal chiefs. In the name of the future quiet of the country, we trust we may see this step followed up by other measures conceived in the same spirit. Nor on other and more popular grounds can we regret Mr. Stansfeld's appointment. We should be sorry to pledge ourselves to all Mr. Stansfeld's opinions; but the country is a gainer when she receives an additional guarantee of administrative and financial reform, and of a liberal foreign policy based not so much on the traditions of English interests as on the recognized interests of civilization.

ADMIRAL WILKES, MR. ADAMS, AND THE *ALABAMA*.

JOURNALISTS are bound in honour and conscience to write under as strong, and cogent, and even vigilant sense of responsibility, as diplomatists or statesmen; for, even more than diplomatists and statesmen, they may be influential in determining not only the general policy, but often also the special line of action, adopted by great nations, where those nations possess free institutions, and are accustomed to think for themselves and to influence, when they do not actually choose, their own government. More especially should this sense of responsibility lie ever close to the mind of the writers in reviews or newspapers when such great issues as those of peace and war, and of peace and war between civilized and kindred nations, are at stake. While it is difficult for them not to share in some measure the prejudices and the irritations of the common public, they are bound to form their conclusions upon fuller information and with greater calmness, to fan no anger which is not righteous, to echo no demands which are not just, and to make no charges which they do not feel confident are borne out by facts. As they write *to* the nation, they should endeavour to think *for* the nation, and to warn it against its own prevalent tendencies and its own natural bias.

There never was greater need to remind ourselves of these solemn obligations, and seldom greater difficulty in acting upon them, than while discussing the present state of feeling between England and America in reference to recent maritime transactions. But we shall do our best, and try to look at the foreign side of the question as well as at our own. Both nations are growing very angry, and both think honestly that they do well to be angry. A little more exasperation, a few more fierce words, a few more rash actions, and we may find ourselves involved so far in the preliminaries of a quarrel, that neither country may be able to draw back with honour or without humiliation. There is enough to account for all the irritation both here and in the United States, and enough, probably, to justify a good deal of it. On the one side we can well understand that the Federals—knowing that their best if not their only chance of reducing their antagonists to submission lies in the strictness with which they can maintain the blockade of the Southern ports—should feel indignant at the constant endeavours of British ships to evade this blockade, and to supply the Confederates with warlike stores—endeavours which, as we well know, are often successful. It is even possible that some parties may persuade themselves that much of the long-continued and triumphant resistance of the South may be traced to the illegitimate aid thus rendered to it by Englishmen. We can well understand, also, how the successful and damaging exploits of the *Alabama* against Federal commerce should have roused the bitterest animosity towards the people who are supposed, however unjustly, to have connived at her construction, equipment, and escape. And it is by no means unnatural that, while smarting under the injuries and losses inflicted by that clever steam cruiser, many of the Americans should choose to believe that the delay of our authorities to seize her before she left Liverpool was either wilful or so culpably careless as almost to amount to downright unfriendliness, if not to actual guilt. *We* know that this was not so; but we can scarcely expect an angry and suffering nation thoroughly to believe us. And although we have at their instigation seized the *Alexandra* on suspicion of intending to imitate the *Alabama*, yet if (as is by no means improbable) a British jury should determine that there was no valid ground for detaining her, and should thereupon order her release, we shall not be surprised if the Americans should choose to regard such an ordinary result of British law proceedings as only another and still more flagrant proof of the resolute enmity of the British people. Thus far we may, and we ought to put ourselves in the position and look at matters from the point of view of the United States.

On the other hand, may we not ask from them a similar mental and moral effort? Cannot they comprehend that, while we have been suffering most severely in our most prosperous industry, and in the persons of our most energetic and worthy artisans, in consequence of the blockade, and

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are conscious of having borne that suffering and those losses with unexampled patience, we might have expected from them not only a little expression of regret that they should have been forced thus incidentally to injure us, but also the greatest possible care and forbearance in exercising those undoubted belligerent rights which press so hardly upon us? Is it not obvious that we must watch with the utmost jealousy and irritation any instances in which their cruisers act against our *innocent* merchant vessels with manifest injustice and without real warrant from international law? Can they not perceive and admit that the least we can demand from them is, that since they must *necessarily* injure us so much, they should on no account injure us gratuitously? How can they suppose that we shall endure without the greatest indignation to see our legitimate commerce interfered with on the flimsiest pretext, and even virtually transferred into American hands by letters of protection issued with national discrimination by a foreign Minister residing in a British capital? In short, why cannot they see that we, like themselves, are suffering severely, and that we, like themselves, are made, perhaps, unduly and abnormally irritable by that suffering?

The truth is that each party would be better able to make kind and liberal allowances for the other's difficulties and susceptibilities, were each really assured of the other's desire to remain on friendly terms, and to do mutual justice. Unhappily this assurance is felt on neither side. The much that we have borne, in the way both of language and of action, from American officials, semi-officials, and ex-officials—at first without resentment, and still without retaliation—has not succeeded in persuading the Federals that England does not anxiously desire the dissolution of the Union; and this being so, they appear to count for nothing the circumstance that we not only have carefully abstained from giving aid or countenance, as a nation, to the Confederates, but that, as individuals, we have done twenty times as much for the North as for the South. And on our side the case is much the same. What perplexes us, and what makes us in doubt what course to adopt, is, that we cannot comprehend what the Government at Washington really mean by their language and course of proceeding. We should be ready enough to stretch our forbearance to the utmost possible extent, in favour of a nation at a crisis so difficult, so perilous, and so painful, that it might well drive wise men mad, but they will not give us any chance of doing so. We could excuse any vivacity or virulence of language, if we were satisfied that on the whole they wished to be friendly; and we could put up with any occasional irregularity and lawlessness in their proceedings, if we were satisfied that on the whole they meant to be just. But unhappily we can feel no security on either of these heads, and there are some circumstances which make us grievously doubt both suppositions. When a mistake has been made, and the law has been overstepped, in the interference of Federal cruisers with British commerce, there has been no promptitude in the direction of apology or restitution. The rights of belligerents have been so habitually stretched to the uttermost by American naval officers, as to indicate the absence of all anxiety to avoid pressing them *beyond* that uttermost. British ports have been all but blockaded, and vessels have been actually captured within British waters, and no instantaneous amends made, or regret expressed for the outrage. To crown the whole, the appointment of Commodore Wilkes—who had already once brought the two countries to the verge of war and his own into a most discreditable position by a previous insult to our flag—to a command in which he would be under a perpetual temptation to repeat the blunder and the offence, appeared incompatible with the supposition that the Washington Government sincerely desired either to behave well towards England or to remain at peace with her. It is considerations such as these that perplex us. If the American Government and nation are merely wild with embarrassment and danger, we can afford to be gentle and patient and bear whatever can be borne with honour. But if they are "trying it on," —if either they are deliberately desirous to provoke us into a war as a means of escape out of their own difficulties, or are merely venting a vulgar spite or indulging their vanity by showing how much they can venture to annoy and insult us, —then it may well be that a mild and much-enduring policy may be an unwise one. If they are inclined to force a quarrel upon us, they may easily do so, and we cannot prevent them; all we then have to do is to take care that on our side the precise cause and pretext of the rupture be just and irreproachable. If, however, as we would fain hope, they have no such absurd and suicidal intention, but are merely indulging their ordinary habits of insolence and venture, then it may be well to let them know by the promptness and decision of our action in the first *clear* case of outrage, that they are playing a dangerous game, and that the danger lies here; that a few more proceedings like the seizures of the *Labuan*, the *Adela*, and the *Peterhoff*, and a few more blunders like the *laissez-passer* of Mr. Adams, may bring both countries into a position from which even the Americans will not be able to retreat in time; may compel England to make demands which the Government at Washington will have committed itself too deeply to dare to concede; or may rouse a degree of indignation in this country which no amount of apology and restitution will be able to allay. Moreover, it should be remembered that though a government may honourably offer regret and atonement for hasty or inconsiderate injury and insult, amends for *studied* and deliberate outrage and wrong cannot be tendered or conceded without humiliation and disgrace. Meanwhile, however, and in our present uncertainty, the course our Government appear to have resolved on is the right and wise one,—viz., to endure everything within the recognized limits of international law, however harshly interpreted,—but not one inch beyond those limits.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

HOW to deal with the unemployed operatives of the manufacturing districts, is a problem which must occupy the attention of English statesmen for many a month. Other questions will arise and be disposed of, whilst this will too probably remain to baffle our attempts at its solution, and may in the end disappear through causes as much beyond our control as those which gave it birth. The House of Commons may be convulsed by the mighty question whether Mr. Gladstone shall secure his petty additions to our fiscal system; but the triviality of such a debate is apparent when we turn from it to a consideration of the condition of Lancashire. Next to the preservation of pacific relations with the United States comes the treatment of the unemployed workmen in the County Palatine.

It seems a cruel irony that a subject so delicate in character and so wide-spreading in its relations should have fallen a prey to such crude thinkers. When Mr. Kingsley and S. G. O. essayed to compass it, we thought that no other persons so incompetent would have been so rash. Mr. Busfield Ferrand has convinced us of our error. In him we recognise a lower depth than can be traced in the Cambridge Professor of Modern History. No one can be surprised that the speech of the M.P. for Devonport was received by the House with ironical cheers and laughter. The jumble of ignorance and prejudice, socialistic fallacies, Protection, anti-manufacturing feeling, and the history of Sir John Bowring, mixed up with the condition of a starving province, could not but excite any sense of humour latent in the assembly. We are tickled with the same feeling of incongruity that we experience in looking at a tableau of the Mediæval Dance of Death, where a king is laughing with his jester, whilst the skeleton in cap and bells grins behind him. Yet our thanks are due even to Mr. Ferrand. Though his speech was inconsequent, and at the end of it he had nothing to propose, he forces us to consider a question, the difficulty of which is so overwhelming, that we are all too willing to neglect it.

There are two facts connected with Lancashire which have been established by the most recent reports: the first, that the demoralization of the unemployed workmen, if not already begun, is imminent; and the second, that the supply of charitable contributions is for a time exhausted. The impossibility of continuously supporting half a million persons on the gifts of the benevolent, or even on the poor-rates of the district, has long been confessed, and these two facts only prove the accuracy of previous conclusions. Whether idleness be coupled with fulness or with scarcity of bread, the deterioration of the idle is certain, and it is not doubtful which condition is the worse of the two. The spirit of independence and self-reliance—the very backbone of a man—is destroyed, and he who at first accepted help with a proud reluctance and aversion soon begins to trust to it exclusively, and perhaps to seek it after his necessity has passed away. To the two

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facts which are noticeable in Lancashire itself, a third must be added of vital importance as an element of the problem; the hopeless permanence of the main cause of the distress—the war in America. Whatever opinions we may entertain as to the desperate or even immoral character of the Federal struggle, we must confess that there is no prospect of its being abandoned. Whether our sympathies be with the North or with the South, our wishes cannot discover a gleam of light to promise peace. And even if peace came it is clear that for a long season the supply of cotton will be small and uncertain; the agriculture of the South is totally deranged. The last manifesto of Jefferson Davis confirms the previous reports of the conversion of large tracts of country from cotton into corn lands, a conversion which the escape from the best cotton-producing districts of no inconsiderable fraction of the slaves must tend to make permanent. We have to deal, therefore, with a state of distress at home which must prevail to a greater or less degree for a lengthened period.

The modes of action at present proposed are, assisted emigration, and the institution of public or the furtherance of private works. The equilibrium between workmen and work which has been disturbed may be restored either by diminishing the workmen or by increasing the work; or, as is most natural, both processes of restoration may go on simultaneously. It is, however, worth while to inquire which has the better claims to our approval—whether, in the face of the large working power existing in the manufacturing districts without the means of profitable employment, we should endeavour to subtract from the power or to add to the employment. The objections to the attempt to remove from Lancashire its redundant power are, that it can only be accomplished to a very limited extent, that it is very expensive, and that in the result it only transfers the unemployed workman to some other scene, where he will be as little able as ever to find suitable employment. All these objections have some weight, though one or two of them are perhaps over-estimated. If we may credit the success of the experiment which has been tried in North Devon, it is not necessary that the unemployed workman should be carried out of the country. The labourers who were imported into Devonshire have, we are told, fairly earned wages more than adequate to support life; and that without sensibly affecting the labour-market of the county. The rate of wages, however, in the agricultural counties of England, even where farm labourers are most highly paid, forbids our looking forward to any considerable absorption of labour in such districts. Emigration, if it takes place at all, must in the main be emigration to our colonies; and the expense of transit at once acts as a limitation on the extent of emigration. Here, however, the suggestion of Mr. Henry Baillie, backed up as it is by past experience, deserves consideration. Twenty-five years ago, he tells us, when the kelp manufacturers in the North of Scotland were thrown into great distress by the abolition of the duty on barilla, a line-of-battle ship was fitted up as a passenger vessel to carry some of them to Australia. There seems no reason why a large number of our ships of the line, now lying idle in our harbours, should not be so utilized. Such a step would materially diminish the expense, and consequently increase the extent, of emigration. Nor could the ordinary ship-owner complain that an abnormal traffic, the gains upon which he could never have anticipated, has been diverted from his own ships. The objection that the transported spinner will be found unfit for any employment in the colonies has at least equal force as an objection to finding him employment at home; if he is unable to perform out-door work in the mild climates of Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape, he cannot be fit for hedging, ditching, draining, and road-making, in Lancashire. The force of this objection is, however, much overrated; there is no such loss of *physique* in the mill-hand, as the inhabitants of the south are sometimes led to believe; nor need we be deterred by the fact, that to him agricultural labour will be a novelty. Agriculture is, indeed, an art not to be learnt in a day; but of all occupations it is the one in which the unskilled workmen can be most easily trained to do a fair day's work. Against all these objections there are to be found two principal advantages attendant on the promotion of emigration—the first, that every step in that direction is doubly beneficial in result, and the second, that the benefit is permanent. It is doubly beneficial, because the emigration of a workman out of employ is not only a benefit to himself, but to those who are left at home; it tends directly to restore the balance between workmen and work, of which good wages are the symbol. The permanence of the benefit does not require serious discussion; the population of our colonies admits at present, and will for a long time admit, of considerable increase, not only without any diminution of the means of living, but as seems probable with an actual increase. The North American Colonies alone, in many respects the most inhospitable of all our possessions, absorbed in the year 1847 more than 109,000 emigrants.

We have already noticed the objection to employing the mill hands on out-door works at home, founded on their supposed inability to compass such labour: the objection is of no great weight, and if it stood alone it might be disregarded. There are, however, other objections of more importance. The great question with reference to these works, whether public or private, is will they pay? Take for instance the case of private works. Mr. Villiers told the House of Commons that there were 850,000 acres of wet lands in Lancashire and Cheshire, the draining and levelling of which might employ 100,000 able-bodied men during two winters. If such drainage works would pay, there is a difficulty in seeing why they have not been begun: the landowner has not even to find the money to pay for the work. The Enclosure Commission and the Land Companies which work under its sanction have about six millions to advance for such a purpose at little more than 3 per cent. interest, repayable by a terminable annuity which is made a first-charge on the property, and the House of Commons would not hesitate to increase the sum at their disposal if that should be found insufficient. But it is impossible to force a landowner to undertake works which in his judgment will not sufficiently increase his rental to meet the charge upon his estate, and it will scarcely be suggested that the State should confer any greater benefit upon landowners than it has already done by providing capital for their improvements. As to public works, it must be confessed that they offer no adequate return for the expenditure upon them: the planting of a park and the decoration of a town are desirable objects, but only when the municipality is rich enough to engage upon them. The objection that the works proposed are unremunerative is not merely pedantic, for it rests upon the ground that work of this kind degrades the workman more subtly, but not less surely, than the direct donation of relief. The labourer who is conscious that his work is not profitable to his employer, that the wages paid him do not return an equal value to the wage-payer, becomes rapidly demoralized. Compare, for instance, the character of the navvy and the ordinary labourer on parish roads. The navvy knows that every yard of way he makes is worth its cost to the employer, and that he has fairly earned the wages he has received: the labourer on the roads knows that the work is made for him, and he becomes dispirited and inert. And, after all, it must be remembered, that employment of this kind is but a temporary make-shift; it keeps the mass of workmen in the country, and things, instead of getting better, will have a tendency to get worse. It affords no hope of a diminution of the numbers of the people, whilst the mere fact that the workman is conscious that he is engaged in a transitory occupation, and not at the trade which he must adopt as a permanent employment, is alone sufficient to demoralize him. On the whole, though the diversion of the unemployed poor to public works is a method which is for a time desirable, it should never be looked upon as an expedient to be retained in use for one moment longer than is absolutely necessary. The gist of the case may be summed up in a sentence. Our object should be to bring back the labourer to that condition in which he may once more be safely left to take care of himself: if he emigrates this will soon be the case; but if he remains at home, it seems too probable that he will pass from one state of dependence to another, and, after all our care, end in a condition of hopeless pauperism. If we would save Lancashire from such degradation of her workmen, we must either reduce their number or discover some scheme of permanent and remunerative employment which shall preserve their integrity and their spirit.

COMPANY-MONGERS.

SOME recent police cases have demonstrated—what was perhaps not doubtful before—that if a man can call himself a lord with sufficient impudence, and maintain the

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assumption with corresponding firmness and circumstantiality of detail, he may draw to any fair extent upon the credulity and upon the pockets of the public. To an ordinary person who happened to be in want of a dog cart, a couple of glasses of gin and water and the loan of five shillings, it would hardly occur that these necessaries or luxuries of life might be obtained by walking into a tavern and representing that he was Earl Russell, that he had missed his train, forgotten his purse, and was in a hurry to get down to his family circle at Richmond. But a bold and self-relying genius tried the experiment, and found it perfectly successful, with the exception of some ulterior consequences at a police-court. An attorney's clerk, who had penetrated with even greater acuteness the possibilities of life, has just maintained for a time a magnificent existence as the Marquis of Ormond, the Earl of Coventry, the nephew of the Duke of Beaufort, and the Duke himself. And yet the present is called an age of scepticism! If, however, the essence of faith be the belief in things unseen, there is a yet stronger proof that Bishop Colenso has fallen upon evil times. After all, Earl Russell and the Duke of Beaufort are existing individuals of undisputable solvency, and the mistake made by too-confiding publicans and too-aspiring upholsterers was merely one of identity. The gullibility of an average Englishmen is never thoroughly tested until he has been tried with a Company. Lord Thurlow said that a corporation has neither body nor soul. A Company is the shadow of a corporation. But an unknown wire-puller has only to open some doors wide enough in its name, to advertise its merits strongly enough, and to invest its impalpable existence with a directorate sufficiently ornamental, in order to draw from the heart of the British capitalist the most touching tribute of his devotion in the shape of hard cash.

This is not a period when opportunities are neglected. The field in which Mr. Montague Tigg's agricultural energies were prematurely cut short has since been cultivated by labourers who have matured his processes, while they have borne striking testimony to the justness of his leading idea. Impossible but plausible patents have yielded a hard and scanty subsistence to some plodding but uninventive speculators; the golden promises of distant mines have been worked with a moderate result in actual specie to the discoverers of their names; banks, which shed around them a savoury odour of universal benevolence, have given a modest competence to the men who found them a title, showy premises, and a broken-down aristocrat for chairman. But none of these enterprises have proved so richly remunerative to their promoters—or, in the long run, have been such taking baits for the public, as Insurance Companies. It is not difficult to see why. They are started with the utmost facility, and can be at once invested with an appearance of brilliant prosperity. In almost every other undertaking you have, from the very beginning, to pay as well as to receive. But although a young Assurance Company may, like the Anglo-Bengalee, be "brought down to a grand piano" by a couple of unfortunate deaths, it has a right to hope for better things. If fortune be fairly propitious, and the managers eschew middle-aged lives, its early course can hardly be other than a smooth one. In the infancy of these institutions it was indeed natural for a timid and narrow-minded speculator, like Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewhit, to feel the misgivings implied in his remark, "It's all very well when the Office is young, but when the policies begin to die — that's what I am thinking of." In those days, even so accomplished a financier as his friend could only reply by a whispered sentence, whose last word sounded like "bolt." Had Mr. Tigg lived until now, he would never have contemplated such a contingency. His line might not have been so brilliant as it was; but it would have been far safer. Instead of aspiring to be a Company in himself, he would have been contented to figure as a "promoter;" he would not have dispensed with the magnificent offices, the "green ledgers with red backs, like strong cricket-balls beaten flat," the painted coal-scuttles, the rows of fire-buckets, or the wonderful porter "in a vast red waistcoat and a short-tailed pepper-and-salt coat, who carried more conviction to the minds of sceptics than the whole establishment without him." These things still have their value. But he would have known that the easiest instrument for an impudent man to obtain, and the readiest resource for an ingenious man to turn to account,—is a Chairman and a Board of Directors of ostensible respectability. He would have introduced the Anglo-Bengalee to the world under such auspices. He would then have first made something by rigging the market in its shares, either with or without the collusion and assistance of his Board; he would next have netted a good round sum in the shape of a gratuity for founding the Company; and lastly, when liabilities began to fall in, instead of "bolting," he would have earned the eternal gratitude of the proprietors and policyholders, and a substantial bonus into the bargain, by securing an advantageous amalgamation with a Company in a less advanced stage of insolvency. Or, perhaps, instead of raising this third crop off the same ground, he might have diffused his energies over a wider surface, and, following "promoting" as a profession, have lived in comfort and esteem, by setting traps for the cupidity and credulity of mankind.

It is partly for the reasons we have already given, and partly from the fact that it is always difficult to prove there is no room for a new assurance office, that undertakings of this kind are the favourites of that very mischievous class of men who make a regular livelihood by stimulating unhealthy speculation. Not only are companies pushed into notoriety, whose rates convey to any actuary the sure promise of future bankruptcy; but during their first years—if their existence be measured by years—they are peculiarly subject to those ingenious manipulations which may not benefit the shareholders, but are not for that reason unprofitable to everybody. At the same time they enjoy no monopoly of fraud. They are not the only associations which are foisted on the public under cover of a Board of Directors who are but the tools of a projector; nor are they the only ones in which Boards, of apparent respectability, fail lamentably to secure fair dealing between the Company and the public. There is too much reason, for instance, to believe that that particular device known as "rigging the market" is resorted to very extensively for artificially enhancing the value of shares in many new Companies. The *modus operandi* is simple. An enterprise is brought out with a loud flourish of trumpets, which probably attracts applications for many more than the whole number of its shares. A part only of these are allotted; and at the same time extensive purchases for future delivery are made by or on behalf of the promoters or Directors. The result is to drive the shares up to a premium. The public seeing this, jump to the conclusion that the Company must be a good thing; they enter eagerly into the competition; a still further rise is established, and eventually, when prices have reached the highest point to which it is supposed they can be pushed, the unallotted shares, and those which the "riggers" have bought, are thrown upon the market, and the general body of flats find themselves in possession, at a fictitious value, of the commodities which have been thrust into their hands by a select band of sharps. There is no doubt that the latter render themselves liable to an indictment for conspiracy to defraud. But it is not easy to establish the offence by legal proof, and the ends of justice are, moreover, too often defeated by the promptness with which the criminals disgorge their plunder at the approach of danger. The recent proceedings in connection with the City of London and General Life and Fire Insurance Company show pretty clearly both what is going on and how faint is the prospect of obtaining a judicial exposure. The shares of that Company soon after it was launched stood at the preposterous figure of 5 premium upon ten shillings or twenty shillings paid up. No one could imagine that this premium was entirely the consequence of a fair demand arising out of an urgent need for a new insurance company. And, accordingly, some one whose name did not transpire summoned the Directors before the City magistrates upon a charge of fraud. In the absence of proof to the contrary, we are bound to believe the inculpated gentlemen when they tell us that they knew nothing of what had been going on, although it appears from their own Report, that while there were 20,000 shares in the company and 23,182 were applied for, only 13,653 were allotted. But that something very wrong had taken place, their conduct abundantly proves. Instead of boldly meeting the charge, they struck their flag at the first summons. They agreed to dissolve the Company, to take upon themselves the whole burden of the preliminary expenses, and to return the shareholders the money they had paid without any deduction. The result of this was to prevent any settling in the alleged "rigging" transactions. When that end was attained, everybody concerned was per-

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fectly satisfied, the summons were withdrawn, and the solicitors for the prosecution became lost in admiration of the very creditable manner in which the directors had acted. We are bound to say that, in our opinion, the less that is said about the conduct of any one concerned the better. It is palpable that a fraud has been committed by some one; that it has been irregularly hushed up; and that the criminal law has been used most improperly to further private ends. The Directors would have far more effectually cleared their characters by allowing a full investigation, to fix upon the real culprit the guilt which they disclaim. It would have been satisfactory to obtain a sight—we do not care in what part of the court he might have stood—of so eminent a professional "promoter" as their late manager. The world would have listened with attention, had counsel been permitted to extract from him an autobiographical narrative of the remarkable career, which is said to have commenced behind the counter of a tailor's shop in Hull, to have scattered upon the world unnumbered blessings in the shape of new Insurance Companies, and to have been solaced by the reception of more than one handsome gratuity of £5,000 in the shape of "promoter's" fees. The public would have been the better for being brought face to face with one of the men in whose hands the Directors whom we so blindly trust are often little better than puppets. This much we may, however, learn from the case to which we have alluded. Accepting the statement made on behalf of the board, it is clear that even when that position is held by men of business habits and of respectability, there is little security that the shares of a Company will be honestly dealt with. After all, those who understand drysalting or colonial produce very well may be very ignorant of the purposes for which joint-stock enterprises are now started, the ends they are made to serve, or the "dodges" for which they afford an opportunity. The Committee of the Stock Exchange have shown their sense of the gravity of a growing evil by emphatically warning their members against the consequences of introducing or dealing in the shares of Companies which are brought out for improper purposes. We have no doubt that the leading members of that body will do their best to protect the public. But their efforts will be in vain if the public will not protect itself by the exercise of a reasonable caution.

THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

THE defeat which the Federals under Admiral Dupont have lately sustained at Charleston conveys some important lessons. It is surely idle to insist, because the North is not disposed to give up the contest—or because the officers and men fought gallantly—or because the loss did not exceed ten men—that therefore the failure is of no consequence. The object of all war is the restoration of peace at the shortest possible period, with the smallest loss of human life, and the least possible destruction of property. To suppose that Admiral Dupont or the Government at Washington should have organized an expensive expedition during the last three months—that they should have directed an attack with the distinct knowledge that the fleet would be compelled to retire discomfited in a few hours, with the loss of several ships and some valuable lives, would be to suppose the Federals more reckless and inhuman than their worst enemies have yet thought possible. It is certainly true that the attack on Charleston from the sea was a gross error, but it was an error which has not now been committed for the first time. It was precisely the same in character as that committed by ourselves in the Baltic, and by ourselves and the French in the Black Sea. Whatever changes may have taken place in the science of attack and defence within the last ten years, it is abundantly clear that no fortified place, which is occupied by reasonably good troops, can be successfully assailed, unless it be first invested. The history of the Crimean war was a striking illustration of this maxim, and the history of the American civil war has furnished fresh illustrations of the same principle. So long as an army behind fortifications or intrenchments is allowed to repair its losses in men and its waste of ammunition, it is practically impossible to defeat troops by a mere bombardment. Houses and other buildings may be destroyed; a few men's lives may be lost; but unless the bombardment is followed by an assault, or unless possession is taken of the place attacked by landing an army, no practical result will ensue. Thus it was at Richmond—thus it has been at Charleston. At Richmond M'Clellan completely failed to penetrate even the first line of intrenchments—and at Charleston Admiral Dupont scarcely got within the first first line of forts. Nor, according to the original plan, do Federal officers appear to have contemplated the possibility of taking Charleston by the fleet alone. It was said, that General Hunter was destined to co-operate with an army of some 40,000 men; and if this had been done the result might perhaps have been different. If such a force had occupied all approaches to the city from the north and east, there would have been investment—Charleston would have been deprived of all means of renewing the loss of men and ammunition, and it might eventually have fallen. But this was not done, either because it was found impracticable, or because the officers in command were ignorant of their business. The result has been, that the Federals have suffered a deserved defeat, for their plans were formed in direct opposition to the principles of military science and the dictates of common sense.

Nor does the folly of the Federal officers stop here. Deaf to the lessons of experience, they are steadily pursuing the same fatal policy which has hitherto proved so disastrous. They have so divided their forces that they have no superiority in any quarter. At Fredericksburg it is said that Hooker is about to cross the Rappahannock, and to turn the flank of General Lee, who bars the way to Richmond. The enterprise would not be easy for a thoroughly efficient army; nor is there anything to lead us to suppose that Hooker's army is at all superior, either in numbers or in discipline, to that of M'Clellan before he suffered his disastrous defeat in the peninsula. In South Carolina there is a large force, which, now that the attack on Charleston is abandoned, must be comparatively useless. In the West again there is Banks in New Orleans, Rosencranz in Tennessee, and Grant, who has just been compelled to abandon the attack on Vicksburg. According to the latest news Grant was about to join Rosencranz, and then to resume the attack on that place. But so long as the Federal officers persist in attempting to carry such a position as Vicksburg, without first investing it, they must suffer discomfiture. The same principles which apply to Charleston apply to Vicksburg. The same results which have followed the neglect of these principles in the East, have followed and will continue to follow the neglect of them in the West.

But to return to Charleston. There can be no doubt that the attack of Admiral Dupont throws considerable light upon the question as to the best mode of defending harbours and arsenals. It is certainly true that English ironclads are much more powerful than the American ironclads, and that the number of guns in the forts defending Charleston harbour were much more numerous than those on board the fleet. But it is equally true that the number and weight of guns on forts which can be brought to bear upon ships must always be much greater than the number of ship-guns which can be brought to bear upon ships; and, therefore, in this respect, fixed forts must always have the advantage. Indeed, it has never been pretended by the most obstinate opponent of fixed forts, that if a ship were anchored opposite to a fort the ship would not be destroyed. The real question has been whether the ships could not run past the forts and destroy the arsenal and building which lay behind them. Fortunately, this is the very point upon which the action at Charleston will prove of peculiar value. Assuming that if any iron-clad can be detained for fifteen or twenty minutes under the fire of a fort it will be destroyed, the only question is whether it can be so detained. The experience at Charleston shows that nothing can be easier. All that requires to be done is to allow the attacking ship to steer into a certain position, where she will find herself stopped by old hulks and other obstructions, and where a mass of nets and other contrivances will be so placed as to foul the screw and to delay her further progress. This done, and the precise position thoroughly ascertained, nothing more remains than that the surrounding batteries should open their fire upon her, and if possible sink her. Nor is this all. The attacking ships run other risks. The steering apparatus may be deranged—the vessel may become unmanageable, as happened to the flag ship of the American admiral, and she may be compelled to retire from the contest; or if she be one of the cupola ships, the efficiency of which depends upon the cupola turning in its groove, and so permitting the gun inside to bear upon the desired point, it

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is proved that a single shot may so damage the cupola as to render it totally unmoveable. It seems to follow, therefore, that either by means of artificial obstructions or by the accidents to which every iron-clad, under fire, is subject, there is no real difficulty in detaining any ship in its attempt to run the gauntlet of a line of forts. And, as has been said, if any ship is so detained, it must inevitably be destroyed, or, at all events, disabled from continuing the conflict. As upon land, so upon sea, to defend is more easy than to attack; and the late improvements in artillery have greatly increased this facility. The lessons which this fact ought to teach us are so obvious, that it is needless to repeat them at length here. This country has seaport arsenals which must be defended at all hazards. Fortunately, plans have been suggested for their defence, the wisdom of which are now confirmed by experience.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MEMORIAL.

It is pleasing to find that such unanimity has been exhibited by all classes in the desire to honour the memory of Prince Albert in a manner worthy of his noble qualities and of this great nation. But he was so different in character from those to whom our monuments have usually been erected, and his labours were so unlike theirs, that it has been felt that the ordinary statue or column which we are accustomed to raise for princes, heroes, and statesmen, would be unsuitable to represent the place which he occupied in the public esteem. We have, too, advanced far enough in the knowledge of art to have learned that sculpture should not be divorced from architecture, and that a solitary column is an architectural absurdity. The consequence is, that we have become very exacting and difficult to please. We have erected an ideal standard, to which it is by no means easy to attain, and hence form schemes beyond our means to realize.

When the question was first mooted as to what form the national testimonial should take, it was proposed to raise a monolithic column to surpass in grandeur the most imposing of Egyptian obelisks, and to decorate its base with groups of sculpture. But the inability to find a block of granite large and long enough to yield an obelisk of the required dimensions, the difficulty of conveying it through the streets of London, and the doubts that were beginning to be entertained of its fitness for the site and purpose, led to the abandonment of the scheme, much to the satisfaction of all who desired that the Memorial should have a high artistic character in accord with the Prince's labours to promote the knowledge and practice of art among us. When the obelisk was given up, the Committee proposed to erect a personal Memorial to the Prince on the site of the first International Exhibition in Hyde Park, and to carry out, in conjunction with it, a scheme, suggested by the Prince himself, for "the establishment of an institution for the promotion, in a largely useful sense, of science and art as applied to productive industry;" by constructing a hall to form "a centre of action for men of science and art, where the results of their labours could be communicated," and at the same time to afford "the means of establishing the connection between them and the public, which would secure permanent relations of reciprocal interest." The Memorial Committee, which it will be remembered consists of the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Clarendon, Sir Charles Eastlake, and the late Lord Mayor, invited seven distinguished architects—W. Tite, Esq., Sydney Smirke, Esq., J. Pennethorne, Esq., P. L. Hardwick, Esq., T. L. Donaldson, Esq., G. G. Scott, Esq., and M. D. Wyatt, Esq., to assist them with their advice. The result was a plan for erecting the proposed Hall of Science and Art on the vacant piece of ground at the northern boundary of the estate purchased out of the surplus from the first International Exhibition, and for placing the Memorial opposite the centre of the area occupied by the hall, but on the higher ground north of the Kensington-road. It was also decided that the Memorial should, "in an architectural sense, be in intelligible relation and connection with that estate, in itself a monument of the Prince's efforts for the promotion of science and art." The advising architects were next invited to furnish designs for the works they had recommended to be carried out. Messrs. Tite and Smirke having declined to do so, their places were supplied by the two sons of the architect of Westminster New Palace, Messrs. Charles and Edward M. Barry. The drawings were submitted to the Queen, and her Majesty gave preference to Mr. G. G. Scott's design for a Gothic or Eleanor Cross. The committee, who appear to have subsequently had the drawings submitted to them, also pronounced in favour of Mr. Scott's design, but strangely enough they do not give the reasons for their preference in the report which they have addressed to the Queen, but rather leave it to be inferred that their choice was influenced by the superior magnificence of the design, without regard to the question of cost. We are not disposed to quarrel with them for the choice they have made—although, perhaps, they are open to censure for not having stated at the outset that the amount of subscriptions was not to be taken as the limit of cost—for, with the exception of one, all the estimates exceeded the then available amount. Under these circumstances, and to admit of Mr. Scott's design being carried out, the committee recommended that the project for a Hall of Science should be abandoned, or temporarily relinquished. As in the case of the Obelisk, the scheme was too grandiose for realization; and the Queen, while regretting that the Hall and Memorial cannot be erected at the same time, trusts that the original project will be completed by the construction of a Hall as part of the buildings which are to stand on the estate of the first Exhibition Commissioners, whenever they are in a position to appropriate the ground to the purposes for which it was bought.

For the present we have to deal with Mr. Scott's design for the Memorial alone, and fortunately it is so complete in itself, that the abandonment of the Hall will not mar its beauty or diminish its effect. It is to consist of a Gothic Cross, adapted from the type known as the Eleanor's Cross, a designation which conveys a very imperfect idea of the plan and character of the structure. Upon a portion of the site of the great International Exhibition in Hyde Park will be constructed a pyramid of steps, 135 feet square at the base, in front of the estate purchased by the Commissioners of the '51 Exhibition. On the platform at top, seventy feet square, is to rise a square pedestal or podium to carry the statue of the Prince in the centre, beneath a canopy or shrine, supported by groups of four columns standing at each of the angles of the podium. Crowning the canopy and rising to 150 feet above the level of the ground is to be a spire of rich tabernacle-work in partially gilt and enamelled metal, terminating in a cross. At each of the angles of the base of the pyramid of steps is to be a large pedestal to receive a group of allegorical sculpture; and a similar but smaller pedestal at each of the angles of the podium will carry a group to illustrate some of the industrial arts, while the four sides of the podium are to contain bassi relievi representing groups of the most eminent sculptors, musicians, painters, and architects of all ages. In working out his ideas Mr. Scott set before him two chief purposes to be fulfilled. The first was to design an architectural structure to protect the statue of the Prince, and the second was to give to the structure the character of a shrine to indicate the *preciousness* of the object it protected. With this last object in view, he proposes to make the pillars that support the canopy of polished granite to fill in the tympana of the main arches of the shrine with mosaic pictures, to decorate the mouldings with carving, or inlaid mosaic work, enamel and polished gem-like stones, and to cover the roofs with scales of enamel and gilt metal. There can be no doubt that if the design be carried out according to these indications it will be rich beyond precedent, so far as regards the materials of which it is composed; but it becomes a question whether the idea of preciousness cannot be imparted to architecture by beauty of form, produced by the exercise of human skill, as well as by the quality of materials.

Hitherto the labours of polychromatists have not been crowned with any great success, except where colour has been very sparingly introduced, to warrant us to proceed far in this direction. Judging from the examples of the use of party-coloured building materials in London, the result is generally a spotty appearance, that cuts up the design instead of giving it point and emphasis; and where the main features are of a colour different from that of the body of the exterior, the effect is even worse. The character of repose is destroyed; there is an incongruity of parts instead of a harmonious ensemble, and the chief architectural effect, which should be the result of the play of light and shade, is missed. Moreover, admirable as may be this style of decoration for a shrine inside a temple or church, we are by no means sure that it will be found suitable for a large architectural work unsheltered from the weather. What is charming *en petit*, oftentimes becomes ugly *en grand*, and the ornament that suits an interior is out of character on the exterior. We trust that the error committed in the Houses of Parliament, of employing ornament which cannot be seen sufficiently well to be fully appreciated, will not be repeated. The means from which the cost of the work is to be defrayed are limited. The subscriptions, which "barely exceed £60,000," with the addition of the £50,000 voted, on the motion of Lord Palmerston, by the House of Commons last week, will hardly suffice to pay for the Memorial according to present estimates, and we all

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know how much actual cost exceeds first estimates. In the case of Westminster Palace they have been increased threefold; and as the Commons evinced a strong disinclination to receive future applications, although their vote will be insufficient to pay for laying out the ground and preparing the approaches, it will be desirable, since Mr. Scott's design is to be modified according to the report of the Committee and the speech of Lord Palmerston, that the architect should sacrifice the quality of the materials rather than he should reduce the dimensions of the Memorial or diminish the amount and value of artistic labour bestowed upon it. People will infinitely prefer a moulding carved by an art-workman to one studded with crystals and cornelians. The qualities required for the materials are durability, agreeable colour, and fitness for working. Their cost is altogether beside the question. We look with apprehension on the proposal to employ bronze and other metals, in combination with stonework, on positions where they will be exposed to the weather. Our atmosphere is so foul that it speedily blackens bronze statues and works of art to such a degree as to greatly diminish the artistic effects of their design. The bassi-relievi in the base of Nelson's column are indistinct; and of the features of bronze statues in our streets and squares, it is hardly possible to form an idea; they afford no opportunity for the play of light and shade, being black all over. In other cities, where the atmosphere is not loaded with minute particles of unburnt coal, bronze oxidises on the surface without losing its metallic aspect, and the prominent parts remain brighter than the rest, instead of being coated uniformly with layers of blacks which effectually conceal the character of the material. For anything that appears to the contrary, the bronze statues of London might be of any material painted over with a dull, dark pigment. Nor is this all; the rain-water which falls from bronze on the stone-work inflicts upon the latter indelible stains which very much disfigure it, and all the more so if it be carved or wrought into ornamental designs. As regards the height of the structure, about which misstatements have been made, it is fixed by the committee at 148 feet, and by Mr. Scott at 150 feet. If the latter be adopted, the cross will be 80 feet less in height than the steeple of Bow Church, that is to say, the top of the spire will reach to about the centre of the columns in the peristyle that crowns the tower of the steeple. It will be 8 or 10 feet loftier than the tower of St. Luke's, Chelsea, and as the whole fabric of that church cost £20,000, while the Memorial is to cost £110,000, it will be seen how incorrect it is to speak of it as a mere Gothic cross, how considerably it must differ from this in style and character, and to what a great extent works of art and costly materials are to be combined with the architectural design. For a work so magnificent as Mr. Scott's promises to be, can a site be found which will admit of its being seen to greater advantage than the one selected? If so, there should be no hesitation in adopting it, for the Memorial is to bear witness to the nation's respect and admiration for the Prince's character as a whole, and not to commemorate his connection with the International Exhibition, as though that was the chief business of his life; whereas it was but one of the many services he rendered to society. In the Horticultural Gardens is Durham's memorial of the Exhibition, crowned with the Prince's statue, and distinctly identifying him with it. The Hall of Science, which is to contain a colossal marble statue of the Prince, will repeat the same idea, and if it be reiterated in the Memorial by the association of site, it will seem as though he never did but that one thing that is worthy of notice, or else it will betray that there is a singular poverty of artistic invention among us.

HALLS FOR WORKING MEN.

If it was truly said that the love of money is the root of all evil—that is, that there is no evil under the sun which may not follow when a greed after money holds possession of the mind—we are persuaded that a rival source of mischief is to be found in the love of drink. Beer-swilling is emphatically one of the curses which afflict these islands. There are, no doubt, other crimes which tend to degrade the mind of their victims and to affect their health. There are other evils which keep men from settling in homes of their own, and which tend to alienate their affections from home ties, when formed. But there is none which brings so much poverty, degradation, misery, and quarrelling into British homes as the love of drink. We should like to know what proportion of what are called "ragged homes," and how many of the poor wretches who are collected together in "ragged churches" and "ragged schools," are the direct victims of an excess of beer, or of an inordinate craving after gin. Ask any man who, either in town or country, has attempted to promote the moral welfare of any labouring population, what is his chief antagonist, and we suspect that, while he will not omit the other haunts of iniquity, he will place the public-houses in the very first rank. Happily, in the higher classes of society, the habits of drinking are very different from what they were. We no longer hear of Irish regiments in her Majesty's service, in whose mess-rooms the decanters and wine-glasses were so formed that they would not stand upon the table, but must be passed on from one man's hand to another's, and emptied at once of their contents. We no longer hear tales which living men, younger than the century, can tell, of being sent to school with a hamper of claret as regularly as our own sons carry with them the contents of the store cupboard. Nor do we now see, as men under fifty have seen in their boyish days, hospitable heads of houses produce a bottle of port wine for each individual at the table, youngsters included, as soon as the ladies had retired to the drawing-room. But it is to be feared that this improvement has not spread, to anything like the same extent, if to any extent, among the lower orders of society. Here habits of over-drinking still prevail to a most enormous amount. We allude not only to actual drunkenness and long drinking bouts, but to the vast quantities of intoxicating liquors which are consumed by diligent and painstaking mechanics, under the impression that they really require it. There are thousands of such men, who very rarely allow themselves to be overtaken with drunkenness, and who are considered good husbands and valuable servants, who yet imagine that they cannot get through their day's work without an amount of drink which nothing but long habit and a well-seasoned brain could enable them to consume without "being the worse" for it. We have been positively astounded to hear of the quantities of raw spirits, for example, consumed in the early morning, on the way to their before breakfast labour, by decent steady-going mechanics, who are hardly ever known to be really overcome by their liquor. If you question these men as to their reasons for persisting in so pernicious a habit, they will smile at your well-to-do ignorance of hard manual labour, and will simply declare that it would be as impossible to do a fair day's work without a large amount of stimulant, as it would be wrong to expect them to do it without a fair day's wage. It is essential, they will tell you, to their existence as day labourers; and no argument or medical assertions to the contrary will for one moment shake their belief.

If such habits prevail among the better sort of labourers, what is to be expected of the worse? Pernicious as this unnecessary stimulant may be in a physical, social, moral, and financial point of view, it sinks into absolute insignificance when compared with the habits of the more degraded and demoralized portions of the community. If these more respectable labourers declare that they drink that they may live, there are tens of thousands whose ways assert for them that they live that they may drink. In their case, not social or domestic happiness is the object of their labours, but drink. For this they rise early and toil beneath the mid-day sun. For this they half-starve their wives, leave their children in ignorance and nakedness, and strip their houses of every comfort. For this they sacrifice wholesome food, a decent coat, a happy home; to say nothing of character among their fellow-men and favour with Him who desires their welfare in all things.

We must not here enter into the facilities which are offered for indulgence in drinking habits by the licensing system which prevails in this country. We can but allude, in passing, to the disgraceful fact that, as a consequence of that system, in so-called Christian towns and villages, public-houses, beer-shops, and gin-palaces form a numerical proportion of the dwelling-houses within their bounds, immeasurably beyond the legitimate wants of the inhabitants. Any one who will take the trouble to count the houses in passing down the streets of any large town, and especially towns in which there are barracks or a seafaring or manufacturing population, will stand aghast at finding, in some neighbourhoods, that fifteen out of twenty of those houses are dens of iniquity, where, night after night, the mortal and immortal parts of our fellow-men may be, and are, ruined by strong drink. We are convinced that the country, with all its ineradicable love of liberty, will ere long demand a revision of the laws of licensing, and that magistrates will be compelled to exercise a more sound discretion in this important portion of their duties.

Our object, however, is not now to speak of legislative enactments. We have no faith, indeed, in any but such as would proportion the number of licenses to the legitimate wants of the people. We do not feel sure that even this would materially reduce the number of drunkards; but, at any rate, it would clear the national conscience of its present complicity in wrong. We are convinced, however, that no vice, and especially not the love

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of drink, will be cured by act of parliament. We have no doubt, accordingly, that the bill lately introduced by Mr. Somes and Mr. Pease for closing the public houses on Sundays, will be rejected by the House of Commons. If there were no other objection to it, it has this fatal blemish,—that it seeks to legislate for the poor in a matter in which it would be impossible, even if the authors desired it, to legislate for the rich. An Englishman's love of fair play will never, surely, allow six hundred English gentlemen compulsorily to debar their less wealthy neighbours from that which they can themselves procure, in any quantities, from their own cellar or their club. This is a class lawmaking which would not be tolerated in any country, and in no country would it be tolerated so little as in our own.

While, however, we do not look to legislative enactments for a remedy to drunkenness, we believe that a vast deal more may be done by individuals, and especially by the employers of labour, than has hitherto been attempted. We believe that in what are called "Working Men's Halls," especially, we have a "platform," to borrow a phrase from our trans-Atlantic cousins, on which all parties might meet, and an engine of moral usefulness which, in our opinion, has not been surpassed by any effort for the amelioration of the poor. Halls for working men are just now cropping up here and there, both in country villages and towns. We have been at some pains to visit them in both; and we are glad to speak of all those of which we have read, and which we have personally inspected, not only as thoroughly sound in theory, but as eminently successful in result. They are purposely placed only indirectly under the management of the wealthier classes, the executive committee being chosen by the workpeople themselves. By the executive committee every rule is sanctioned, and every programme for amusement or mutual instruction digested, and, for the most part, carried out. The readers of the *Times* will have read with deep interest some letters from a working man at Scarborough, detailing the good results effected by a Working Men's Hall which is only six weeks old. We hope that this correspondent and others will forward to the daily papers their plain-spoken and homely details of working men's views of this important movement. We have ourselves visited within the last few days three admirably conducted establishments in the town of Southampton. Having had the advantage of inspecting them under the leadership of Sir George Pechell, the courteous and unwearied president of the system as carried out in that town, we were able to arrive at a clear idea of its advantages, and of the degree to which it is appreciated by the classes for whose benefit it has been established. Our space compels us to defer the details of the scheme to our next week's issue. We shall then hope to lay before the public an outline of a thoroughly manly and unsectarian, while benevolent and successful, effort to provide an antidote to the public-house. It will be seen that there is no attempt, in a sour and narrow spirit, to curtail the working man's enjoyments or to limit his amusements,—no endeavour to deprive him of congenial society or to destroy his sources of instruction,—but a well-digested scheme, under the working man's own management, for increasing his pleasures and shielding himself from vice.

HIGH MASS IN A VILLAGE CHURCH.

In reply a fortnight ago to the Bishop of Durham's letter, we pleaded that the periodical literature of this day is not hostile to the accepted religion of the country. Our daily and weekly contemporaries, while they leave it to the appointed ministers of Christianity to enforce its claims, are usually respectful and even friendly towards the various institutions in which its profession is embodied. But there is a notorious exception. There is a set of writers who habitually indulge a spirit of reckless mockery by the wanton derision of Evangelical preachers and congregations both within the Church Establishment and outside its pale. They are not content to proclaim, in their own words, "scepticism about the whole theory of religion that satisfies the Bishop of Durham and his friends." Sitting in the seat of the scornful, they will not tolerate the existence of "that peculiar form of Protestantism," which still commands the intelligent assent, as well as the hereditary affection, of a large majority of the English people. They will not allow the obnoxious Low Church clergymen or Dissenting ministers to continue unmolested the services and the teaching to which the great body of their hearers are accustomed. Several, indeed, of the most popular expounders of that doctrine, which obtains most widely among the middle classes, and which the poorer classes, so far as they are brought within the fold of religious communion, are most apt to receive, are bitterly assailed week after week, month after month, year after year, with such pertinacity and virulence, as can only be ascribed to an intolerant detestation of the Evangelical "theory" itself. It is, perhaps, quite in keeping with this, since Low Church and High Church are the opposite poles of the ecclesiastical world in this country, that the same journal should indirectly favour that party which, under fashionable and aristocratic patronage, contends for the sacramental or sacerdotal "theory," which is shortly called the Tractarian. We have indeed remarked that, while this self-appointed censor of religious vagaries and extravagances makes so free with the sermons, hymns, and prayers in vogue among Evangelical Christians, it sedulously refrains from exposing the practices of a minority of the Anglican clergy, who, by the introduction of a fantastic ritualism, and by their pretensions to priestly power, labour insidiously to bring the National Church into conformity with the Romish system. Now, we are certainly not about to follow the bad example of treating with levity and ridicule any observances which, though scandalously improper in the services of our Protestant Church as by law established, are regarded with veneration by many of our fellow-citizens, and deemed by them symbolical of the ideas of Christian worship. But we would seriously invite attention to a very strange instance of the Romanising tricks which are played with impunity in some of our parish churches, especially in rural districts, to the extreme perplexity and distress of the people.

In the village of Claydon, four miles from Ipswich, as we learn from the *Suffolk Chronicle*, the Rev. George Drury, incumbent of the parish church, performed the morning service on Easter Sunday in a very extraordinary style. The officiating clergyman was aided by a couple of mysterious strangers, attired in long woollen gowns, whom the people of the village, awe-struck by this unwonted apparition, conceived to be "monks;" but one of them, bearing the "religious" name of "Father Ignatius," was an eccentric clergyman of the English Church whom we remember to have heard of before. There was also a procession of boys, dressed in "white surplices, with scarlet underskirts hanging down to their feet, and small black velvet skull-caps on their heads." These marched in from the adjoining rectory, at eleven o'clock, bearing a number of large wax candles, which were lighted at the church door; but one boy carried "a long brass standard, tipped with a crucifix, on which was exhibited the body of Christ," and some other boys had small coloured banners, with the head of the Saviour painted on them. The two "monks," chanting Hallelujah as they walked along, directed this curious parade, while the Rev. Mr. Drury, wearing a garment described as "a chasuble, with embroidered stripes," and a small four-cornered hat, which he took off when he reached the altar, brought up the rear. The church itself had been decorated for this occasion with more than a dozen pictures of Christ bearing the cross, and similar subjects, which were hung upon the walls. Besides these, several banners and shields were suspended from various parts of the interior; and some crosses, flowers, and lighted candles were arrayed upon a ledge in the recess of the east window, on a line with the top of the communion-table and behind it, so as to appear as if these things were actually placed upon the communion-table or "altar," as it is sometimes called. The altar and the pulpit were adorned with evergreens and with artificial flowers of paper. If all this frippery had been designed merely for the ornamentation of the building, it might not have caused any serious alarm, but we are told that on Good Friday evening, when the pictures were hung up, Mr. Drury went round, and knelt in turn before each picture, whilst an attendant held a cross over his head, and the children, who followed in his train, were bidden to kneel in the aisle behind him. It is no wonder, therefore, that the honest farmers of Claydon parish, in mortal dread of Popery, kept their families away from church on the Sunday morning. The congregation, indeed, when the morning service commenced at ten o'clock, consisted but of two boys, a young lady, and two gentlemen from Ipswich, besides "a young man wrapped up in what looked very much like a white sheet," who sat in a pew by himself. A few of those poor creatures, to be found in every rural parish, who may be engaged, by a dole of alms, to figure as supernumeraries on any such occasion, were presently got together; and some other visitors, perhaps from motives of curiosity, looked in as the service progressed. The informant of the *Suffolk Chronicle*, who was there early, when he saw the big wax-candles lighted, and a youth in a black gown and a short surplice entering with a censer in his hand, naturally enough turned to the person next him, a young countryman, and asked him if this was an ordinary part of the service. "No," said the villager; "something fresh to-day." "Do you come to church on Sundays?" was the next inquiry. "Yes." "Then, can you tell me what those

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candles mean?" With a broad grin, the young fellow replied, "*That's thar religion*" (meaning the religion of his parish clergyman and of those who assisted him in this performance). "Do these poor folks"—pointing to the half-dozen of helpless old people just mentioned—"know what all these things mean?" "'Tan't much likely," the rustic answered. "What do they come for?" "I don't know." "What do you come for?" "Only just to look at 'em." This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the procession which we have described. Having passed solemnly up the nave to the chancel, the boys, with their lighted candles, were ranged at the foot of the altar-steps and on either side; Mr. Drury then read the communion service, and one of his clerical assistants read the epistle and gospel. A boy held a candle on each side of the prayer-book, while a third boy held aloft something which the reporter believes to have been a crucifix. The liturgy was followed by the sermon, of which we read this specimen; and we will not here comment upon the doctrine implied in it:—

"In the course of his sermon he took the opportunity of saying there was one thing he must mention as a warning to persons who had been to communion for the first time that morning; it was a most painful thing for him to have to tell them of. The blessed step of the altar was sprinkled about with the sacrament—little pieces of the sacrament had been dropped about on the steps, and there were some on the altar still, which the people had dropped that morning. How was it they dropped it?—that they dropped about that of which Jesus had said, 'This is my body?' It was because they did not receive it in a proper way. It should be received in the palm of the hand, for if the finger and thumb were used, little pieces would be dropped; and *fancy dropping that which the catechism told them was verily and indeed the body and the blood of Christ!* The clergy had had to pick up the pieces that were dropped by the people, and it had caused a great deal *of perturbation, and agony, and trouble of the mind to the clergy, to see the solemn bread of everlasting life dropped about!*"

After this sermon, the offertory collection was made "in a small scarlet bag," with the reading of the prescribed sentences; and the sacrament was then administered, with the unusual accompaniments of twenty candles burning upon or around the altar steps, and a boy swinging a censer full of burning incense, the fumes of which partly veiled with a mystic haze the imposing gesticulations of the priest. Something was done in front of the altar with the bread and wine, or the cup and wafer, or whatever it was; but this was not distinctly visible to the congregation. At the close of the service Mr. Drury and his assistants, in the same procession as before, returned to the rectory, chanting all the way. In the evening, as had been announced by a notice fixed upon the church door, there were "solemn vespers and sermon, with procession." A large number of the good people of Ipswich and its neighbourhood, attracted by the fame of these novelties, went to the evening service. If they were disappointed by a scantier display of ecclesiastical pomp and ceremony than they might have witnessed in the morning, they had some compensation; for we are assured by the reporter of the *Suffolk Chronicle*, that the sermon in the evening "savoured somewhat of common sense, and the preacher did talk plainly to the people about sin." Let us hope that it did them more good than the rest. But what shall be said of the fantastic mimicry of a Popish ritual, with which Mr. Drury and his friends had frightened his parishioners away from church that Sunday morning! Surely the exposure and correction of these abuses is a matter of general public concern. The Church of England is still a Protestant, and we trust, a popular institution. Its integrity should be guarded with equal vigilance against the denial of its creed by clerical aceptics, and against the corruption of its forms of worship by Romanizing priests, who still more inexcusably betray the trust confided to them.

SEEKING A MURDERER.

No man, we suppose, who could help it, would walk through the streets of London, just now, with weak eyes, a moustache, and a little beard of a light complexion; especially if he happened to be a stout man of middling stature, and to wear a hat of that singular make which leads people to doubt whether it is a hat or a cap. No one who has a dread of that kind of notoriety which the police reports confer, would care to make himself conspicuous in a country town, or even a village, if these were the features of his personal appearance. Yet nature and habit must have made a large number of men who are walking about town and country every day, with these very weak eyes, this doubtful hat, and this middling stature; and since the momentous question, "Why shave?" was met by the very common response, "I don't shave," a light beard and moustache have been placed under all sorts of eyes, and hats, and on bodies of all sizes. And all these people are daily pursuing their work or pleasure, happily unthinking that the night may bring any one of them into a police-station, and into a cell of durance vile, and that in the morning their names may form sensation titles on the penny newspaper placards, and that the report of their examination before the magistrates may fill half a column of the newspaper, under the popular heading of "murder!"

These lines may be read by some quiet, nervous gentlemen, who will feel that such a description, in large type, accompanied by the offer of a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension and conviction of the person answering to it, might place their own liberty in jeopardy. For such, we fear, there is little consolation, though the usual number of "courses" are open. The first, and most satisfactory course, if it be practicable, is to find out where you were the whole of the day on Thursday, the 9th of April, and to get together as many respectable people as you can who are able to speak to your whereabouts on that day. It would be desirable, if an opportunity were allowed by the present state of our criminal laws, then to go with your witnesses to the nearest police court, to prove your *alibi* to the magistrate, and endeavour to get from him a certificate of "Not guilty," which might be shown to any policeman who should tap you on the shoulder, or to any of the numerous tribe of informers who, being in want of a hundred pounds, might seek, in these days, to cultivate your acquaintance. In such a case, even if the magistrate should decline, as he probably might, to record the evidence in exculpation of a person not formally given in charge, you will have made some acquaintance among the police force which may avail you on a future emergency. The next course is to wait until you are fairly apprehended, and placed in the dock on the agreeable charge of having murdered a woman whom you never saw; and this course may, perhaps, in its results, lead to nearly the same conclusion as the first, while it may afford you a good deal of gentle excitement. You will certainly get your name printed in the newspapers; you will hear what your wife and daughters think of your situation; and your neighbours will be sure to stare after you every time you go out of doors, and to wonder how long you have had weak eyes, and who is your hatter, and whether you ever played at pitch-and-toss before you committed murder and were discharged for the want of evidence. The third course—undoubtedly the worst of the three—is, unfortunately, the most likely to suggest itself to those whose weak eyes are accompanied by a deficiency of moral courage. Let no man say, "I will hide my weak eyes beneath green spectacles; I will cut off my beard and moustache, or dye them; I will wear six under-waistcoats to increase my bulk, or take three Turkish baths a-day to reduce it." Let no man say these things, or attempt to do either of them; for though the police are on the look-out for the individual such as is described, they are still more sharply on the look-out for him with the changes which he may since have made in himself. Weak eyes, with any of the other features described, might create suspicion; but eyes behind a pair of green spectacles might suffice for the wearer's detention at once. Weak eyes and a small, light beard, might simply involve your apprehension and a week's remand; but weak eyes, and a chin from which a light beard had just been cut, might induce your apprehension and committal for trial. Why shave, then? Why shave, indeed! These, however, are the three courses which an innocent man, unwilling to fly his country for the sake of escaping arrest as the St. Giles's murderer, might, under the circumstances, be inclined to pursue.

The apprehension of some half-a-dozen honest men, on suspicion of having murdered the unfortunate woman Emma Jackson, in George-street, St. Giles's, suggests these remarks. In nearly every case there seems to have been no reason whatever, except their exhibiting a not uncommon type of visage, for the apprehension of the persons taken; and as the actual murderer has not yet been apprehended, and the police seem determined to apprehend him, or somebody for him, two or three times a week, it becomes necessary to ask, in the interest of men with weak eyes and small light beards, which so frequently go together, how far the town and country police are, "from information they have received," to proceed in this direction. It is no pleasant matter to be accused of murder, even though you should be released in the next minute, and should escape the polite attentions of the penny-a-liner; but to be the subject of a disagreeable sensation paragraph in the newspapers, merely because nature has blessed you with a light beard, and cursed you with eyes with which you cannot see very well, is a serious calamity indeed. It must be admitted that, in the case of two of the men who were thus apprehended, one was only a German sugar-baker, or something of that kind, and that the other had been to Cork to hang a man, and had spent all his wages by the time he got to Newport on the return journey. But

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what would the world have said if a popular preacher, or a mayor, or a beadle, or Mr. Calcraft himself, had been locked up on this charge? If the killing of a bishop on a railway is at all calculated to prevent railway accidents, the best chance that the light-bearded, weak-eyed men have of saving themselves from annoyance, is that one of the "upper ten thousand," an M.P. or a peer, may be locked up for an hour as the murderer of Emma Jackson.

The assassination of this unhappy woman was one of the foulest crimes ever committed, and the confusion of the police on the subject is a matter for grave regret. Everybody would like to see the murderer brought to justice, and nothing should be allowed to interfere with any reasonable and likely endeavour to bring him to justice. But this wholesale and ill-advised apprehension of innocent people is about the best thing that could have been devised to further his escape. If there were a fair chance of tracing the crime home to him, every time the criminal was supposed to have been arrested, his opportunities of wiping out the traces of his crime would, in the midst of the consequent excitement, be increased. We fear the prospect is, that the chances of his detection are now very remote; and these sensation captures are very likely to induce people who have seen so many false Simons to forget that there is a real Simon somewhere, and that he ought to be discovered. If this were merely an isolated case, we should not have thought it worth our while to notice it at all. The clue that the police have to the murderer of Emma Jackson is of the slightest kind, and there is just a possibility that they might actually blunder into the detection of him. The exhaustive process, however, of trying all the weak-eyed, light-bearded men in existence, and rejecting them one after another as they are proved not to be the man who is "wanted," is wearisome, and very uncertain. It has failed so often that it might be modified, if not abandoned. Given a murder, out of which the criminal escapes without leaving tracks behind him, the first thing to be done is to learn something positive about somebody who ought to be suspected. Then a description of him must be had, and perhaps it is supplied by a little boy, who saw a dark man in a black coat in a passage, and a young woman who saw a dark man in a brown coat in the street. The coroner holds his inquest, examines witnesses who can tell him nothing excepting what the jury have before read in the morning paper, and adjourns the inquiry for a week, that he may examine those witnesses who are already waiting to give important evidence, so as to give them an opportunity of forgetting a good deal of it by the week's end. In the mean time, that useful body of gentlemen who get up the murders for the newspapers have been hard at work, and every policeman in London has got the "description" off by heart. One intelligent officer has apprehended a discharged cabman in Shadwell, another has taken an Irish "jintleman" into custody in the Borough; while the chief constable of a town in Worcestershire has drawn the eyes of Europe upon him for a day, by apprehending a rascal who was never out of the county in his life, but who, at the time of capture, had not got the wherewithal to pay his lodgings, and therefore was naturally apprehended on suspicion of being the greatest criminal in England, who happened to be "wanted" at that particular time. Eventually, perhaps, some quiet detective, who has brains enough to take a line of his own, independent of the coroner, the newspapers, the boy, the young woman, or the "description," unearths the fox, and settles the business. The work, to be sure, is difficult and unpleasant in all cases. But is the best plan of dealing with it generally adopted? If a murderer is at large, it is clearly the duty of the guardians of the peace to secure him, if they can; but in a doubtful case like the present, the police can hardly help suspecting a number of persons whom they see in the course of a week. The question is whether their work is done skilfully or hap-hazard; whether, for instance, the innocence of all these men, who have been seized as the murderers of Emma Jackson, might not have been established without a word in the newspapers, or even without the suspected parties themselves being aware that they had ever been suspected? A paragraph in the newspapers, each day for a fortnight, to show that a policeman, having his eyes too wide open, has arrested the wrong man for a capital crime, is readable sensation news, but it neither advances the prestige of the public force, nor gives the lieges a sense of perfect security. Neither is it encouraging to read the report of a coroner's inquest in a case of murder, and to see that the most important questions absolutely suggested by the statements of the witnesses are yet not put to them. Have the anomalous relations between the police magistrate's court and the coroner's court anything to do with the slow march which justice so frequently makes, even in the discovery of clear and simple cases of crime? When a person, reasonably suspected of murder or manslaughter, has been taken into custody, the *onus* of proving his guilt rests almost entirely with the police, as does the duty of apprehending him. But at a coroner's inquest they have no *locus standi*, and few means of even putting a question, however material. In a case like the present they must depend, in a great measure, on the witnesses examined before the coroner; and they may be led in search of an old man or a woman, while a young man is the offender, or *vice versâ*. An experienced barrister or a magistrate might have elicited evidence at the inquest on Emma Jackson, which would have considerably cleared the atmosphere of doubt, and given the police a clue that they might have followed with reason, and with some advantageous results. But the coroner is one power, and the magistrate is another, and in the absence of a better system, the police may go on apprehending the men with light beards and weak eyes till they are tired of the profitless work; or till every man who answers that description has been arrested and discharged in his turn.

LEICESTER SQUARE.

Some evil fate seems for a long time time past to have loured upon Leicester Square. It was not always so. The time has been when this despised and doubtful locality was a residence for the sons of our kings; for Leicester House, at the north-east corner of the square, belonged to George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., and subsequently to his son Frederick, the father of George III. The dwelling was already famous in London annals. It had been originally built by the father of Algernon Sydney. The unfortunate Queen of Bohemia lived and died within its walls. Colbert, Minister to Louis XIV., resided in that princely mansion when he was in England on an embassy to the court of Charles II.; Prince Eugene was there in 1712; and the sanguinary Duke of Cumberland was born there in 1721. For many years, indeed, Leicester-square was one of the most fashionable spots in town. Then it became the resort of middle-class gentlemen—of philosophers and artists. Sir Isaac Newton dwelt in one of the streets turning off from the south side; at a later period, Hogarth occupied a house in the square itself; and, later still, Sir Joshua Reynolds was the tenant of another. John Hunter, the great surgeon, was also an inhabitant of the square, and formed there, at his own abode, the celebrated Hunterian Museum of Anatomy. It would be difficult to put one's finger on any part of the map of London more haunted by memories of great men. For nearly a century and a half, this dingy place, as it now is, was familiar with the patriots, the statesmen, the generals, the artists, the poets, the wits, and the philosophers, who have made England famous. Fashion, however, is capricious, and never abides very long in one locality. Like the sun, she moves westward; and in process of time Leicester-square fell from one degree to another, till in our own days it has acquired a reputation for incurable shabbiness, and for amusements of a questionable character. It is now the centre of a colony of emigrants, many of whom, doubtless, are men to be pitied and respected, while some are hardly desirable as an addition to our permanent population. Lowering and greasy-looking foreigners hang about its purlieus; and in April, 1856, an Italian made a murderous attack on four of his countrymen in the neighbouring thoroughfare of Rupert-street, and got clear off, brandishing his stiletto in the faces of the passers-by. In the square itself, disreputable betting men congregate in groups on the pavement, making fraudulent memoranda in their rascally little books. At night, the seething flood of proffigacy in the adjacent Coventry-street and Haymarket overflows its bounds, and breaks upon the shores of the open space, a scattered spray of vice. In a court not far off, Lani, in 1858, killed his nocturnal companion, as, the other day, "some person or persons unknown" killed Emma Jackson in that St. Giles's den. Where Leicester House and Saville House once received the magnates of the land, wine-cellars and billiard-rooms and "Halls of Amusement" now collect a motley crowd of pleasure-seekers, not over-nice as to the pleasure which they find. In short, Leicester-square is very generally voted a nuisance, and, like other nuisances, it seems to defy reform.

It cannot be said that no attempt was ever made at reform. A great deal has been done within the last twenty years for this frowsy and thriftless domain. First of all, the narrow and mazy courts to the east of its northern boundary were cleared away, and the broad line of Cranbourn-street now connects the square with Long-acre and Lincoln's Inn-fields. Recently, the new thoroughfare from King-street, Covent-garden, has given freer and more direct access to the neighbourhood of the Strand. In 1851, great things were promised as the result of the erection of Mr. Wyld's Globe. We were told that a handsome building, dedicated to science, was to rise in the centre of that dismal waste made ghastly by a hideous statue of George II.,

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and that lectures on physical geography were to be delivered where the living cats wrangled and the dead cats rotted in thickets of decaying bushes. The edifice was constructed, and it proved to be anything but handsome. However interesting its contents, and however instructive the discourses uttered within that hollow orb, the speculation failed to restore the damaged character of Leicester-square. For ten years or so, the ghastly statue, shut up between the walls of the Great Globe, disappeared from the eyes of the outer public, and ceased to vex the tenants of the surrounding houses. The cats, living and dead, were dispossessed of their old heritage; the grimy and withered vegetation no longer held sway over the miscellaneous deposit of old hats, old shoes, and battered saucepans, which constantly accumulated within the enclosure; and the rusty iron railings vanished into the marine stores for which they had long been qualifying themselves. But, somehow, respectability would not come back to Leicester-square. The external appearance of the spot was certainly a little improved, though Mr. Wyld's architecture was none of the handsomest; but the place did not go up in public estimation. Now that the Great Globe has dissolved (as Shakespeare long ago told us it would), desolation once more reigns around the equestrian statue, and the cats have it all to themselves.

A project has lately been set on foot for making a meat and vegetable market in what is called, by courtesy, the garden of Leicester-square. The space appears to be rather small for such a purpose; but that is a consideration for the projectors. Whether it be desirable to have a market there at all, is a consideration for the inhabitants; and they are strongly agitating against it. Since the removal of the Globe they have made some advances towards reclaiming the desert on which it stood, and they do not wish to be deprived of an open space which will at any rate give them air, and which they hope in time to bring into something like cultivation. If we could join in that hope, we should be equally disinclined to see the ground occupied by a market; but there seems to be little probability of any such result. Trees will not flourish in such a neighbourhood; even grass sickens and pines; flowers, except of the dullest and poorest sort, are out of the question. The state of Leicester-square, for many years previous to 1851, was not of a kind to encourage much faith in its future. Whether from the utter inability of the soil and air to grow anything worth looking at—even so much as respectable iron railings—or whether from recklessness on the part of the inhabitants, the enclosure was a disgrace to the metropolis. Wits levelled their shafts at it, but with no effect. It went on from year to year, getting worse and worse. Even Mr. Wyld's ugly brick and mortar edifice was an improvement. So would a handsome market be, though the business it brings with it might perhaps be an obstruction in such a thoroughfare. The great objection, however, is on grounds of health and ventilation; but it should be recollected that markets are built now on much better sanitary principles than formerly; and, as the buildings need not be high, there might still be a good current of air overhead, as there is in Covent Garden. The inhabitants, nevertheless, held a meeting, under the chairmanship of Sir De Lacy Evans, and raised a fund for opposing the bill, which, fortunately for them, was rejected this week by the Committee of the House of Commons. By an arrangement made in 1788, the holders of the ground forming the garden were bound to keep it as an open space for trees and shrubs; and in 1848 the Court of Chancery granted an injunction restraining the parties from erecting any building there. The prohibition, however, was got over only three years later; and so it may be again. We see no serious objection to a market on the site; but it is doubtful whether such a thing is required. The inhabitants may not unreasonably question whether a market would confer on them any advantage which they have not at present. The original object of retail provision markets was to give the purchaser a greater choice, at lower prices, than he could find in shops scattered about over a wide extent of ground. They may have answered that purpose in old times, and may do so even at the present day in small country towns. Our ancestors undoubtedly found them economical; for the very word "cheap" comes from the Anglo-Saxon synonym for market. But the rule no longer holds good. Housewives tell you that markets are *not* cheap; nor are they for the most part (we mean in London) paying speculations. Even as long ago as the latter part of the seventeenth century, the mart built by some adventurous spirits at Hungerford-stairs proved a failure; and, although it prolonged its existence until last year, it never throve. The fact is, that retail markets in large towns are the children of barbarism; they belong to the old days of monopoly, of artificial restraints on trade, and of the arbitrary confining of particular pursuits within particular localities. They do not suit the more unrestrained and open habits

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THE PAST WEEK

...s in Parliament have been a little m
k than previously. In reference to the
s, Earl Russell made a statement in the
nday, respecting the mails which are now
rnment claims the right of opening the
se which relate to the ship's cargo, its
eir destination. The British Consul
arrangement, and proceedings were
the letter-bags left unopened, and
s from Washington. The opinion of
ard to the seizure of the *Dolphin* and
, but the Government deems it
sh it. In the House of Commons
on to the effect that it is the duty of
to consideration, without delay, what
relieve the distress which prevails
districts, so that the people may
d. The object of the resolution was
entary grant to enable the operatives
elicited from Mr. Villiers the declar
d not think that the time was come
was scope, he thought, for the employ
he operatives in the drainage and
ublic works. With a view to this
determined to send down a number
engineers and surveyors, to
shed, and in what way they
ssion which could not last
mers observed that the number
cotton trade is upwards of
r of persons destitute is
ented by 72,000 able-bodied
employment should be found
men professionally engaged
the possibility of employing
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h Cheshire the extent of
"profitably" improved is
100,000 men for two years
ke and chemical exhalations
y had, and work might be
f the operatives are adequate
tuting walls and other fences
e available, and gentlemen who
r estates had found that they
ur than is generally supposed
s long had been made across
n weavers. Mr. Ferrand withdrew
so, Colonel Patten made a statement
of funds, from which it appears
ts, including £650,000 from the
h £1,400,000 has been contributed
this sum, only £755,000 remains

nce of Canada and New Zealand
day, when Mr. A. Mills, in moving
since 1862 between the Colonial
ose colonies, expressed his opinion
should bear a full share of the
rtescue replied that the Canadian
ense of the obligations which lay
ed a volunteer force and a
ome an efficient body of troops
ed upon that of Canada a system
d enable the colony to lower the
defences upon a firmer foundation

e moved an address to Her Majesty
to consider the best mode of
ships. But, Lord C. Paget objected
ally taking place, the report of a
worthless, the motion was withdrawn

ir J. Trelawny moved the second
bolition Bill. Mr. G. Hardy
be read that day six months
ent was carried by 285 to 275

n presented to Parliament, on the
an account of the several Irish
he members of the Established
hat year they numbered
ed to 691,872. The revenues of
r year to £580,418.

he infant daughter of Prince and
Sunday, at one o'clock, in the
ording to the rites of

Lutheran Church. The baptism was performed in German by t
Rev. Mr. Bender, court chaplain to the grand-ducal family
Hesse, who came from Darmstadt specially to officiate. The spo
sors present were her Majesty the Queen, his Grand-Ducal Hig
ness Prince Alexander of Hesse (representing the Grand-Duke
Hesse), her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Cambridg
his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and his Grand-Duc
Highness Prince Henry of Hesse. The infant was named by t
Queen, who held the child at the font, "Victoria Alberta Eliz
beth Matilda Mary."

On Tuesday their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess
Wales paid their first state visit to the theatre, the Royal Italia
Opera, Covent Garden. The performances were given "by co
mand of her Majesty."

The alarming increase of small-pox has called forth co
munications upon the subject from several medical men, some
them medical inspectors of their districts. One of the most effecti
causes of the disease appears to be the omission on the part
poor parents to have their children vaccinated. There is, indee
a compulsory Act of Parliament on the subject; but it is qui
clear that it is inefficient. The registrar is bound to give notice
the person registering a child's birth that it must be vaccinate
and a penalty is incurred by the parents if they neglect to ha
the operation performed within a certain time. But the Act pr
vides no machinery to test that it has been performed; and tho
who have the best means of knowing testify that in very ma
cases it is not. There is no law to compel adults to undergo t
operation a second time. But the law of self-preservation shou
be sufficient.

The *Daily News* of Wednesday published a letter and a pr
gramme, forwarded to the editor by a correspondent, the lett
announcing a joint adventure, in which there are a few shares le
to run the American blockade, and the programme setting fort
the advantages to be gained by those who take part in it. Th
letter is dated November 26, 1862, and states that the vessel h
just sailed. It is signed "W. J. Grazebrook, per J. L," and t
programme bears the impression of an office stamp: "W.
Grazebrook, Liverpool." Now another letter, signed "W.
Grazebrook, Liverpool," was published, a few days ago, addresse
to Earl Russell, and representing that the steamer *Dolphin*,
which the writer was the owner, had been seized by Feder
cruisers while on her "legitimate voyage to Nassau," an
claiming the protection of the British Government, with fu
compensation for the injury done to Mr. Grazebrook's trad
and for the insult to his captain and crew. The *Daily News* stat
that the friends of one of the crew of the *Dolphin* have received
letter from him, dated March 3rd, stating that he had joined h
for the purpose of running the blockade. The inference is, that t
Dolphin was not on a "legitimate voyage to Nassau." And if thi
prove to be the fact, the Government will be relieved from
serious difficulty with regard to this vessel, while Mr. Graz
brook will be involved in serious disgrace. It would be ver
unfair, however, to form any opinion upon this evidence, unt
authenticity has been proved.

The reverse sustained by the Federal iron-clads at Charlesto
proves to have been much more serious than was at first suppose
Out of the whole number, nine, one, the *Keokuk*, was sunk; tw
had their turret bent, and two others were more or less disable
This action settles the question between forts and ships, as far
America is concerned. The Washington Government has receive
Admiral Dupont's report, but withholds it at present, on the groun
that it "does not consider it sufficiently explicit;" from which w
may conclude that it is only too much so. But the correspondent
of the New York journals concur in representing the defeat as signa
The correspondent of the *New York Times* is loud in condemnatio
of the Government, in sending Admiral Dupont with such a force
meet a concentrated fire from groups of batteries which woul
have surrounded him in his whole passage from the mouth of t
harbour up to Charleston. He says that the place is impre
nable, and that Sebastopol was nothing to it. "Our fleet,"
writes, "got but to the entrance of the harbour; it never g
within it. Had the iron-clads succeeded in passing the obstru
tions (lines of piles driven into the bed of the harbour across t
channels), they would still have found three miles of batteries
run. Not a point at which they would not have found themselv
'mid upper, nether, and surrounding fires.'"

The Washington Government, thus unable to fulfil the promise
success with which it cheered the North some weeks ago, has,
would appear, given the word to the ministerial journals to abu
England, and England, accordingly, is very cordially abused a
threatened with hostilities. The correspondent of the *World*
peats the semi-official rumour which we mentioned in our last, th
Mr. Seward has sent a despatch to Mr. Adams, submitting to t
English Government the alternative of preventing vessels alleg
to be building in England for the Confederate service from leavi
port, or the rupture of diplomatic relations between the tw
countries. With the exception of the *World*, the New Yo
journals make this rumour the cue for assuming a belligere
tone towards England. The *Herald* calls for an extra sessi
of Congress, to consider what measures ought to be adopt
in case of a collision with England. The *Times* says it
"physically certain" that America will exact atonement for Briti

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pass it over, and recognize the election of Prince William. The *Moniteur* says that the English Government has proposed a conference of the three protecting Powers, to be held in London.

In the House of Lords on Thursday, Earl Russell stated that he had learnt, by a despatch from Lord Lyons, received that day, that the United States Government had determined to send the *Peterhoff* before a Prize Court, and to forward the mail-bags to their destination. Mr. Seward has informed her Majesty's Government that in future any mail-bags seized will be forwarded to their destination without breaking their seals.

The Prussian police have paid a domiciliatory visit in the province of Posen at the palace of Count Dzialinski, a member of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, and have, it is said, discovered there the entire plan of an intended revolutionary organization in the province. The count has joined the insurgent camp in the palatinate of Kalisch.

The French Government has received despatches from General Forey confirming the investment of Puebla by the French forces. The French head-quarters are established on the Cerro San Juan. The town is completely invested. The convents have been fortified, and earthworks are erected in the open country. The garrison is estimated to number 18,000 men. The telegraph line between Puebla and Mexico has been destroyed. The whole population round Puebla is favourable, says the telegram, to the French intervention. "The sanitary condition of the French troops is excellent, and the army is full of ardour. The official report says, in conclusion, 'We have cut the aqueduct, and command all the roads.'"

Brookfield House, Binstead, near Ryde, the marine seat of Lord Burghley, has been destroyed by fire. The furniture and effects were saved, and no lives were lost.

ART AND SCIENCE.

SALE OF THE BICKNELL COLLECTION.

A TRIBUTE, eminently English, has been paid to the genius of Turner. His presence in the market-place has changed it for the time into a temple of art and a hall of fame; but no doubt every picture, even the "Madonna di San Sisto," the "Spasimo," or any other masterpiece of Raphael, has a price. Immortal works of genius are not priceless, as Marshal Soult discovered when he accepted the £26,000 for the "Concezione Immacolata" of Murillo. Probably, if the Correggio Magdalen of the Dresden Gallery were offered for sale at Messrs. Christie & Manson's, it would realize as many thousands as Earl Dudley, in the flush of his younger enthusiasm, gave Prince Odescalchi for his reputed replica of that famous picture. Now, the *connoisseurs* have been talking for the last fortnight of the thousands that the "Palestrina" alone, one of Turner's latest and larger pictures, illustrating his own poem of "The Fallacies of Hope," would fetch. When it came to the last wave of Mr. Manson's *bâton*, the "Palestrina" hung in doubt for a moment at 1,890 guineas, the next it fell at 1,900 guineas. If Turner could have known this, it must have given him a twinge, because all his later pictures were pet fancies of his heart, emanating from the same source as his "Fallacies of Hope," as any one will remember who saw the catalogues of the Academy in those days. It was a work much in the vein of his "Childe Harold," but more vague, and not quite so artistic; yet it has fine passages, and a glorious air of poetic landscape feeling pervades it, free from any of his prismatic fancies. An avenue of trees leads away on one side of a foreground rich and varied with herbage, rock and water, with a bridge, and still, clear, deep pool running over the rocks, and becoming a torrent as it rushes to the valley far away. The hill, with its famed city clinging to its sides and shining in the sun, is also finely painted. The sky is, for Turner, rather crude, and not so luminous as his skies generally are. This picture was hung in the sale-room as a centre, and immediately beneath it was placed the "Ehrenbreitstein," on each side of which ranged out the four splendid sea-pieces, flanked by the two early pictures, painted 1813–14, somewhat in the manner of Wilson; now changed to a mournful brown, like faded laurel wreaths gained by the first triumphs of some young poet—the "Ivy Bridge, Devon," and "Calder Bridge, Cumberland," and they were purchased as relics for 880 guineas and 500 guineas respectively. The "Ehrenbreitstein" was the picture often appealed to by Mr. Ruskin for its beauties, when he cried like a voice in the wilderness about the advent of Turner's glory. The idea of this picture was suggested, perhaps, by Byron's allusion to the spot in "Childe Harold," and Turner has painted it in the tomb of General Marceau. It is extremely grand and noble in the idea of the glorious sun shining upon the tomb of a hero, while the pale moon looks on, in the clear, calm blue of the heavens above the hills, like the face mournful at the fate of heroes. There is a wonderful delicacy and brilliancy of colouring in the opaline tints spread over the hills and blending tenderly with the blue mist that hangs over the town in the distance, and again harmonizing with the broad sweep of afternoon sunlight that strikes through the trees and lights up the groups of figures and soldiers at the tomb of the soldier. This fine work was sold to Mr. Agnew, the dealer, for £1,890. It was painted in 1835, and measured 3 feet by 4.

The "Antwerp," with Van Gozen, the Dutch sea-painter, supposed to be looking out for a subject in the fishing-boat tossing about nearest to the shore, ture. The light bea cathedral and churcl of pearls. The free and the buoyancy extraordinary life ar the others, was purcl size, 36 by 48 inches bid for this was 1,00 was eventually knocl

The "Helvoetsluy especially in the dra is the *City of Utrecht* as if just feeling the to find her way to th companion picture, a was bought by Mr. A picture of the same s resting of the sea-pie the painter has repre with a stiff breeze, giv broad Dutch rivers. lugger with light red the jetty of which for bought by Mr. Agne pieces will, we think work of his very fines is, indeed, a miracle o of the clouds driven shore, and in the mist picture. The scene is cliffs, with the ruins o light that strikes out over the wet sand, thr marvellous reality and struggling and grappl shrouds of which are s up, about to break up it proves the true obs showing how the migh timber, and heavy rop The suggestion is most rounded with so much landscape, it is that co allied to the real scene. and was presently knoc

The two extremely Santo" and the "Giud in 1841-42. They mea impressed with his stud to say that to have c shines over Venice, the that belongs to Turner winged felucca moving glistening sea, and the dazzling, and yet so ir most beautiful work. Th for £1,732. 10s., to Mr. pictures would have real amounted to £17,146. 1 £2,626, given at a sale the Grand Canal."

The pictures by other of them of very high exampled in any previo some of most importance

"The Highland Shepl picture of a shepherd dig painted for Mr. Bicknell And "The Prize Calf," a leading home this calf Marquis of Hertford. Tw as "Looking for Crumbs man being a fat mastiff terrier, for £2,415. An with cattle finished by £3,097. 10s. to Mr. Agne Bicknell, at Mr. Knott's s by Stanfield—a large an to Mr. Vokins. And ano 1,500 guineas. "The S known engraved works Originally purchased for Flemish interiors, by D "St. Gomar," fetched Brigands," by Sir C. East by W. Collins, R.A., whic Heiress," a good example Wallis; and two very char the picture which was bou the other, called "A Repo daughter as a wedding pr Briggs, of Leamington; respectively.

The collection of drawin the oil-paintings. These ha

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and the public are never distant more than five minutes from any office for the reception of messages. As the area becomes more extended these stations are more scattered; but along all the great lines of road telegraphic stations are sure to be found within a mile of each other. At the present moment there are upwards of eighty stations in the metropolis and its environs belonging to this company, all of which are in direct communication with the head office in Cannon-street; indeed, all the lines must, by present arrangements, speak through this centre, just as all nervous impressions must be conveyed through the brain. This is by no means a necessity of the system, but only a condition of progressive development, which will be altered as the public call for more accommodation, and they are doing so every day. Before long, district centres for collecting and re-distributing messages will be adopted, as they have been by the Post-office authorities. Meanwhile, the delay caused by the circuitous routes taken by the wires is not very great. We wish particularly to call attention to the question of time in the forwarding of messages by this company, as many persons are under the impression that a *commissionnaire* can do his "spiriting" quicker, in consequence of the delays in transmitting a message and its porterage. We may say that in no case, except by culpable neglect, should a telegraphic message take more than half an hour in reaching its ultimate telegraphic destination, a delay, sometimes unavoidable, in consequence of the wires being already engaged; but all delays consequent upon the little boy who generally acts as Mercury being out or engaged when the message arrives at the suburban or other stations, are inexcusable, as by a rule of the company the office-keeper, who is generally either a proprietor of a district post-office or a small tradesman, is empowered, after ten minutes' delay, to call in an extra messenger, of which there are always plenty hanging about. If, then, any person should experience any extraordinary delay in receiving a message, he should, as a matter of duty, complain to the secretary in Cannon-street, for it is only by so doing that the sound working of the system can be insured. We have been very slow in adopting the new system, but the public are beginning rapidly to see the value of the wire in intra-metropolitan communications. For instance, the messages have increased from 73,480 received in 1860, to 251,548 received in 1862; and the trading community, as well as individuals for domestic and social purposes, are beginning to use it. For instance, Mr. Chubb notifies, through public advertisements, that in case any person should have left the key of his safe or desk at home, by telegraphing to him, he will send a duplicate to any address. Tradesmen, again, inform their customers, that they may give their orders free of charge by means of the telegraph. In order to foster this branch of business, messages at the rate of one hundred for twenty shillings are now issued. As the head office in Cannon-street (city) is in communication with all the electric lines both land and submarine, these district offices may be considered as not only for the use of the metropolis, but as gathering points for the country and continental telegraphs. The London District Telegraph Company have been laying out private wires for the use of individuals requiring to telegraph between their own establishments, but this is a line of business in which they cannot compete, we think, successfully, with the Universal Private Telegraph Company, for reasons which we shall explain.

The Universal Private Telegraph Company make no outward sign like the District Company; indeed, they have no points of contact with the crowds who pass along the streets. The company simply undertakes to put the merchant's country-house in direct communication with his office, houses of business with their branches, public offices with public offices; in fact, its mission is to supply renters with so many miles of *private wire* to run between house and house at a given price, and to provide telegraphic apparatus which can be worked by persons in the office, or counter, or drawing-room, as the case may be. Of course, it would be impossible profitably to provide a separate wire with its appropriate suspending posts to every renter at any reasonable price. Consequently, a system of combined action has been adopted for which Professor Wheatstone has taken out a patent. For instance, supposing that a hundred renters of wires lie on either hand of some great main thoroughfare, these hundred wires, for such a distance as they can be conveniently made to run together, are enclosed in one cable, carefully insulated from each other by india-rubber. These cables are so arranged as to form nearly equilateral triangles, each angle having a base of nearly a mile; the cable, however, being supported by wires slung from posts erected on the tops of the houses at every two hundred yards. At the intersection of every angle a mile apart, straining posts are erected for tightening the wires and for giving each individual wire its direction of departure. If the spectator only observes one of these posts, he will see that it gives off filaments of wire in every direction,—these private wires, having come along the cable in common with others for a given distance, are now making their way down into the offices and houses of their renters in the most direct way they can consistently with the triangular system of laying out the lines we have mentioned. Although a hundred wires are in some instances embedded in the same cable, the Company find no difficulty in finding out instantly the fault that may occur in any one of them, as at every two hundred yards the suspending pole is provided with a connecting box or plate pierced with small holes, through which every separate wire, going or returning, spreads out from the cable, and, having thus passed, is bound together again on the other side and proceeds to the next point.

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alone; and if the spawn are not let alone they will certainly die. In from 30 to 35 days the fish are developed.

The attempts to introduce salmon into Australia, and the general transmission of fish-spawn and fish-fry were the topics next discussed, Mr. Buckland exhibiting eggs which had been experimentally kept in a block of ice for 90 days still alive; and another batch kept 59 days. He also showed spawn of grayling trout received on the evening of his lecture from Switzerland, and finally referred to the important results attained by artificial pisciculture in France; and the annual value of fish exported and imported at various places. The images of the young fish, transparent enough to show the action of their lungs, heart, and circulation of blood, were, in the course of the lecture, beautifully exhibited on the screen through Dr. Tyndall's admirable manipulation of the electric light microscope.

Last week Mr. Alexander Herschel delivered at the same institution a discourse upon "Luminous Meteors." The class of shooting-stars and fireballs, included under the term, have been occasionally and improperly illustrated by the reputed appearances of globe-lightning. The occurrence of these discharges is not, however, sufficiently supported by evidence to serve for the explanation of fireballs, nor are the circumstances of their supposed production analogous to those under which meteors usually appear. The heights and velocities of eleven fireballs, which passed over England in the two years 1861–3, were calculated for the British Association of Science, and from those it appears that 196 and 30 miles high are the extreme limits of the appearance of the meteors, and 65 and 15 miles high the limits of disappearance. In the rare air at these heights electrical discharge is always extremely feeble; but, on the contrary, meteors are occasionally dazzling by day, and sometimes brighter than the full moon at night. The fireball which exploded over Lancaster, in December, 1861, was equal to a shell of inflamed gas forty yards in diameter, and two feet thick, near the front of which a small parcel of solid substance may be supposed to have been placed, moving at a speed of 12 or 15 miles in a second; but the light may have been stronger than this and the size much smaller. The train of sparks pursued this fireball sluggishly, like smoke behind a flame. From the recent experiments described in Paris, upon the dissociation of water by heat, and from the elementary spectra perceived in compound gases by Dr. Plücker, it is conjectured that the heat of compressed air may completely destroy the chemical affinities of the solid meteoric surface, and cause the train of sparks and the phosphorescent streak by a slow and gradual recombustion of the elements in the rear of the meteor. The annual epoch of shooting-stars on August 10th was first pointed out in this country in the year 1827, while that of November 13th was indicated in America, by Professor Denison Olmsted, in 1836. The heights and velocities of shooting-stars have been found quite similar to those of fireballs, and like them always descending towards the earth. The falls of stones or aerolites are always preceded by a fireball, and although from daylight or a cloudy sky this may escape notice, a detonation is usually heard, followed at some interval by continued concussions and the fall of stones. To illustrate the history of these stones, of which 111 examples are now exhibited at the British Museum, thin sections of them, prepared by Professor Maskelyne for the microscope, were presented by Professor Tyndall on the screen, when the metallic and other ingredients peculiar to the stones were plainly seen. The rotation of the electric discharge about powerful electric poles, and other experiments illustrative of the phenomena of the Aurora, were also introduced into the lecture.

Those who are interested in the varied life-forms of the different regions of our earth—and the public at large, judging by the thousands who visit the magnificent Regent's Park menagerie, must be regarded *en masse* as taking the liveliest and most inquisitive interest—will be gratified by the report made, on Tuesday last, by the Council of the Zoological Society of London, of the flourishing condition of its finances, and the satisfactory state of its stock. The number of visitors to the garden during the past year was 682,205, the income £27,397 5s. 6d. The naturalist, however, will turn to the report with other motives besides those of interest in the society's affluence. One of the most interesting of these topics are the species bred in the gardens during the past year. There were amongst the mammalia—the Arabian baboon, wolf, silver fox, African civet-cat, lion, tiger, leopard, puma, Polar bear; wapiti, Persian, Japanese, sambur, Rusa, and hog deers, alpaca, Punjab wild sheep, doudad, eland, yak, zebu, peccary, hyrax, agouti, Australian hapalote, vulpine opossum; amongst the birds were various pigeons, swans, fowls, ducks, pheasants, geese, and paroquets, the weaver-bird, kaleege, Cape francolin, mooruk, American rhea, Mantchourian crane, and the herring-gull. The only reptile recorded is the American water-viper.

At the last meeting of the Institute of British Architects, a letter was read from Lieut.-Gen. Knollys, announcing that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had consented to become patron of the Institute. Mr. William Lightly, the honorary secretary of the Architectural Publication Society, called attention to the photographs of the sculptures of Wells Cathedral, just issued by that society, and taken specially for its members. A paper was then read, "On the Crypt and Chapter House of Worcester Cathedral," by the Rev. Professor Willis, detailing some most interesting discoveries made by him during recent researches prosecuted under unusually favourable circumstances, caused by the work of restoration now in progress at that cathedral. He described the unique and beautiful arrangements of the Norman arcades and vaulting of the apsidal east-end of
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tone of bitterness and hostility towards England, which he says is by no means confined to the lower or less thoughtful classes in the Northern States. He attributes it, no doubt with justice, to their morbid anxiety for our favourable judgment; to their undue sensitiveness to our opinion; and to their disappointment at our neutral attitude. We have been long aware that they counted on our moral support against the Confederates; but, from an observation of Mr. Sumner's, it would seem that some of them looked for much more. In a conversation about the time the emancipation proclamation appeared, "he suggested, as the only hope of escaping the calamity [of war between the two countries] that England should join America in crushing out what he then conceived were the last struggles of the insurgents!" It was inevitable that we should disappoint anticipations such as these. But we are certainly less likely than ever to regard the Federal cause with favour when we find the subjugation of the South compassed in a spirit which could lead respectable and phlegmatic New Englanders to cheer a blasphemous parson named Brownlow, for declaring "that there never would be peace in the Union till the North awoke to a sense of its duty, and made South Carolina what Sodom and Gomorrah were of old."

TITAN.*

The greatest work of Jean Paul Richter has at last been translated into English. Those only who are acquainted with the original can measure the magnitude of the undertaking. We are afraid that it is a task for which the translator, even if he deserves it, must not look for popular reward. The "Titan," with its world of gorgeous imagery, its endless cycle of sentiment and of romance, its giant figures built in a cloudland of their own, its grand episodes, its majestic unity of movement—octaves upon octaves, ranging over every note, from the most passionate tenderness to the wildest fancy, yet still carrying out the purpose of the piece—its sunlight and moonlight, its music, its fruit, its odours, its gardens of Paradise, with the shadowy angelic forms that light and guard them, and the glitter of the serpents that haunt them,—the "Titan," we say, with all this, is not written for the public which confers immortality upon "Aurora Floyds" and "Roundabout Papers." The refinement of English sentiment, which comes from our domestic and social habits, has purified English literature from the monstrous undergrowths that choke the channels and streams of modern Continental romance. A model English novel is frequently as fragrant and as pleasant and refreshing as a scented English rose. Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Trollope, and their respective imitators, all set before us, if not a gorgeous banquet for the imagination, at least a pure code of honour and of delicacy. Club-room loungers and Belgravian belles grow sincere, as they feed on this nutritious and healthy pabulum. The circle for which Jean Paul wrote was a different one—more imaginative and less commonplace; more impulsive and sentimental, less practical and busy; more susceptible to and intent upon the inner life of their own souls, with its sunshine and its storms, its changing currents, and its unfathomable depths. The same tendencies and temperament which unfit many Englishmen and Englishwomen for philosophic speculation, unfit them also for the enjoyment or even the appreciation of a work of splendid imaginative power. Metaphysics are not a plant that takes root in British soil. We are not given to idealism, and we take for granted the existence of matter. Our scepticism often goes so far as to question whether the highest reflective and imaginative genius is of much use to a nation or the reverse. Those who are destined to push forward in the world's van and to be the pioneers of luxury, of commerce, and of progress are built in the most practical but by no means in the most massive or most ideal mould. On the other hand, let us confess that we love something. We love the gorgeous subtleties, the glowing fancies, the airy creations, the cloud-capt towers and palaces, by which the noblest human minds have endeavoured to reach the infinite depths of nature and of thought. There is something, after all, to be said for the idealists and the philosophers. Philosophical scepticism and its opposite both play their becoming part in the evolution of the world's history. To their respective votaries both systems have a reality and a truth, the force of which is far beyond all argument and discussion. If truth is that which touches the inmost consciousness and rests upon the certain dictates of the inmost soul, the "Titan" is as full of truth for the gentle band of sentimentalists for whom it is composed, as it will seem unreal, fantastic, and dreary to the English novel-reader and the English *belle*. The voices that spoke to Jean Paul Richter fall coldly upon the ear of those whose life, whose training, and whose pursuits are uncongenial. The English literature of to-day and Jean Paul stand at the opposite poles of thought and of fancy. Even his melancholy summary of life—for there is a scepticism and a restlessness at the bottom of all idealism in the world—is of a different description from the more Epicurean melancholy of which Mr. Thackeray is the fashionable and popular exponent. We doubt very much whether English people would be easily persuaded to believe that there is an intellectual pleasure to be found even in pain. Those of us who think the past is sad and the future deceitful take refuge eagerly in the present. But Jean Paul does not cling less lovingly to the past and the future. His dreams end in disappoi

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* Titan: a Romance. From the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. Two vols. Trübner & Co., London. 1863.

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For several years the young student-noble—a rare character in those days—travelled over Europe, "trusting to chance, on foot, living on alms, always finding some abbot, or lover of good verses; or the hospitable table of a peasant." At Pavia, in 1512, he had a narrow escape of his life during the siege, and afterwards served in the Imperial army. Two years later a tragedy of crime roused him from scholarly, knightly, and patriotic dreams, and made him known all over Germany as a fearless lover of justice, a fiery avenger of wrongs. About the same time the attack on the famous Hebrew scholar, John Reuchlin, by the theologians of Cologne, brought Hutten into the field as a religious reformer. The brilliant "Triumphus Capnionis" was his manifesto. A great league was formed of statesmen, preachers, and literary men to oppose the Obscurantists, or "Dunkelmänner," as the monkish opponents of Reuchlin were called, and at its head was Ulrich von Hutten. He had the chief hand in that vigorous satire on the vices and the pedantic and barren learning of the mendicant orders, "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum." It is in the form of letters written by monks in their bad Latin, and is so marvellously and eminently true that it deceived the monks themselves, and even, as Sir William Hamilton has shown, one of the most learned men, and one of the wittiest satirists of England two centuries afterwards. The masterly irony of Defoe, in his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," achieved a similar triumph.

To gratify his father, who wished his son to *be something*, Ulrich went to study law in Italy. He visited Rome, and saw there what Luther had seen five or six years before. He returned home without obtaining the coveted degree of Doctor of Laws, but he received the honour of knighthood from the Emperor Maximilian, and the still higher honour of a laurel crown, with the title of Imperial poet and orator. This was in the spring or summer of 1517. Before the end of the year he dealt a heavy blow at the pretensions of the Papacy by the publication of the work of Laurentius Valla on the so-called Donation of Constantine. He dedicated it with a happy boldness, not without touches of irony, to Leo X. The book was as good as a battle and a victory. It reached Luther just as he had entered upon his conflict about indulgences, and contributed powerfully to sustain him in it. Speaking of it in one of his letters, Luther says,—"I am so agitated, that I scarcely any longer doubt that the Pope is Antichrist. All agrees: what he does, what he says, what he decrees." It is curious to see on the other hand that Hutten at that time treated with contempt the disputes going on at Wittenberg, as a mere affair of vulgar ignorant monks.

Attached for a short time to the Archbishop of Mentz, serving in the war against the tyrant of Würtemberg, engaged in the cause of literature, and carrying on a correspondence with men of note in all parts of Europe, a momentous change took place in Hutten's mind. He saw the *religious* character of the coming conflict, the place which the truth must hold in it, and the total self-renunciation to which he was called. Though he longed for repose and a settled home, he shrank not from the battle or from death. Braving the worst himself, he showed the tenderest affection and care for his family, and, to save them from ill, he begged them neither to send him money nor letters. He then published his "Trias Romana." In the dedication he says, "I have never satisfied myself so completely as in this work." It produced a profound impression, and called forth a papal brief requiring the archbishop to punish the author. There was no more repose for Hutten. In June, 1520, he first wrote to Luther, assuring him of entire sympathy in his "great enterprises," and offering him a retreat at one of the castles of Franz von Sickingen. At Ebernburg, one of them, he soon took refuge himself; and the history of the Reformation has few more fascinating passages than those relating to the intercourse of these two noble knights in that feudal stronghold. From a printing-press in the castle, Hutten continued to send forth letters, addresses, and poems, boldest words exhorting to boldest deeds. "Let us strike with the sword," he said, "if so it must be." And again, "It is with swords and bows and javelins and bombs that we must put down the devil's fury." When Luther answered that he liked not to defend the gospel with violence and bloodshed, Hutten promptly and frankly acknowledged that his own weapons were human, and Luther's divine. But, indeed, his own were not human only. Truth, courage, self-devotion—are not these divine? "Never," he says, in words that still live and breathe, "never shall I retreat a hair's breadth from anything that I have spoken: I shall remain free, for I fear not death. . . . . I quit towns because I cannot forsake the truth. I can die, but not be a slave."

The Diet of Worms was summoned, and Luther was cited to appear. Hutten would fain have been at his side, but could not. He wrote an earnest appeal to Charles V. before the Diet, and was in frequent communication with Luther. He also published several dialogues during the sitting of the Diet. But the edict appeared, and Luther was put under the ban of the empire with all his friends and adherents. Sickingen and Hutten were induced by Charles V. to take part in an expedition against France, which was unsuccessful. They then formed a league of Rhenish knights, and began the first war of the Reformation with the siege of Treves. Sickingen, soon compelled to raise the siege, was in turn besieged in the castle of Landstuhl, and there he was mortally wounded, compelled to surrender, and died.

The time for repose had not yet arrived for Hutten, but it was not far distant. There was no choice for him but to quit his fatherland and seek a refuge in Switzerland. A home, wherever he chose, and a pension sufficient for his wants, were offered him by Francis I.; but thoug
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* A Pilgrimage over the Prai
of a Colonist." Newby.

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But the highest lesson we can learn from him is to be unlike him. Very few are the traces of a worthy emotion which his vice suffers to accompany it. If it leaves any sympathy in the breast of its victim, its object is generally some brute. Thus we read in Mr. Redding's "Memoirs" of a female miser, who, though she denied herself the necessaries of life, sumptuously regaled twelve cats. These, when she went to bed, arranged themselves from her head to her feet, and remained there till the morning. She was so fond of these animals that, when any of them died, she stuffed them and placed them in a room which in time was full of her deceased favourites. Another shared her meagre meal with a rat which daily paid her visits at dinner time; and when she died a nest of mice was found in her bed. Even for the rat, however, her affection was limited by the ruling passion; and as it ate more on one occasion than she thought it entitled to, she flew into a passion, struck it, and killed it. Rarely is anything like compassion for a fellow-creature exhibited. It is worthy of note, also, that the miser's passion seems to eat up even those vices which are commonly associated with degradation, absorbing at once both intellectual life and the animal passions. This makes it the more inexplicable. We can understand that the drunkard and the profligate find a utility in their excesses in the pleasure, base as it is, which they afford them. But the miser is the strangest of human mysteries. He is a rational being, with intellect defaced; an animal without animal instincts. His vice is the most useless of passions, and at the same time the most absorbing of all others. His one happiness, the sight of his money, is a torture to him. He wakes in the night fevered with dread lest it be stolen from him. The same horror pursues him through the day. Add to this the idea which perpetually haunts him, that the smallest expenditure will involve beggary and starvation, and our wonder that such a being can exist is complete.

Even amongst misers, however, there are exceptions to the rule of uniform penuriousness. Elwes, who added to his own fortune another inherited from his uncle, both amounting to half a million sterling, would dine off a hard-boiled egg, or a piece of pancake which he had kept for two months in his pocket. But he would lose thousands at play to men of fashion, pay his debts and never ask for his winnings, which he thought would be ungentlemanly. He would not lay out a penny on the education of his two sons. He thought that "putting things into their heads was taking money out of their pockets." But when Lord Abingdon had made a match for seven thousand pounds, Elwes, who knew he had not the money, offered to lend it to him. He would walk from one end of London to another in the rain to avoid paying a shilling for a coach; would eat his meat putrid rather than order a fresh joint; and sit in wet clothes rather than light a fire to dry them. He wore a cast-off wig which he had picked out of a ditch; and having torn his only coat, took one from the family chest which had belonged to an ancestor, with slash sleeves made of green velvet. But to a merchant who conciliated him with a present of wine he lent seven hundred pounds; and a trifling present, or work done for him for nothing, was tolerably sure to be followed by a loan of money. He would let a poor man starve before he would aid him; yet, in bonds to peers and others, and on some American property, he is said to have lost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. There were occasional touches of humour in him. At a shooting party, a bad shot firing carelessly wounded him in the cheek. "I give you joy," he said, "of your improvement; I knew you would by-and-by hit something." At another time, having cut both his legs deeply, he was with difficulty persuaded to employ a surgeon. But he would only incur this expense in favour of one leg. He would manage the other himself, and offered to bet that it would get well first; and it did. Thomas Guy was another exception. His wealth was enormous; and at one time he had promised to marry his maid, the only servant he kept. He had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended up to a particular spot. The girl, observing a broken stone beyond this point, told the workmen to mend it also. "Tell Mr. Guy," she said, "I bade you to do it, and he will not be angry." The marriage was to have taken place two days afterwards, and the girl reasonably presumed she might exercise this little piece of authority. But she soon discovered her mistake. Guy was so angry at the additional expense in which she had involved him that he broke off the match. Yet he built three wards on the north side of St. Thomas's Hospital; endowed them with a hundred pounds a year for eleven years; and afterwards built and endowed the hospital which bears his name, at a cost of £219,000.

Miss Bolaine, of Canterbury, again, is an exception to the rule of continent misers. She was handsome in her youth and attracted many admirers, with some of whom she lived, refusing to relinquish her liberty by marriage. She was a fury as well as a miser. She attempted to stab her brother and her maid-servant; she starved her mother to death, and ill-treated and starved her niece till she too succumbed in the bloom of youth. One of her paramours was, like herself, a miser. He suited her exactly, for he could wash, iron, sweep the house, and eat a mouldy crust or tainted meat. This wretch was forty years older than herself; and as his years increased she treated him with fiendish cruelty. He had made over the whole of his property to her; yet she fed him upon cow-heel broth; drew the bed from under him before he was dead; locked up the body, till she had gone to St. Lawrence and secured his property; and on her return ordered the bell to toll for him. She refused to let any one but herself put him into his coffin; but the undertaker's men managing to peep into it afterwards found that she had stolen the s
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* Bertha's Repentance; a

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first part of a tale, entitled "Lindisfarne Chase," from the inexhaustible pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope. Miss Rossetti follows with some lines on poor L. E. L., "whose heart was breaking for a little love." Then Mr. R. H. Hutton gives us a sensible paper on "the unspiritual world of spirits," that is of such spirits as Mr. Home is in communication with. Mr. Hutton shrewdly remarks that the world of the spirits is much less spiritual than our own, and that the most remarkable of their faculties is the muscular power, which, however, is for the most part limited to lifting things up and putting them down. Mr. N. W. Senior gives the first part of "A journal kept in Egypt in 1855 and 1856;" Mr. Meredith Townsend, "The Career of Englishmen in India," and Mr. Tom Taylor the first portion of a paper on "The Great Actors of 1775." A *resumé* of the Social Science and Literature of the Month completes the aricles of the present number, on the production of which Miss Faithfull is entitled to congratulation.

ENGLISH POETRY FOR CHILDREN.*

We have here a selection from the best English poetry for the use of children. The task of making such a selection falls naturally to feminine hands. Our mothers know us better in our childhood than our fathers do. Their opportunities bring them more in contact with us, and their love and anxiety reveal to them our growing tastes, our opening faculties, as well as the best means of safely developing them. They choose for us our toys and our story-books; why not our poetry? We doubt, however, whether the lady who has compiled the volume before us has exercised a wise discretion in including the mystical "Ancient Mariner" in her selection, and we might extend our objection to one or two other pieces. This, however, is a trifling fault, even if it be one. The selections generally display a sound judgment; and the book will, we are sure, prove an efficient aid in encouraging in young minds a taste for the highest order of poetry.

Any of our readers who desire to possess themselves of a plain and easy account of British Fungi, and to learn how much good food is annually wasted by the neglect of these esculents, will do well to purchase Mr. Cooke's work upon the subject.† Apart from its scientific interest, the book will be found useful to mushroom-eaters, in informing them not only what to eat but what to avoid; and on this point the coloured engravings are a valuable aid.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 4TH MAY, 1863.

ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. Anniversary Meeting.

ASIATIC—At 3 P.M.

GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION—At 7 P.M.

ENTOMOLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.

TUESDAY, 5TH MAY.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. "On American Iron Bridges." By Mr. Zerah Colburn.

ETHNOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. 1. "On the Natives of Vancouver's Island." By Dr. King and Professor Busk. 2. "On the Wild Tribes of the Interior of the Malay Peninsula." By Père Baurien.

PHOTOGRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.

PATHOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On Sound."

WEDNESDAY, 6TH MAY.

ROYAL LITERATURE—At 8½ P.M.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On Bread-making, particularly with reference to the Condition of those Employed in its Manufacture." By Dr. Andrew Wynter.

GEOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, 7TH MAY.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M. 1. "Notes principally on Thermo-Electric Currents of the Ritterian Species." By C. K. Akin, Esq. 2. "On the Physiological Properties of Nitrobenzole and Analine. By Dr. Letheby.

ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.

LINNÆAN—At 8 P.M. "On Two Aquatic Species of Hymenoptera." By John Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S.

CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M. "On the Constitution of Salts." By Dr. Lyon Playfair.

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS—At 8 P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Geology." By Professor Ansted.

FRIDAY, 8TH MAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Soils of England. By Professor Voelcker.

ASTRONOMICAL—At 8 P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

SATURDAY, 9TH MAY.

BOTANIC—At 3½ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller.

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* Play-time with the Poets. By a Lady. Longmans.

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Prospectuses, and Forms o Brokers, or

LONDON: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Cox & Wyman, 74 & 75, Great Queen-str and published, for the Proprietors, by JOHN KELLETT SHARPE, at No. 11, Southampton-street, Strand,

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capacity, so many breaches of trust, that his own affairs had to be wound up in Chancery. No innocence or good faith can avail to intercept the results to those involved in such transactions, whether they are the trustees or the so-called beneficiaries. Nine-tenths of the boxes in a lawyer's office are concerned with trusts, and scarce one of these but holds broken hearts besides the parchments.

The evil is introduced by civilization and a complicated state of society, and the progress of these causes is every day enhancing it to such an extent that it is difficult now to find any one willing to encounter the danger it involves. Can the causes, however, suggest no remedy? We venture to think they can. It is not a dozen years since we groaned under what seemed as hopeless a burden, only that it was undertaken for the sake of our living friends rather than for the dead. Within that time we have in a great degree escaped from the system of suretyship, which before ruined every year so many honest men, and made uneasy so many pillows on which hard-worked brains ought to have found rest. We got rid of the incubus by establishing Companies, in which men might insure for themselves their own honesty, and which on the doctrine of chances were able to make a small premium from all, to cover the defalcations of a few. Men laughed at the idea of guarantee associations before they were started—after they were set going they paid the premiums and accepted the security. May we not hope for a somewhat similar relief in the case of trusteeships? Could not a Company of large capital, conducted by men of credit and ability, work the pecuniary business and undertake the responsibilities of a number of trusts at comparatively slight expense? Would it not give a security far exceeding that of any private trustee, and would it not by concentration execute many trusts at no more than the present cost of one? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative, the institution of such an association would be an unquestionable boon to thousands of testators, trustees, and beneficiaries. We must defer to a future occasion their more detailed consideration and answer. It must suffice for the present to say that when the idea was last mooted, they were regarded as capable of a favourable solution by men of such eminence as Sir John, formerly Mr. Justice Patteson, Mr. Headlam, now the Queen's Judge Advocate, the Chief Justices of Ceylon and Madras, and other sound-headed lawyers. And it is not the least encouraging fact, that similar institutions are already in successful operation in one of our own Colonies, the Cape of Good Hope. That once styled Cape of Storms will, by its modern name, symbolize our fortunes, if we can, by help of its experience, exchange the dismal terrors which now haunt the creation and the acceptance of trusts; for the prospect of having them safely and economically carried into effect under superintendence of an institution, as trustworthy, and guided by men as competent, as the Bank and its Directors, to whom we commit already so much of the management of our private estates.

THE REPLY OF RUSSIA.

THE Russian notes have at last arrived, and we learn, after anxious expectation, what Russia proposes to do for Poland. Time is not required to interpret them. It comes simply to this: that Russia is prepared to do nothing. Under the mask of a prudent courtesy, she hides an evident desire to wave off all offers of advice. A touch of the old diplomatic skill, of which every day we see fewer traces in the game of modern political chess, is to be found in the accuracy with which she fixes on the one weak point in the action of the Western Powers. Happily the movement on the part of England and of France was—as we urged from the first it should be—simultaneous and concerted, but unhappily the two Governments had severed into two what should have been a single and united appeal. Prince Gortschakoff is too skilled an intriguer not to fix his eye upon this diplomatic flaw. He replies—as he was addressed—separately; and perhaps the foxes of the Russian Chancellerie smiled to think that, in so doing, they were nailing the Cabinets of the Tuileries and of St. James's still closer to a fatal policy of separate instead of joint action. We can afford in our turn to smile at the artifice, to draw a wholesome lesson from it, and then to put it by. There is nothing else in either note which is not impotent, foolish, and unsubstantial. One advantage at least Western Europe gains from receiving two several answers to her protest. We are enabled to compare them one against the other.

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more lame and impotent conclusion. The subject of endowments is one deserving the gravest consideration: the evils attendant upon them are notorious, and may possibly be unavoidable; but the matter is not one to be disposed of in a side-wind by the aid of imperfect knowledge and unsound reasoning. The subject is no new one in this country, still less on the Continent. When Turgot first sought to reduce the finances of France to order, he had to consider the large exemptions which revenues devoted to religious and charitable purposes enjoyed; his memoir on Foundations is a monument of his genius and his industry. Mr. Gladstone is content to bring to the subject the valuable facts collected for him by the Education Commissioners; he even seems to be ignorant of such an elementary condition of the problem as the provisions of the Law of Mortmain. Had he consulted the Solicitor-General, he would never have indulged in his extraordinary misconception of the wishes of Jervis. Jervis, says Mr. Gladstone, dying in 1793, left £100,000 for the poor of three parishes in Herefordshire; "but he absolutely forbade building, probably with a view of supplying the current wants of the poor." The consequence was such a demoralization that it was found necessary, in 1852, to get an Act of Parliament, under which £30,000 have been devoted to that very thing that old Jervis forbade—viz., building. Mr. Gladstone pictures to himself the ghost of Jervis bemoaning such a misappropriation of his money, the truth being that it would no doubt be a source of great satisfaction to him. It is the very thing he would himself have directed to be done had the law permitted such a direction to be carried into effect; but Jervis knew very well, what Mr. Gladstone is ignorant of, that, had he ordered his trustees to spend the money in building, the whole legacy would have failed. The case furnishes a strong argument for the revision of the Law of Mortmain, and at the same time illustrates the extent of Mr. Gladstone's researches in the matter. The law of charitable gifts and endowments does, in fact, require the most careful consideration—a consideration of a kind wholly different from that hitherto bestowed upon it. The Charity Commission in St. James's-square, sitting at a cost to the country of £18,000 a year, supervises the due distribution of charitable funds to the objects designated by the donors; but what we want is a Commission which shall supervise the objects themselves. It should be laid down as a general rule that, at the end of some definite interval, possibly the limit for which testators are permitted to tie up their property, every charitable endowment should be held at the absolute disposal of the State, and its administration should be continued, modified, or abrogated, as may seem expedient on grounds of public policy. Our thanks are due to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for his courage in attacking such a subject, but we can award him no higher praise.

As the House of Commons has refused to grant the Income Tax on Charities, it will most likely continue to support the tax on Clubs. Some illogical notion of compromise will probably actuate its members in assenting to this impost, which indeed they cannot resist with any very good grace. The most conclusive demonstration of the false analogy on which the proposal is founded comes with indifferent effect from those who will have to bear this most trivial of burdens.

The effect upon Mr. Gladstone's surplus of the resistance of the House of Commons is a more serious matter. That surplus, as originally contemplated, was about £530,000, and it has now to be reduced by the abandoned taxes on Carriers and Charities. The diminution in the present year is not very important, but it is still sufficient to negative the idea of any further remission of taxation. Mr. Sheridan may bring forward his Fire Insurance Duties Bill, and the House of Commons may not improbably again assent to the second reading of it, as a warning to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he must take this tax into consideration next year, and as a practical reply to the fallacies which have been recently put forward by Mr. Coode, under Mr. Gladstone's sanction. The ultimate withdrawal of the Bill is, however, certain. As soon as the reduction of the Income Tax and the Tea Duties was resolved upon, in the face of the disposable surplus, the fate of the Fire Insurance Duty for this year was sealed. The only defence of the duty is that money must be had, and that defence must be allowed to be valid for another twelvemonth. This is the defence of Rob Roy, but even that freebooter, like his English original, Robin Hood, had a wholesome respect for public opinion. Mr.

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rate imposture of this highly-wrought demonstration. These is something absolutely grotesque in that unconscious exaggeration of their own importance, which permits the inhabitants of a small district to assume airs which would scarcely befit them if that district were now, as formerly, the whole metropolis. The commercial magnates who figured for a day in the civic line of battle, might speak with some authority, if they did not steadfastly avoid more than occasional contact with the body they defend. The rallying cry of "Municipalities to the rescue!" would come far better from any corporation than the one whose selfishness and exclusiveness have condemned to incorporate desolation the dwellers beyond its ancient limits, in Southwark, the Tower Hamlets, and Finsbury. Had not the City persisted in regarding its privileges as the property of the citizens, rather than as a trust for the metropolis, there would be now no conflict between ancient rights and modern convenience. By a process of gradual expansion, it might have kept pace with the growth of London, and have continued a reality instead of degenerating into a sham. Having itself brought matters to this pass, there is no ordinary audacity in now preaching a corporate crusade in defence of an exceptional police jurisdiction which would not be tolerated in any borough in the kingdom. However, this preaching has received the sanction of success. It is probably in vain to resist—it is certainly useless to argue against—a municipal stampede. But we may be permitted to express our surprise at the enthusiasm of the reformed bodies, on behalf of an impenitent and unregenerate sinner that still boastfully cherishes all ancient abuses.

Notwithstanding much that was said at the Guildhall, we need scarcely state once more why we think that the constitution of the country will not be seriously imperilled by placing 610 additional policemen under the command of Sir R. Mayne. To the panegyrics upon local self-government and municipal corporations we heartily subscribe. Indeed, we probably go further than some of those who spoke the other day would follow us; for we are not content to see these advantages confined to a small fraction of the metropolis. We desire to see the City take its proper place as a part—it may be as the centre—of one great municipality embracing the whole of London. When such a body is constituted, the control of the police will fall naturally into its hands. But its claim to this will in no degree be strengthened by the existence of a separate City force. The ability of the new body to fulfil the correlative duty will be a far better ground for entrusting it with power over its own constabulary, than can be furnished by the fact that a small corporation which it absorbs had possessed the power without discharging the duty. In the mean time we can see no reason why we should submit to the inconveniences of the present state of things. We were told, indeed, the other day, that the existence of a City police force does not, in fact, involve any inconvenience. But those who sought to prove this contented themselves with showing (what no one ever disputed) that the men under Capt. Hodgson's command do ordinary street duty admirably, and that there are two or three excellent detective officers in connection with the body. If the City were, in fact, isolated from the rest of the metropolis, this might be enough. The advocates of the Amalgamation Bill have, however, always contended that this is a fallacy; that the whole district known as London has a common interest; and that all suffer if one district, by refusing to derive the advantage of a general police reserve, exposes us every now and then to the risk of finding ourselves without any protection to life or property. This aspect of the question was entirely ignored by the municipal advocates, who passed by, in equal silence, the evidence of the late Mr. Harvey in favour of a united detective force. They did not, indeed, attempt to grapple with the really practical issues; but they probably showed a just appreciation of the taste and the intellectual calibre of their audience, by threatening them with "old Bogie" in the shape of a prefect of police. The frequenters of the Guildhall have always preferred that political subjects should be treated in a highly sensational style. As Sir George Grey stated that he did not base his measure upon the events of the 7th and 10th of March, it was superfluous in the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to refer to them. But we cannot help complimenting them upon their complete success in proving to themselves that they were entirely without blame for what then occurred. At first they adopted a somewhat apologetic tone; but they now declare boldly, through their chief magistrate, that they had nothing to do wi crushed in front of t Poultry, the respons Grey and Sir R. Ma them but to deny tha

There is only one c last of the Home Sec be unfortunate that t poration of London because their loyalty attractive to the ma of our future King disagreeable and ung pains and penalties. tact, has made such therefore, content to ponement of a much warning the conque just won are full o amendment and clin revolutionary will be The metropolis will n City Corporation to re doctrine may long Bow Bells; but outsi later be felt that it is when the affairs of revenues are squande possession of great po in the protection of th City. It is not too n equal resources and e quate a use of them might by this tim tory as convenient are the streets of they were not asham beset the Princess A City, by pointing t thoroughfares. The the Poultry ought to a statement recently the civic authorities which they and their it convenient to suppr improvements had b were as a general rule public clamour. Wh politan Cattle Market as long as possible to or that this fine centra a mere wilderness of cation about the Cle pleasant recollection which the district no roadless, houseless wa Bridge, one cannot with anything like th the same traffic to pro one for the hundred They are now protesti tropolitan Board of the purpose of cont a new street from B would have been be vigour and watchfuln intrusion of some of t they have done these into little bits; and, a obtain powers for sp London, by the erecti When public attentic will be seen that the lies through the reform

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MR. GLADSTON so vigorous a as that which he deliv ring the displeasure, who live upon charity fools who never hear

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these Royal impersonations easy and impalpable. In England, says M. Montalembert, Royalty is nothing more than liberty crowned—*la liberté couronnée*. Partly, no doubt, M. Montalembert is right, but he does not exhaust the idealizing tendencies of humanity, if he supposes that the Crown and Court in this country are simply popular from political reasons. Royalty is not "liberty crowned" only, though no doubt it is something "crowned." A few months back, it was domestic happiness and Goodness crowned. Of late it has been Widowhood and noble grief. To-day and for our present purpose it is, as we have said, youth and beauty crowned. We see, or think we see, on a Royal eminence, the qualities which interest us most in private life. The distance at which we stand prevents us from criticizing too narrowly the drawbacks or the blemishes in the tableau. For us the picture has no dark side; all is radiant and bright. Between the Royal carriage, as it drives along the Serpentine, and the gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen who look on, there is sufficient space and interval to enable them all to idealize a little. What they admire so much is a creation of their own hearts, which imagination allows them to transfer to the inside of the passing equipage. It is not the Prince and Princess that are seated there; it is *La Jeunesse Dorée*—the sunshine of a Golden Age—Youth and Happiness and Beauty; and we people the palace with the figures and the attributes that more properly belong to Cloudland.

Beyond this sentimental feeling, however, and in some measure strengthening it, there is no doubt a political feeling which invests the members of the English reigning family with a particular sanctity which men attribute to them in different degrees, according to our different degrees of education. Loyalty is the term given more particularly to the instinct which makes men feel ready, upon occasions of need, to rally round the throne, and to place it safe in the centre when danger approaches. In all political nomenclature there is no term so indefinite, for it ranges over all possible shades of meaning. It is often personal, it is as often without a tinge of personality; it is sometimes called out by the man, sometimes by the monarch, frequently by neither, but by something quite beside the two, which the man and the monarch feebly represent. The Italians are loyal to Victor Emmanuel, without being necessarily attached to monarchy as an institution; while they are most loyal of all to the name and idea of Italy, a pure abstraction which they have erected for themselves partly out of the fossil relics of an extinct age, and still more out of a glowing imagination. The Emperor of the French accepts the loyalty that his subjects give him on other grounds. He has not made their hearts warm to his person; but he is a manifest impersonation of the will of a great democracy, and he recalls the kindred memories of a military glory that has illuminated in its time the emblazoned annals of France. The Czar is loved, again, because he is the political centre from which all blessings flow to Russia; and in addition to this, he is the organizing head of a vigorous and pushing national system. The Queen of Spain has loyal subjects like the rest, yet she is not famous as a queen, and something less than famous as a woman. What does she represent, except so far as she is a pious daughter of the Church, and pays money to the Pope? It is difficult to say; yet events have shown that she is not easily shaken from her throne. The King of Prussia, in his turn, wears the crown securely, in spite of his own folly and the insolence of his Ministers. This security consists in the fact that Prussia recollects with gratitude that it is the monarchical system which has raised her to her present position in Europe; and in the second place, the Prussians rightly think, in the present unsettled state of Europe, that the monarchy must be strong, if the army is to be strong, and if the Prussian frontiers are to be preserved intact. Is there, then, no single monarch of whom it may be said that his subjects are loyal because he governs well? A rare instance of this class comes last—the King of Belgium. Belgium has no historical traditions linked with any reigning house. Her king does not represent any particular idea. She is not an aristocratical country, nor a conservative one. King Leopold is as popular and liberal as a sovereign well can be, for the best and simplest reason of all, because he suits his people and they are happy under him. The affection the Belgians feel for this Royal personage may in reality be described, in the words of Mr. Tennyson, as "a sober passion for a temperate king."

It is not difficult to understand how the personal qualities of Queen Victoria have won for her the hearts of the nation. But English loyalty is of older date than the present reign—it goes back to a period when English sovereigns were neither wise nor virtuous, and is a kind of ivy that has clung in its day to some extremely discreditable-looking oaks. There is something in it,

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every evening without the introduction of beer, it would plainly be madness to infringe the existing rule. To meet the wants of the members, tea, coffee, cocoa, and ginger beer, together with biscuits, bread and butter, and cake, are sold at cost prices. Any member can order meat or bacon, and have it cooked for him on the premises. We felt glad, on the whole, to hear that it is the lighter refreshments which are the most in request, and that not many men are tempted to take their more substantial meals away from home.

The only two remaining questions are patronage and finance. With respect to the former, it has been thought desirable, at Southampton, to have laymen only on the general committee, so as to avoid any appearance of giving a sectarian character to the movement. The object, therefore, is not strictly a religious one, but Sir G. B. Pechell is unhesitating in his opinion that the workmen's halls have tended very largely to aid the work of the ministers of religion, as well as to make the homes of the members happy, and to replenish the cupboards of their wives. With respect to finance, we were sorry to find that none of the halls are self-supporting. Indeed, when we think of a largish house being rented in the thick of a town, requiring both male and female attendants,—when we read a long list of daily and weekly newspapers, and look at the well furnished bookshelves, and think of gas and firing, it is quite evident that it would require very many hundreds of weekly pennies to keep such an institution afloat without the subscriptions of the wealthy. These are freely offered, and we cannot but feel sure that the givers are conferring an unspeakable boon on their poorer neighbours, and are providing, at a very small cost, a most successful antidote to the gin-palace and the beer-shop.

UNDERGRADUATES AT PLAY.

"Apostolic blows and knocks" have played a signal part in the history of religious controversy, and orthodoxy of all shades has been willing, when the secular arm has failed to support its views, to try the efficacy of its own. But in all the subtle inventions which the stronger party has employed to revenge its failure upon the souls of its antagonists by making them smart in the body, we have never till now heard of the use of clay pipes. This invention is due to the gentlemanly taste of a bevy of Cambridge undergraduates who have taken offence at the existence of a Roman Catholic chapel in Union-road, and who appear to have resolved that, if pipes could effect it, the chapel should be shut up, and the priest smoked out. The idea has never before, as far as we are aware, been utilized in the domain of theology, and the undergraduates are entitled to all praise for the ingenuity of their invention. The discoverer of a new idea in this used-up world is a man not lightly to be passed by. A grateful world should make much of him. He quickens the dull current of existence; gives us something to think and to talk about; makes us feel that life is not altogether a plodding monotony. Happily, as this stimulus comes to us from one of the ancient seats of learning, the merit cannot be monopolized by the individual inventors. It is reflected on the body to which they belong; and Cambridge may add to its glories the honour of having produced men who have discovered a new and simple method of dealing with the Pope. If Victor Emmanuel, with an army of 200,000 men, cannot turn him out of Rome, the undergraduates can demolish him in Cambridge with no heavier weapon than their "clays."

The invention, moreover, is valuable as marking the high tone of gentlemanly conduct which animates at least a few of the more select undergraduates. They repair to Mr. Quinlivan's chapel during the evening services, and "interrupt the priest by laughing derisively, smoking long clay pipes, and other unseemly conduct." They do this, not once, but time after time; and to his appeals to their good, or their better, feelings, they reply by repeating the same silly, useless, and disgraceful conduct. Putting respect for the consciences of others out of the question, one would think that mere manliness would have warned them from an encounter in which they had strength, numbers, and the influence of position upon their side; while opposed to them was one man, incapable, from his office and the services in which he was engaged, of coping with them, and wholly at their mercy unless he called in the aid of the police. Even his forbearance, however, to adopt this resource seems not to have touched the instinct of generosity in their breasts. It rather encouraged them to persist in their disgraceful conduct, which at every repetition became "more bold and insolent." Last Sunday evening, "they conducted themselves," says the report, "in so outrageous a manner that the two police constables, who were in attendance for the purpose of preserving order, found

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nature of the various charitable trusts and the mode in which they are administered. He showed the baneful operation of those numerous charities which distribute annual doles to the poor, in creating a pauper population, and sapping the foundations of industry. Especially he dwelt on the mischievous effect of charities which are dispensed upon the condition of attendance at church, and constitute a sort of spiritual bribery, operating as an inducement to men to go to church for the sake of receiving temporal alms, which they do only when alms are to be received. The effect of these charities upon the tone of the population is such, that in Coventry, for instance, which is particularly rich in them, the labouring class is laid prostrate upon the first approach of distress. He cited the report of the Education Commissioners of 1861 to show their pernicious operation at Bristol, in teaching indolence, mendicancy, servility, and falsehood to the poor almost as effectually as industry, the love of independence, and veracity, can be taught by means of the funds which the State supplies in aid of the Bristol schools. Again, he took the case of Jarvis's charity. Mr. Jarvis died in 1793, and left about £100,000 for the poor of three parishes in Herefordshire. The population had increased in these parishes, solely through the temptation of this charity, from 860 in 1801 to 1,222 in 1851. In this district wages are lower by 2s. a week than in others, and the dwellings are the most miserable and scandalous that disgrace any part of the country; but people go into them to wait for the doles which nearly double their income. The statement of the authorities who have investigated the case is that the morals of these parishes are such as they are forbidden to describe. Then he turned to the Canterbury charities, and singled out one called Lovejoy's charity, part of which is to be applied to poor, ancient, and sick people not receiving parish relief. Of the 500 persons receiving relief from this charity, the Commissioners reported that as to 113 they could obtain no information; but of the remainder, there are 145 of whom they give the following account:—There are 51 persons in good employment, not needing relief; 36 paupers; 18 occasional paupers; 18 drunkards; 17 bad characters; 4 brothel keepers; and 1 convicted felon. But whatever he could allege against these and other charities evidently furnished ground not for taxation but for reformation; and his argument had so little weight with the House that, when the Speaker was about to put the question, the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose, and said that as the Government had not intended to press the clause as a merely official proposal, and as the debate had come to a close without any independent member having declared himself on the side of the Government, it would not be consistent if he were to take the sense of the House upon the clause.

Sir Page Wood has given judgment in the case of Gurney *v.* Gurney. It will be remembered that Mr. Gurney some time ago obtained a divorce from his wife and cousin, who, on the 13th of December, 1859, eloped from her husband's house in Kensington Palace Gardens with a man named Taylor, a groom in Mr. Gurney's service. On the 4th of May, 1861, Mrs. Gurney was confined of a full-grown male child, which, there cannot be a shadow of a doubt, was not the child of her husband. In January, 1862, after his divorce from his wife, Mr. Gurney made a settlement of £2,000 for the benefit of the children of the marriage, and instituted a suit in the Court of Chancery to carry out its trusts and to obtain a declaration that his two children born before Mrs. Gurney's elopement are the only children of his marriage, and are absolutely entitled to the property comprised in the settlement. Virtually, Mr. Gurney sought to obtain from the Court of Chancery a declaration of the illegitimacy of the child born after the divorce, and it appears that, simple as this proceeding is, it has never been resorted to before. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, for the defendants, the trustees of the settlement and the child born in 1861, contended, that if the suit were to succeed a most dangerous precedent would be established, and it would go forth to the world that any stranger, however malignant his motive, and however overwhelming the misery he might occasion, would have nothing to do but create a trust deed, invest some hundred pounds in the funds, and raise the question of a child's legitimacy. The Vice-Chancellor did not feel the force of this argument. Questions over which the Court had jurisdiction were often created for the very purpose of raising these larger and more important questions. On the settlement before him he could not escape from determining who were the objects of the trust, by the circumstance that he might happen to know the position and fortune of the father, and that he had made the settlement for the express purpose of raising the question who were and were not his children. This decision is most important. In a commercial point of view, one equally so has been given by the Court of Queen's Bench, establishing the fact that photographic

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Mr. C. Landseer, R.A., has been inspired this year to paint a subject which we conclude has its charm, and which may be common enough to be true if we believe all *Punch's* jokes about domestic matters. It is the master of the house filling up his schedule for the census and brought to a dead lock by an obdurate cook, who looks as if she'd rather be passed under the mangle than tell her own age. Amusing enough all this, if it were not told by the painter in the most direct and inartistic manner, without a thought of any of the niceties of colour that arise in a group such as he paints.

Mr. Redgrave, R.A., seems to have set himself deliberately to work to read the artist a lesson on canvass upon the discrimination required to represent naturally without copying. In his work, 220, "Strayed Lambs," children with a pet lamb lying under a hedge, with a background of dark wood—he has painted every blade of grass, every bramble, thorn, and leaf, and almost every hair on the heads of the children and the back of the lamb; in fact, he has tried to copy and failed to represent. This is rather an odd mistake for the Government Fine Art teacher to make.

We have thus said sufficient about the productions of the academicians to justify the point with which we set out; viz., that the exhibition, so far as the Academy is concerned, is a very unsatisfactory and an unfavourable one to art prospects. It indicates want of energy and interest by the small importance of the pictures by academicians and by the number of idle hands. It is positively bad in the influence of some works of very mistaken aim and style which we have named, and on the whole it does not fully and adequately respond to the vast amount of patronage now bestowed upon artists, and it is decidedly below the ideal standard that exists in the minds of the cultivated class of the day. It must be a time for renovation and reform when the painters and the sculptors are, in general terms, no longer the leaders of art but the led.

There are certain pictures of the past grand masters of the Academy which we are not disposed to find fault with, out of respect for time-honoured names, belonging to the best works of the English school. To point with an assumption of enthusiasm to beauties in these now, in the face of bright visions of their pictures passed away, would sound to our ears like a flattering sarcasm. We could feel great interest in these works anywhere but on the walls of the Academy exhibitions, and happy it is that, as the catalogue inscription from Cicero says, "These studies make old age pass pleasantly," but at the same time we would remind the Academy that their new class of "Honorary retired academicians" contains only two names.

Those pictures, which really throw an interest into the Exhibition, are Mr. Millais's delightfully fresh and vigorous paintings of children, Mr. Goodall's fine work of "The Widow of the Desert," Mr. F. Leighton's "Elijah Rebuking Ahab and Jezebel," Mr. Marks' "How Shakespeare Studied," Mr. Calderon's "Huguenots," and Mr. Yeames's "Parting of Sir T. More and his Daughter." To these we must devote our attention in a future article.

THE WORKS OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

Among our living English painters, whose most recent productions are this week displayed on the walls of the Royal Academy, Sir Edwin Landseer is conspicuous by his absence. We may look forward to seeing, as we hope, in many future years, fresh evidence of his genius and skill. But, on this occasion, let us console ourselves with a retrospect of the great artist's career.

There were painters four thousand years ago who represented animals so well that naturalists in the present day can determine the species, and even the varieties, depicted by them. It is a fact equally remarkable that many of their works are still in excellent preservation. In form and colour the Egyptians, it is reported, excelled all artists of the remote old time.

The Greeks paid especial attention to this branch of art, and many of their great painters are said to have distinguished themselves by the results of their careful study; but the Italian masters showed a strange disregard of it, and we rarely see even a horse in their pictures except as an accessory and then drawn with so little knowledge as to be strikingly ludicrous. The love of accuracy and detail which characterized their Flemish rivals led them to animal painting as a congenial pursuit, and they invented that treatment of the subject absurdly called "still life." Rarely did they represent animals in action, and when they did so it was mainly as accessories, as in Snyders' most famous pictures. It was reserved for an English artist of our own time to raise the art of animal painting to its present important place.

The subject of this notice, Sir Edwin Landseer, was born in 1802. He is the third and youngest son of the late John Landseer, A.R.A., historical engraver in the line manner, and author of a learned work on Babylonian antiquities, under the title "Sabæan Researches." John Landseer died in 1852, aged eighty-three.

The eldest son, Thomas, adopted the profession of his father. He has had a long and prosperous career, having engraved with admirable fidelity and force many of his brother's finest pictures, Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," and others of the most popular subjects of our day. Thomas Landseer, following with a devout fidelity the characteristics of his brother's graceful handling, so elaborated his etchings that his so-called mezzotinto works, by a steady onward progress in depth and force of style, became *line* engravings.

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At Her Majesty's Theatre, Mdlle. Trebelli resumed her place on Tuesday as Rosina in "Il Barbière," singing with the same grace and charm of manner that characterized her performance of last season. Signor Zucchini is an excellent Bartolo, and Signor Gassier a tolerably lively Figaro; while Signor Bettini sings carefully, if he does not act forcibly, as Count Almaviva. Altogether, "Il Barbiere" at Her Majesty's Theatre is a finished and spirited performance. Signor Schira's new opera, "Nicolo de' Lapi, or the Siege of Florence," was produced on Thursday night, but we reserve our notice until next week.

Monday's Philharmonic Concert, the fourth of the season, was honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose several visits to the Opera thus early in the season appear to indicate a strong predilection for the art. The selection was one of considerable interest, as the following programme will show :—

PART I.

The music to the "Egmont" of Goethe	Beethoven.
Mr. Bartholomew's "Illustrative Poem," read by Mr. Arthur Matthison, vocal pieces sung by Miss Banks.	
Aria, Signor Delle Sedie, "Deh vieni alla finestra"—("Don Giovanni")	Mozart.
Concerto in F minor, pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard	W. S. Bennett.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Scena and Romanza, Signor Delle Sedie—("Maria Padilla")	Donizetti.
March in the Opera of "Tannhauser"	Wagner.

Beethoven's "Egmont" music, so little known, with the exception of the overture and march, depends so much on the accompanying progress of dramatic action, that its performance in a concert-room must fail to realize anything like its full effect. Notwithstanding the device of the illustrative poem and its recitation, it is impossible to attain such an amount of dramatic illusion as is realized by scenic action; and the music has, consequently, a fragmentary effect which is not felt in its theatrical performance, where every phrase has its tangible illustration. Of course, in music of this kind, which follows the rapid fluctuations of dramatic action or passion, there cannot be that coherent construction which characterizes regular compositions; and hence, in the concert-room, no contrivance can give it its full significance. The melodramatic music to "Egmont," although one of Beethoven's minor works, abounds in traces of the master's genius; and, as it is not very likely to be heard here with its theatrical accompaniments, we are thankful to the Philharmonic Society for its performance. Professor Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte concerto is written in emulation of the similar works of Mozart and Hummel. It contains many delicate and elegant passages, frequently reminding us of the two composers just named, as also of John Cramer. From the frequent reiteration of the same phrases, however, there is a want of that clearness and coherence of thought and construction which characterize the best concertos almost equally with the best symphonies. Still, although Professor Bennett's concerto cannot be ranked with those of Mozart, Beethoven, and Hummel, it is a work of great merit, admirably written for the instrument which it is intended to display. Its performance by Madame Arabella Goddard was in the highest style of finished execution. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the *pièce de resistance* of the evening, was admirably given by the orchestra, which continues to gain in finish and refinement. Wagner's march is one of the few rhythmical pieces of a composer whose style consists in a defiance of all preconceived standards of musical rhythm. It is a bold and effective composition, brilliantly instrumented, and reminding us, in its phrases, of Weber, who would appear to have had a large influence on Wagner's earlier style. The miscellaneous vocal pieces, which call for no special remark, served to vary the interest of a most attractive programme.

That excellent institution, the Royal Society of Musicians, gave its annual performance of the "Messiah" at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening. With such singers as Mdlle. Titiens, Miss Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Weiss—all singing their best, as though the cause they were engaged in added to their powers—the performance could not fail to be a very fine one, and it is to be hoped that it will largely benefit the society for whose aid it was given.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MILL ON UTILITARIANISM.*

Mr. Mill has in this short work given a statement of the utilitarian theory of moral philosophy, vindicated it from objections, shown what are its sanctions and proof, and, finally, entered at greater length into the relation of Justice to Utility. We have here neither the code of morality nor the detailed analysis of the growth of the feeling. For the former we have at present to resort to Bentham; but his system would require considerable additions before it corresponded to the principles as explained by Mr. Mill. For the latter we may refer to Bain's treatise on the Emotions and the Will; and we have to some extent Mr. Mill's authority for doing so. Whether Mr. Mill will ever undertake to treat either of these matters himself, has yet to be seen. A revision of Bentham's system

* Utilitarianism. By John Stuart Mill. Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*. London: Parker, Son, & Bourn.

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from the ennobled merchants of the great cities. The middle of the century found an oligarchy composed of these elements everywhere the ruling class—engrossing all the places and emoluments of Church and State; but—

"The enormous number of these Court places was not advantageous to the manly character of the noble. To be able to endure with smiles the humours and roughness of an unbridled sovereign, to be complaisant as the pliant servant of the despot's licentious desires, and of the mistresses' establishment, was not the worst effect. He was in imminent danger of becoming so base that the coarseness of the poor *Krippenreiter* appeared comparatively virtuous. It was a period when the noble mother gave her daughter with pleasure into the arms of the profligate prince; and when the courtier gave up his wife to him for money. And it was not only done by poor nobles, but also by the offshoots of royal houses. The nobles in some German provinces took the opportunity of practising similar complaisance, even in our century, towards Napoleon's princes and marshals. But the worst was that the great mass of the Court nobility drew also the families of landed proprietors, who were related to them, to their residences. Sensible men were never weary of complaining that the country nobles no longer dwelt on their properties, to the great damage of their coffers and morals; but thronged to the neighbourhood of the princes to ruin themselves, their wives and daughters, in the pestilential atmosphere of the Court. But these were fruitless warnings in the greater part of Germany till the middle of the eighteenth century."

It was at this period that the bureaucratic class, which has ever since been an incubus upon the country, began to take form and shape; that the separation between different classes became more than ever hard and rigid; that taxation was carried out with grinding severity and cruel ingenuity; that the administration was corrupt, and the courts of law were venal; that servility, whether to officials or persons of rank, became a national characteristic; and that a gloomy, hopeless, discontented, and ironical disposition pervaded all except the privileged orders. The people calmly recognized the evils of their position "with a shake of the head: even their literary teachers were rarely roused to manly indignation, or even to form fruitless projects."

The first breath of air which stirred the stagnant waters of this Slough of Despond came from a religious movement. "Pietism," of which Jacob Spener was the apostle in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was not theological, but evangelical in its tendency. Like Methodism, or the modern Revivals, it arose out of the deep-felt want of a more personal and active piety than was to be found in the Churches of the period. From a transitory impulse, which, as the author tells us, bloomed and withered in less than a century, he considers that it had spent its force by the middle of the eighteenth century. It was not free from extravagances, and, like most movements of the kind, it was attended by this great drawback, that it tended to separate those who came under its influence from what they called the "world." Still it did something to break down the exclusiveness of ranks; it led the rich to care once more for the poor; it prompted the earliest voluntary efforts of a philanthropic kind in Germany; and from the households that fell under its influence sprang the greatest scholars and poets—Goethe and Schiller amongst them—of the next generation. The latter part of the period during which it was actively at work was contemporary with the rise of the new school of philosophy under Leibnitz, Thomasius, and Wolf:—

"The new life forced its way, about 1720, with irresistible power into the houses, writing-rooms, and workshops of the citizens. Every sphere of human activity was searchingly investigated. Agriculture, commerce, and the technicalities of trade were made accessible by hand-books of instruction, which are still in the present day the groundwork of our technological literature. Books were written on raw materials, and the method of working them; on minerals, colours, and machines; in many places popular periodicals appeared, which endeavoured to make the new discoveries of science available to the artizan and manufacturer. Even into the hut of the poor peasant did some rays of bright light penetrate; for him, also, arose a small philanthropic literature. The moral working of every earthly vocation was also exhibited; much that was elevating was said concerning the worth and importance of operatives and of officials; the inward connection of the material and spiritual interests of the nation was proclaimed; incessantly was the necessity pointed out of abandoning the beaten track of old customs, of taking interest in the progress of foreign countries, and of learning their character and requirements. Men wrote upon dress and manners in a new style, with humour, irony, and reproof, but always with the wish of remoulding and improving. The spiritual failings of the various classes and professions, the weakness of women, and the roughness and dishonesty of men were incessantly criticised and chastised, undoubtedly in an uncouth style, and sometimes with pedantry and narrow-mindedness, but in an earnest and upright spirit."

To the question "How did the citizens live at this time?" Herr Freytag gives a copious answer, shedding curious and instructive light upon the domestic life of the period by extracts from the quaint autobiography of Johann Salomo Semler. We cannot now do more than allude to the nearly contemporaneous revival of German poetry and drama under Klopstock and Lessing; but it is important to remark that, notwithstanding this re-awakening of the natural intellect, literature and literary men were held in but slight respect by the possessors of power. "When Frederick William the First called upon the professors of his University of Frankfort to engage in a public disputation with his reader, Morgenstein, who stood on the lecturer's platform in a grotesque

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documents, to say at what time, or under what different circumstances, these several branches of the Turanian family issued from the northern parts of Asia and pushed their way to their several settlements. It is, however, by the nature of these settlements alone that Dr. Latham would explain the difference of their present condition. The Voguls and Ostiaks remained on the Obi to find no higher culture near them than that of the Samoiedes. The Fins advanced to the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia to become enterprising sailors and imbibe the spirit of civilization from their neighbours, the Swedes; while the Hungarians poured down on the Danube and the Theiss to mix with the advanced Germans and Poles, and catch the language and traditions of the adjoining peoples, who prided themselves on being descendants of the old subjects of Rome.

We should be sorry to give our readers the impression that, amid all the facts of ethnology, history, and literature, culled in a great degree from the works of the best foreign authorities, which these volumes contain, there was not much both of knowledge and interest to be derived. In the sketch of the history and condition of the Caucasian tribes, and the influence exerted on the national struggle by that curious movement of Mahometan nationality entitled "Muridism," of which Shamil, originally the disciple, afterwards became the champion—in the notice of the Yejids, the Kurd race on the Tigris, whose tenderness on the subject of the "puir deil" Mr. Layard shocked so by calling one of their boys "a young Satan," with their extraordinary "bird-worship," and a creed neither Christian nor Mahometan,—and (to come to more familiar subjects) in the outline of the origin and development of the several races that filled the area of Germany when at its widest extent—the results of considerable research are put forth with much skill. But even those who care little for ethnology will find some interest in the specimens of national literatures afforded by Dr. Latham.

Of the Kalevala, the famous epic of the Fins, he has given a sketch, which for those who cannot read it in the German or Swedish translations, and wish to have a better idea of it than can be gained from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," will have its attractions. For ourselves we confess, after reading it, that Professor Max Müller appears to have somewhat over-estimated its merits when he places it in the same rank with "the Ionian songs and the 'Nibelungen Lied' as the fifth national epic of the world." We have also extracts from Lithuanic, Esthonian, Basque, and Samoiede songs and legends, to which we wish Dr. Latham had added, when on the subject of their nationalities, samples from the Servian and Romaic,—each of which nations possesses a large stock of native poetry. We have only room for a short Esthonian song on the formation of the rainbow:—

"The Rain had five children,
Foster-children at the font;
The first lived in the cradle of the sea,
The second lived in the lap of a lake,
The third was the foster-child of the springs,
The fourth lived as a maid in the river,
The fifth was a widow of the fountains.

They flew up aloft to the clouds
To build the bridge of the rain,
And they wove the woof of the mist
Of the hue of gold.
They made the vapour
Of the red of the sunset its lining.
The path of the Maker they made like a bow,
And the bridge of Mary bright blue."

We close our notice with the following curious statements respecting the lineage of two remarkable personages of our day. "During one of the revolts of the Tzakones (the modern representatives of the old Greek blood of Laconia) a part migrated to Corsica; amongst them, a certain Kalomeros, καλὸν μέρος, or Bonaparte." "With the Bavarian invasion a very modern name makes its first appearance, that of Garibaldi; the Garibalds being the chief family of the Bavaria of the times under notice." We should question whether emperor or patriot were either aware of the fact or would be disposed to welcome its discovery.

SPIRITUALISM "AT HOME."*

Many and various have been the contributions to what may be called "spiritualist literature" during the last fifteen years. Mrs. Crowe led the way with her "Night Side of Nature;" Mr. Howitt has written we know not how many volumes of the like character; Mr. Dale Owen, in his "Footfalls on the Boundary of another World," favoured the Anglo-Saxon public of both hemispheres with a capital collection of ghost stories, together with an able exposition of the so-called philosophy of ghost-seeing; America has already created a perfect library of supernatural narratives; and even more sober-minded England has its *Spiritual Magazine* and other publications devoted to the new science which is to eclipse all other sciences. Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, though undoubtedly the chief apostle of the movement, is rather late in the day in giving formal expression to his views. We are not aware of any previous volume having proceeded from his pen; but we have here an elaborate account of his experience as a seer and

* Incidents in my Life. By D. D. Home. Longmans & Co.

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irreparable loss, and dismayed by the victory of the tyrant and the imprisonments, torturing, and hanging that followed it, remained passive and speechless. But this "reign of order" did not last long. In a few months the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop quitted Geneva, and their despotic decrees were speedily revoked. The Pope, on the petition of the citizens, even ordered the Bishop not to return to the city. About the same time (1520) the influence of Luther first showed itself among the Genevese patriots, and the priests, taking the alarm, got up processions "to avert the wrath of heaven." Ere long John of Savoy, Prince-bishop of Geneva, the sordid, corrupt, and miserable oppressor, lay on his death-bed at Pinerolo. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné draws a fearful picture of the last moments of this great sinner. His bodily sufferings, the penalty of his foul life, were horrible; hirelings attended him, and conscience, awakened, filled him with remorse and despair.

"The shadows of the victims of the expiring man were traced on the walls of the room by an avenging hand, and when at last the priests desired to administer extreme unction, he imagined they were covering him with blood. They presented him the crucifix; he seemed to recognise the features of Berthelier, and asked with a wild look:—'Who has done that?' Far from embracing with respect and submission this emblem of eternal salvation, he rejected it with horror, heaping foul abuses on it."

He spoke some words of penitence, and warned his successor, who waited beside him, not to tread in his footsteps.

The quiet and depression of the city was broken by the visit, in August, 1523, of the Duke of Savoy, with his beautiful imperious duchess, Beatrice of Portugal. It was hoped that by the presence of a court, and the power of its seductions, the obstinate independence of the people might be vanquished and the coveted sovereignty at last obtained. A little earlier in that same year some copies of Lefèvre's French New Testament had been brought to Geneva by poor pedlars. The great conflict which was going on was shown in the performance of two *mysteries*, one on the discovery of the cross by the Empress Helena, and the other on the discovery of the Bible and the need of reformation. A sharp and terrible blow fell on the patriots in the following year. Aimé Lévrier, the just judge, a calm, unselfish, inflexible man, as practically wise as he was courageous, firmly withstood the usurpations of the Duke. He was seized, as he left the cathedral, by the Duke's orders, and carried off to the Castle of Bonne; and there, after the mockery of a trial, with scourging, was beheaded. It was late in the night of Sunday, 11th March, 1524. The noble martyr thought much of Berthelier. "Death will do me no harm," he said.

"Alone in the night, in those sublime regions of the Alps, surrounded by the barbarous figures of the Savoyard mercenaries, standing in that feudal court-yard, which the torches illumined with a sinister glare, the heroic champion of the law raised his eyes to heaven and said: 'By God's grace I die without anxiety, for the liberty of my country and the authority of St. Peter.' The grace of God, liberty, authority—these main principles of the greatness of nations were his last confession. The words had hardly been uttered when the executioner swung round his sword, and the head of the citizen rolled in the castle-yard. Immediately, as if struck with fear, the murderers respectfully gathered up his remains, and placed them in a coffin. 'And his body was laid in earth in the parish church of Bonne, with the head separate.' At that moment the moon set, and black darkness hid the stains of blood which Lévrier had left on the pavement of the court-yard."

Well may the historian say, "Berthelier, Lévrier, and others, have hitherto been only Genevese heroes; they are worthy of being placed on a loftier pedestal, and of being hailed by society as heroes of the human race."

The approach of hostile armies to his States compelled the Duke to quit Geneva soon afterwards. In the exciting times which followed the people found a new leader, and one worthy of his martyred compatriots, in Besançon Hugues. Full of rare interest are those passages of the story relating to the flight of the patriots to Friburg on the approach of the ducal army sent to capture them. The escape of Hugues was remarkable. The crafty commandant of Gex, who was to seize and kill him, went to sup with him as a friend: they spent the evening in conversation; and then Hugues, justly suspicious, had his guest to bed, and galloped off in the night on his guest's horse for Friburg. The Swiss gave manly welcome to the fugitives, who were soon afterwards joined by their wives and children. The Duke entered the city; the wavering citizens were encouraged by a Swiss embassy; the "Council of Halberds" named Charles the Good Protector of Geneva; the protest of the Hôtel de Ville was signed; Huguenot syndics were elected; and the exiles returned.

"The syndics on horseback, carrying their bâtons, followed by all who had horses, went out to meet them, and the people collected near the Swiss gate to receive them. A salute of guns announced their approach. They walked three abreast; in the middle was a Genevese fugitive, on his right and left a deputy of Berne and of Friburg; this order, continued through the whole line, announced more clearly than all the rest the close union of the three cities."

A conspiracy, promoted by the canons against this Swiss alliance, failed, and the canons fled from Geneva. A few days later, envoys from the Swiss cantons arrived, and the alliance was sworn to amidst enthusiastic joy.

At this happy crisis, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné breaks off for a time the story of Geneva, and opens to us the wider and more familiar

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He went up to the wheels, and first promised speedy death, and afterwards proffered them a free pardon, if they would confess sincerely. But when upon the very wheel he found them more obstinate than ever, and that they would give no other answer than that they would confess nothing, and that their penalty was nearly paid in full, the Czar left them to the agonies of death."

In one case only did he show any signs of clemency. He had been greatly struck by the extraordinary firmness with which one of his victims bore the tortures to which he was subjected, and the resolution with which he maintained silence, though four times put to the rack and the fire. At last "the Czar, perceiving that tortures were of no avail, turned to enticements, and having kissed the person under the question, promised to pardon him, and give him a colonel's commission, if he would confess the truth." Such unusual kindness produced the desired effect, and the prisoner made a full confession. He stated, besides, that he was the president of a society into which nobody was admitted without being previously tortured, and in which no member could be promoted to the higher grades without passing successive examinations in the science of bearing pain. Aspirants for membership who broke down under the first tortures were put to death, and he and his comrades had made away with about four hundred unsuccessful candidates. He said, moreover—

"The knout was a mere nothing; that the roasting of the flesh after knouting was nothing; that he had to go through far more cruel pains among his associates: 'for,' continued he, 'the sharpest pain of all is when a burning coal is placed in the ear; nor is it less painful when the head is shaved, and extremely cold water is let to fall slowly drop by drop upon it from a height of two ells.'"

This is the only instance in which the Czar evinced any feeling of generosity or forgiveness. In every other case his behaviour was consistently inhuman, and proved how little his savage nature had been refined and civilized during his much-vaunted labours in the dockyards of Saardam and Deptford, or by the brilliant society in which he had moved at Paris and Vienna. Nor was it only by his conduct towards his rebellious soldiers that he rendered himself unworthy of the name of Great. He treated his friends as roughly as his foes, and his playfulness was often as dangerous as his anger. Our author relates several instances of the royal wrath. At a banquet given by General Lefort, the Czar suddenly "startled all the guests by striking right and left, he knew not where, with his drawn sword. Knes Romadonowski had to complain of a cut finger, and another of a slight wound on the head. Mikitim Mosciwicz was hurt in the hand as the sword was returning from a stroke. A blow far more deadly was aiming at the general-in-chief, who without a doubt would have been stretched in his gore by the Czar's right hand, had not General Lefort, catching the Czar in his arms, drawn back his hand from the stroke." On another festive occasion, "catching his favourite Alexasca dancing with his sword on, he taught him the fashion of laying it aside by inflicting a box, to the force of which the blood that spouted abundantly from his nose bore witness." This favourite often came in for such marks of royal attention. One day he "was whispering something in the Czar's ear, which put him in a sudden passion, and he inflicted some boxes on his importunate monitor, so that he lay stretched at full length, quite like a dying man, at the feet of his irate Majesty." As a specimen of the Czar's comic powers we may take the following story:—"Baron Golowin had, from his cradle, a natural horror of salad and vinegar; so the Czar, directing Colonel Chambers to hold him tight, forced salad and vinegar into his mouth and nostrils, until the blood flowing from his nose succeeded his violent coughing."

Such was the man whom history has been delighted to honour, and whose virtues have been eulogized by the philosophers and moralists of all nations. A more savage, cruel, and selfish tyrant has seldom existed. His ferocity and sensuality made him a disgrace to humanity, and to the religion which he outwardly professed. Undoubtedly the services which he rendered to Russia were immense. He prepared the way for the rapid steps which she has taken since his time. He organized her army, he created her naval power. He commenced the policy in accordance with which she has gone on conquering and annexing, till her throne at one time threatened to overshadow the world. He roused her people from the lethargy into which they had fallen, and made a mighty nation out of their obscure tribes. And for all this he deserves, and has justly acquired, a great renown in his native land. But he is none the less to be condemned and detested as a man, even by those who admit his merits as a monarch. After Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, the half-grateful, half-fearful inhabitants of Germany bestowed on the Russian soldiers, with whom they made acquantance for the first time, the name of *Rettungs-Bestien*. They could not call them "Guardian Angels" without compromising the angelic character, so they styled them their "Guardian Brutes." Some such *Rettungs-Bestie* we may consider Peter. History has hitherto honoured him with the title of "The Great;" but if Truth had been consulted on the subject, he would have been more justly designated by the epithet of "The Brutal."

LIFE ON THE AMAZONS.*

THE title of this work bears a very pleasant promise, and excites large expectations. A naturalist, go where he will, finds plenty to

* The Naturalist on the River Amazons: a Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, Sketches of Brazilian and Indian Life, and Aspects of Nature under the Equator, during Eleven Years of Travel. By Henry Walter Bates. Murray.

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"'I can very easily suppose that, with you by me,' said he, filling up her pause.

"'Oh! but I don't mean myself at all,' replied she, reddening. 'I am only thinking of what might happen; and suppose that this girl knew of some one belonging to her—we will call it a brother—who had done something wrong, that would bring disgrace upon the whole family if it was known—though, indeed, it might not have been so very wrong as it seemed, and as it would look to the world—ought she to break off her engagement for fear of involving her lover in the disgrace?'

"'Certainly not, without telling him her reason for doing so.'

"'Ah! but suppose she could not. She might not be at liberty to do so?'

"'I can't answer suppositious cases. I must have the facts—if facts there are—more plainly before me before I can give an opinion. Who are you thinking of, Ellinor?' asked he, rather abruptly.

"'Oh, of no one,' she answered in affright. 'Why should I be thinking of any one? I often try to plan out what I should do, or what I ought to do, if such and such a thing happened, just as you recollect I used to wonder if I should have presence of mind in case of fire.'

"'Then, after all, you yourself are the girl who is engaged, and who has the imaginary brother who gets into disgrace?'

"'Yes, I suppose so,' said she, a little annoyed at having betrayed any personal interest in the affair.

"He was silent, meditating.

"'There is nothing wrong in it,' said she, timidly, 'is there?'

"'I think you had better tell me fully out what is in your mind,' he replied, kindly. 'Something has happened which has suggested these questions. Are you putting yourself in the place of any one about whom you have been hearing lately? I know you used to do so formerly, when you were a little girl.'

"'No; it was a very foolish question of mine, and I ought not to have said anything about it. See! here is Mr. Ness overtaking us.'"

But with these objections the story is admirably told. The young barrister, whose love is strong but whose ambition masters it, is a faithful sketch of a nature not incapable of generous emotions, but more fascinated by worldly advantages, and with some struggles with his better feelings watching an opportunity of crying "off" from his love bargain. Mr. Wilkins, too, the country conveyancer, over-educated for his career, and debarred by his birth and profession from mixing with the society for which his intellectual accomplishments qualify him—chafing under the lot which dooms him to be only "Wilkins the attorney," and lapsing, after his wife's death, into habits of intemperance, till he is obliged to confide his practice to a partner whom he dislikes, and whom, in a fit of passion, he kills, is a character faithfully elaborated. One of the best scenes in the book is that in which the explosion takes place between Wilkins and Ralph Corbet, which gives the latter his desired pretext for breaking off his engagement with Ellinor. Ralph is trying to bring the attorney to terms about Ellinor's portion, in pursuance of an arrangement to which Mr. Wilkins had consented some time previously. Mr. Wilkins is drinking cognac pretty freely after dinner, and complains that he has been troubled with headache during the day:—

"'I am sorry for it," said Ralph, 'for I wanted particularly to speak to you about business—about my marriage, in fact.'

"'Well! speak away; I'm as clear-headed as any man, if that's what you mean?'

"Ralph bowed a little contemptuously.

"'What I wanted to say was, that I am anxious to have all things arranged for my marriage in August. Ellinor is so much better now; in fact, so strong, that I think we may reckon upon her standing the change to a London life pretty well.'

"Mr. Wilkins stared at him rather blankly; but did not immediately speak.

"'Of course I may have the deeds drawn up in which, as by previous arrangement, you advance a certain portion of Ellinor's fortune for the purposes therein to be assigned; as we settled last year when I hoped to have been married in August?'

"A thought flitted through Mr. Wilkins's confused brain that he should find it impossible to produce the thousands required without having recourse to the money-lenders, who were already making difficulties, and charging him usurious interest for the advances they had lately made; and he unwisely tried to obtain a diminution in the sum he had originally proposed to give Ellinor. 'Unwisely,' because he might have read Ralph's character better than to suppose he would easily consent to any diminution without good and sufficient reason being given, or without some promise of compensating advantages in the future for the present sacrifice asked from him. But, perhaps, Mr. Wilkins, dulled as he was by wine, thought he could allege a good and sufficient reason, for he said:

"'You must not be hard upon me, Ralph. That promise was made before—before I exactly knew the state of my affairs!'

"'Before Dunster's disappearance, in fact," said Mr. Corbet, fixing his steady, penetrating eyes on Mr. Wilkins's countenance.

"'Yes—exactly—before Dunster's——' mumbled out Mr. Wilkins, red and confused, and not finishing his sentence.

"'By the way,' said Ralph (for with careful carelessness of manner he thought he could extract something of the real nature of the impending disgrace from his companion, in the state in which he then was; and if he only knew more about this danger he could guard against it; guard others: perhaps himself). 'By the way, have you ever heard anything of Dunster since he went off to—America, isn't it thought?'

"He was startled beyond his power of self-control by the instantaneous change in Mr. Wilkins which his question produced. Both started up; Mr. Wilkins white, shaking, and trying to say something, but unable to form a sensible sentence.

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of different salts. We thus see that mechanical force will counterbalance the forces concerned in the phenomena of solution or crystallization, according to definite laws, and thus a *direct* correlation is proved. Some may question whether solution and crystallization should be looked upon as chemical changes. Mr. Sorby has, however, described experiments that go far towards proving at least the high probability that mechanical pressure will decrease or increase the exercise of chemical affinity, according as mechanical force has to be overcome in the change, or comes in to assist it. In the former case, mechanical force is set free at the expense of chemical energy, which is thereby, to a certain extent, diminished; and, in the latter, mechanical force ceasing, as such, gives rise to chemical activity.

This new phase in the correlation of forces is the first step in an almost new branch of scientific research that ultimately may prove one of high interest in throwing light on the phenomena of chemical affinity and crystallization, as well as in explaining various geological phenomena—the results of rock-masses having for long periods been subjected to pressure, and during which such mechanical force may have materially modified those chemical changes that were dependent on weak affinities and on slow action taking place through long periods of time.

MR. GASSIOT'S SPECTROSCOPE.

When Fox Talbot first noticed, many years ago, the power of a prism in analyzing the light of coloured flames, perhaps no one had dreamed that future analysis of the solar beams would reveal the incandescent condition of the bright orb of day and of the glittering stars of night, and a vast number of other important truths. To the energy and liberality of British merchants Science seems to be as much indebted as to its specially devoted pursuers. De la Rue, with his clockwork telescope and the photo-heliograph from Kew, did the most important work at the last total solar eclipse; Carrington, at Red Hill, has stored for years more regular and important details of the sun-spots than any professional astronomer; Nasmyth, of steam-hammer notoriety, discovered those strange bright streaks, the "willow leaves," with which the sun's whole surface is covered; but no one has for a longer period more continuously, more practically, or so modestly and so unassumingly, done such magnificent deeds in behalf of the progress of knowledge and in aid of certain branches of scientific investigations as Mr. Gassiot, of Clapham. Of his wonderful electrical apparatus there are but few who have not heard, but there are not many who have seen; indeed, all that the world knows of Mr. Gassiot's scientific doings is obtained far more from what is spoken of them by others than by any prominence he himself gives to his labours and his almost lavish expenditure. At the Royal Society last week there was described and exhibited the most exquisite and wonderful spectroscope that has ever been constructed. We need scarcely say it was Mr. Gassiot's. Rumour says it has cost £200; but the cost had not been a consideration with the owner. He had been brought, as one of the jurors during the Great Exhibition of 1851, into communication with Mr. Browning of the Minories, and at a subsequent period he had been shown by that clever manufacturer an admirable spectroscope with two prisms and a magnifying power of 40 linear. When Professor Roscoe figured in his book on "Spectrum Analysis" the instrument made by Steinheil, of Munich, for Kirchoff and Bunsen, with three prisms of 45° and one of 60°, Mr. Gassiot's attention was attracted by some elementary experiments of Mr. Browning, to show the practicability of constructing a spectroscope of far higher power. The order which one might have expected was given—to construct the most complete and powerful instrument that was possible for practical use. It has been done, and the instrument, with its micrometers, verniers, telescope-scales, collimator, eye-pieces, and every devisable means for accuracy and minuteness of detail in observation, and facility of repeating experiments with the greatest certainty, is before the world. The means for the latter result will be appreciated by every operator that has been obliged to work with minute portions of substances or limited extents of surface. Not only is the instrument of the finest possible workmanship, but there have been introduced into its construction so many practical contrivances for facilitating its use, that it will be difficult indeed for any future instrument to surpass it. The refracting portion consists of a train of nine prisms of Chance's extra-dense optical flint-glass of nearly 4 specific gravity—the prisms increasing in size in the order they occupy, so as not in the first case to offer more resistance than could be avoided to the passage of the light, and ultimately, as the rays were spread open in passing from prism to prism, by their gradual enlargement of size to prevent any escaping beyond the boundaries of the prisms themselves. The prisms are all made to the angle of 45°, and not 60°, or right-angled, as commonly employed, whereby the rays of light are much more economically preserved, loss of light by reflection prevented, the largest surface presented to the telescope, and many other advantages obtained.

The result fully justifies the adoption of this arrangement, as the simple experiment of using a common spirit-lamp with a salted wick at once proves, the light passing readily through the whole train of prisms, and the familiar double lines D being distinctly visible even with a magnifying power in the telescope of a hundred diameters.

As an illustration of the cost, care, and difficulty of manufacturing the prisms, we may mention that in one case no less than

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NOTICES.

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Published every Saturday. 32 pages. Price Fourpence.

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10th JUNE, 1863.

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OF

EXHIBITION OF 1851.

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Johnstone, in a speech remarkable for its manner and matter,—assuming a happy and sagacious attitude of independence, on so cosmopolitan a question, to mere partisan considerations,—showed that the Italian Government were labouring in earnest to improve the internal organization of their kingdom. The real question must be, whose fault is it that they are slow in carrying out their plans? Lord Normanby and his friends entirely ignore the fact, that in succeeding to the Two Sicilies, Victor Emanuel succeeded in effect to a regular Augean stable. The States of the Church were also in a deplorable condition; and they would now be as badly off as Naples, were it not for the superior intellect of the leading men of the northern provinces, and for the habits of administration they had retained from their old municipal organization. Succeeding to provinces where good government was absolutely unknown, the Piedmontese Government have had not merely to create it, but to create it in one Italian mould—a task which, considering the differences of life and interests in the various States, may well seem insuperable, and is only undertaken because of the imperative importance of Italian unity. Victor Emmanuel and his Ministers have not merely been compelled to reform the Naples prisons, and to give the prisoners white bread instead of black; they have had to deal with such vast questions as education, taxation, the administration of justice, coinage, the endowments of the Church, the civil rights of the clergy, in many distinct provinces at once, all of which had to be brought under one system, and to undergo extensive and sweeping change. They have been driven to do all this with the question of religion hanging suspended over their heads—in the teeth of the Church of Rome and the prejudices of large masses of the population—with an exiled dynasty intriguing on their frontiers—amidst the discouragement of diplomatists and the avowed disapproval of the French—in danger any moment of a revolutionary explosion from the democratic party—and in the midst of the excitement caused by the restlessness of Garibaldi and the prolongation of foreign occupation at Rome. This is what they have had to bear, and it is while they are toiling to accomplish their duty, that Lord H. Lennox comes back to us, and talks about the dirt of prisons, which certainly were dirty enough long before the Savoy dynasty ever were at Naples. This is the happy conjuncture which Mr. Disraeli seizes for comparing the Italian Government to Cossacks, and for lecturing them on their political incapacity.

It is said that Italy's business is to give up all idea of Rome, and to think only of her internal organization. This, indeed, is Mr. Disraeli's point of view, and it is one that does equal honour to his head and to his heart. It is easy to prescribe for a newly constituted kingdom an entire abstinence from all agitating emotions. Mr. Disraeli might as well prescribe a trip to the sea-side as a recipe for the distressed Lancashire weavers. How is it possible for Italy to forget that Rome is the keystone of the arch? The religious difficulty is one that paralyses the organization of all the provinces. More than this, Rome is the nucleus from which are produced all the disturbances in the Two Sicilies. Mr. Bentinck chooses to deny it, the Italian Government and Lord Palmerston affirm it, and we should be glad to know which of the two have the amplest means of information. Lastly, it is very well to say that the Turin Cabinet forget Rome—but the masses will not and ought not to forget it; and should any Minister be less patriotic than the masses, the extreme party of action reap the benefit of his mistake. The French occupation of Rome is perpetual fuel to the revolution. Every Italian Ministry treads on smouldering fires. The Mazzinians will always be powerful till Italy is one; nor can the King of Italy—if even he wished it—afford to leave the cry of Rome as a battle cry for his enemies. What the Italians can do, and ought to do, we believe the present Ministry are doing. They are working at a disadvantage, as they always will work at a disadvantage, till Italy is free both from foreign and priestly intervention. But they have left off the servile habit introduced by Signor Rattazzi and his crew—of kneeling to the French Emperor with open mouths, waiting for the Italian pear to drop. They have risen to their feet; they have not taken their eyes off Rome; but they are girding themselves for the contest which will give them Rome. It may not be on the battle-field they will win it. The contest need not be a bloody one, provided it is one of moral dignity, of resolution, and of patience. France will not give Rome to Italy, so long as Italy is a suppliant, but she will be forced to give it, when

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aggrieved, however much they may regret that they should have separated from the old Union at all, and still more that they should have chosen such a questionable ground of separation. All such men, we can well believe, must be half maddened by their present position—the position, that is, of being forced to aid, by loan, by tax, by conscription, and to seem to approve, by compelled silence, a war which they feel to be unrighteous, and scarcely hope to be successful.

One of their most painful sensations must be one of deep humiliation: we are speaking, remember, of citizens of the Free States, of Americans who were proud of the Great Republic, and would fain have preserved it from dissolution at any cost, save that of surrendering everything that made it worth preserving. They see installed in the high places of power, exercising dominion over the country at home and representing it abroad, speaking in its name to Europe and damaging its reputation over the world—men whom the most loyal cannot respect, even in virtue of their office; whom even in ordinary times they would not have seen wielding even ordinary authority, but who, at this most critical instant of the nation's life, are wielding such authority as was never before conferred, even for an hour, upon any American citizen. They are compelled to sit by and witness that saddest and least dignified of spectacles—strong measures inaugurated by weak men,—schemes so lawless and audacious that only the holiest cause and the most consummate sagacity and the most signal success could suffice to justify them,—set on foot on behalf of a cause which they scarcely regard as righteous, and which, even if just at the outset, has been desecrated long ago, carried out with no skill or wisdom, and ending in failure after all. They behold a crisis so momentous, issues so vast, a struggle so gigantic, that it might well have called forth all the genius, all the virtue, all the wisdom of the nation, and made these rise to a stature never reached before; and as its net result they perceive only an exhibition of littleness and incapacity, which America's worst enemies and most insolent despisers could scarcely believe possible. The war has developed great vices, but neither great virtues nor great abilities—plenty of great contractors, but not one great man. Successful or "Heaven-born" generals, perhaps, we were not warranted in expecting, for such come rarely, and usually come only after long training and through bitter tribulation; and the antecedents of America, happily for her, had provided no nursery for military genius. But surely, great administrators and great legislators might have come to the surface, for the whole life of the people was one continued exercise of self-government. And if citizens who are politicians to a man and from their cradle, and any one of whom may any day become a governor, a senator, a Congressman, a statesman, or a President, cannot in their hour of utmost need produce a Ruler, a natural and real "king of men,"—then either the school must be bad, the education radically faulty, or the material hopelessly defective. In any case, and in any supposition, the American Republic has been an elaborate and ambitious failure.

Again, the men whose sentiments we are conjecturing—the sober, thoughtful, patriotic citizens of the great Republic—were proud of their country because she was free, because they were governed by sacred laws, and not by despotic or individual will. They feel that they can no longer be proud of her on this score. Laws have been trampled under foot, individual rights truculently set at naught, judges threatened and arrested, duly elected representatives driven out by the soldiery, as used to be done in France, citizens imprisoned without warrant, without trial, and without crime, and the very Habeas Corpus Act, enacted to be a safeguard against the tyranny of the Executive, annulled by the mere decree of that Executive itself. State rights, too, which a great proportion of the Americans value more than even personal liberty, have been not only systematically violated, but openly denounced; and there are indications enough not only that the old Federal Constitution is rapidly merging into a despotism, but that this despotism will take a military form. The conscription itself is proof enough of this. A war, waged in the name of the whole Northern people—assumed to be by their desire, and the expression of their all but unanimous passions, and which could have no plea or justification on any other assumption—is so little popular, people are so sick of its purpose, or so hopeless of its triumph, or so disgusted at the incapacity which has marked its every movement, that even the most enormous bounty can

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Mission to public support. There is no distinction of party, sect, or class, which can warrant professed philanthropists in denying their aid to this great work of humanity.

THE TURNPIKE NUISANCE.

IT was the opinion of Mr. Weller, senior—and his prolonged experience as the driver of a stage-coach gave weight to his authority—that the keepers of turnpike-bars are "all on 'em men as has met with some disappointment in life. Consequence of vich they retires from the world and shuts themselves up in pikes; partly with the view of being solitary and partly to rewenge themselves on mankind by takin' tolls." Since the delivery of this dictum, the establishment of railways has greatly favoured their indulgence in a taste for seclusion. At no time has the most misanthropic amongst them had cause to fear that he was wearing away life without sensibly augmenting the sufferings of his race. Their exactions drove half a dozen counties to the semi-revolt of the Rebecca riots. In many parts of England bars hem in the country towns with impenetrable lines of circumvallation, which make locomotion a nuisance, and the possession of a horse and a vehicle, an expensive torture. Even if the tax upon our pockets were less considerable than it is, the constant blister to our tempers would still be a serious grievance. No other bodily pain is equal to that inflicted by water falling drop after drop upon the head. Nor can there be a worse fiscal infliction than an impost which perpetually lies in wait for victims, and is ever ready to punish by mean exaction of coppers the slightest indulgence in a vagrant habit. As a general rule we recognize in direct taxation the convenience of making a man pay once for all the annual sum at which he is assessed towards any given object. Our streets and parochial highways are kept up by a parochial rate, and not by the daily and hourly extortion of contributions towards their maintenance. We know how it happens that the expense of repairing Fleet-street is defrayed in one way, and that of repairing the turnpike road to Barnet in another. But to account for an anomaly is not to justify it. As the street and the road are equally matters of public concern, there can be no reason why one should be supported by a general rate and the other should depend upon payments made for its use. In no other country but England are the main lines of communication in the hands of private proprietors, who are authorised to make travellers stand and deliver at the distance of every few miles. There is, no doubt, an apparent fairness in making every one who rides or drives on a road pay for the advantage he derives—and pay just as often as he derives it. When the subject is more closely considered, it will, however, be seen that this is rather specious than real. Not only do the tolls fall so unequally upon those who do and those who do not live near a bar,—upon those who can and upon those who cannot evade them; but their rate necessarily depends on the amount of the traffic. If that is large, they are low; if it is small, they rise to an exorbitant height. No objection could be made to this if the existence of the roads were matter of indifference to all except those who traverse them. That, however, is not the case. They are required for the general interests; and it is therefore not just to secure a public benefit by a charge which is extortionate in reference to the accommodation directly afforded to those who pay it. On the other hand, it often happens that a road is constructed mainly for the accommodation of through traffic; and that when this falls short, the local traffic, in the neighbourhood of intermediate towns, is compelled, by increased tolls or more frequent bars, to bear a very disproportionate share of the expense of a road which was laid out without much regard to their wants, and in which, as a whole, they have but a slight interest. The extension of railways has, of course, greatly aggravated the evil, which is increasingly felt as they spread over the country. It is superfluous to do more than allude to another grievance of the present turnpike system—the numerous exemptions from tolls enjoyed by the agricultural and other classes. These frequently, if not always, involve a corresponding increase in the rates imposed upon the public at large. It is probable that the declining condition of the turnpike trusts in many parts of the country will before long force upon Parliament the consideration of this question. There is a point beyond which tolls cannot be

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shall ensure them respect, and they will no doubt be proper and steady-going establishments in their way. But if this be the case, do not let shareholders or the public fancy, that they will return inordinate dividends upon the capital invested; for if such an impression be encouraged, it will terminate only in the most serious disappointment. It must be distinctly borne in mind that, though the prospectuses of the three establishments recently formed furnish satisfactory names for directors, and particularly two, the *International Financial Society* and the *Société Générale of London*, include many of the best and most familiar of the leviathan capitalists of the City, yet while this may show confidence in the merits of these enterprises, it does not afford much warranty for their ultimate advantageous issue. They are wealthy, and may be satisfied to hold their investment in these institutions; or they can, if they choose, provided the premium runs to a high and tempting figure, reduce their number of shares by allowing the public to take them at the enhanced price; and they may eventually discover, in the course of a short period, that it will be to their benefit to realize all they possess and quietly retire. Such things have occurred before, in many of our best and leading financial institutions, and it is not improbable that they may, under peculiar circumstances, occur again.

The memorable history of the Grand Trunk of Canada Railway,—its parallel instance of the Great Western of Canada Railway, where Mr. Samuel Laing was one of the motive powers,—gives us some experience of what has been accomplished by a strong combination of capitalists, and therefore the public should look to the protection of themselves, and not be led astray by the well-turned phrases of the advertisements. The whole of these societies may succeed if conducted in a legitimate manner, and hereafter are likely to pay respectable dividends; but there is, in reality, nothing in them to carry them out of the ordinary run of other adventures, such as are frequently promoted for general patronage. It only shows, too, that their very introduction has been viewed with an eye of jealousy by many of our capitalists of rank; and, at the same time, it must be admitted that this circumstance speaks well for the vigilance displayed to shield our large national banking establishment from any complicity in jobbery suspected to be lurking at the bottom of these companies. When the International Financial Society was first announced, four or five of the principal Bank directors were ushered into print as the guiding geniuses of the enterprise, and among them was the firm of Messrs. Finlay, Hodgson, & Co., the partner, Mr. Hodgson, M.P., the Governor, being supposed to take office. This excited surprise, and it is said a proprietor waited upon him, and distinctly requested to be informed whether he seriously proposed, whilst he was Governor of the Bank, to continue in that position and also allow himself to be placed on the board of the new company. An explanation was entered into, which it is to be presumed was satisfactory to both parties, and the name of the firm the next day was asserted to have been introduced by mistake. The propriety of Bank directors allowing themselves to be mixed up in projects of this description has been very seriously discussed, and not without reason and advantage. Incidents of this nature pretty strongly illustrate the feeling aroused by the introduction of the *Crédit Mobilier* principle, and will show, like other pertinent facts, that the antecedents of the Parisian establishments are not held in the highest veneration. Returning to the principal points of distinction between the English and French Mobilier companies, they are prominently as follows:—The French Mobilier companies have succeeded, or *primâ facie* they have prospered, through Court patronage, Court speculation, and wholesale Government concessions; from these their chief profits have been derived, and their maintenance is principally due to the expectation of additional favours from Imperial sources. The English companies are to be conducted without the least approach to speculation; and since there is at St. James's no Court patronage such as exists at St. Cloud, no Count de Morny or other satellites to pull the strings, and no concessions to be received either from Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, or that strict old red-tapist Sir C. Wood, the ground of business is considerably narrowed. Loan contracts, foreign companies, and the other multitude of schemes may invite co-operation, and receive a fair share of attention from any of the companies, but it is scarcely to be anticipated that everything they touch will turn to gold, or that the dividends will increase with the lapse of every year. The public, after receiving this warning, will investigate for themselves, and not be too ready to launch extensively into these gigantic enterprises.

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cousins. Whatever be their vulgarities or their faults, they have certainly considerable manly virtues, and they are labouring at the present moment under the extraordinary excitement of a vast civil war. We learn, then, that nothing excuses illbreeding in the eyes of Mr. Roebuck, nor is there any time at which it is not right to remind the illbred of the enormity of their offence. Yet it is difficult altogether to understand what Mr. Roebuck calls being unfit for the government of oneself. Nor is it more evident what is his idea of the "courtesy and community of the civilized world." Neither self-government nor courtesy, it seems, prevents a man from insulting his neighbours when they are anxious and distressed, so perhaps it makes less difference to America whether she ever arrives at these unimportant Christian virtues in the course of her social development. The next amiable bite that Tear 'em gives at the trousers of our transatlantic cousins has also reference to the clumsiness of their social manners, which the trueborn wellbred Briton never can abide. He is affable enough to reproach them with displaying "the sneering insolence of an upstart race." When a man is angry, he generally lets out truth, and from this honest avowal we learn three distinct facts about Mr. Roebuck. First of all, Mr. Roebuck objects to people who sneer; secondly, he objects to people who are insolent; last of all, he cannot abide upstarts. These are three very reassuring facts, and we cannot but compliment the honourable member for Sheffield on the clear view he takes of the impropriety of these three characteristic sins. So much for Mr. Roebuck on the subject of America. It is clear from this that he approaches the subject of the Ionian Islands at an advantage, for he comes to it prejudiced in favour of courtesy, self-government, and civilized habits, and as the enemy of sneering, insolence, and innovation. We cannot all be expected to rise up to the same high standard; nor, perhaps, did the unhappy General Storks know whose eye was upon him, or he would have been more cautious. As it was, he managed to offend Mr. Roebuck by not interfering arbitrarily to insist upon the re-election of two judges whom, on account of their violent political views, the Ionian Senate had refused to re-elect after their term of office had expired. It is not to the purpose that such a step on the part of the General would have been both impolitic and unconstitutional. Mr. Roebuck is above the constitution; nor was he contented with proclaiming the fact, that England's honour was already tarnished, and with intimating that General Storks was like James II., while the two judges were treated as badly as the seven bishops; he went further and *àpropos* (as it will seem) *des bottes*—for no personal question as yet had been involved—told the House of Commons and the world that he looked on General Storks as "a rude, ill-conditioned soldier." Here, again, we reap the benefit of Mr. Roebuck's righteous indignation, for we learn fresh facts about the moral nature and predilections of Mr. Roebuck himself. We infer, accordingly, from this ably administered poke—which the unhappy General Storks must take and be thankful for—that Mr. Roebuck hates people who are rude. In the second place, he cannot endure an ill-conditioned soldier,—though, for that matter, he would no doubt object equally to any other class of ill-conditioned dog. It is to the manners, and not to the profession, that he entertains an invincible repugnance. Sometimes, however, the two are found united; for Mr. Roebuck very naturally argues thus: "The Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands is of a different opinion from myself about the re-election of the judges in question: therefore the Lord High Commissioner is wrong. Yet very probably he will go on thinking he is right, after I have solemnly said he is wrong. And he is a soldier, which will account for anything. Therefore he is an ill-bred, ill-conditioned person." Having thus argued the cause of good breeding upon the prostrate General Storks, Mr. Roebuck, like a destroying angel, passes on to the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke's crime is an awful one. He had plenty of time to reflect. He ought to have guessed the General's conduct would have displeased Mr. Roebuck. And yet the Duke of Newcastle had neither dismissed Storks nor re-appointed the dismissed judges to their offices in the teeth of the Senate. No wonder Mr. Roebuck was bound to take a gloomy view of the Duke's character. On an impartial survey, he found the same class of fault running through it, that ran through the mental organization of General Storks. It happened also to be just the fault most alien to Mr. Roebuck's feelings.

"The noble Duke at the head of the Colonial Office believes himself infallible."

Another bright illuminating ray then flashes over the moral character of our great corrector. We have a clear token that Mr. Roebuck abominates the vain and empty folly of the man who thinks himself infallible. He also objects—and he is quite right—to obstinacy.

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the hard winter of 1861, the funds received at the thirteen metropolitan police-courts for the relief of the special distress then existing reached, according to the computation of Mr. Sampson Low, the sum of £58,000. Such is the raw material of our love and pity: the manipulation of so much good should be as free from defects as human honesty and skill can make it.

THE FOSSIL PREADAMITE.

Who has forgotten, or can forget the scene, in which Sir Walter Scott describes the mingled fury and confusion of the Laird of Monkbarns, when Edie Ochiltree broke in upon his lecture on the Kairn of Pinprunes? Three sides of the ancient square, indeed, had vanished beneath the plough, but traces of the fourth were extant. It needed but the simple alteration of "pruinis" into "Pinprunes," in a line of Claudian, added to the discovery of a stone inscribed with a "sacrificial vessel," and the letters A.D.L.L., and there was proof sufficient to identify the spot as the scene of the last fight between Agricola and the Caledonians. "Is not here," cries the enthusiastic antiquary, "the Decuman gate? And there, but for the ravage of the horrid plough, as a learned friend calls it, would be the Prætorian gate." We have often envied the enjoyment of Lovell, when the rugged Bedes-man came suddenly in sight with the unqualified assertion, "Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I mind the bigging o't." The laird's crest-fallen look must have been worth seeing, as the inexorable Edie proceeded, step by step, to account for the "sacrificial vessel," the inscription, and the ditch. Despite the fury of the laird, he pronounces on the best authority, viz., his own, that "about twenty years syne," he, "and a wheen hallen-shakers" like himself, "and the mason lads," "and twa or three herds maybe, just set to wark, and built this bit thing here that ye ca' the Prætorian."

Something akin to the exquisite delight of Edie Ochiltree, as he unravelled the mystery, must, we imagine, be the satisfaction of the *terrassiers* of Abbeville, if it be true that they have played a successful trick on M. de Perthes, one of the leading Monkbarns of the day. M. de Perthes is a celebrated French antiquarian, who has joined heartily in the crusade against the Biblical narrative, claiming a far higher antiquity for the human race than our commonly received ideas would accord to it. Sir Charles Lyell, in his recent work on "The Antiquity of Man," while he hesitates to accept some of his conclusions as to the tens of thousands of years which M. de Perthes claims for the formation of certain peat mosses in the valley of the Somme, yet offers the French *savant* as one of the authorities on whom we are to lean in disturbing the received chronology of our race. It would appear that some supposed ancient flint weapons have been found in the gravel beds in the neighbourhood of Amiens and Abbeville, and the great desideratum in the eyes of all who are looking on this controversy with anxiety, has been the discovery of human bones in close proximity with the weapons. Up to the end of last March, however, no such human remains had come to light, to gladden the eyes of the antiquarian, and incontestably to establish his theory. But suddenly at the very close of the month (pity it was not on April the first), was the intelligence conveyed to Paris that the genuine remains of a real fossil man had been discovered. Who cannot picture to himself the modern Monkbarns posting on the wings of science and excitement to the spot? Arriving at the gravel beds, he beheld, in deed and in truth, some real human bones projecting from the cliff. Ιω τριυμφε, ἑυρηκα, ἑυρηκα. The proof is given. The controversy is ended. The bones were seized with avidity, and hailed as the veritable under-jaw of a human being, in a fossil state. What could be more satisfactory and delightful, especially as flint hatchets were discovered near the same spot, belonging no doubt to the venerable Preadamite whose jaw-bone had come so conveniently to light? The precious relics were conveyed instantly to Paris—a molar tooth, which had become disengaged from the jaw, having, however, fallen into the hands of our own learned Dr. Falconer. He declares, in a long letter to the *Times*—and he has hitherto received no contradiction—that, on sawing up the molar tooth, it was found to be not pre-Adamite, but very recent. He asserts, moreover, that on comparing the drawings of the jaw-bone with others in his own possession, he finds that the supposed antiquarian remains may be matched from any graveyard in London. The flint hatchets are pronounced equally spurious, about equal in value, we suppose, to the inestimable coins which are manufactured at Birmingham, and the genuine Waterloo relics which are produced in unlimited quantities, according to the demand, at Brussels. In Dr. Falconer's view of the case, the whole discovery is a clever and profitable trick of the *terrassiers* or quarrymen of Abbeville. "What is that you say, Edie?"

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of Ranger. Where all exerted themselves so laudably, it is almost invidious to make particular mention of any. But we cannot refrain from bestowing a word of praise upon the actor who played the subordinate part of the policeman. When refusing to take Ranger into custody, unless a distinct charge was made against him, he displayed a touch of true domestic morality in the reply, that, as the gentleman's wife was there, he did not like to remove him. This went to the hearts of the audience, and many of the ladies in the pit and gallery wept. But the actor must share the merit of this point with the dramatist. It was a happy conception of Mr. Boucicault's to contrast the virtuous sentiment of a constable with the infamous conduct of his accomplished hero.

CHEAP AND PURE READING.

Our new penny is a smaller coin indeed than the old-fashioned penny was, but it buys so much more that in these days the people can be "penny wise" without being "pound foolish." You can take a voyage in a steamboat, eat an ice-cream, purchase a newspaper, send it to your cousin in Australia, get your shoes blacked, and look at the moon through a telescope,—all for six round pennies. While we enjoy all these cheap luxuries we must look a little closer at the cheap periodical press, which pours forth a flood of printed paper, duty free, welcome to a people thirsty for the stream of literary entertainment. The full information and the general tone, vigour, and propriety maintained by the penny daily papers are a credit to England; but our business just now is with the weekly periodicals, which bring not the passing news, but other good wholesome reading, into the homes of the million.

This kind of serial literature is almost a creation of modern times, but our forefathers made a commencement of it. In 1698 the first association for this purpose was started, which is still famous as the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The great Duke of Marlborough's soldiers and brave old Benbow's men-of-war's men had large grants from its early publications. It grew and grew for a century and a-half, till, in 1860, six millions of books and papers were sent forth from its shelves; and now you may get a prayer-book sold for twopence and a Bible for sixpence, well printed and bound, under the auspices of this Society. Half a century later came the Book Society, which now expends about £5,000 a year in its own work. The Scottish Religious Tract Society, instituted in 1793, was the first to use *colporteurs*, of whom more than a hundred are now employed by it. Six years afterwards the Religious Tract Society began. It was designed to contend against the spread of a bad literature. At that time it was reckoned that there were 20,000 hawkers of indecent and polluting papers; and although, in the year of our first Great Exhibition, about thirty million copies of various infidel and immoral publications are believed to have been issued, the increase in the distribution of good papers, chiefly by means of this society, has been so great as to raise its annual total to more than forty millions, at an expenditure of £100,000; so that the powers of evil, in this department, were met with superior energy by the friends of morality and religion. The British and Foreign Bible Society had its beginning in 1804, and it now distributes annually a million and a half copies or portions of the Scriptures, in 190 languages, into only fifty of which the Bible had ever been translated before for the printing-press. Female *colporteurs*, or Bible women, are a new feature in this work; but in London alone about 200 of these are now employed. Besides these agencies, Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell established the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in 1826, and the *Penny Magazine* had a weekly sale of 200,000 copies. Next came a society for publishing coloured diagrams, maps, and pictures, with descriptions useful for the lecturer. This is the Working Men's Educational Union, founded in 1852, and now selling about 12,000 of such diagrams annually; while about forty millions of pamphlets and books have been sent forth, within the last eight years, by the Dublin Tract Depository. Into this great swelling tide of cheap and good popular literature, countless rivers flow from other sources which we cannot here enumerate—educational books from the numerous school agencies, sanitary tracts from Jarrold's, temperance papers from Tweedie's, religious publications from Drummond's, and about thirty millions of Cassell's issues, every year. Like the fruitful waters of a beneficent irrigation over the land, these streams of knowledge are conducted to remote fields, through many different channels, through the bookseller's shop, the village huckster's window, the postman's bag, and the book-hawker's pack, the hawkers being regularly organized by the Church of England Book-hawking Union and the British Colportage Association.

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There are certain times when a man is in a mood to read an advertisement, and others when he is not. Two-thirds of the persons, for instance, who have to dispatch their breakfast and skim the cream from the *Times* in ten minutes, never look at an advertisement; in fact, the "double supplement" is only useful to those persons who are in want of something—a very large class; and not to the mere newsmonger. There are two places, however, in which we always notice an advertisement, especially a pictorial one—the suburban railway stations, and the splash-board of a Hansom cab. When the mind is undergoing any suspense, it is singularly alive to little trifles that come within its cognizance. Dickens has illustrated this fact in the Trial Scene of Fagin, who, whilst his fate is pending in the jury-box, falls to counting the rails in front of the dock, and wonders how they became broken, and when they were dusted last. This extraordinary attitude of mind is often found in the railway traveller, who, in a moment of excitement or anxiety, finds himself pacing up and down a platform waiting for a train. On such occasions the reader will, perhaps, remember how deep an impression was made upon his mind by the drawing of Clarke's gigantic manglewurtzel, or of the pictorial illustration of the effect of Thorley's Food for Cattle. The best spot in the whole world for an advertisement, to our mind, is the little oval splash-board of the Hansom cab which faces you as you sit down. A ride in one of these vehicles is very exhilarating, and the effect upon the brain is to impress objects upon it vividly. Again, it is the only object in the foreground to be seen, and, without doubt, an advertisement in this situation is more deliberately read, than in any other place in the world. Yet what a wide subject advertising is, and how many people successfully perform it without letting others know what they are about! But the subtle and indirect method of doing it belongs to the fine art of puffing.

THE PAST WEEK.

Mr. Gladstone has withdrawn another of the objectionable proposals in his Budget. The bill for exacting from clubs, as from public-houses, payment for a spirit licence, has been given up, and those who are interested in charities and clubs now breathe more freely. The annual fright which is inseparable from a Gladstonian Budget is over, and people have leisure once more to look around them at a threatening political horizon on every side.

In France, the general elections are being arranged in Imperial fashion, so as to secure a legislature which shall make the will of France appear to be the inspiration of one sole mind. It will be curious to note the direction which French policy will now take. Should it tend towards the consideration of Polish grievances, the Czar must quickly set his house in order, and the King of Prussia may tremble for his Rhenish provinces, no less than for Posen. Unfortunately for Prussia, M. von Bismarck and his Royal master, despite the perilous position of affairs in Poland, Schleswig-Holstein, Sweden, and France, and the averted glances and angry commentaries of England, are seeking daily fresh opportunities of widening the breach between the Crown and Parliament of Prussia, and heaping insults and defiance upon the representatives of the nation. Austria seems to waver on the Polish question; but the publication of the full texts of the Russian replies to England, France, Austria, Sweden, Spain, and Italy, has enabled the Austrians to discover, by contrast, the contemptuous estimate which the Czar has formed of the head of the German empire, and the result is said to be a very strong feeling of resentful anger. Sweden is calculating her naval power and comparing it with that of Russia in the Baltic, should war arise between the Czar and France upon the Polish question. In Denmark some addresses have been sent to the king, assuring his Majesty of loyal support, and urging him to defend his rights in the disputed Duchies against the pretensions of Prussia.

The Polish insurgents still hold out in a contest which excites the wonder no less than the sympathies of Europe. Each week is looked to for the closing scene of a terrible, a gallant, but a hopeless struggle against overwhelming odds; but week after week the scythemen are still here and there the victors, and the battle is prolonged. The hopes of the Polish patriots are now said to rest upon the French elections, if they can only hold out until the meeting of the new Legislative Assembly.

The first piece of American news this week was very painful to English ears. It was another appalling shipwreck. The *Anglo-Saxon*, one of the finest iron-steamers that ever left the port of Liverpool, a vessel of extra strength, divided by bulk-heads into four water-tight compartments, went ashore near Cape Race, on her voyage to Quebec, and was totally lost, almost as quickly as the ill-fated *Orpheus*. [illegible] Londonderry, whe[illegible] sengers. The name[illegible] ber of 445 in all, [illegible] 27th April she was [illegible] but the fog was so [illegible] the sound of a be[illegible] Unhappily, the ves[illegible] heavy sea was on, a[illegible] 445 souls, only 18[illegible] very faint hopes a[illegible] from vessels which[illegible] catastrophe has cau[illegible] tion to the very dan[illegible] of Cape Race. Du[illegible] when the navigatio[illegible] Midsummer, the fo[illegible] Three British stea[illegible] return, all of whon[illegible] communicate with[illegible] the latest possible[illegible] borne commerce, t[illegible] collision. The con[illegible] have lost no fewer

We are sickene[illegible] destruction, of fer[illegible] more ferocious joc[illegible] mingled in the nar[illegible] The past week leav[illegible] in possession of the[illegible] land and Piedmont[illegible] of Wheeling and [illegible] Washington affairs[illegible] Congressional Com[illegible] conduct and mana[illegible] that general disco[illegible] the North. The C[illegible] Abolitionist partie[illegible] M'Clellan, but the[illegible] work when they fo[illegible] modify or dispose i[illegible] to them, and so t[illegible] dreadful and disgra[illegible] waste. Amongst th[illegible] tentiously is the G[illegible] Potomac, "fighting[illegible] puts the General i[illegible] he "would go on to[illegible] no choice now but [illegible] Mr. Lincoln and G[illegible] is to be defended. [illegible] but demands all th[illegible] President and Hall[illegible] quarrel was at the[illegible] positively crossed t[illegible] many great battles[illegible] of gunboats and tr[illegible] and after the loss, [illegible] effected a junction[illegible] federate camp decl[illegible] the Union. Corres[illegible] despair which is be[illegible] cover the anticipate[illegible] is revived and harp[illegible] The Irish are appea[illegible] hundred and thirty[illegible] sworn secret broth[illegible] trained, armed, and[illegible] Ireland as soon as a[illegible] States may remain[illegible] between North and[illegible] of the term "Fenia[illegible] consulting Ossian's[illegible] hero or demi-god, [illegible] lowers, the Fenian [illegible] son. We trust that[illegible] contemporaries, wh[illegible] ness of the word. [illegible] and prosecuted for[illegible] named by mistake, [illegible] who were unable to

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editors are determined to err, if they err at all, on the side of caution. Any emendation is required to establish its claims almost beyond the possibility of suspicion before they will admit it into the text. It must be "the only probable one." If the defect can be made good in more ways than one, all equally probable, they have registered, without adopting, the suggested improvements. The same rigid conservatism is apparent everywhere. It has been no part of their task to improve the poet's grammar or to correct his oversights; even errors, that seem to be Shakespeare's own blunders, have been allowed to stand. For instance, the mistakes about Padua and Verona in "The two Gentlemen of Verona" have been retained, because it is impossible that the words can be a mere printer's or transcriber's error; and the inaccuracies are, moreover, interesting, as showing that Shakespeare had written the whole of the play before he had finally determined where the scene was to be laid. Such being the scrupulous forbearance of the editors, the reader will not be surprised to learn that they have been strictly sparing of their own conjectures. These do not, in fact, through the whole of the present volume, amount in number to more than twelve or thirteen, which are for the most part of a very slight character. The following sentence shows, however, that we have had a narrow escape from an abuse of the conservative principle in the matter of orthography:—

"It was not," we read, "without much consideration that we determined to adopt the spelling of the nineteenth century. If we had any evidence as to Shakespeare's own spelling, we should have been strongly inclined to adopt it; but to attempt to reproduce it by operating by rule upon the texts that have come down to us, would be subjecting Shakespeare's English to arbitrary laws of which it never yet was conscious."

In this conclusion we perfectly acquiesce; but, except as a matter of pure curiosity, we question whether the knowledge of Shakespeare's method of spelling is at all worth even a passing regret. Let any one open an edition of Spenser that follows the senseless fashion of retaining the orthography which, we suppose, received the negligent sanction of the poet himself. He will find the same word spelt in three or four different ways in the same page, and this without any apparent reason, such, for example, as the stress of rhyme. When we once know that, in the matter of spelling, every Elizabethan author did what was right in his own eyes, it can surely answer no good end to compel us to learn also the several forms in which their caprice manifested itself. But, as regards metre, the case is very different. There has been too great a tendency to tamper with Shakespeare in order to make him scan; and the editors have done wisely to point out some of the differences between Shakespearian versification and that which has now become our normal prosody. To take a single specimen, Shakespeare introduces many lines of a trochaic movement, such as—

"Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,"

which in their place are often very impressive. These have excited an ambition of correcting in later editors, to the detriment alike of rhythm and of historical accuracy in tracing the development of modern verse. Instances of various so-called licences, supposed to be unmetrical, are given, with one only of which are we disposed to quarrel. The following line, we are told, is defective of a syllable:—

"Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered."

Now, even if the word "fire" is here a monosyllable, there is no reason why we should not read "suffer'd," merging "I have" into the time of a single syllable, and so complete the natural cadence. But this is one of those passages in which we may feel certain that Shakespeare pronounced the word "fier." The word must otherwise come in with a click, which is entirely alien from the tone of the context. We quote the lines:—

"The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer!"

The point is, perhaps, hardly worth remarking; but when so many examples could have been adduced, without a shadow of objection against them, it seems a pity that this one, where there is, to say the least, an apparent ambiguity, should have been selected. It is, perhaps, worth while to quote the following:—

"One thing remains to be said in reference to our text. It is well known, that in James the First's reign, a statute was passed for rescinding profane expressions from plays. In obedience to this, many passages in the folios have been altered with an over-scrupulous care. When we have seen the metre, or, as is sometimes the case, even the sense marred by these changes, and the original contains no offensive profanity, we have recalled Shakespeare's words."

But the most interesting part of the preface is that in which the editors speak of their predecessors. They are very cautious of committing themselves either for or against the genuineness of the corrections in Mr. Collier's famous folio. Conceding their general authenticity, however, no one who has at all imbued himself with Shakespeare's poetic feeling can hesitate to pronounce them valueless from their occasional imbecility. It must be remembered that two or three palpably weak or absurd emendations are sufficient to annul the *authority* of all the rest, and to reduce them to more or less successful guesses. But the assertion of this would be no imputation whatever

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Although neither the object with which his lectures were originally composed, nor the limits of space which he has assigned to himself, permit his entering much into detail, or indulging in any elaborate disquisitions, there is none of the usual dryness of a summary, and there are everywhere marks of the exercise of independent thought. The style throughout is perspicuous and pointed. In the first lecture there is perhaps a little stiffness; but this disappears as we proceed. The story of the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. is told with real vigour and animation. We ought to add that the book is copiously illustrated with woodcuts, and a chromo-lithograph view of a tournament copied from the Cotton MSS. It also contains several maps, and a plan of the battle of Bannockburn, which will be found very useful to students.

THE HOUSE OF SCINDEA.*

WHILE we, naturally enough, boast of our Indian empire, we fear it must be admitted that, with regard to the means by which much of it has been obtained, the least said the better. Still it is impossible quite to overlook this phase of the question. Though we might ignore it, the natives have memories and resentment; and in order to measure the responsibility which lies upon us of securing what we have gained, we must consider the impressions we have left upon the native mind, impressions which, under similar circumstances, we ourselves would be very ready to receive and very unwilling to forget. None can estimate better than we the truth that power alone is not a permanent basis for any Government. We have seen its capabilities tried in Europe; and at the present moment we are witnessing the struggles of a people crushed for three generations under an iron oppression, but setting it at defiance, and thus far with success. It makes no difference that in India we have not shared the work of fraudulent annexation with any other Power. But upon pleas not very dissimilar to those on which the three Northern Powers dismembered Poland, we have gradually extended our rule from one province to another, in the names, indeed, of humanity and the welfare of the people, but without convincing those whom we have pretended to bless, that we are quite the benefactors we have called ourselves. What is done, however, is done; and the better system of government established since the suppression of the mutiny will, in the end, do much to lessen, perhaps will wholly obliterate, the memory of annexations, which, in dealings between man and man, would be called by another name. It is by bearing in mind by what by-paths and crooked ways we have gained our empire in India, and proportioning the justice and mercy of our administration to the disingenuousness by which we reached it, that we shall succeed in attaching the goodwill of the natives to a Government which has been forced upon them.

Mr. Hope, in the volume before us, has written one of those chapters in the history of our career in India which will be useful for the purpose we have mentioned. The attempt to get possession of the country of Scindea was made by two Governors-General—Lord William Bentinck and Lord Ellenborough. It is to the manner in which these attempts were made that Mr. Hope addresses himself. The Government had fallen upon the young chief Junkojee Scindea, who had been adopted by Dowlut Rao. Rao's widow, Baiza Bye, a woman of great capacity and undaunted courage, exercised the powers of regent during the chief's minority, and contrived to render herself so eminently unpopular that she was obliged to seek shelter in the British territories. Lord W. Bentinck had an appetite for annexation. When Major Sulterland was appointed Resident at Gwalior, the capital of Scindea's country, he waited upon his lordship to learn whether his policy was to be intervention or non-intervention. Lord W. Bentinck replied, "Look here, major;" and throwing back his head with his mouth open, placed his thumb and finger together, like a boy about to swallow a sugar-plum, and continued, "If the Gwalior state *will* fall down your throat, you are not to shut your mouth as Mr. Cavendish (the prior resident) did, but swallow it; that is *my* policy." In pursuance of this policy, Lord W. Bentinck had permitted the ex-regent to take up her quarters at Agra, on the confines of Scindea's country, calculating that this proximity to the young chief's territory would serve to embarrass his government and distract his people, and furnish a plea for British intervention. It did all this; and intervention was not long in coming. A demi-official letter—a missive which would be authoritative if events were favourable, and could be disowned if they were not—was despatched to Mr. Cavendish, "desiring him to learn, at a private interview, by way of a feeler, if the Maharajah, encircled as he was by serious troubles—troubles mainly caused by our Government—would like to resign; assigning over the country to the British Government, and receiving a handsome pension, which would be paid out of his own revenues." Mr. Cavendish declined to make this suggestion. He adopted the more honourable course of advising the young chief to remove the incompetent Brahmin administrators, and place his army under the command of a Christian, the celebrated Jean Baptiste. These measures restored peace through the rest of Junkojee Scindea's reign. But Mr. Cavendish paid dearly for his candour. He was denounced at Calcutta. The Deputy Secretary of the Foreign Department wrote him another demi-official letter, protesting against his proceedings, and concluding with these words: "You have thus allowed a favourable chance to escape of connecting the

* The House of Scindea: a Sketch. By John Hope, late superintending Surgeon of Scindea's Contingent, and Surgeon to the Court of Gwalior. Longmans.

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mented with coins of various kinds, silver and copper, some even of gold." Immediately on the arrival of the visitors, a lamb is dragged forward to their tent. The moment it is slaughtered, it is placed in the pot and boiled for the hospitable repast. The people are inquisitive to a degree—so much so, that, on one occasion, when our traveller was making her preparations for the night, she suddenly raised her eyes, and discovered a perfect gallery of eager eyes streaming through the raised covering of her tent. The lady herself was the chief object of attraction. Nothing so much surprised the Kirghis as the respect paid to her by her husband. Among these tribes the women are down-trodden and oppressed. It surprised them beyond measure that her husband should permit her to take her meals in his company, instead of treating her as a baby or a slave. On the principle of the superiority of the male sex, she found boys of ten or eleven years of age still drawing nourishment from the breast, an indulgence which was not permitted to the girls. The heat in the mountain passes and on the Steppes is at times intolerable. Water is very scarce, and, when reached, is often so impregnated with salt as to be quite undrinkable. Travelling on the Steppes is, as may be imagined, full of difficulty and even of danger. Great mountain ranges have to be crossed, and, on reaching one summit, our travellers saw the unbroken Steppe extending 3,000 versts before them like a map, with nothing to bound the horizon. They found signs by which they judged that these arid deserts had once been under water. Some exciting stories are told in this volume by which we judge that travellers are by no means free from marauders. On more than one occasion deadly contests, in preparation for which Mrs. Atkinson had accustomed herself to the use of a rifle and revolver, were necessary to protect their property, and even their lives, from falling a sacrifice to pillagers. Hooping cough and measles are unknown among the tribes, but small pox and king's evil are prevalent. Bugs, mosquitoes, wolves, and venomous serpents abound. One of the latter was found by Mrs. Atkinson beneath the blanket of her child.

But enough. We have but whetted the appetite of our readers, and we end, as we began, by pronouncing Mrs. Atkinson's book to be a very readable volume, which we are pleased to commend to the favourable notice of our readers.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.*

We live, perhaps, too near the times in which the lot of Sir James Graham was cast, to be able to form, as yet, a true and accurate estimate of his character. Though ranking in turn as a leading member of both of the great parties in the State, and fully impressed with the necessity of the principle of "party" in carrying on the responsible Government of a free nation like our own, he never became the leader of a party, or gave his name to a sect of followers, like his contemporary, Peel. Yet it may be doubted whether any individual member of successive governments within the last half century had more influence over those with whom he acted than the late Baronet of Netherby, of whose life and times Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens has given us an account.

Mr. Torrens has acted wisely in coming forward thus early with the biography of a man of note, the reminiscences of whom are somewhat scanty in proportion to his public services, owing, no doubt, to the reserve and *hauteur* which marked his character from first to last, and which always prevented him from "winning" followers and friends. Sir James Graham never was a popular man, even with his own party; and a perusal of Mr. Torrens' personal recollections of him show us that, however worthy of esteem and respect, he never could be popular. There are in existence, no doubt, many official and confidential papers which, if they could have been published just now, would have aided us in analyzing the inmost thoughts and motives of Sir James Graham; but, as Mr. Torrens remarks, these documents are at present "necessarily and fitly a sealed book."

Holding, as Sir James Graham did, a middle place between the contending factions of Whig and Tory, he seems to have reproduced in his political life the character of his semi-mythic ancestors, cadets of a Scottish clan who, piqued at the ingratitude of their sovereign, are said to have withdrawn to the English border country, and to have settled on what was known as the "debateable" land.

Yet so close were the ties which bound Sir James Graham for most of his life to one political party or another, that the present work may very fairly be regarded as a history of the politics of the day; and that, too, without it being possible to accuse the author of travelling out of his beat. The late Duke of Buckingham, as we all remember, published a few years since a work which he called the "Court and Cabinets of William IV.;" but those volumes do not contain a whit more information than the present unpretending book, as to the inner history of the times included in its subject.

It was first in his official capacity as First Lord of the Admiralty, with a seat in the Cabinet of Earl Grey, that Sir James Graham, though evincing no symptoms of the highest order of genius, was enabled to show administrative talents of no common mark. He believed, and he was right in believing, that a large saving of

* The Life and Times of the Right Hon. Sir James R. G. Graham, Bart., G.C.B., M.P. By Torrens M'Cullagh Torrens, late M.P., Author of "The Industrial History of Free Nations," "The Life of Sheil," &c. In two vols. Saunders & Otley.

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THE ELOPEMENT.*

This story is intended to remove the impression which the Old World has received of the Southern States of America, through the medium of publications issuing from the North. It is well timed for its purpose. Late events have shown fully the hollowness of Federal sympathy for the negro, and we have for a long time more than doubted the terrible revelations of slave-life in the Southern States, which Mrs. Beecher Stowe's imagination conjured up for us in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Those who have read "Uncle Tom" should read "The Elopement." Mrs. Stowe described, or pretended to describe, the condition of the negro in the Slave States. Mr. Fairfax tells us, and his evidence is confirmed by what we know, what it is in the Free States. But he by no means writes with that vehement pursuit of a "purpose," which betrays itself in Mrs. Stowe's work. There is a tone of candour in his book, which convinces us that he has not written in a spirit of malice or exaggeration. Moreover, for those who would like to read the book, we may say that they will find it, viewed merely as a picture, full of well-told incident and racy description of American character, of that sort which delights us so much in Mr. Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit."

The heroine, Amanda, is a young girl, beautiful, and of pure white breed, whom her uncle, in order to dispossess her of her property, passes off as a white nigger. She is decoyed by a scoundrel from her happy home in the South to the Free States, where, in a succession of events, she experiences what sort of freedom a man or woman with the slightest taint of negro blood may enjoy there. She sees them driven out of omnibuses, churches, hotels. The man who adores her drops her hand when a jealous rival tells him she is a slave. From one misery to another, American prejudice pursues her, till at last she finds a friend in a Southern gentleman, who undertakes to convey her back to the home from which she eloped. There she discovers the secret of her birth and her uncle's villany. Finally, on the breaking out of the war, she and the lady who reared her from her childhood find themselves at New Orleans under the tender mercies of General Butler, who figures in this story as a General Felun, who had been a butcher in his youth, was afterwards an unscrupulous attorney, and became at length a general in the Federal army and governor of New Orleans. The ruffian who duped her to leave her home has now, after being gambler and forger, become a captain in the Federal ranks; and having destroyed her hopes of a happy marriage with Mr. Carlton, the gentleman who had fallen in love with her, he exults that here at last he has her in his power. He surrounds the house where she resides, and drags her before General Felun and denounces her as a female traitor. Felun decrees that she shall be made an example of, and Captain Julius hurries her off, telling her that her destiny and his are irrevocably intertwined. By what dreadful alternative she escapes our readers may see for themselves.

The story, though well worth reading for its own sake, is mainly a vehicle for some racy descriptions of American Abolitionists, political preachers, Bloomers, and strong-minded ladies, who marry under protest. Amanda is taken to church. Colonel White, "a red-hot Abolitionist," occupies a pew in which there is no one but himself. The pew-opener is about to introduce into it a negro, but the Colonel holds the door. "This pew's engaged," he says. "This is a distinguished gentleman from Hayti, and not an American," says the pew-opener. "I can't help it," says the Colonel; "the pew is going to be occupied." The gentleman from Hayti, quite comprehending what this means, turns, and, with an angry look, leaves the church. The Rev. Hard Preacher (Ward Beecher?) enters the pulpit. "A well-shaven, sanctimonious, red, hard, shining, chubby face, glistening black clothes, sparkling rings, heavy watch-chain hanging over a shirt of dazzling whiteness, and a delicate cambric pocket-handkerchief fluttering with his emotion, were the specialities of his personal appearance. In a gruff, but not intelligible voice, he uttered a short prayer, at the end of which he rose, and somewhat abruptly announced to his congregation that he had discovered a wolf in sheep's clothing in his flock." "Yes, I repeat it," he went on; "there is a slave-holder among us; a woman whom I once thought the model of excellence and piety, lives, I grieve to say, by the sweat of the black man's brow. She owns a dozen slaves at least, dresses in purple and fine linen, and lives grandly. But she will learn that no slave-owner enters here but to be rebuked." It turns out that the wolf in sheep's clothing is an old lady who, feeble with age and indignation, rises and totters from the church, "the second who had on that day been morally driven forth from a sacred place, where all should worship freely and equally." The next day Amanda goes to an Abolition meeting, at which the Rev. Caroline Cleverbawl is announced to speak in behalf of an escaped slave. The hall is crowded, the majority of the ladies dressed in Bloomer costume; and near a table at one end of the hall sits a very ugly negro. A tall gentleman rises, and is happy to state that "the meeting to-night promises to be an unusually interesting one:—

> "A slave, a crushed and degraded man, free at length, after many hardships and
>
> 'Hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field,'
>
> free by the will of Providence and the help of man, no ignoble worker in the holy cause, he reaches our hospitable city, and comes to-night to solicit the aid of our pious brethren and sisters, to enable him to

* The Elopement; a Tale of the Confederate States of America. By L. Fairfax. Wm. Freeman.

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The "Book of Bible Prayers" * is the title of a *brochure* "containing all the prayers recorded to have been offered in the Bible," with a short introduction to each. The design is good. By bringing together the prayers of the saintly men of old, the reader is impressed at one view with the deep and tender humility of the patriarchal and Christian spirit, contrasting strangely with the arithmetical spirit in which the truth of Revelation is approached by some modern Christians. Mr. Marsh has rendered good service to the cause of religion in this valuable little book.

Messrs. Smith and Elder have issued a new edition of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento."† It is too late to discuss the merits of this work. In the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine* it satisfied a few readers. In its collected form it was tenderly dealt with by the critics. But the recollection of Uncle Tom was against it; and Mrs. Stowe was hardly at home with her Italian puppets. All we need now say is that the present edition is neat and cheap.

Dr. Lankester's work on the microscope‡ has become a standard book. Seven thousand copies have already been sold; and this success justifies the issue of a new edition, with additions and improvements. The amateur microscopist will find this beautiful little work a reliable guide.

Mr. Stanford has published a map of Poland,§ showing the portions taken by each of the dismembering Powers, at the three several partitions. This map gives the student at a glance a view of the past and present extent of the kingdom, and the share of the plunder held by each of the Powers. The limits are well defined, and the map is at this moment particularly welcome.

A volume of characteristic tales and sketches illustrative of Lancashire life, has been published by Mr. Heywood, of Manchester.|| They are clever and amusing, and will well repay perusal.

The same publisher issues a "History of Modern Europe," in one volume.¶ It is a work of great industry, and admirably fitted for the use of schools.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

With the few exceptions which we pointed out in our first notice of the exhibition, there is nothing in the works of any members of the Academy to save it from the reproach of that partial paralysis which is the besetting malady of all such institutions. There is nothing to indicate that they keep pace with their contemporaries, either in thought or productive energy. Two or three of them, indeed, may plead that their attention is absorbed in great public works of art, and several of them may command our indulgence as veterans, but, for the rest, they fall into the category of apathetic indifference. Indeed, admission into the Academy seems to have a baneful influence upon genius, for many artists might be named who have collapsed as soon as they get within the charmed circle of the forty. Then, unaccountable as it is, we cannot overlook the singular perversity shown repeatedly in the choice for promotion of painters, whose canvasses never displayed one spark of genius, as if the race in their curriculum were to end with a climax of conventionality, and not go on with fresh creative power, producing beauty in infinite variety.

The pictures in the exhibition which, with all their faults, evince the most genuine feeling, with no small power of execution, are, in our opinion, those of Mr. F. Leighton, even now a young painter, and not of the Academy, but who, some twelve years ago, made a sensation with his large fresco-like work, "The Cimabue Procession," which was purchased at once by the Queen. It denotes something like power when we see from this painter no less than four pictures. One, the "Elijah rebuking Ahab and Jezebel" (382), of the largest proportions, with full-length figures; and at least two of the others, which are incomparably the finest examples of high finish in painting, and unique for the peculiar sentiment of colour they possess. These are—429, "A Girl feeding Peacocks," and 406, "A Girl with a Basket of Fruit." Colour, in its more delicate Æolian-harp sort of form, seems to be quite a *culte* of Mr. Leighton's, and we must own ourselves, with him, amongst its votaries; still, there remains that kind of abstract and invented colour which we recognize as "fine colour," which is much opposed to mere natural effects of daylight, and which lends such magnificence and solemnity to the works of the old masters, and sometimes to the modern, as we saw in Gallait's picture, "The Last Moments of Count Egmont." This, strange to say, in Mr. Leighton's "Elijah," is exactly the quality wanting. The draperies offend the eye by the large masses of heavy blue, with dull brown and red, and the general colouring wants richness and depth of tone. But when we come to consider the expression of the pic-

* The Book of Bible Prayers. By John B. Marsh. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Manchester: John Heywood.

† Agnes of Sorrento. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. A New Edition. Smith & Elder.

‡ Half-hours with the Microscope. By Edwin Lankester, M.D. Illustrated from nature by Tuffen West. A new edition. Robert Hardwicke.

§ Map of Poland. E. Stanford, Charing-cross.

|| Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life. By Benjamin Brierley. Manchester: John Heywood. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

¶ The History of Modern Europe, for Schools and Private Students. By Thomas Bullock. Manchester: John Heywood. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

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combined with so much power of finger and fulness of tone. A young American boy, Master Pape, also performed on this occasion, and exhibited a command of the instrument and a vigour of touch very remarkable in so young a player. He can scarcely fail to become an artist of eminence.

The third New Philharmonic Concert on Wednesday exhibited the following interesting programme :—

PART I.

Overture (King Stephen)	Beethoven.
Aria, "Il mio tesoro"	Mozart.
Cavatina, "Ernani involami"	Verdi.
Concerto, Pianoforte, in D minor	Mozart.
Duet, "Dove mai" (Mose in Egitto)	Rossini.
Symphony, "The Power of Sound"	Spohr.

PART II.

Bolero (Vêpres Siciliennes)	Verdi.
Concerto, Violin	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "La mia letizia" (I Lombardi)	Verdi.
Overture (Abon Hassan)	Weber.

Beethoven's overture, one of his smaller works, written for a special occasion, is yet characterized by that intention and design which a great master cannot avoid displaying even in his lightest productions. Although inferior to most of his other overtures, still it is immeasurably superior to some of those laboured orchestral preludes to which composers of less genius have sought to give a factitious interest by coupling them with well-known dramas and tragedies. The grand orchestral piece of the evening was Spohr's symphony, "The Power of Sound," in which the composer evidently intended to break a lance with Beethoven, the design (although not the form) of whose pastoral symphony would seem to have suggested the work to Spohr's imagination. A long essay might be written about so-called (and miscalled) descriptive music. Music is not, and never can be descriptive ; it is merely suggestive, and by expressing the sensations of the composer excited by certain external circumstances, it may raise analogous sensations in the mind of the hearer, modified by his particular temperament. When music becomes literal by imitating positive sounds, such as the notes of birds, thunder, &c., it loses in some degree that poetical indefiniteness which constitutes one of its greatest powers and charms. Several composers have fallen into this error, among others, Haydn ; and Spohr is not entirely exempt from it in the great work just referred to ; which, however, with this exception, and dismissing much of that metaphysical purpose which the composer professes (and which is somewhat too subtle for so fixed a style as his), is one of the grandest pieces in the whole range of orchestral writing. For sweetness of melody, vigour of style, and the gorgeous colouring of the instrumentation, there are few works of the greatest masters that surpass it—indeed, in the feature last mentioned, it has seldom been equalled. The performance of this magnificent symphony by Dr. Wylde's orchestra was in every respect admirable. It is truly gratifying to observe how such works, which could formerly only be rarely given to a select audience, are now enthusiastically received by a St. James's Hall crowd. The pianoforte concerto, the noblest work of its kind previous to those by Beethoven, was carefully performed by Mr. Barnett ; with an occasional tendency, however, to hurry the time beyond that intended by the composer. The two *cadenzas* (Mr. Barnett's own, we presume) were ingenious and full of very elaborate mechanical difficulties, in the performance of which the player produced more effect than in most portions of the concerto itself. It is doubtful whether Mendelssohn's violin concerto was ever played at a more rapid pace than on this occasion by Mr. Sainton, whose consummate mastery of his instrument seems to have almost vanquished the impossible. There is an impetuous character in most of Mendelssohn's allegro movements which frequently justifies an extreme rate of speed in performance ; but we should prefer at least the opening portion of his violin concerto at a somewhat more moderate pace than that at which it is the custom of most performers to take it. There is a vocal character about much of the commencing movement which is destroyed by the extreme haste with which it is usually performed ; while the rapidly reiterated notes in the accompanying wind instruments would be absolutely impossible to any but the highest class solo players, such as Dr. Wylde's orchestra mainly consists of. M. Sainton, however, is justified in his estimate of *tempo* by the example of most of the greatest violinists of the day, and his performance was such as in other respects deserves this comparison. His light and brilliant execution, excellent intonation, and, in the slow movement, refined expression, were worthy of all praise. Mdlle. Fioretti was welcomed with a warmth which must have assured her that her success at the Royal Italian Opera is not a partial one. The vocal honours of the evening were divided between this lady and Signor Tamberlik, so that both in singers and orchestra Dr. Wylde's concert was of first-rate attraction. The last Monday Popular Concert was for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, when that lady's chief performances were Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (with the fugue), and Mendelssohn's first Pianoforte Trio. The occasion was also signalized by being the farewell performance of M. Vieuxtemps.

The Crystal Palace has commenced its series of special Saturday Concerts, at which some of the principal opera singers are to be heard. For that of to-day, Madame Alboni is announced, together with pianoforte performances by Mr. Charles Hallé.

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require another half-century to convince the public that the present drainage system is at best but shifting the evil, increasing in its noxious character as it goes along from spot to spot. Both papers offer points of importance for the consideration of those whose duty it is to consider the sanitory conditions of our towns and houses.

The Pugin Memorial Committee have signified their intention of placing the sum of £1,000, collected by them, at the disposal of the Institute of British Architects in trust for the establishment of a students' travelling fund.

Mr. W. Winwood Reade read at the Zoological Society meeting some notes on the Derbyan Eland, the African Elephant, and the Gorilla, founded on information obtained by him during a recent visit to Senegambia, the Gaboon, and the adjacent parts of Western Africa. The conclusions Mr. Reade has formed with regard to the Gorilla, as derived from the evidence received from the hunters of the Gaboon, were that Mr. Du Chaillu had obtained his specimens of this animal second-hand, and that its reputed ferocity had been vastly exaggerated.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 18TH MAY, 1863.

ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. 1. "Description of the Tribunal of Commerce now erecting by M. Bailly, at Paris." By Thos. L. Donaldson, President. 2. "Heads placed over Arches." By Sir Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S. 3. "Polychromatic Construction at Aston Church." By M. E. Hadfield, Esq.

ASIATIC—At 3 P.M. Anniversary Meeting.

TUESDAY, 19TH MAY.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. 1. Discussion on Mr. Watson's paper "On the Communication between London and Dublin." 2. "On the Manufacture of Duplicate Machines and Engines." By Mr. J. Fernie, Assoc. Ins. C.E.

ETHNOLOGICAL—Anniversary Meeting at 4 P.M.

PATHOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.

ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Prevailing Ornament of China and Japan." By Dr. C. Dresser.

STATISTICAL—At 8 P.M. "On the Pay of the Soldier as compared with the Wages of the Labourer." By Major-General Sir A. M. Tulloch, K.C.B.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On Sound."

WEDNESDAY, 20TH MAY.

GEOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. 1. "On Devonian Plants of Maine, Gaspé, &c.; and 2. "On a New Species of *Dendrepeton*, &c. By Dr. J. W. Dawson, F.R.S. 3. "On the Upper Old Red Sandstone and Devonian Rocks." By J. W. Salter, Esq., F.G.S. 4. "On the Relations of the Sandstone of Cromarty with Reptilian Footprints." By Dr. G. Gordon and the Rev. J. M. Joass.

ROYAL LITERATURE—At 4½ P.M.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M.

PHARMACEUTICAL—At Noon. Anniversary Meeting.

THURSDAY, 21ST MAY.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On the Nature of the Sun's Magnetic Action upon the Earth." By C. Chambers, Esq. 2. "Numeric Elements of Indian Meteorology." First series. By Hermann de Schlagintweit. 3. "On the Structure of the so-called Apolar, Unipolar, and Bipolar Nerve-cells of the Frog." By Dr. Lionel S. Beale.

NUMISMATIC—At 7 P.M.

ANTIQUARIES—At 8½ P.M.

CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M. "On Certain Effects of Intense Heat on Fluids." By W. R. Grove, Esq., Q.C.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Geology." By Professor Ansted.

FRIDAY, 22ND MAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "On the Sun's Chemical Action." By Professor Roscoe.

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

SATURDAY, 23RD MAY.

BOTANIC—At 3¾ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On the Science of Language." By Professor Max Müller.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Alexander's (Sir J.) Incidents of the Maori War, New Zealand. Crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

Andersen's (Hans) The Improvisatore. Cheap edition, fcap., bds., 2s.

Ansted's (Prof. D. T.) The Great Stone Book of Nature. Fcp., cl., 5s.

Arctic Discovery and Adventure. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.

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LONDON: Printed by CHARLES WYMAN, at the Printing Office of Cox & Wy
and published, for the Proprietors, by JOHN KELLETT SHARPE, at No. 11,

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fusion; and had it not been for the advance of General Berry's division Hooker's communications with the river would have been completely cut off, and his whole army would have been lost. Even as it was, the Federals lost twelve guns, the advancing centre was compelled to fall back, and, indeed, it became absolutely necessary to make a night attack in order to restore the line of battle. But on Saturday night the Federal line, instead of facing east towards Fredericksburg, faced south, and was, in fact, parallel to the road passing through Chancellorsville, though still in advance of that place. Nor was the battle yet over. On Sunday morning, the 3rd, it was renewed at an early hour. It is impossible to make out the details. Probably General Lee used his utmost efforts to break Hooker's centre and to obtain possession of the fords in his rear. Although unsuccessful in this the Confederate General compelled his adversary to fall back behind Chancellorsville, which until that time had been the Federal head-quarters, and night closed with the Federal line of battle covering the United States Ford and probably Ely's Ford—Hooker's right flank being protected by the Rapidan and his left by the Rappahannock. There, according to the latest accounts which come down to Tuesday, the 5th of May, Hooker remained, and in order to protect himself he was busily engaged throwing up intrenchments. According to the same account General Lee occupied "a slope facing the Federal main position," and he had drawn up his army in "a formidable double line of battle."

But there was another part of the field where important events had been passing. It will be remembered that a corps had been left with General Sedgwick some two or three miles below Falmouth. After Lee had withdrawn the greater part of his army to meet Hooker, Sedgwick appears to have crossed the river. On Sunday morning he stormed the heights above Fredericksburg which were practically abandoned, and marching north-westward about four miles and a half attempted to join Hooker at Chancellorsville. But this was all Sedgwick was able to accomplish. On Monday, the 4th, whilst Lee lay in front of Hooker he dispatched Longstreet, who is said to have come up from Suffolk beyond Richmond, to attack Sedgwick's corps, and to drive it if possible over the river. Advancing on that Monday from the heights eastward of Fredericksburg, Longstreet gradually drove the Federals towards Banks Ford, and after some hard fighting compelled Sedgwick to cross the Rappahannock under the fire of the Confederate guns which swept the bridge of boats and crushed the retiring columns. It is said that after Sedgwick crossed he marched up the river towards United States Ford to join Hooker. Thus closed Monday night. Let us sum up the result.

General Hooker occupies the end of the arc which is formed by the Rapidan and the Rappahannock; but his line is some distance to the rear of Chancellorsville. His flanks are thus protected, but he has a river in his rear, so that his line of retreat can hardly be said to be absolutely secure. He is twelve miles from his immediate base of operations at Falmouth, and between eighty and ninety miles from his real base, Washington. On the other hand, the Confederates' army is closely watching the Federals. Their right flank is so near the Federal left that their batteries are scarcely two miles below the United States Ford, and command the road which runs along the opposite side of the Rappahannock. Unless the Federals can assume the offensive, the Confederates are in no danger. But if the Confederates are strong enough to detach some 20,000 men across the Rappahannock, they may very seriously embarrass the Federals. They may plunder the stores at Falmouth—break up the railway way which runs north of Falmouth, and is Hooker's means of communicating with Washington—and in fact compel that officer to retreat across the Rappahannock at any loss or to capitulate. Whether Lee will venture to do this depends upon the strength of his army. In the meantime, it is difficult to believe that Hooker would have remained where he is unless he had felt himself strong enough not only to protect his base of operations and his line of communication, but to assume the offensive should Lee attempt to detach any considerable number of men for a raid north of the Rappahannock. These, however, are questions which must remain in doubt until the arrival of the next mail, which is daily expected.

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detail, is a concession, and a step. On the other hand it must be remarked that it is very probably the beginning of an era of agitation and excitement in the Imperial Legislative body. The honour of those who swear is a pledge that the Electoral oath will be kept, and that no direct attack upon the Imperial family will be made. Yet the history of France during the century shows that the most constitutional tempests in that most unconstitutional of countries have a way of shaking the dynastic edifices of years. A sea of political conflict in the Corps Législatif may roll its waves to the very foot of the throne itself; and it is impossible to predict with certainty the effect upon the French nation of the noise of free Parliamentary discussion, once more revived and reverberating through the land.

The Emperor, however, is a bold political thinker, and it has always been his dream, if possible, to rally statesmen of all parties around him. More than once he has directly appealed to such men to return to political life, and though the sudden acceptance of the offer seems to have taken aback the Emperor's immediate satellites, his Imperial Majesty is known to be satisfied at heart with the event. For more than ten years the Government of France has been in the hands of a coterie of personal friends—who are of average ability at the most—and, putting aside such names as those of Fould, Thouvenel, and Drouyn de l'Huys, we may admit, without demur, that the successive Imperial ministries have only been kept straight before the eyes of the world by the tact and temper of their Imperial master. It will be a gain to the country, and no loss to the Emperor himself, if abler discussion is brought to bear upon the taxation, the administration, and the foreign policy of France. A semblance of self-government and independence on the part of the Assembly can but lighten the Emperor's shoulders of so much anxiety. He is enabled thereby to get rid of part of his responsibility without dividing his power. The voice that gives can always take away, and the master of a hundred legions who is on the whole popular with his subjects can always lay a heavy iron hand upon a noisy or destructive Legislature. But the chiefs of the old school who this week consent to acknowledge Cæsar as the virtual master of Rome, have come to this conclusion from the wise reflection that there is no alternative but Imperialism at present possible for France. The nation has expressed its unequivocal resolve not to have another Legitimist or Orleanist epoch. A turbulent republic is the only form of government that can rise on the ruins of Napoleonism until the present generation of Bourbons and of Orleanists are extinct, and sane men know that any republic must be at best a short-lived reaction that would once more lead surely and swiftly to another period of empire and absolutism. There was then nothing to be done but what they have done, unless they were prepared to die in some obscure corner at a distance from the political stage, and without making any sign.

Nor can M. Thiers, M. Montalembert, and their friends reproach France for having heartily accepted Imperialism for the present. The Empire appeals to much that is dear to all Frenchmen. The enemies on both sides of the Channel have been in the habit of maintaining that it is the *régime* of pure materialism. No criticism could be more one-sided, or, on the whole, more unfair. The internal prosperity of the country has been certainly developed in a marvellous degree in the last ten years; and trade and commerce bear testimony to the fact that France thrives upon the system, whatever it may be worth. It is said that she only does so at the expense of all that is noble and free; and that she is bartering her birthright for a mess of pottage. That is the way in which Frenchmen, who belong to the educated and ambitious classes, read the history of the present Empire, but that is far from being the way in which the mass of the French nation would consent to read it. These latter would say that they do not care for constitutional politics, by which they mean that they do not want to see France ruled by the journalists and lawyers of the country. What makes the Liberals of Paris so sore at hearing M. Persigny call Orleanism "a *régime* of rhetoricians," is that they know the nation are half inclined to agree with M. Persigny. Are then the French people, Englishmen may ask, prepared to give up all political life? Far from it. The difference between us and them is that they attach a different meaning to the word. In one sense, indeed, France has not been enjoying political life. Her writers in the press have been gagged, her orators in Parliament have been borne down; and the French bar has fallen under the

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afterwards be convicted of publishing heresies; and this conjecture is borne out by the fact that he declined to join in the resolution of the Upper House of Convocation upon Dr. Colenso's book, expressly because, as a member of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, or as an assistant in the jurisdiction of his Metropolitan, he might be called to sit in judgment upon Dr. Colenso himself. Not so with the Bishop of St. David's, who is likewise a supporter of Lord Ebury's motion, but who opposed the synodical condemnation of Dr. Colenso's book upon very different grounds, namely, that the book had not been examined by the Bishops for themselves, and that they ought not to rely upon a mere report from the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation, who had extracted certain propositions out of the book, which were, he admitted, dangerous enough. We must forbear, however, to analyse further the views respectively taken by their lordships upon either of these occasions, or to comment upon the diversities of opinion among the members of the Episcopal Bench, with respect to the best means of preventing the introduction of doctrinal unsoundness, or of purging it when discovered.

THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ CANAL.

THE project of uniting the Mediterranean and Red Sea by means of a canal, crossing the Isthmus of Suez, is one of the most interesting and curious schemes, as it is one of the oldest ever brought before the world. It dates from prehistoric periods, and may have been considered an exploded fallacy before Pharaoh set Joseph over all Egypt. Somehow or other we link it in our minds with the attempt to build the Tower of Babel, "whose top may reach unto Heaven." Not that we can pretend to say it is a physical impossibility, after the triumphs of engineering skill that we have witnessed during the present century. Still we know that it is an idea which has been entertained by some of the most powerful rulers of men, and abandoned by them as impracticable with the greatest reluctance and regret. The first Napoleon favoured the project from an ambitious desire to achieve a work that had baffled the science and resources of antiquity, and with a view to divert the trade of the far East through the countries of southern Europe; but more particularly to benefit Marseilles, and also to destroy the chief branch of English commerce. He imagined that if he could possess, and could debar us from, the shortest and most direct route to the East, he would be able to conquer our Indian Empire, and to break our power. Strangely enough he was induced to desist from making the attempt by a stupid scientific blunder, namely, the representation that the level of the Red Sea was so much higher than that of the Mediterranean, that if the canal were made the water would rush through it and overflow the low lands of all the countries bordering the Mediterranean. Although Napoleon delighted in spreading the fires of war over Europe, he recoiled from subjecting it to a partial deluge, and abandoned what he conceived to be the quickest and surest means of vitally wounding this country. We do not believe, and should be very loth to say, that it is from a deep-seated vindictive wish to injure us that the scheme has been revived and made popular; notwithstanding that our neighbours have proclaimed the canal to be the weapon destined to pierce the *défaut dans la cuirasse* of England. We prefer to think that the marvellous character of the scheme, its connection with the remotest period of time, the ambition to surpass the ancients in their most gigantic conceptions, and the desire to stand forth as the most enterprising of nations, have induced Frenchmen to venture their savings in what it is to be feared will prove an unprofitable speculation. For the experience derived since the opening of the overland route has proved that whatever tends to facilitate commercial transactions conduces to the benefit of English trade. Egypt and France have gained greatly by our light and best paying traffic passing through them; but, after all, we have reaped the greatest advantage, and have seen no portion of our trade leave us. Were the canal to be opened to-morrow, we should be the chief gainers by it, the first to profit by it, and the best customers of the proprietors. Our interest is that the shortest route should be opened. We can afford to pay as high a toll as any one for using it, so that it is quite absurd to suppose that we have any hostility to the scheme *per se*, as stated in certain organs of the foreign press. If Englishmen have not supported it with their capital, it has been

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in general very little of family discretion to be exercised. The trustees are agents to receive and pay over money, to collect rents, to invest funds till wanted. They execute these functions through their paid lawyer; only they are personally responsible that all shall be done in strict accordance with the terms of the deed appointing them. Why cannot strangers, the directors of a company, act in accordance with the terms of a deed of settlement as well as relatives, provided it is made worth their while? In the very few matters involving discretionary power, why cannot the consent or direction (without pecuniary responsibility) of some family friend be made essential to their acts? In truth, the highest authority affirms that a too close connection with the family is an objection to a trustee, by its leading him to disregard the strict duties imposed upon him by law. The present Master of the Rolls is understood to object on this principle to the appointment of a relative as trustee. The probability, then, is, that the real wishes and intentions of the settlor would be far more accurately carried out by paid men of business than by unpaid friends influenced by the entreaties of the parties, and acting after all entirely through their paid lawyer.

But, though we have thus shown that those who are owners of landed property need not despair of finding relief from the embarrassment of seeking for trustees to guarantee fulfilment of their directions, and that, in the majority of instances, a trustee company would be found a preferable machinery, it may perhaps be judicious that such a company should at first confine itself to mere money settlements. When in these simpler cases it has proved its success and safety, it need not fear that landowners will be tardy in seeking to share its benefits. This course we observe was adopted by the inchoate company of 1855, which dropped in Parliament the clauses empowering it to accept settlements of real estate.

There is, however, another great source of domestic embarrassment which the Company is well fitted to relieve us from; the choice of an executor or trustee under a will. Into the details of the duties exercised by such a personage we shall not enter; they are known more or less to almost every one. As a rule, the executor's duty is to collect the estate and pay the debts and legacies, which obviously a company can perform as well as an individual. Where complications occur, such as the winding-up of business, the discretion can be as easily vested in a personal friend as it can in the case of a marriage settlement. And where the funds are to be held for behoof of individuals at a future date, the case resembles that of trusts created on marriage, and is as appropriate to the capacity of a company.

Thus, then, will be found to disappear in practice, as soon as such a company comes to be fairly in operation, the bugbear of its want of "personal discretion." Let us now glance more briefly at the other objections which the "Humble Petition of Attorneys and Solicitors," and the Law Peers, started against the scheme in 1854-5.

One allegation was, that family secrets would be disclosed. Considering that all such family secrets as are ever put into wills may be inspected by any of her Majesty's subjects at Doctors' Commons for the small fee of one shilling, and that any which are of the smallest interest to the public are weekly announced by our contemporary, the *Illustrated News*, throughout the full extent of its cosmopolitan circulation, the suggestion that a board of directors would blab affairs otherwise inscrutable, must have demanded considerable control of the facial muscles in those who gravely propounded it. The case of marriage settlements is not very different. They are not indeed enrolled in a public register, but they are drafted probably by a conveyancing barrister with half a dozen pupils, who pay him large fees expressly that they may inspect all his deeds and discuss all their difficulties; they are perused by another conveyancing barrister with half a dozen more pupils; they are fair-copied by a clerk in a lawyer's office, and they are engrossed in a law-stationer's shop. If the secret amount of jointure, of children's provisions, and of incumbrances, does not become notorious to all the world through these sources, it is because the world in general cares nothing about them, except in the case of a very few great people, and in the case of these it always does know as much as it cares to know. In either alternative, their consideration by a board of directors would add nothing to the publicity. In point of fact, they would be the only parties who would feel themselves bound to silence respecting what they thus learned,

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abridgements, its statement of its "objects," and of the means by which the promoters "propose to carry them out:"—

"It will be the aim of the Council of the Union to assist in extending and improving existing associations . . . . as well as to promote the establishment of Clubs, or Institutes, where no such associations may now be found. In order to consolidate and strengthen the action . . . of these various associations, &c., the Council will invite them to become registered members of the Union. . . . . The Council propose to carry out the objects of the Union—

"1. By correspondence with officers of existing Associations.
"2. By personal visits, by their own officers and by honorary deputations, to such places as may seem to require to be visited . . . .
"3. By the dissemination of . . . . special papers.
"4. By supplying instructions for the guidance of persons who may wish to establish Clubs, &c.
"5. By grants or loans of books, apparatus, and diagrams.
"6. By grants of money in special cases, by loans or otherwise, towards building, enlarging, or altering Club Houses, or procuring recreation grounds.

The "conditions on which local societies will be received into membership with the society," are set forth in a paper which has been drawn up for the purpose, and which can be procured at the office. The advantages to be derived from membership strike us as sufficient to warrant the affiliation of local institutions. There must, we think, be something pleasant and strengthening to individual efforts, in the consciousness of union with a vast body of fellow-labourers in all parts of the country. Added to which, it is of no small importance to have a central body as a referee, or as a resort for mediation, if occasion should arise—to say nothing of the details of the experience of others which the Council proffers to all corresponding associations.

In heartily commending this Society to our readers, we are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of pressing on their notice the really valuable principles on which its labours are based. Philanthropists have to acknowledge, that while there is much in the working classes that is capable of being turned to excellent account, there is extremely little perception of their own powers, and a thorough apathy on the subject of improvement. That there must be a splendid substratum in the humblest classes of Englishmen, let the annals of every part of the known world, and the high positions occupied by self-taught men in every profession at home, bear witness; let the marvellous self-denial and touching delicacy of the poorer women, and the thoroughly *gentlemanly* (we write the word advisedly) feelings of numbers of our country labourers, declare. We could point to large estates admirably managed, after the death of a husband, by ladies who but a few years back were occupying most humble positions among the dependents on the same estate. We have read essays, and heard speeches, and listened to music by men in fustian, which would have done credit to the assemblies of the highest. But it cannot be denied that, in spite of these powers, there is among the labouring classes, speaking generally, absolute ignorance of the stuff of which the English poor are constituted, or, at any rate, indifference as to their improvement. The great mass are living far below their capabilities, and are content to have it so.

True, many efforts have been made in the right direction. We do not wish to monopolize the credit of philanthropy to men of our own times. The fault has not been in the want of effort, but in the mistaken direction of the effort. Take the Mechanics' Institutions as a specimen. A few years ago these were to be the panacea, and we all put our shoulder to the wheel to give them a prospect of success. What has become of them? Scores of the hands which will finger these pages, as well as the hand which traces these lines, have been engaged more or less frequently in preparing lectures for Mechanics' Institutions. To whom have those lectures been delivered? To begin with, wife, sister, or daughter, will certainly go with us to the lecture-room. The front benches will probably be occupied by ladies, whose neat little red or blue mantles but half conceal the elegant dresses in which their owners have just been seated at the dining-table. On either side of the platform are their husbands, sons, or brothers, who have escorted the fair listeners to the evening's entertainment. In the next rows will be seen the respectable tradespeople, who relinquish their snug parlours for the nonce, to encourage a good object. Behind is a sprinkling of the better disposed mechanics, who, if they had not come to the lecture, would probably have been conducting themselves respectably elsewhere. Now, we do not say a word against giving these classes such information or amusement as the lecture-room may afford, only they are not the persons whom you desire to reach and elevate. You want to reach that fine specimen of humanity who, if the Queen's officers had got hold of him, would have stood in the solid square of British infantry at Waterloo without flinching, or would have made an effort to be first in

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second-class project or prospectus, but acts like a celebrated promoter, who, when asked to father a scheme which involved hundreds of thousands, significantly bowed the applicant from his presence, saying he never dealt with anything under a million. The second-class director holds himself in reserve for good companies that float readily at a moderate premium; he too seeks special privileges and a certain amount of patronage. If he possesses a weakness—and second-class directors have their foibles—it is when he is asked to bolster up a failing adventure, in the hope that his name will give a stamp of respectability to others of a rather shady character. His reply is, "Get the shares to a premium, then I shall come in with *éclat*;" and, of course, he has his complete apportionment at the best quotation. The third-class director—and his name is legion—does everything and anything to secure status; aims at allotments, patronage, and the several waifs and strays pertaining to a board-room—possibly a little commission on the printing and stationery, if there is not a very vigilant secretary—for he is desirous of making way in the world, and that by the shortest route. Unhappily he is too frequently only his own enemy, since not being brought within reach of the top branches of the great Pagoda-tree, he is unable to make those fortunate pulls at the fruit which his more elevated brethren obtain; and after getting heaps of worthless shares and scrip certificates, and incurring liabilities as plentiful as blackberries, he subsides into insignificance, and, if pressed, "skedaddles" to the Continent. This picture is no exaggerated outline of the position and character of the leaders in the great game of speculation which is now being played within a circuit of a quarter of a mile of the Royal Exchange. Let the reader pause and judge—not half the iniquities of the system are here exposed—whether there must not come a day of reckoning for all this plotting and counter-plotting and excitement. It has frequently been urged, when this matter has been discussed, that the public, learned in their own generation, are wise enough to take care of themselves. We hope it may be so; but notwithstanding the lessons of the past, we very seriously doubt it, and shall be only too pleased if we eventually discover our apprehensions to have been misplaced.

VACCINATION.

It is certainly a startling fact that in the land of Jenner we should be liable at intervals of a very few years to epidemics of small-pox. At the present moment the metropolis is suffering under one of these visitations, and a complete panic exists among certain portions of the community respecting it; we hear, indeed, of people leaving town for fear of the increasing scourge; and if all the exaggerated reports that are afloat had sufficient foundation in fact, we might indeed despair of the impenetrability of that armour against a deadly disease to which we have implicitly trusted for these last fifty years. That there is some foundation for the statement that we are now visited by a rather severe epidemic of small-pox, the figures furnished by the Board of Health leave no doubt. The epidemic may be said to have commenced as far back as March, 1862; for while we find that throughout the five Superintendent Registrars' districts of the metropolis only seven deaths occurred in February of that year, in the March following the number rose to 19, and went on month by month gradually increasing until the present year, when the deaths rose to 136 in January, 170 in March, 240 in April, and the mortality is not decreasing; in short, more deaths by 77 occurred from small-pox in the months of last March and April than during the whole previous twelve months, abnormally high as the small-pox death rate of that year was. These figures, whilst they are enough to alarm the public, are also calculated to compel the attention of the Government to the fact that there must be some serious defect in the public working of the Compulsory Vaccination Act of 1858.

At this time of day it is quite unnecessary to re-enter the old field of dispute as to the absolute immunity afforded by the act of vaccination against the scourge of small-pox. Doubts may still be held as to the length of time this immunity holds good, but that when well performed in infancy it secures the individual for a long period of years against infection, and almost certainly against death from this cause, there can be no manner of doubt. The statistical returns of several great European countries prove this fact, and they also prove, to our disgrace, that we are one of the worst protected countries against small-pox in Europe. Whilst, however, the value of vaccination against the special deadly enemy at which it is aimed is now admitted on all hands, some of the old charges have been revived with respect to its power of inoculating other diseases, as well as of protecting us against the small-pox venom. We hear no longer, it is true, that we are in danger

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the early part of the year at the Princess's; and for some time expectations have been raised by the promise of a new comedy from the pen of the Countess of Gifford, that the prose drama would re-appear, if only for a season, in its former comeliness, and graced with the refined wit which delighted our fathers. For the author was grand-daughter of Sheridan, the orator, poet, statesman, wit, and dramatist, in whose family genius has chosen to depart from her rule of capricious visitation, and has taken up a permanent residence. His son was a brilliant wit; and of his three grand-daughters, two have distinguished themselves in literature,—the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Lady Dufferin, now Countess of Gifford. Would the latter lady's comedy revive the memory of "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal"? Would it inaugurate a new dramatic era, and encourage authors who are not under the necessity of importing ideas to write for the stage? That she was not destitute of the family wit and humour we already knew; but a play requires something more. There must be plot, dialogue, development of incident and character into a well harmonized picture of life. Good spirits and a turn for the ridiculous are enough for a farce; but comedy and farce are very different things.

Unfortunately, in the play which was produced at the Haymarket on Saturday, they are one and the same; in other words, the comedy is no comedy at all, but a very broad farce, relieved here and there by some touches of pathos. Nothing could be more disappointing than the contrast between the title, "Finesse; or, Spy and Counter Spy," and the work of which it is a palpable misnomer. Instead of a refined strategy dominant throughout the three acts, which the title promises, we had a succession of scenes full of boisterous mirth and grotesque incident, amusing and laughable, but as little like comedy as Sir Peter Teazle is like Macbeth. The plot, such as it is, has little or nothing to do with the play, and it is so confused that we are satisfied no two persons who witnessed the first performance could agree in giving an account of it. Happily, this did not affect the success of the play. Occasionally we had an uneasy sense, as the piece proceeded, that we had dropped the character of Hamlet on the way, though we were getting on very well without it. Indeed, from the moment we are told that a pair of knaves are conspiring to betray the English garrison of Messina, and that the doctor of the garrison, a Frenchman who hates Napoleon, is finessing to thwart their manœuvres, the plot almost wholly disappears, and the comedy resolves itself into a series of amusing scenes, any one of which might form the subject of a separate interlude. But to give any lucid account of the manner in which these scenes are connected, is a task which utterly defies our penetration. We know that Dr. Bertrand, the French physician, has employed a young naval officer in the British fleet to take the place of a spy who is expected by the two conspirators above mentioned; and that for some reason or other altogether beyond our comprehension, it is necessary to convey this youth, concealed in the case of an Egyptian mummy, to the house of the Baron Freitenhorsen, a German enthusiast, who believes he has discovered an *elixir vitæ* which will not only render men immortal, but will restore life to the dead; that the wily Bertrand accomplishes this feat under pretence of sending the Baron the body of a man who has been hanged, stipulating that he, the doctor, shall administer the potion himself; that the young officer thus makes his escape from some peril which is so nicely stated that no one can understand it; and that when the two conspirators, finding they have been outwitted, enter the Baron's house with a warrant to arrest the young officer, who turns out to be Bertrand's son, they discover that he has escaped, and that Mr. John Poppleton, an Englishman afflicted with the desire to pass for a sailor, has, waking up from a fit of intoxication, taken the officer's place as the revived malefactor on whom the Baron's elixir has been tried.

This is a most abominably lame account of the plot; but we could give half a dozen others equally inefficient. We may say with Hamlet, "The play's the thing," for the plot is nothing. Taking it from the French doctor's point of view, we might say that the finessing old Frenchman has unwittingly put his own son in peril of death, admiring the lad's courage, but always checking himself when on the point of yielding to the sentiment of pity by observing that the youth's risk is no business of his—"c'est son affaire;" and that when he discovers who he really is, and that by his father's finesse he is brought within the verge of death, the physician, who has learned the lesson of heartlessness from the teaching of oppression, displays a noble burst of natural affection, which is duly rewarded. Then we are taught to contrast French finesse with downright British honesty in the person of Captain Mortimer; though what he does to exemplify the superiority of

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on our table. It is curious to observe how, in the brief space which has elapsed since the earliest of those dates, we have altered in many ways, so that the manners, and even some of the ideas, of fourteen years ago, seem now rather old-fashioned. In feminine dress, for instance, it was the pre-crinoline and pre-Balmoral boot period; and the women in Mr. Leech's drawings look odd to our eyes—though very agreeable—in their natural-sized skirts and their pretty little shoes. *Punch* himself has altered since those days. Though even then he had lost some little of the youthful enthusiasm of still earlier years, he had not acquired the very *distingué* tone which he now affects. The genial, though trenchant wit of Douglas Jerrold still dreamt of peace and universal brotherhood in its columns; and the execution of the Mannings gave him and Mr. Leech occasion to enter a protest against "the Great Moral Lesson at Horsemonger-lane Gaol," which would now be considered "humanitarian" and sentimental. The shock of the French Revolution and of those which succeeded it, with their visions of socialism and confiscation, had indeed begun to have an effect on English opinion, but the influence had not gone far. There seemed to be an instinctive sense that the excesses of the Red Republicans would burn out of themselves, and that the world would be the better for the convulsions which had taught so many rough lessons to kings. It was not until after the *coup d'état* at the end of 1851—not until the re-establishment of the Bonapartes at the head of French affairs—that the reaction against reforming principles set in strongly. In 1849-50, political ideas had not merged in the mere desire for self-protection from without. The military rage had not yet arisen, and Sir Francis Head was ridiculed by the same *Punch* who now talks bayonets and great guns for his alarm of a French invasion. Though monarchs and peoples were at deadly feud, and the Hungarian subjects of the Austrian Emperor were in arms against their tyrant, it was internationally a time of calm. The long peace succeeding to the final spasm of Waterloo was still unbroken. The expenditure of our own Government was much smaller then than it is now; yet Mr. Cobden brought forward a motion for reducing it by ten millions, and another for International Arbitration. Both, it is true, were rejected by large majorities; but they undoubtedly found a greater amount of support amongst the general public then than they would find now. *Punch's* old caricatures exhibit a certain kindness to the party of Cobden, Bright, and Hume. In one of them, Mr. Cobden is admiringly shown to John Bull as "the cleverest *cob* in England." He is represented as a horse with a human face, labelled "Financial Reform." Joe Hume, as the stable-man, holds the bridle, and Mr. *Punch* himself, as the horse-dealer, displays the beast with evident pride to the somewhat doubting customer. We have also a little Financial Reform story, in which we are told of "a small boy, whose name was John Bull, and he felt much pain from a rod"—the said rod being exorbitant expenditure; and it is related how he and Dick Cob. together pulled out the twig which gave the most pain. In another caricature, Britannia is telling Lord John Russell to take care of the baby he is nursing (Financial Reform), "for she's the brightest gem that ever sparkled on your early brow." In yet another, Mr. Cobden, as the usher of a school, admonishes the little boys (members of Parliament), who are re-assembling after the holidays, that they must be "more attentive to arithmetic this half." Yet there was evidently a division in the staff between the old opinions just going out and the new opinions just coming in. In one page of the volume for 1849 we find Jerrold making *Punch* say:—"We bow down and worship an Iron Duke, but we pay no distinction to an Iron Genius. The battle of Waterloo was a splendid affair, no doubt; but, to my poor thinking, of much less account to the interests of mankind than the tubular bridge across the Menai Strait. That is an iron victory of a somewhat nobler kind. However, nothing like gunpowder to make a reputation." In another page not far off, Mr. Bright is ridiculed as "the Peace Recruiting Sergeant," trying to enlist the Duke of Wellington, and putting forth a prospectus of a pacific expedition to the Continent, for the establishment of universal brotherhood. In 1850, the telegraph just laid down between England and France was hailed pictorially and poetically as the forerunner of peace and good-will from the one nation to the other; though in truth it has been followed by the bitterest recriminations that have been known for years. On the other hand, in the early part of 1849, there is a caricature which completely anticipates the self-congratulatory tone of later years. The cartoon is called "No Place like Home," and represents John Bull, his wife and family, sitting cosily by the fire, well-fed, peaceful, and happy, while all round the main design stretches a panorama revealing the wretched condition of foreign countries, desolated by fratricidal contests between rulers and ruled, threatened with socialism and anarchy, here cowed by the assassin's knife, and there trampled down by savage soldiery amidst the roar of artillery and the bombardment of cities. We recollect this picture drawing forth indignant comments from a Radical newspaper, which not unreasonably argued that the sketch of English life only reflected the well-to-do section of society, and left entirely out of view the black shadow of poverty, wretchedness, and vice to be found in England, as elsewhere. The same idea was repeated only the other day in the cartoon allegorically figuring the triumphal wedding procession of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

With a sad interest we count up in the political caricatures the faces that have long since dropped out of contemporary history. Fourteen years must needs make a difference in the working life of any nation, and our losses in that period have been many. Here is Sir Robert Peel, bland, smiling, and watchful, always with

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were overwhelmed by Hoche, while the advanced transports of the British regiments, destined for their support, were tossing in the channel waiting for a favourable wind. His mismanagement of this enterprise furnishes conclusive proof of the incapacity of Mr. Pitt as a war Minister. Notwithstanding the great naval victory of the 1st of June, 1794, and the conquest of Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope, it is not wonderful that the English nation became desirous of peace.

In the meantime the domestic policy of the Government had been marked by little more sagacity than that which distinguished their military operations. Although there can be no doubt that at the outbreak of the war the whole country was nearly unanimous in its favour, and that sympathy with the French revolutionists and terrorists was confined to an utterly insignificant party, Pitt and his colleagues, under the apparent influence of a panic, immediately commenced an onslaught on the liberty of speaking and writing, such as had not been attempted since the time of Charles I. Prosecutions were instituted against the most insignificant persons for the most insignificant offences. A host of spies and informers were let loose on the country; and the quarter sessions—tribunals quite unfit to entertain political prosecutions—were employed in trying and punishing all whom the wretched tools of the Government reported to have expressed discontent with the existing order of things. This course, followed up as it was by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, naturally provoked a reaction. When Hardy, Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and the other members of the Corresponding and Constitutional societies, were tried for high treason in the latter part of 1794, the popular sympathies were enlisted on their side; their conviction would probably have been followed by serious disturbances if not rebellion in each of the three kingdoms. Their acquittal restored confidence in the administration of the law, and the public tranquillity was unbroken. The pressure of taxation, however, began now to be felt severely; the country was disgusted with the conduct of its allies; the downfall of Robespierre and the cessation of the reign of terror removed one great obstacle to any treaty with France. The wish for peace grew amongst all classes, and was, no doubt, materially strengthened by the distress resulting from a succession of bad harvests under which the country suffered in 1795, and which led in the latter part of that year to an outbreak of political discontent.

Thus pressed upon all sides, the Government made a serious attempt, early in 1796, to treat with the French Directory. But their persevering efforts, pushed almost to a humiliating length, were foiled by the insolence of the latter body, and by the impossibility of agreeing upon any common basis of negotiation. The result, however, was to strengthen the Government materially; it was generally felt that the war was now imposed upon the country by the enemy, and the general election which soon afterwards followed left Mr. Pitt in full possession of the parliamentary power he had hitherto wielded. It was fortunate that something like national unanimity was thus restored, for the first few months of the following year were the darkest in the whole war. Cash payments were suspended in consequence of a rapid drain of specie. The fleets in the Channel and at the Nore broke out into open mutiny, which was palliated, if not justified, by the scandalous manner in which our seamen were then oppressed, insulted, and defrauded. In April, Buonaparte compelled the Emperor to sign the preliminaries of Leoben, and we thus lost our last ally. Another attempt on our part to treat with France followed, but it was again unsuccessful. A plan for landing a force, under Hoche, on the coast of Ireland, was, however, defeated by the victory of Camperdown, which crushed the Dutch fleet. This was the period chosen by the small band of Whigs who still followed Mr. Fox for that formal secession from the House of Commons which has ever since drawn down upon them the severe censure even of their warmest admirers. The conduct of this remnant of a great party was, indeed, marked by singular extravagance. At a public dinner to celebrate the birthday of Mr. Fox, the Duke of Norfolk reminded the company that Washington had no greater number of followers than were assembled in that room when he undertook the liberation of his country; and at a later period of the evening he proposed as a toast, "Their Sovereign—the People." For this proceeding his Grace was dismissed from the lieutenancy of the West Riding and deprived of his regiment of militia. It appears, indeed, that Mr. Pitt at one time contemplated the prosecution of Fox; but from this extreme step he prudently refrained.

Our space will not permit us to enter upon the history of the Irish rebellion of 1798, to which Mr. Massey devotes a long and interesting chapter. Foolish and hopeless as were the schemes of its promoters, it is impossible to deny that it was provoked by the most wretched misgovernment to which a nation was ever subjected; nor can any words be too strong to describe the infamous cruelties which, under pretence of suppressing it, were inflicted by the Protestants upon their fellow-countrymen. It was perfectly clear that, after what then occurred, it would be impossible, without a legislative union, to preserve the connection between the two countries, and to this object Mr. Pitt now bent his mind. The Catholics, who were excluded from the Irish House of Commons, and smarted under the odious rule of the Orange party, were for the most part readily won over by the promise of a provision for their clergy, and by the distinct hopes held out to them by the Lord-Lieutenant and his secretary that their civil disabilities would be removed. A portion of the Protestants were persuaded to stand neutral. But there still remained to be dealt with a small but high-spirited party, who were attached to their existing

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carries on the work of Gaelic independence by opposing a firm and spirited front to the insolence of the *noblesse* of Paris. The ascent of the Seine by the Northmen pirates is one of the ablest passages in the volume; though here, again, the idea has been anticipated by other and not inferior writers. Rolf, the sea-king, sacks the abbey of Saint Denis, rescuing the descendant of Joel from captivity and his daughter from outrage, and ultimately marries the daughter of Karl the Fool. Feudal France, in the eleventh century, is represented, in the family chest of the linen-draper Lebrenn, by a pilgrim's shell. It is the age of the Crusades, of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless. Among the crowds that troop to the Holy Land is found Fergan the quarryman, of the tribe of Joel of Karnak, his wife Jehanne the hunchback, and his child Columbaik. The lineal representative of his hereditary foes, Nerowig, lord and Count of Plouernel, surnamed Worse-than-Wolf, joins the expedition also, and meets Fergan in the desert. As usual, the poverty, the misery, and the virtue are the portion of the Brenns. For his masters are reserved the titles of King of Jerusalem, of Baron of Galilee, of Marquis of Nazareth. The book ends abruptly, but not infelicitously, with the inauguration of the town house of a commune in the twelfth century. After long struggles with the nobles, the burghers of the borough of Laon have succeeded in obtaining a charter for their town. In a house at the corner of the street leading to the Exchange may be seen seated Fergan the *ci-devant* pilgrim. On the table before him lies a casket with his family relics, the sickle of the Virgin Hena, the iron collar of Sylvestus the Slave, the dagger of Ronan the Vagre; the arrow-head of Eidiol, the boatman of the Seine. He is transcribing the new charter, the original of which, sealed and signed by the Bishop of Laon, and by Louis the Fat, king of the French, lies in the mayor's house. The procession is about to pass to uncover the tower of the new town-house, and before long it is seen winding its way through the streets amidst the groans and sneers of the knights and nobles. With shouts of acclamation from the crowd, the moulded campanile is unveiled, and stands glittering to the sun. Full of enthusiasm from the spectacle, Fergan the quarryman thus concludes his portion of the history and the book.

"O sons of Joel! look with pious respect upon our town-houses!
They, also defying the centuries, will tell you one day of the obstinate,
Laborious, and bloody struggles of our fathers in re-conquering and bequeathing
Liberty to you! O sons of Joel! the borough town-house is the
Heroic and holy cradle of the enfranchisement of Gaul!"

Despite the length of the three volumes,—which are, however, merely condensation from nineteen volumes of original French,—and despite the extraordinary difficulties of the plot, it is no slight praise to say that the interest of "The Rival Races" does not flag for a moment from first to last. The separate episodes are admirably and dramatically finished, and they are all strung together so as to form as admirable and as dramatic a whole, which well repays perusal. The theory of continuity is no doubt most extravagant, viewed from the point of view of historical credibility. Yet each of the series of pictures in the work is done with a masterly historical touch. In attributing to the heroic family of Joel, whom he constitutes his favourites, grand virtues and a consciousness of their supereminent position in the world, M. Eugene Sue has, indeed, done no more than is common among novelists of every age and nation who write with a strong moral theory. If Mr. Kingsley with impunity infuses muscular Christianity into the barbarians of the time of Hypatia, why should not M. Eugene Sue attribute the consciousness of democratic virtue to the Gauls of the Forest of Karnak, and to their successive descendants? As a political idealist and philosopher, he has a theory about the Gaelic race. As a poet, he simply endows them with a glimmering perception of their high calling through their various vicissitudes. It is a romantic and legendary fancy; but "The Rival Races," or "Les Mystères du Peuple,"—as its title is in the original,—may well be termed a legendary romance. There is a residuum of truth at bottom of these theories of nationality and blood, as far as the Continent is concerned. French history, far more than our own, presents us with spectacles that seem to justify the notion of rival and antagonistic races; and at least Eugene Sue was as correct in ascribing perennial cruelty to the victors as he was imaginative in ascribing unblemished patriotism and virtue to the vanquished.

BALDWIN'S AFRICAN HUNTING.*

From time to time, for some years past, the name of Baldwin has reached us as that of the Nimrod of Natal. In letters from friends in the colony, and in the brief intercourse afforded by the occasional visits of some of them to the mother country, he has always been mentioned as the mighty hunter who had ranged farther and bagged more game than any of his compeers, and whose narrative of hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures, whilst most exciting, had also the crowning merit that it could always be accepted without reserve. In the handsome book before us, these virtues are happily preserved. The greater part of it consists of a transcript of the author's diary, written under many difficulties, sometimes with ink, sometimes with a mixture of gunpowder and

* African Hunting. From Natal to the Zambesi. By William Charles Baldwin, F.R.G.S. London: Richard Bentley. 1863.

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says George Herbert. In this volume is decidedly a vein of silver, and it will much help thinking.

The volume opens with some "Thoughts on Christianity," of which we notice only the short chapter (p. 45) headed, "What if Christianity is not true?"—an important question amidst the controversies of the present day. "As for that Christianity" (it has been said by Niebuhr) "which is such according to the fashion of the modern philosophers and pantheists . . . . without historical faith, it may be a very subtle *philosophy*, but it is no Christianity at all." Now, what if there be "no Christianity at all?" Dr. Macleod rejoices to believe that the historical facts on which, among other foundations, the evidences for Christianity rest, have never been shaken. But he supposes these facts to be disproved, and the millennium of infidelity to have arrived. Let the world pause, and count the fruit of the victory. Will the substitute, if there be any, rest on any surer foundation? Will it better meet our wants and difficulties in every period and condition of our varied existence? Will it do better work, and produce better fruit? To those who now believe in Christianity, it is plain that there would be a loss of everything, with no corresponding gain. And what would be the gain to the unbeliever himself if he could finally and satisfactorily prove Christianity to be false? If Christianity should cease to exist as a reality, still other realities would remain; as existence, death, sin, sorrow, and suffering. And what if these continue, while we have driven away the physician who can relieve them? Will the substitute for Christianity be more attractive, if it leaves us without forgiveness, without trust, without duty?

The author has a striking passage (p. 54) as to the spirit in which any announcement disturbing the truth of Christianity should be given to the world:—

"Picture to yourselves a person entering a family whose members were rejoicing in the thought of a father's return, and announcing the intelligence of that father's death, with a smile of pity or a sneer of contempt at their ignorant happiness! Imagine such an one professing to be actuated by a mere love of truth! Oh, if the terrible duty has been laid upon any one with a human heart, of announcing to others intelligence, which, if true, must leave a blank to them which can never be filled up; what tender sympathy, what genuine sorrow, becomes him who breaks the heavy tidings! And such *ought* to be the feelings of every man who, from whatever cause, feels called upon to announce that the Christian religion is false. If he *must* make known that terrible fact . . . . if he *must* tell men that the supposed Source of all their life and joy has no existence . . . . let this be done with the solemnity and sorrow which a true brotherly sympathy would necessarily dictate. . . . . The missionaries of an infidelity which professes only to destroy, and not to build up, should go forth on their dreadful vocation with the feeling of martyrs, and with no other notes of triumph than sounds of lamentation and woe."

In pp. 281, &c., is a highly interesting chapter on sorrow. We turned instinctively to it on first opening the volume, that we might judge, at starting, as to the author's manner of dealing with this most human of interests. We at once found that he had a human heart, and was to be trusted to view our highest interests from our own level. Speaking of the family in Bethany, he says,—

"We are able in spirit to cross their lowly threshold, and to understand all that took place in that humble home. The head of the house is laid on a bed of sickness. We need no details to enable (us) . . . to realize how the symptoms of illness, treated at first perhaps lightly, would become more serious, then alarming, until foreboding thoughts of death pained every tender affection. . . . We see it all. . . . But ere the last moment was reached . . . they are in full hope that it may be averted, for they have a secret source of relief in a Physician of body and soul. . . . They can send for Him. . . . The messenger has departed. With what anxiety must they have measured out the time within which it was possible for him to receive the intelligence. They who have sent far away for a physician in a critical case, when every moment was precious, can sympathize with their anxiety. Time passes; has He received the tidings of their grief? Probably not, for there is no improvement in the sufferer. . . . Time passes; now He must have heard! Yet Lazarus is no better. . . . Alas, it is in vain; Lazarus is dead. . . . Swathe him then in the garments of the grave; make ready for the funeral; let him be buried for ever out of sight; follow him to the ancestral tomb. . . . Lay the body gently down beside those who have been so long sleeping there; look at it; remember the past, since childhood; weep and say farewell; return, Martha and Mary, with wrung hearts to your home, and see the empty room, and listen for a voice that is no more, and experience a second death in the emptiness, the silence of this changed abode. . . ."

We have no space for an extract from pp. 291, &c., in which the reasons for delay, in this memorable instance, are detailed. But we are taught that there is something of more importance to human beings than mere *comfort*—that to get quit of grief, to have tears dried up and smiles restored, to be freed from all anxiety and relieved from the heavy burden of sorrow, never mind how, is not the highest end of our existence, and would not be the primary object of One who had our truest welfare at heart.

Prominent among many chapters replete with much that is highly interesting, stand some "Thoughts upon future life." At first sight, such subjects appear suitable only to the theorist. Many would consider the time little better than wasted, that was occupied by thoughts concerning any time beyond the present. Yet it must sometimes have occurred to most of us to question how far our present powers of mind and capacities of enjoyment

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and prides himself on his "passivity." Elizabeth describes him as—

"The drollest looking creature imaginable; short, thick, stumpy, as broad as he is long, and yet with the thinnest little legs in the world, that seem to totter under him. Then, one eye squints; still, one can't help liking him. He is of high family, but lately he confided to me, in the most mysterious manner, that he would rather have been the son of a baker; for 'to throw in the leaven and watch the dough rising, was the sole important work in the world, and he envied every baker's boy he saw. Besides, a baker was busy the whole day, and all his works were good and useful. He was the sustainer of daily life; the growth of humanity depended upon him; the world could not exist without him. His father indeed was a baker, but of a very useless sort—he kneaded up a tough dough, called philosophy; and the leaven was bitter enough, and by no means nourishing. He never heard of any one being the better or stronger for it.'"

He was the jester of the little circle, and was a good musician. He liked to dash into a solemn discussion with a Swiss melody, and to interrupt mirth by a funeral dirge; "but especially he exulted in interrupting some grand transcendentalisms of Madeline's by a common waltz." Once when Elizabeth was in a feverish and painfully agitated condition from ill health, loneliness, and the reading of Hoffman's tales, Robert sent for Everhard. He came, "opened the piano, and stormed over the keys, raging through the most horrible discords," the poor invalid on the sofa trembling the while.

"Still the performer never changed his style. The discord of hell seemed his theme, with its weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and peals of demon laughter. But gradually the sounds softened, the discords travelled on through plaintive minors to harmony; full, mellow tones rolled along the chords, and swelled, by degrees, into a hymn of triumph.

"Robert sat by his wife, holding her hand. As the soothing influence of the music came over her, the tears gathered slowly in her large open eyes; then Robert drew her gently to his arms, and she sobbed, and wept upon his bosom. He spoke no word, only let her lie there and weep. And ever softer and lower became the music; and ever calmer and stiller the weeping one, till at length she lay quite still and calm; the evil spirit had left her, and she slept."

Of Bertram, Baron von Schussen, the enthusiastic young painter, of whom much deserves to be said, we must say least of all. He sees in Elizabeth the realization of the Madonna of Perugino, before which he had "lain prostrate for hours in ecstacy of adoration." She sees in him all that she had only dreamed of finding in Schartel; but she conquers her love, though she cannot quench it. And when the shock and tumult of life's storm is over for her, and she lies calmly down to die on the cottage bed, Everhard and Bertram are beside her. Everhard plays a hymn, and then the *Magnificat* of Palestrina; Elizabeth smiles, says "I hear the Angels singing," and sinks back to die.

"Everhard held one hand of the dead, and looked up to Heaven with tearful eyes, as if following the freed spirit's flight; but the Baron held the other clasped to his bosom, and bent his head over it and wept; and silently renewed the vow by which he consecrated himself to the faith in which Elizabeth died, that so he might meet her again in Heaven.

"Like Goethe, he had a horror of seeing what he loved consigned to the cold earth. With difficulty they forced him away from the lifeless, though still beautiful form; but the Pastor's gentle words calmed the delirium of his agony at last, and led him to look up from the unsouled clay to the glorified and ever living spirit of her he loved—safe by the throne of God!

"The Baron planted a rose and a lily upon her grave, but Everhard, a tree of life.

"The old peasant and his daughter promised to watch over the flowers; and year by year the rose and the lily blossomed, and the tree of life grew statelier and stronger."

Leaving the other characters of the tale unnamed even, we have only to add that we think the absence of any exemplar of a noble, reasonable, and strong religious faith and life, a very grave defect in the story, and almost, if not quite, enough to defeat the purpose with which it has been written; inasmuch as it leaves the reader almost exclusively in the very society, and under the very influences which it is desired to counteract. The opinions and sentiments of the so-called philosophers are uttered so freely, clearly, and repeatedly, with so much unseemly jesting, frivolity, and profaneness, that they can hardly fail to fix themselves in the mind of many a reader who would not be touched by them if presented in the grave form of a treatise of Spinoza or Hegel. For this reason, and also on account of the scenes of passion, sometimes verging on the limits of decency, we feel bound to add that we cannot advise the indiscriminate introduction of "The First Temptation" into our English households.

MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCES.*

In the reminiscences of his pastoral career Dr. Büchsel has given us a book which, like all works dealing with the affairs of life, and written by men of clear judgment and of earnest minds, is both interesting and instructive; not only to those who may be engaged in the task of teaching and preaching, but even to readers whose

* My Ministerial Experiences. By the Rev. Dr. Büchsel. London: A. Strahan & Co.

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Grecian army, was not without a certain pompous dignity and theatrical effect, in keeping with the stiff, classical style of Racine. The attention of Monsieur de Bois-sec's auditors was profound. For half an hour, perfect silence reigned in the little *salon*, the points and beauties of the dialogue being only marked by mute expressions of approval. At the end of that time, Mademoiselle Victorine began to yawn behind her handkerchief, and look as if she wished the winds in Aulis would change their quarter, and set Iphigénie and the Greek ships free. Rutter, too, began to grow impatient; for, to tell the truth, Monsieur de Bois-sec's reading, if appropriate, was monotonous, and the effect of it was to make you feel that rhymed verse conduced to lowness of spirits and nervous sensations in the calf of the leg. Thus, it was a decided relief to certain of the audience, when Monsieur de Bois-sec at last reached the end of the second act, and laid down the book. While Monsieur refreshed himself with sugared water, and received the congratulations and thanks of his friends, Mademoiselle Victorine and Kate discussed with Rutter and myself, in one corner of the room, the success of the entertainment."

The Mademoiselle Victorine mentioned in this extract is Madame's granddaughter, and it is in working out the character of this clever, beautiful, and heartless girl, that the author has bestowed the greatest pains, producing a highly finished portrait. Nothing can be more subtle than her perception of the right thing to be done or the right word to be spoken to effect her object; nothing more perfect than the effect with which she utilizes her opportunities. While she plays for the heart of the rich young Englishman, she has to pacify a fiery Monsieur Sabreton, with whom she has compromised herself. Though his mother, sister, and friend mistrust and dislike her, she coils herself round young Rutter with a serpent fascination from which there is no escape, and which is complete, without any apparent design or effort upon her part. She knows that his friend Hamilton penetrates her heartlessness; but even when he has discovered proofs of her dealings with Sabreton, in the midnight meeting at which, unseen, he has been present, she foils him by confiding the story to Rutter, giving it her own colour with an air of candour which conceals her falsehood.

"From the hour when Victorine's beauty first struck me, I had felt a presentiment of what would follow. But it was only of late that I had admitted it to my own mind, as a thing to be reasoned and reflected upon. I sickened at the picture my fancy drew. Victorine was false-hearted and wicked. I knew it by other proofs than instinct. I had not watched this beautiful panther all these months without detecting the subtle, cruel nature that lurked under that fair skin and graceful form.

"Mademoiselle de Longueville was no more capable of understanding a love like Rutter's, than a mermaid of returning the affection of a human being. And yet this mermaid, with her spells and charms, so like the true graces of the womanhood she counterfeited, had got fast hold of a man's heart, strong, tender, and true, and had but to hold up her finger, or beckon with her mirror, and he would plunge down into the depths of the treacherous sea whither she would lure him."

It is a drawback on the portion of the plot in which this lady plays her part, that we are never allowed to doubt that she will run down the game she has started. From the moment we learn that she has marked Rutter for her victim, we see only the process by which she entangles him in the toils of her fascination. If there was ever a probability of doubt as to the result, it is at an end as soon as we have read the sentences above quoted. We question, too, whether a man of Rutter's firm disposition and sound intellect would so easily fall a victim to a girl so cruelly heartless. Good sense and clear judgment are essential qualities of manly character; and it is at least not in youth that such men become the dupes of feminine intrigue. But whether we are right or wrong in this opinion, the author is entitled to the highest praise for the force with which he describes the sequel of the elopement. Victorine's flying from her lover when he is stricken with smallpox; the absorbing selfishness and vanity which mark her every movement, from that moment till she re-appears after Rutter's death as the wealthy Madame la Baronne de Schinderhannes, are true to the life; and, contrasted with the faith of the noble heart which has sacrificed everything for her sake, form a picture not very uncommon in the world of reality.

LAMPS OF THE CHURCH.*

THE burning and shining lights in this collection are forty in number. The names of eight of them have long since been enrolled in the annals of fame, and their lives and writings are familiar to all who are conversant with the literature of their age. They are Cowper, Archdeacon Paley, Henry Kirke White, Charles Wolfe, John Mason Good, Hannah More, Mrs. Hemans, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Then we have William Wilberforce, with some salient extracts from the biographies written by his sons and Sir James Stephen; Lady Powerscourt, Mary Jane Graham and Helen Plumptre, Admiral Parry, two captains and a major, Professor Turner, Chancellor Raikes, Judge Blosset and John Bowdler, together with twenty clergymen whose memoirs have already been published.

Mr. Clissold does not even profess to give a summary account of the career, character, and compositions of each of these worthies. If he had done so his work would have been interesting, yet it

* Lamps of the Church; or, Rays of Faith, Hope, and Charity, from the Lives and Deaths of some Eminent Christians of the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. Henry Clissold, M.A. Rivingtons.

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certain unorthodox opinions. If they were infallible themselves, and did not place pictures before us which are simply contemptible as works of art, we might consent to approve what they praise, and re-condemn their victims. We have, for example, seen good come out of the pre-Raphaelite heresy, and we believe that we are not alone in wishing to see each year what may be the growth or development of that peculiar tendency of the artist mind which has certainly found a very wide sympathy. For our own part, we are amongst the very last to agree with Mr. Brett's ideal of a landscape, but we regard his pictures with great interest as expressing the extreme opinions of a class of artists. Hitherto the Council of the Academy have not been insensible to the public feeling in this respect, and we can see no reason for their disregarding it now. But if no more just and liberal sentiment is to animate the Academy than has been exercised this year, we shall expect to see all the private pique and animosity of the old days at work again. But even before the present Academy existed there was more fairness shown by the old chartered Society of Artists of 1765, who had a very good rule "that any person may appeal from the determination of the hanging committee to a general meeting, to be held three days before the opening of the exhibition." Neither question nor appeal from the decision of the present Academy is permitted. Something of this kind, however, will have to be adopted if such gross injustice continues to be shown to the artists and such conceited indifference is manifested to public opinion.

MUSIC.

Signor Graziani re-appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, on Saturday, as Plumkett in Flotow's weak but inoffensive "Martha," an opera which, like some other mediocre works, owes its acceptance here partly to the interest of the book, and partly to an effective performance of music which scarcely deserves such aids. Signor Mario, as Lionel, would alone give an interest to even a worse work than "Martha." Of the lady who made her first appearance as Enrichetta, it is unnecessary to say more than that she will be replaced in the part by Madlle. Fioretti on the next performance of the opera this evening.

The début of Madlle Artôt, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday, was a great and legitimate success. This young lady, who had previously been heard here as a concert singer, appeared as Maria, in "La Figlia del Reggimento;" her performance of which is unquestionably the best, both dramatically and musically, since that of Jenny Lind. Madlle. Artôt possesses a voice of more than two octaves in compass, the upper notes of which are as brilliant as the lower tones are expressive and sympathetic. Her delivery of passages of force and execution was characterized by power, modified by refinement; while in the tender and plaintive portions, her pathos was earnest and touching. "Ciascun lo dice" was given with admirable archness and point, and the expressive air, "Convien partir," was a model of cantabile singing. The acting and bye-play of Madlle. Artôt were also excellent. The arch vivacity of the "Vivandière" was refined by an innate grace of manner that threw a charm over the whole performance. Madlle. Artôt's reception was as enthusiastic as it deserved to be, and there can be littte doubt that she will become as great a favourite here as she has recently been with the principal continental audiences.

The programme of the fifth Philharmonic Concert on Monday last, was as follows:—

Part I.

Sinfonia, No. 11 (Grand)	Haydn.
Recit. and Aria, "With verdure clad," Mdlle. Titiens (The Creation)	Haydn.
Fantasia Overture, "Paradise and the Peri" (composed for the Philharmonic Society's Jubilee Concert)	W. S. Bennett.
Aria, "Che pur aspro," Mdlle. Titiens (Il Seraglio)	Mozart.
Overture, Der Freischutz"	Weber.

Part II.

Sinfonia in B flat	Beethoven.
Valse, "E strano poter," Madlle. Titiens (Faust)	Gounod.
Overture, "Zampa"	Hérold.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were again present on this occasion. The only approach to novelty at this concert was Professor Bennett's Fantasia Overture, which had been heard but once before, on its production last season. The term "Fantasia Overture" is somewhat paradoxical, since an overture has long since been considered to mean a piece of regular construction, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and a regularly recurring episode. The attempt to illustrate a narrative poem by detached musical phrases of instrumental music, having no constructive relation or coherence one with another, is scarcely calculated for success in concert-room performance. Music, and especially instrumental music, must disclose design, proportion, and development, or it can never possess more than the fragmentary interest of mere impromptu thought. Vocal music may charm, apart from its intrinsic merits, either by the words to which it is allied, or by the brilliancy or pathos of its execution. Such fragments as Professor Bennett's overture consists of might prove effective as dramatic illustrations, but even then they would require accompanying stage action. Haydn's Symphony is one of the least interesting of the "Saloman" set, while Beethoven's will always be worthy of comparison even with its composer's later and more elaborate

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CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

At the *soirée* of the Pharmaceutical Society on Tuesday there was an extensive and excellent display of objects and a large attendance of visitors. A beautiful collection of aluminium articles were exhibited by Messrs. Mappin, a large ingot of thallium by Mr. Crookes, Mr. Atkinson had his 18-inch spark induction-coil; Mr. Rammell his model of the pneumatic dispatch tunnel and car; photographs were shown of M. Boucher de Perthes' fossil human jaw lately found at Abbeville. Mr. Symons exhibited his new barometer, and in his very neat thermometer's syphon we observed a small matter of much importance, and deserving of notice at our hands. A little bit of metal, not bigger than the half of a small pin, seems indeed a very trivial affair to those who are not aware of the importance in meteorological investigations of a good index for those instruments. Maximum registering thermometers are generally made with an index, which is pushed before the mercury and left at the point of greatest expansion. Steel has been commonly used for the purpose, but is liable to corrosion, and the various substitutes tried have had some imperfections. Doubtless this has been the means of bringing forward other ingenious methods of registration, two of which are well known and much in use, although they even are not altogether free from objection, either on account of expense or from the want of simplicity. At least for popular use, a cheap maximum thermometer with a perfect index has been a desideratum. Mr. Symons, who has long made this the subject of experiment, thinks he has now succeeded in forming a metallic composition for an index, which he calls "Lithite," that is free from the usual objections. It has certainly so far withstood every test that can be applied, but the verdict of time will be the true certificate of its value.

Messrs. Horne and Thornthwaite showed a very handy and seemingly valuable instrument for students in astronomy—a sort of miniature equatorial, which they call a "star-finder," its use being by means of the declination and right ascension to find out any star, planet, or comet; or by obtaining through it the exact position of any celestial object, to ascertain its name by reference to a table or chart. It consists of a telescope having a sliding adjustment, and an eye-piece with cross-wires; its tube occupies the diameter of a declination-circle graduated both ways to 90°, and read off by a vernier index on the flank of the telescope. Passing through the centre of the declination-circle is an arm which occupies the diameter of the hour-circle, and admits the revolution of the tube. The declination arm, attached at right angles to a carefully-fitted polar axis, is capable of taking any position on the hour-circle. Mr. Larkin, the clever and indefatigable modeller of crystals, had a table on which were displayed a series of glass models, illustrating the six systems of crystallography, uniform with the two, three, and four-inch cubes; wire models, uniform with the six and eight-inch cubes; the six-inch size having the prisms so arranged that upon their axes the other contained forms of crystals may be placed by means of moveable halves. His novelties were a set of wire cubes, arranged by Mr. Henry Perigal, jun., containing the platonic forms, and showing the intimate relation of each to the cube; a set of models, in white wood, illustrating Pereira's Materia Medica; another set, illustrating Dana's Manual of Mineralogy, and a set of geometrical solids.

The anniversary meeting of the British Archæological Society was held on Monday, when it was announced that the congress will be held at Leeds in the early part of October, under the presidency of R. Monckton Milnes, Esq. Ripon Cathedral, Fountains and Kirkstall Abbeys, Aldborough, Wakefield, and Pontefract will be amongst the places of interest to be visited and investigated on that occasion.

At the anniversary meeting of the Ethnological Society on Tuesday, John Lubbock, Esq., was elected president. Professors Busk and Huxley were elected on the council.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 25TH MAY, 1863.

GEOGRAPHICAL—At 1 P.M. Anniversary Meeting.

LINNÆAN—At 3 P.M. Anniversary Meeting.

TUESDAY, 26TH MAY.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "Deformity of the Neck from a burn; Taliacotian Operation." By Mr. John Wood. 2. "Ovariotomy Twice Performed on the Same Patient." By Mr. Spencer Wells. 3. "Induction of Premature Labour in Complicated Cases." By Dr. Robert Lee.

ARCHITECTS—At 8 P.M. "The South of France—Architecture Mediæval and Present." By T. Hayter Lewis, Esq.

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Colborne among the English, could deliver an attack with the most crushing impetuosity and vigour; but they were all men to execute a movement, not to invent it. Probably the only modern soldier who combined both powers was Sir Charles Napier. The present contest in America is no exception to the ordinary rule. In the North there is no single officer who has displayed any genius in the field. M'Clellan and Halleck are certainly cautious and well educated officers. They can discuss a campaign on paper, but beyond this it must be admitted that they have failed. But in the South the case is very different. General Lee, and no doubt Jefferson Davis, have not only displayed the most consummate knowledge of the theory of war, but when they have been called upon to act they have done so with admirable skill and promptitude. Stonewall Jackson, however, has been the chief executive. He it is who has performed the most daring and brilliant exploits in Virginia, and it remains to be seen, now that he has perished, whether the vigour with which the Southern troops are handled will still continue as conspicuous as formerly.

There was, indeed one peculiarity possessed by Stonewall Jackson which it will be difficult to replace. Jackson was not simply a brave and skilful officer—he was inspired by a religious fanaticism. It is said, that the night before a battle was always spent by him upon his knees in fervent prayer. However strange it may appear to some, he really believed that the cause of the South was the cause of religion. A Puritan—a Crusader—call him what you will—it is abundantly clear that he fought under what he believed to be the highest sanction. Some of the Southern leaders are no doubt actuated by purely selfish views; but every man who served under Jackson knew that his motives were absolutely unselfish, and that his sole object in life was the independence of his country. No wonder that amongst the soldiers of the South his name should be great and his influence unrivalled. If ever there was a man who might have relied for success upon the enthusiasm he could inspire, that man was Stonewall Jackson. But yet he did not rely upon such heaven-born qualities. Like Wolfe, with whom he seems to have had much in common, he was thoroughly well-educated in his profession. Indeed, we have had occasion to remark that he was for some time a Professor at a Military College, and delivered lectures to the students on Military Science. This fact deserves attention. Throughout the present American war the officers who have distinguished themselves have all been educated soldiers. With the exception of General Banks no unprofessional soldier has had any success. Lee occupied one of the highest positions in the United Sates army before the Civil War broke out, and all his lieutenants—Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, Johnstone, and Beauregard—were all graduates of West Point. Education cannot give any man ability; but experience seems to prove that in the military, as in other professions, genius is improved by culture. This is the lesson which many Englishmen are loth to learn.

M. PERSIGNY AND M. THIERS.

THE return of the old Parliamentary celebrities to the political arena has filled M. Persigny and one-half of the Emperor's devoted adherents with vague alarms. They do not think that it will be really possible to combine Imperialism with Liberal institutions. It is, indeed, a formidable problem for all parties whether M. Persigny is not correct in his view. During the desperate episode of the "Cent Jours," Napoleon I. promised France representative government under the Empire, but it is well known that he did so as a last bid for popular support. His biographers assure us that in this matter he was himself no victim to the hallucination with which he sought to dazzle the eyes of Paris, and they cautiously hint that the promise was only meant to be half kept. The present Emperor is what the first Emperor was not—a man of political enthusiasm, and an idealist. Like the first apostle of an invented faith, Napoleon III. perhaps is even more profoundly a believer than the original prophet himself. Meditation and seclusion have taught him to see mysteries and beauties where the founder of the Imperial creed seemed regardless of creating any; and it may be that among the other imaginary virtues which he ascribes to Imperialism, is a capacity for union with the purest liberty. His Minister of the Interior comes of an older, an equally devoted and

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selfishness and indifference which too many are ever prone to cast upon them. The doubts that now occur to their minds, and the obstacles that rise up, are due simply to the progressive attempt to put the scheme in operation—to follow up the architects' first rude sketch, with what builders term the "working plans."

The basis of the whole proposal is, that the various parishes and municipalities shall borrow money—probably from Government, and at a low rate of interest—to be used in making parks, cemeteries, water-works, sewerage, main drainage and paving, or in such other undertakings as may be wanted or may be deemed useful; and that the work thus inaugurated shall be performed by the now unemployed men and boys who usually are engaged in factory labour. That is to say, the several localities are to incur a debt bearing interest, and repayable within a fixed term of years, for the sake of finding occupation for those, and distributing wages among those, whom they are now supporting in idleness, in order to prevent the demoralisation attendant upon the want of employment, and the subsistence on alms or poor-rates.

Now, in preparing to carry out this scheme, the first, but the most trifling, difficulty that has come to light is, that in many places where the relief is most needed, there are no local authorities with borrowing powers—scarcely any local authorities at all. This is the case chiefly in the smaller towns and in the more scattered and straggling unions. These have often no municipality; they are not under the Board of Health; there is no specific reason why they should be put under it; and they have a rooted objection to come under its provisions. Yet their drainage is not practically bad; they have a good supply of water; and they want no parks, for the fields and moors around them and within easy reach are parks ready made by nature, and involve no expense. In these cases, the scheme could only be worked out, we understand, by persuading all, or nearly all, the individual rate-payers—many of them small and poor—to involve themselves in debt, and to consent to expenditure for objects of which they do not in the least feel the want, and the indirect moral operation of which they cannot readily be brought at all to comprehend, far less to appreciate at its full value. They are willing to pay whatever rates are necessary to feed the unemployed, partly because they *must* do this, and partly because they can calculate exactly what it will cost; but those who know them well are of opinion that stronger and subtler powers of persuasion than any that have yet been brought to bear upon them, will be needed to induce them to incur unknown and indefinite obligations, of which neither the necessity nor the benefit can be made very clear to them. They know, moreover, and do not hesitate to say, that men who are not at work can be maintained in health and comfort on a much smaller sum, than men whose appetites are stimulated and whose strength is exhausted by regular and severe labour. One hundred pounds in the former case will go further than one hundred and twenty in the latter.

This difficulty may be said to arise from the want of liberal feelings and enlarged views among the mass of rate-payers, as well as from want of organization; but it is not the less serious on that account. The next difficulty that has begun to crop out is traceable partly to a sense of justice, and partly to natural though not laudable jealousy. Some boroughs with competent municipalities and with ample borrowing powers, and with local wants, which the projected undertakings might supply, form part of unions embracing country parishes with different interests, with no corresponding needs, and with different constituent elements, but also with a large unemployed population. Take the case of Ashton, for example. The borough would be willing enough to set on foot water-works, or paving, or possibly a park, and to borrow money to employ *its own* factory hands in carrying out these projects. But the outlying townships, which stretch far into the country, would not benefit by these borough jobs, would not use the park, would have no concern with the paving, would not be supplied by the water-works, and would consequently not be willing to contribute to the cost, or to bear any portion of the debt incurred; nor is it clear how they could be fairly called upon to do so. But, on the other hand, the borough inhabitants naturally say, "As we undertake this plan and this expenditure to save our own rates and to benefit our own poor, we shall confine the work to those belonging to the town alone, and no one from the other parishes in the union shall share the employ-

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best left to the discretion of the responsible Minister. We do not, however, think that it is a measure which can be indefinitely postponed until it may please the Federals to abandon a useless civil war. Under ordinary circumstances, such a course might be convenient; and it has accordingly been adopted on several occasions, of which we have all heard quite enough. But it is not imposed upon us by international law; and it is idle to lay down any fixed rule on a matter which is one merely of policy and prudence. In dealing with it, we cannot leave out of sight the practical disadvantages under which we suffer from possessing no means of protecting British interests when they are threatened or injured by the Confederate Government or its officers. When a country makes its independence and power felt by a navy which sweeps the ocean, other nations cannot, for their own sake, long neglect to take the regular measures for securing its observance of their rights. Delicacy towards the empire from which it has seceded must give way to more imperative considerations. In the face of their own authorities, it is impossible even for the Federal statesmen to contend that the reception of Mr. Mason as Confederate Minister in London, or the despatch of an English Minister to Richmond, would constitute any breach of neutrality on our part. These steps might and no doubt would give indirect encouragement to the revolted States; but we cannot, on that account, be asked to refrain from taking them in a *bonâ fide* regard for our own interests. Many recent events, amongst which we may mention the burning by Captain Semmes of English cargoes on board Federal vessels, prove clearly that our admission of belligerent rights on the part of the South must, ere long, draw after it that diplomatic recognition which is requisite for enabling us to confine their exercise within the bounds prescribed by international law.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE House of Commons has been invited to consider the arguments for and against maintaining *in statu quo* the Irish branch of the United Church of England and Ireland. Mr. Dillwyn's motion, indeed, has rather an ugly look of spoliation; while from Mr. Seymour's amendment, if carried, we should expect a re-distribution of the existing revenues, though without appropriation to any but Protestant and Church of England purposes. We have carefully studied the arguments in favour of Mr. Dillwyn's views which were brought forward both by the speakers of last week, and by those who on former occasions have advocated the spoliation of the Church—and we consider that they are all so far wide of the mark that they do not touch the question which is really at issue. That question is not, whether, in this year of 1863, we shall proceed to set up such an institution as the Irish branch of the United Church, but whether, finding that Church in existence, with revenues legally granted and secured to it for certain clearly defined purposes, we shall seize upon those revenues, and appropriate them to purposes of another character. Any arguments which do not touch this latter point we dismiss as worthless, as it alone is before the country.

We are, of course, entirely prepared to admit that it would be impossible to set up such an institution as the Irish branch of the United Church at the present moment; also, that endowments cannot be intended for the clergy only, or for clergymen who waste their time and do nothing in return for them. Reformation is one thing, spoliation is another. If it is a question of spoliation, we are prepared, without hesitation, to answer the question of the spoliation of the present revenues in the negative. We shall detail presently the arguments by which we think the retention of those revenues may be justified. But it will be well, before we touch upon that point, to glance at the results which might certainly be expected to follow, if a rough hand were stretched out for their spoliation. We believe, then, that the spoliation of the Irish branch of the Church would be a clear and unmistakable blow at the other branch of the United Church, viz., that which is established in this country. Secondly, it would establish the vicious precedent that great principles are to be decided by mere numerical majorities. Thirdly, to disturb the undoubted property of the Church would be, as was clearly shown by the late Sir James Graham, to disturb the foundations of property of every kind. It would establish the claim of Parliament

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Next, but not less than this, would be its inaccessibility to motives of partiality or interest. As no one would ever make the company his residuary legatee, it could have no private interest in pursuing one course of administration rather than another. Neither would it be open to be affected by the solicitations of parties taking benefit under the deed, who very frequently by personal influence are able to persuade individual trustees to commit a breach of trust, by departing from the precise injunctions of the deed under which they act.

Another important advantage offered by a company would be its capacity to act as a sort of authoritative exponent of the law, without the expense of a decision by a Court. Comprising, as its directors would, many practical lawyers, and being wholly unbiassed in favour of either side, their interpretation of an obscure or difficult deed would often be accepted by all parties as final, and their exposition of an easy deed would be invaluable to such persons as taking an interest under it are yet unable, without professional help, to ascertain the real extent of their rights. In this way it would save a great deal of expense which is now borne not out of the trust estate, but out of the pockets of the individual claimants upon it. And in this further way it would, we fear, diminish the emoluments now annually divisible among the legal profession.

Other advantages peculiar to a company might be enumerated, but these perhaps are enough. It must, however, be steadily kept in view that all these are subordinate to, and flow out of, the great and fundamental benefit which such an establishment is calculated to confer. This will in effect be a Trustee and Executor Bank, a bank holding funds and estates in deposit until the time fixed by the deed of deposit for distributing them, and in the meantime taking the management, and offering its own capital as security for the property; differing, however, from ordinary banks in this respect, that it will exercise no option in investing the funds save such as the depositors authorize, and will draw its profits only in the form of a commission and not in any shape from speculation. This is an institution obviously combining convenience with security, the most important conditions which any system of trusts can offer. And when we add to these that the bank, in the application of any of the funds as to which a discretion attaches, may be required to act only on the order of a guardian, or of an easily accessible officer of the Court of Chancery, we have completed the general theory of a scheme, which seems to present incalculable and unhoped for advantages to a very great number of those who are now driven perforce to claim from private friendship a hard service, and to repose in individual solvency a perilous confidence.

For the benefit, however, of those who like to see an outline of the general *modus operandi* of any new institution before pronouncing in its favour, let us try to sketch what would be the general course of operations of such an establishment. Like banks and insurance companies, it would have its board of directors, elected by the shareholders as the most capable and the most calculated to inspire public confidence whom they can find. It would have its secretary, who would probably be a lawyer, its surveyor, and a sufficient staff of clerks. On a deed or will being transmitted to it, nominating it trustee or executor, the document would be brought before the next meeting of the board, with a brief statement of its general purport and peculiarities drawn up by the Secretary. The Board, if no reason to the contrary or occasion for further inquiries appeared, would accept it. The Secretary would then communicate with the parties in possession of the funds, would have the proper transfers made into the name of the company, would collect outstanding debts, pay expenses, and distribute any sums which might be immediately divisible. If the trust were for investment, and a choice of several investments were allowed by the deed, the matter would be brought before the Board, which would select that security which seemed at the time the most eligible. If any difficult questions as to title or the rights of claimants arose, the parties might, on the matter being intimated to them, either agree to be bound by the decision of the Directors; or if they either could not or would not, resort would be had to the same remedy which at present is available, the stating a case, if the point is not complicated, for the decision of the Court of Chancery; or, if the matter is more complex, the institution of a suit. This would be done only by authority of the Board of Directors, and it would be

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let crop up in its place. Croquet is certainly as idle a pursuit as farming; and we do not know that associating with the squire's daughters is a more clerical pursuit than riding to the county town on market-day. Surely the Bishop of Rochester's good sense might tell him that in all things of the kind clergymen are best left to their own discretion, so long as nothing is done to bring discredit on the Church. One thing is certain, that to forbid a clergyman the use of the pulpit is a most serious step, and, unless justified by urgent necessity, the gravest injury. It appears that Mr. Davies is too highly respected in Essex and by his brother clergy to suffer harm; but the Bishop's conduct is not the more excusable. He has run the risk of damaging a brother clergyman's reputation for life because he disapproves of what is, at worst, a mere error of taste and feeling, a venial and trivial fault. These are the unpractical mistakes that bring the Bench into a kind of half contempt in the world without. The publication of the controversy will reflect more on the Bishop's *savoir faire* than on Mr. Davies's character. The minor grievances of which Mr. Davies complains are the want of consideration shown by the Bishop in sending him an inhibition without vouchsafing a word of remonstrance or warning, though he was an old friend of the Bishop's and known to him personally for years; and again, that the Bishop had not chosen to inform him who were his accusers. He has been made to undergo a species of degradation in the teeth of the social protest entered against the Bishop's decision by one half of the county. We think Mr. Davies's vindication of his agricultural pursuits is very apposite.

"I have read as much as most men, but I never yet met with a passage in any writer, sacred or profane, in which agriculture is supposed to be a hindrance to the development of man's higher nature and nobler feelings. The Church, by assigning glebe, of great extent in some instances, recognizes even in her employed members the fact that farming is not unclerical. Mr. Huxtable's appointment last year to the archdeaconry of Dorset was well received by the Church, and Mr. Huxtable is one of the giants of agriculture. Many clergy farm more thousands than I do hundreds of acres. The glebe at Danbury which the late bishop was fond of showing to his clergy, and which I believe your lordship keeps in your own hands, is to the extent of three hundred acres. I have never associated with farmers in any other way than every Christian gentleman ought to associate with them. Your lordship will therefore excuse my protesting against my course having been unclerical. Having put the letters into a pamphlet for my own justification, I hope never to hear the subject mentioned again."

MANAGEMENT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

It is not denied by the most ardent friends of the Bank Charter Act that there are peculiarities in its operation which require amendment. They would be most willing to facilitate the requisite changes without making concessions to popular clamour, or to the advocates of inconvertibility. We have now had the experience of two serious panics since the Act came into force, and they have shown how incapable it is of carrying out in their full integrity the principles which were so strongly asserted as the basis of the new law. But while it is allowed that the Act has not worked as well as it should, it has still not failed to regulate the machinery of the currency in a much better manner than might have been anticipated. The great misfortune seems to be that in maintaining the privilege of the Corporation and of the proprietors—a point invariably looked to in any negotiations between the Governor and the Company of the Bank of England—conflicting interests must arise; and it can hardly be otherwise with the present constitution of the Bank. The Bank is divided into two departments—one the banking and the other the issue department—and they can never work quite satisfactorily together. However conscientiously the directors may desire to conduct the business of their great establishment, there must always be the two objects in view: first, as is supposed, to regulate the currency; and next, to look after profits and to earn an average amount of dividend. In these days of competition, when most of the great metropolitan joint stock banks can distribute to their proprietors profits equal to 20 and 22 per cent., the return of 8, 9, or even 10 per cent. to bank stock proprietors seems insignificant. It must be allowed of course that there is some distinction between the body corporate of Threadneedle-street, and the London and Westminster and the London Joint Stock Banks, as regards the class of transactions into which they enter; but the position of the former, with the large facilities it possesses, ought to ensure it a greater proportion of profit. It is true there is much dignity about the Bank of England; the office of Director is a post of high honour, and the supreme seats of Governor and Deputy-Governor place their happy occupants at the highest elevation of financial rank; but it is unfortunately this very dignity, refusing to stoop down from its lofty eminence, that prevents the Bank from securing a much larger share of busi
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crusade against the means of furthering the aims of science. To rush to the rescue of a frog lying senseless and painless in the hands of a physiologist, whilst we shut our eyes to the rush of man and horse and dog after the poor hare or fox, is certainly to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. We would put it to these worthy humanitarians, whether it would not be better for them to adjourn their onslaught on scientific men until they have rescued poor puss from the helterskelter rush that is made upon him by the country gentlemen for no more noble aim than mere amusement? Looking at the matter from our own point of view, of course, we do not mean to condemn this pastime, which subserves to the health of those who enjoy it; but from the extreme point of view taken up by this Society, the pastime of hunting must be cruel in the extreme. Here then is a fair field for the labours of the Society. Let it strive to put down the pastime of the country gentlemen; then it will be time enough to interfere with the scientific labours of our philosophers.

MISS RYE AND HER EMIGRANTS.

WHATEVER differences of opinion may have existed with regard to the feasibility of Miss Rye's scheme for female emigration, there could be but one opinion about this enterprising lady's intentions, and only one wish with regard to their result. If she could find in Australia lucrative employment for women who were in peril of starvation, and of something far worse at home, she would do a great good. And certainly there seemed a field open for her exertions. Twelve or fifteen years ago, Mrs. Chisholm had organized family groups into which young English women without friends were adopted on the passage out; and when they arrived in Australia they had no difficulty in locating themselves comfortably. Settlers came down to the ports in search of wives. Many of the girls sent out had hardly landed before they were married; and though such ready wooing might in the old country realize the adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, this was not likely to be the case in settlements where women, so to speak, were at a premium. Since then, the discovery of the gold-fields has sent up their value by the immense immigration of males from all parts of the world. And though the lapse of years has done something towards restoring the balance between the sexes, the disparity seemed yet great enough to warrant the hope that young women strong enough and handy enough to do the hard work of domestic life, to fulfil at the same time the duties of mistress and servant, would find in Australia prospects much more favourable to their happiness and prosperity than in England. The case of governesses was not so hopeful. But Miss Rye had assured us before sailing for Otago, that she had every confidence of finding them employment. And immediately upon her arrival at Dunedin, Otago, she wrote home on the 16th of February last, saying, "I shall have no difficulty in disposing of the girls we have here; they will all find good situations and good salaries."

It appears, however, that this bright anticipation has been disappointed, and that difficulties have arisen which Miss Rye could not foresee. The *Melbourne Argus*, writing on the authority of the Otago journals, says that her experiment has been a failure. She has met with a cold reception. Her charges find few offers. Out of eight governesses, only three have found employment. The rest of the hundred emigrants, though household servants, are stowed away in an uncomfortable barrack, ill-housed and ill-fed. The ladies of Dunedin look coldly on the enterprise, and have met Miss Rye with a "chilling indifference." The *Argus* gives a hint of other difficulties which give distinct meaning to Miss Rye's caution in the letter above-mentioned:—"Already I see more clearly the force of my reiterated assertion that it is certain destruction to ship off unsteady girls." The *Otago Daily Times* writes: "It is a bitter return to Miss Rye for selecting Otago as the first test of her experiment, that not only should she herself be received with scant cordiality, but that she should be doomed to appear to keep bad faith with those who have trusted themselves to her protection. The Government, too, have a sad wrong to answer for in enticing out these poor females, and according them such a reception." Miss Rye's letter was dated the 16th of February. Eight days elapsed, and only three governesses out of the whole number of emigrants were provided for. Yet nothing could be more circumspect than her measures. She had found, in the course of a careful investigation as to which colony would be best suited for her purpose, that Otago presented precisely the want she was labouring to supply. In that province the disproportion between the sexes was marked. The Government was anxious to rectify this disparity; and Miss Rye, in selecting her emigrants, chose only young wom
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Piccadilly or down Whitehall without being respectfully saluted by those who have only seen his portrait in the photographer's windows. The greater part of the crowd around Mr. Phillip's picture correctly identify the principal figures—the Speaker, Earl Russell, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, and the Premier himself. But the most random and absurd guesses are made in regard to the other characters, and many people would be glad of a key to the whole of the portraits. It will be our task to supply this want.

The painter has used a pictorial licence in the composition of his picture of which no one can complain, and which we only notice, in order that the too literal reader may not imagine he sees the groups before him in the places which they all habitually occupy. The Speaker is in his chair, with the Serjeant-at-arms by his side—a position which Lord C. Russell is seldom or never seen to occupy, his place being an arm-chair near the bar. Three or four Ministers occupy the second bench instead of the Treasury Bench. Sir Hugh Cairns and other ex-Ministers in like manner are painted not on the front Opposition bench but on the second bench. Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley are brought down from their fourth bench to a seat nearer to the Speaker. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright are brought from a more distant seat still into the radius of Mr. Phillip's picture. The Speaker desired to be painted in the chair of the House of Commons surrounded by the more eminent members, and the artist has shown great skill in bringing forty figures attired in prosaic modern costume into one picture, and investing the scene with historical dignity.

The "House of Commons in 1860" is a picture not of the House, but of a section of the House during an early evening debate. The spectator is supposed to be a member of Parliament walking up the floor, who has nearly gained the table. Lord Palmerston is addressing the House, apparently on the subject of our relations with France, since, upon the table, may be seen "Correspondence between her Majesty and the Emperor of the French." The gold mace, admirably painted, the Treasury and Opposition boxes, which are placed on each side of the table in order to give out a resonant sound when struck by rhetorical knuckles, the elegantly bound row of statutes, the details and furniture of the table, are treated with masterly fidelity. Seated at the table are the clerks in wig and gown, and behind them is Mr. Speaker, in his raised green chair—the central, and, next to Lord Palmerston, the most prominent figure in the painting.

The Premier has reason to complain, we think, of his portrait. It is perhaps the least successful likeness in the painting, approaching indeed so near to the comic and to caricature, that the first impulse of his friends is to laugh, and the next to be angry. The Palmerston in the picture is a funny and humorous old gentleman, entirely wanting in dignity, which is certainly not the appearance of the original when he is addressing the House of Commons. An attempt has been made to indicate an arch twinkle of the eye, but the satiric sparkle which so often gleams there, and which heralds the ready retort and happy witticism, will be looked for in vain. The noble lord's nose is small, but regular. In the picture it is a small, pinched, and red organ, entirely deficient in dignity, and giving a mean expression to the features. We do not envy the Prime Minister his feelings when he discovered, at the Royal Academy dinner, the "counterfeit presentment" under which he, the "Cupid" of the War and Foreign Office, was to go down to posterity. A friend endeavoured to ascertain what he thought of his likeness. He fought off the question by saying, with a good-humoured laugh, "Ah! it's very difficult to look one's best in a picture." He has small reason to congratulate himself upon his portraits in the Exhibition. There are two likenesses of him; one painted for the Cinque Ports, and the other for his Tiverton constituents. Neither is very successful; but assuming that they are good in the points in which they resemble each other, their dissimilarity to Mr. Phillip's portrait may be taken as the measure of the failure of that artist.

Nearer to the spectator than the Premier, and quite in the foreground on the left of the table (the Speaker's right), sits the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis. He is leaning forward on the bench, and holds a note-book in his hand, in which he may be supposed to make memoranda of the speech that is being delivered by his chief, with a view to defend him in reply. This, again, is a poetic licence, for no such note-book is ever seen in the House of Commons, where the note-taking is of a much less elaborate kind, being made upon any sheet of paper, and with any pen hastily caught up from the table. Mr. Phillip has been much happier in his likeness of the late lamented Secretary of State for War. The profile is perhaps a little exaggerated, but his prominent features wear the look of philosophic reflectiveness, calm sagacity, and imperturbable good temper that distinguished him in life.

Continuing our circuit of identification, and repeating that the first figure on the left is Sir G. C. Lewis, and the second Lord Palmerston, we come to Earl Russell, then "Lord John," whose arms are folded in his favourite historical attitude. The likeness is good, and the spectator will note a deliberative expression about the mouth which denotes the sagacious and veteran statesman. It may be that after ages will determine that the great Whig leader, under whom the present First Minister so long served, ought to have been the prominent figure in the "House of Commons in 1861." It was not for the painter, however, to estimate the rival claims of the two statesmen upon the gratitude of their countrymen and the admiration of posterity. It is enough to feel that a contemporary picture which represents the two great Liberal politicians

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although in some cases the naked fact may be detected which underlies the "imaginative or marvellous language in which it is recorded." Impelled by a great dread of overloading the faith of the present day, he wishes to avoid resting a belief in Christianity on the argument from miracles. He points out that the ancient myths of Greece and Rome were once as universally believed as they are now explained away; "that the supernatural in all modern history has quietly receded or been relegated into the fanciful realm of fable;" that the mass of miracle is being continually purified and rationalised; and his conclusion is twofold, that the Scripture miracles are alone and isolated, and that temporary accidents of religion belonging to old worlds of thought and knowledge "will gradually fall away."

This will seem bold reasoning indeed to many who are doubting, bolder to the majority who do not doubt; but it is well worth our while to place clearly before the world the reasoning of the most venerable and the most learned leader of the Rationalist party in the Church of England.

The wanderings of the Israelites in the desert are described in this history without the tremendous appetite for disbelief which marks Bishop Colenso's work. Their numbers are reduced from a great nation to a formidable tribe. Canon Stanley's hypothesis of their dwelling in a fertile waste land around Sinai, the most fruitful part of the peninsula, among sufficient "wadies" and oases, to support their flocks is preferred to the belief that they lived miraculously in a wilderness: the arguments from the number of the first-born and the limited number of priests for such extensive duties are alluded to, but not pressed to absurd conclusions; and the general impression left on the reader's mind is, that most difficulties and many miracles are to be accounted for by natural reasons. For instance, the manna is stated to be abundant in those parts still; and a note adds that the curious fact has been observed, that unless boiled it would putrify if kept for more than one day. In another place, the making sweet the waters of Marah by Moses is gently explained by this hint, viz., that the branches of certain trees probably make sweet waters impregnated with mineral salts by evolving oxalic acid!

The account of Balaam's ass is only inserted on the authority of Balaam, and the miracle of the sun and moon stayed in Ajalon he considers, with Mr. Newman, to be a quotation from an imaginative poem. Yet, he remarks, it would have been astonishingly sublime to have supposed the deities of the conquered people to be thus arrested in their career, and forced to witness the discomfiture and contribute to the extirpation of their worshippers.

We have now perhaps said enough to show the plan which Dean Milman adopts in describing these miracles: wherever it is possible to suggest natural causes at work, he hints an explanation; where the supernatural element is essential to the narrative, he examines the authority given for it, and as in the cases above-mentioned of Balaam and Joshua, seems to look for possible mistakes in the minds of the writers, or injudicious insertions by later restorers of the Pentateuch. In other cases he states the facts as recorded in the Bible without comment.

With regard to the date of the Pentateuch, he altogether rejects the German theory of its compilation in very late times, and firmly holds that it is very ancient indeed, though probably rearranged at a later date. As to the discrepancies in some of the minor statements of the books of Kings and Chronicles, we will quote his own words:—

"The Book of Kings is properly so called; the Book of Chronicles may be rather called the Books of the High Priests. Throughout there is a sacerdotal bias, ... and this sacerdotalism becomes more manifest as the history darkens toward its close. The reason of this appears to be simple. From its own internal evidence, and from its words, the Chronicles cannot have been written before the Captivity, not before the time of Ezra, to which they descend. But at that time the high-priesthood was aspiring to the supremacy; it was gradually acquiring that kingly power which it afterwards assumed. The compiler, therefore (one, perhaps, of that order), would adopt that tradition, that version, that colouring of events which would give the sanction of antiquity or authority to these sacerdotal claims. This perhaps unconscious and hardly perceptible leaning does not necessarily imply either dishonesty or untruth. At that period the best and wisest Jews might look to the ascendancy of the religious power of the high priesthood as the only saving influence.

"Mr. Francis Newman sees throughout a latent conspiracy for the tyrannous elevation of the priestly order, and in the compiler of the Book of Chronicles, its artful and (it can hardly be ascribing too strong a word to Mr. Newman) mendacious apologist."

This passage will show the position which the Dean has taken, a post half-way between the bold theorisers, whose principles forbid them to treat the Sacred Writings in a different manner from the records of other ancient nations, and the large party which prefers to treat the history of the Jews as forbidden and holy ground. His theory demands our belief that the "keepers of the Oracles of God" were men of their age, and their books the books of their age; and that only as to "moral and religious truth" is the authority of the Scriptures infallible.

"They spoke what was the common belief of the time according to the common notion of things and the prevalent and current views of the world around them, just as they spoke the Aramaic dialect: it was part of the language; had they spoken otherwise it would have been like addressing their hearers in Sanskrit or English. This view has been sometimes expressed by the unpopular word *accommodation—a bad word, as it appears to imply art or design*, while it was merely the natural, it should seem inevitable, course of things."

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that day. In more recent times a similar vein has been largely worked. The author of "Doctor Antonio" gave us a perfectly charming Italian man in love with a high-bred young English lady, whose broken leg he cures and whose heart he wins; though her father, a proud and pompous old baronet, and her brother, an obnoxious and noisy "plunger," put the idea of a proposal of marriage out of the question. Here, besides the glorious scenery of the Riviera, the social state and the political throes of Italy before 1848 (and not art or antiquities) form the natural background of the picture. In "Lavinia," again, the hero, a young Roman painter, becomes engaged to the beautiful, accomplished, and spoiled English heroine. They part, and each goes through great trials. The scene changes to England, to Paris, to the Crimea; till they meet again, she a hospital nurse, he a wounded Sardinian soldier, at Scutari. But still the struggle for Italian liberty and nationality runs through the story. The last phase of the Italian novel is the Neapolitan phase. The central character of the piece is a Neapolitan nobleman, and he is an atrocious villain. Either he succeeds in marrying the charming English heiress and heroine, whose woes and persecutions by her husband, the priest, and the mother-in-law, form the staple of the story, as in the tale of "Court Life at Naples," published some two years ago; or else, as in the book before us, his machinations, his shifts, his wooings, and his iniquities cause the main interest; while Naples life, scenery, revolutions, and dungeons fill in the canvas; and the heroine, after consent, and in act of flight, is saved by the good angel of the tale, while her lover comes to a bad and sudden end.

There is certainly no want of incident about "Niccolò Marini." The plot is good on the whole, and not ill worked out. It has improbabilities, which, on looking back after the book is read, seem quite absurd and outrageous. But, just as in "East Lynne" and "The Woman in White," the story is told well enough to make them pass muster at the time. They go down, and are swallowed unconsciously. As long as this is the case, the reader will not, nor should, perhaps, the critic, require more. We live in a "sensation" epoch; and novels, as farces have long since done, are acquiring a vested right to be built on a groundwork of sheer impossibility.

The novel opens (like the Promessi Sposi) with a description of the *intérieur* of Padre Ottavio, the priest of a small town in North Italy. The padre is suddenly summoned to the bedside of a dying stranger in a lone house outside the town. Pepino, before dying, confesses that he has come to the town for the purpose of acting the part of priest in a sham-marriage between an Italian gentleman and a young English girl who has run away with him; which sham-marriage is to take place next morning. The good father, after a night of agonizing deliberation, at length decides that the only hope of palliating the mischief about to take place is to appear as Pepino's substitute and to marry the seducer to the girl in good earnest. Accordingly he disguises himself, keeps Pepino's appointment with the seducer at the inn at six next morning, says he is commissioned by Pepino, who is dangerously ill, to take his place, and acts his part so well, that within half an hour the unsuspecting seducer and the innocent maiden have been formally married in the Church, which "my friend, the Sacristan, promised to leave open," and the certificate has been duly signed. The Benedict *malgré lui*, and his bride, drive off as they came, and are heard of no more.

The scene shifts to "Lady B.'s reception" at Naples. Here Baron Niccolò Marini is introduced, a little out at elbows of course, but noble in birth, perfect in breeding and manners, a favourite with women, the idol of society, and with all the world at his feet. The character is well drawn and well kept up. There are no sickening details of a filthy Neapolitan interior contrasting with his brilliant appearance in society. The man is a gentleman in birth and in habits; only by degrees it dawns on one that he is a schemer, an unscrupulous intriguer, a ruined gambler, a spy, a poisoner, and a double-dyed traitor. The Baron has just come from his first introduction to three charming Englishwomen newly arrived at the Hotel V. Foremost of these is Geraldine Leslie, the beautiful young widow of Arthur Leslie, rector and proprietor of Starfield. She is drawn something in the type of David Copperfield's Dora, a child with little sense or ballast, but most loveable; needing and submitting to guidance, and yet wilful and fond of her own way. Pining at first for her husband, she goes abroad for change with Laura Leslie, her husband's sister, to whose care he has commended her on his deathbed. At Florence they renew acquaintance with a Count Antonelli, who had married in former years Laura's sister Julia. Antonelli is re-married to a Florentine. But there is a daughter of the first marriage, an Italian Giulia, whom the aunts find grown into a lovely *spirituelle* young lady, who sings divinely, adores Art, and is the Corinne of the book. She consents to accompany the two aunts to Naples, glad probably to escape a stepmother. The Count commends them to the care of his friend Baron Marini, who will show them all the world of Naples. Here is a great chance for Marini. Charmed with the society of the trio of ladies, charmed with the wit and face, and above all, the fortune of the widow, he determines to win her, and thenceforth he will purge, he thinks, and live cleanly. Assiduous in his attentions, he is soon in the good graces of Geraldine. But Laura and Giulia both dislike him. The former, late one night, after the Baron has left them, overhears a conversation on the stairs between him and Geraldine's Swiss maid. He seems to be tampering with her, and gives her money. Troubled at this, Laura hesitates to divulge her suspicions till they are better founded. It may be only a flirtation with the maid.

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for the great assiduity and amiability with which he visited a very large number of his parishioners at their own houses, while he discharged with equal industry all the other duties of his office. Few men in London, we think, holding the same position as Mr. Laing, have better deserved that their names should be kept alive in the remembrance of their neighbours. A considerable part of what Mr. Spooner relates, concerning the happy state of the church and its successful operations in this parish, may be viewed as a monument to the memory of Mr. Laing, though it is no less certain that upon his retirement from the ministry, which took place two or three years before his death, his plans were continued and worked out by Mr. Spooner with great energy, and with a very sound judgment.

We must proceed, however, to notice rather more in detail the parochial agencies which the author of this volume himself superintended for the comfort and improvement of the people under his care. The church itself, a commodious and not inelegant structure, adorned with a spire, contains 1,500 sittings, of which 600 are free; and there are no pews, but open benches. Mr. Spooner dislikes the system of private boxes in a church; and he tells, with much glee, the story of a little child who, being asked one Sunday where she had been, replied, "I have been *in a cupboard* in surch with Aunt Barby." The National School-house, which stands hard by, served also for the Sunday schools of boys, girls, and infants; there were several other Sunday schools and night schools, with the two ragged schools, for one of which a special building, likewise used as a chapel, was erected in Ferdinand-place. Three arches of the North London Railway were successively enclosed and occupied by the institutions belonging to Mr. Spooner's church; one of them being used for a girls' night-school, and for Bible classes on Sundays; whilst another was converted into a snug reading-room and library, open to everybody for a penny, or to subscribers for eighteenpence a quarter; and the adjoining arch was fitted up for a lecture-room, meeting-room, or concert-room, where lectures upon various subjects of instruction and entertainment, or readings and recitations, or the public performances of an amateur music class, might beguile the winter evenings. Besides these local institutions, Mr. Spooner tells us of the District Visiting Society, the ladies of which, paying 25,000 visits to the houses of the poor in the course of one year, consoled a vast deal of misery; the Provident Fund, or Parish Savings' Bank, which allowed interest at the rate of a shilling in the pound for money not withdrawn till Christmas; the Provident Dispensary for sickness; the Infant Nursery, for the care of children whose mothers are obliged to work away from home; the Ladies' Fund for the relief of poor women in childbirth; the Working Men's Auxiliary to Scripture Readers; and the Children's Sick Fund. Here is a goodly list of the different operations of Christian charity in connection with a single district church! The Children's Sick Fund was a very pretty notion. In the girls' night school a small committee of eight children was entrusted with any small sums of money that might be given for that purpose, to be expended by them, under proper direction, in purchasing any little delicacies of food, which, cooked very nicely by their own little hands, they might carry to the bedsides of the sick. The object of the Working Men's Auxiliary was to bring men to meet together for the study of the Bible and religious conversation, as well as to provide, by their own subscriptions, for the employment of a second Scripture reader. A set of "Daily Prayers for the Week" has been written and printed by some of these men, the initials of whose names, with their trades and callings—as cabman, coal-porter, sawyer, railway platelayer, and policemen—were appended to the publication. But we should find it rather difficult to enumerate all the specific channels through which the spirit of piety and philanthropy takes its outflow from the centre of social worship and brotherhood in a well-conducted parish. The clergyman—or, as Mr. Spooner prefers to style himself, the parson—of this parish has very multifarious occupations in stimulating, guiding, or controlling these proceedings; as well as in his private intercourse with the people, in addition to the regular and formal services, both at stated periods and upon accidental occasions, which he is called upon to discharge. Mr. Spooner gives us some idea of the diversity of applications for his aid or counsel, which used to assail him at those hours when he waited in the vestry to see all comers—one wanting merely his signature to a certificate for some pension or annuity, one begging for his intercession with the police magistrate to get a naughty boy sent to the reformatory, one desiring help to emigrate to British Columbia, others seeking to pour into his ear a tale of domestic sorrow, or of a difficult case of conscience, or of the deepest spiritual struggles. He has, with the assistance of his curates, on one Wednesday morning, between ten and twelve o'clock, thus met and given audience to from seventy to a hundred persons. Nor is this all: in seasons of distress, as we know, the parson has to act as a sort of relieving officer and supernumerary guardian of the poor, in dispensing the bounty of parishioners and others mercifully inclined. Mr. Spooner has, in a severe winter, had nearly a hundred applicants in one morning for relief coming to his vestry, which was open for that purpose, during the worst exigency, every day for one hour; besides giving away much, of course, through the district visitors. The best method was found to be the giving of tickets inscribed with an order upon any one of several local tradesmen for a certain quantity of food or other necessaries of life. Hospital tickets likewise proved the means of relieving many painful cases of sickness aggravated by destitution; and the Convalescent Hospital is especially recommended, as a blessing to the poor. But we have picture, filled up wi Spooner has drawn o a London suburban p bears testimony, is th class of society, to duty. Their opera spective committees latterly been merge Spooner's successor. visitors and school-t voluntary labourers assembled. So muc stock Hill. Mr. quite so freely into p near Hounslow, whi large, straggling rur makers, much scatt tell us, however, th in this time, with chapel-school has b has been rebuilt, ancient church is a to be set up amon parson," by whom carried on as we ha West Middlesex an heartily recommend book. It contains dotes of the domest country, for whose laboured.

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Mr. Sala has giv fashioned in its stimul tale, every part of it ture. It is not a no making; and love-n tures, indeed is rare such a one as boys contrary, men and w most human lives be escape, except in ra had through the ex helps is a good tale. ment and scene-pai Presenting to us an our own, it breaks, f the narrow limits, li in the open air and f to new objects, and considering what mo Mr. Sala for this n desire to add more " received; and that tunity for giving the interesting preface.

The story is in for down to write it in Hanover-square, in t eighty. He is then, liver and a stout h His married daught writes of her:—

"I am not alone in my only and most che of the departed saint believes not a word of If she were to be told she holds no convers tongues and say so-an been wild and stormy that it has also been Jago de Compostella's pretty creature! My helped to furnish forth stay, my merciful con woman her mother. never known love's so

Just sixty years unknown lady, near house. She was loo Jacobite, and had a of the highest quali Court. She had a gr the covers—a doubl crossed, and the ini grandmother of our h ville; and, in consequ

* The Strange Adventur Merchant, a Spy, a Slave Turk, and died at last in fashioned English, Attem

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Holstein. From that moment it rapidly increased in wealth and splendour, till its commercial prosperity was dismally interrupted by the blockade of 1802. Not content with ruining its trade, Napoleon occupied it with troops from 1806 to 1809, and, in the following year, annexed it to the empire. In 1813, the Russians obtained possession of it for a short time, but in the same year it was retaken by the French. Davoust sustained a memorable siege there, held out during a twelvemonth, and surrendered only in May, 1814, when the Bourbons had regained the throne of France.

Such was the city which gave birth to Wilhelmina Sieveking, and such were the leading events in its history during the first twenty years of her life. The sufferings of her fatherland were well fitted to nurture her natural benevolence, and to fill her with high resolves for the future relief of human want and woe.

Wilhelmina enjoyed the advantage of springing from a well-known and honourable family, through whom she was linked to a circle of friends which, for the last eighty years, has mirrored in a very distinct and remarkable manner nearly all the deeper intellectual movements that have affected the German people. In this circle once moved Lessing, one of the most distinguished leaders of the literary movement in Germany, the popular poet Claudius, the philosopher Frederic Jacobi, and his correspondent on the subject of Spinoza—Elisha Reimarus. These, with the exception of the first, who had passed off the scene in 1781, used, at the opening of this century, to assemble frequently in an old house, the country seat of Senator Sieveking, rich with classical associations, on the banks of the Elbe, just beyond Altona; and round them gathered persons from all parts of the world, representing all the various political parties, and all the higher interests of that stirring epoch. Among these gifted individuals shone Wilhelmina Sieveking, just growing up into life, "nourishing a youth sublime," not only with "the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time," but still more with the society of kindred spirits. The influence exerted over her by many of her associates was better calculated to charm the intellect than to sanctify the heart; and her education, religious as well as secular, being entrusted to a rationalistic tutor, it is no wonder that her early years were overclouded with unbelief. From this, however, she slowly and steadily emerged. Though perplexed in faith she was pure in deeds. She fought her doubts, and gathered strength by the conflict. She faced the spectres of the mind, and laid them. She waded through a stormy sea, till at length she felt the rock beneath her feet, and, like the doubting disciple, stretched forth her hand, and thrust, as it were, her finger into the pierced side of Him whose divinity she had questioned, and whose atonement at one time she would not accept.

Thenceforth her career was bright, and the purpose of her life was clearly defined. Thenceforth she would dare to do good in her own way, to follow the instincts of philanthropy wherever they might lead, to tread in the steps of Howard and Mrs. Fry, to "recur," as she says, "to the example of Vincent de Paul," and exist only for the elevation of her sex and the solace of suffering humanity. It was a noble purpose, yet not too high and holy for one to whom love was a more powerful incentive even than duty, and who could not be happy but in making others so. Her great desire and ambition were to establish a society of Sisters of Mercy in the Evangelical Church, and after having long nurtured this project in secret, she was surprised and delighted one day at its being actually suggested to her by Professor Hartmann. It was not fated indeed that she should found a sisterhood in the manner and shape that first floated before her mind, yet she was destined to see it come into existence during her lifetime, and her definite presentiment on this point did not deceive her. Meanwhile, ere her public labours begun, she continued the task of educating the young, and published her "Meditations on Certain Portions of the Holy Scriptures" and an "Account of a Christian School in Lower Saxony."

From her works in general, her diaries and correspondence, abundant extracts are made in her "Life." Though some of these might have been curtailed with advantage, they are, on the whole, replete with interest, particularly to all who are engaged in "charitable works." We find in them deep and striking thoughts expressed in flowing language, originality without affectation, and piety without conventional phrases; and when reading her remains we cannot but discover in her an admirable combination of sincerity of character with precise and luminous ideas. All her conceptions, all her views, were characterized by breadth: narrowness was abhorrent to her nature. From her youth up the observation of mankind had, as she writes in a letter to the Queen of Denmark, been her favourite study, and upon this she brought to bear not only a vigorous understanding, but also—what is no less requisite for success in the pursuit—a most loving heart. She believed that there is something divine in every man, even in those who have sunk the lowest—some portion of God's essence which cannot be wholly extinguished, that more than half the sins committed in the world are free from guilty intention, and that "many things now reproached as wickedness and baseness will, in the light of eternity, appear as error and misunderstanding." Though a Lutheran, she would not be tied to the opinions prevalent among her Christian friends. She objected to some English dissenters at Hamburg, that their observance of the Sabbath was "rigid formalism," and that they allowed themselves "a pharisaic love of condemning those who bear the same seed only in another vessel," and in May, 1820, she wrote in her diary, with a degree of liberalism very common in Germany, "I firmly believe that as many Catholics as Protestants may probably belong to the invisible Church which our Lo... the Gospel is n... t bo... ticular opinions ... n thi...

A woman such as V... acquainted with many... these was the c... elebra... remarks on this ... ccles... ing in themselve..., an... thought:—

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Wilhelmina Sieveki... 37th year. When the... herself to nurse in the... her true character shon... thought it an act of er... A pestilence or epide... sincerity. It distingui... During two months W... night and day undisma... inferior nurses by her ... subduing by her stea... delirious violence of t... lasting esteem of the n...

This labour of love w... action. Before quitti... up the rules of a socie... sick poor in their own ... twelve other ladies; a... so manifest the excelle... it unite strict order wi... freedom, that it beca... tions founded, throug... Germany, in Switzerl... Sweden, Denmark, an... treasure of wisdom fo... up in Germany the ti... comfort and aid into th...

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"As well in her exp... which have been told ... thought I could trace a ... "the most decided C... character which is not... clear and consistent w... warm interest in all real... I thought I recognized ... my dear Queen of Den... also in this, that both ... recent events."

Wilhelmina Sievekin... when she had occasion... her position as a citize... wrote to the Crown Pr... mentioning in her forth... guished lady had taken... poor," but that for two...

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reader will infer that Mrs. Ramsay deserves to be mentioned with respect among the translators of this mighty poet.

From the feminine we turn to the clerical translator. Mr. Thomas's version of the "Inferno" was received with a fair amount of favour. We incline to think that of the "Purgatorio," which is published by subscription, an advance upon its precursor. With less ease and *àplomb* than Mrs. Ramsay's, it may be commended as having more character, in the poem itself, and very much more in the illustrative matter supplied by way of prefaces and notes. Throughout this we recognize the hand of a clerical writer addicted to some freedom in dogma, liberal in politics, and by no means exempt from crotchets, or from a fondness for "giving a bit of his mind," whether apposite or not. The laudable or harmless phases of this character have dictated the "Dedication to Garibaldi," the apt and somewhat racy account of the "Doctrine of Purgatory," and some references to the ecclesiastical and popular notions about Hell. On the other hand, there is little better than mere surplusage in the useless and often quite nugatory parallel drawn between Dante and Wiclif, the quotations from the Bible in and out of season, the hits or tirades against Mariolatry, and the drippings of jocosity prompted by "gentle dulness." It is a serious objection to Mr. Thomas's notes that he shows no suspicion of the need for their being as short as possible.

As we have already intimated, Mr. Thomas, as well as Mrs. Ramsay, follows his original both in metre and in rhyme, and thus comes equally into competition with Mr. Cayley. He is, however, put out of court by that gentleman even more decisively than Mrs. Ramsay is. He cannot plead, as the lady can, that his translation is sensibly easier to read and plainer to understand than Cayley's; to whom he is as clearly inferior in strong scholarship and individual turn of expression. We cannot blame a sincere devotee of Dante for trying his hand at a translation; but neither are we able to admit that the English literature and reading public, already supplied as they are with Cayley, can derive any serious advantage from Wesley Thomas.

In the cases of Mrs. Ramsay and Mr. Thomas, we have been dealing with a sensible view of what the translation ought to be, and with qualified success in the result. In the case of the third translator on our list, Mr. Wilkie, we deal with only a dead failure. His is the feeblest attempt upon Dante which has yet been made. Such a translation might be written "by the mile." Mr. Wilkie discards both rhyme and metre; giving us only rhythmical lines (if such they can be called) of any and every length, just as it suits his convenience or caprice. Thus freed from every temptation to deviate, through the exigencies of versified form, from a strict, direct, and manly rendering of the words which were good enough for Dante, Mr. Wilkie might at least have been expected to stick to sound and serviceable literality. But no; he is throughout trivial and loose, and, whenever he pleases, paraphrastic; while silly inversions abound, to an extent that would be unpardonable amid the utmost difficulties of rhymed metre. He even ventures upon the licence of explaining in jejune terms what Dante has indicated by allusions: as, to take one instance among many, in Canto 3, "the form of him who weakly left the papal chair," instead of "the shade of him, who, thro' cowardice, made the great refusal." To all these perversities Mr. Wilkie adds that of not vouchsafing a single line of explanation or note from first to last, beyond the remark that he has generally followed a particular text, but has "occasionally taken a view of Dante's meaning, for which none of his editors are responsible." In fact, here is a Scotch advocate who has, without why or wherefore, without a single qualification for the office, determined to appear in print as a translator of Dante, and, in that gratuitously assumed character, "rushed reckless on the public."

SALAMMBÔ.*

It is now a good many years since Mr. Carlyle predicted the speedy extinction of novels. The times, he thought, were becoming so momentous, and life so serious a matter, that "this exceeding great army of story-tellers" would soon be reduced to silence, or find no audience but "children and fatuous persons." Theoretically, the inference is not obvious, for it seems natural to suppose that the need for complete relaxation of mind might be more felt as the necessary business of life became more absorbing; and practically the result has been widely different.

The truth is, whether we like it or no, that novel-writing occupies at this moment a larger quantity of intellect than it has ever done before, and that novel-reading forms, in an ever-increasing degree, the chosen amusement of the instructed classes in Europe. This mistake of a wise man may serve to warn us against generalizing on subjects of this kind. Having only just opened our eyes to the truth, that the social, as well as the individual thoughts and acts of men are subject to laws, we need not wonder if the nature and operation of them is still a mystery to us. Some future philosopher will no doubt see development and necessary succession even in the phenomena of literary history, and will explain why at one period the human mind seeks relief in rhymed decasyllabic couplets, and at another refuses to give up its secret except in periodical driblets of romance.

Without, therefore, attempting to explain the fact, we cannot help seeing that the novel is in our day the most widely influential

* Salammbô. Par Gustave Flaubert. Deuxième édition. Paris: Michel Lévy frères.

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"A tear lay on thy cheek,
For thou hadst slept while weeping
Like a little pearl in its delicate shell,
Or the dew in a snowdrop sleeping.

"We watch'd my darling sleep
Those golden morning hours,
Like a little weary bird in its nest
On her pillow of leaves and flowers."

"The Puritan's Daughter" is the best of the many pieces in this volume; but there are not wanting, in some others, evidences of superior poetic talent.

"Love and Mammon" * is one of those poems which prove rather the richness of a writer's vocabulary than the clearness of his ideas. Miss Wyvill has great command of words; but we are not always sure that we catch her meaning, and sometimes we doubt whether she herself clearly comprehends what she is writing about. At the very first page we find ourselves at fault. She would have us understand that people know very little about Poetry, who fancy that she is not to be found in the City, but only "in forest depths and mountainous retreats." Now we have never met with any one who entertains this absurd idea, or who doubts that poetry in plenty is to be found in the densest gatherings of bricks and mortar. But when Miss Wyvill proceeds to state the co-extension of poetry with human life, she leads us into a maze which fairly bewilders us. She says:—

"Wheresoe'er we toiling masses move,
The Infinite earings each little life,
Whence stretching into open distances
Of silent space beyond earth's multitude,
Thus circling each, is girdle to the whole."

We say very respectfully that we don't understand this; nor do we quite see our way through the definition of poetry which Miss Wyvill seems to think a simple one:—

"Poetry methinks is simply this:
Infinity, Eternity, and God,
Express'd to an intelligence by signs,
In things material, owning voice and form
Familiar, common, humble, it may be,
But ever holy, even where marr'd by sin,
Because His symbols and His instruments,
For speaking, doing, working out His will."

This promise of what is to come is not very encouraging; and as we proceed we frequently find that we have lost the thread of the idea, or that half a dozen ideas have become hopelessly entangled. This is a sad drawback; but it is somewhat made up for by the fact that the plot is not intricate, and that, by dint of strong swimming against a torrent of words, we ascertain what becomes of the characters in the story. We cannot say, however, that they interest us much. First, there is Ernest Brand, who is in love with Flavia Basil. Flavia is the representative of Mammon, and acts up to her character by pledging Ernest to keep secret till the end of the London season the fact that she has promised to marry him, because she is anxious to prove Lord Wissendine's intentions with regard to her, and, should they be favourable, she will have no difficulty whatever in sending Ernest to the right-about. But, instead of an offer from the noble lord, she is blessed with a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, left her by a relative, and, as Ernest's bank fails, she consents to marry his friend Philip Wynwode. She and her husband, however, are not rich in prudence. They dissipate their money, and when it is gone, the heartless Flavia elopes with Lord Wissendine, and is thus as faithful a personation of Mammon as we could desire. But surely when, after jilting Ernest, she seems surprised, in their last interview, at his leaving her without wishing her joy, the cool impudence of the most consummate flirt is a little overdone.

Honoria Courtenay represents Love. This is the most painfully interesting young lady we have ever met. She is a visitor of Mrs. Basil's, meets Ernest, and falls in love with him. When Mrs. Basil tells her, as a dead secret, that Ernest is going to marry Flavia, and that she has, therefore, no hope in that quarter, the most frantic heroine of a transpontine melodrama could hardly conduct herself with a closer approach to insanity. She creeps away to her own chamber

"With an empty soul,
Which neither hoped, nor thought, nor dream'd, scarce knew;
Then, in the centre of the floor, she stood,
With blank, blind eyes, and hands so tightly clasp'd
That every muscle of her tender arms
Was strain'd by her resisting will. And lo!
That queenly figure, bending all its pride
Beneath the load of unrequited love,
Till woman's weakness yields; and down she sinks
At her bedside, a soft, white muslin heap."

There she lay, "stunned, stupefied," taking "no count of time lost to her own identity."

"But ever and anon a fearful stroke
Of sharp remembrance flash'd across her brain,
And cut her shivering through and through,"

till at last, after one final, "quick, convulsive shudder,"

* Love and Mammon, and other Poems. By Fanny Susan Wyvill. Bell & Daldy.

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closest scrutiny, and as we are informed, photographers of experience have often been deceived by them. We hope to have done justice to Mr. Watson's works; they have a peculiar interest, and we are not disposed to be dogmatical against them. Let them by all means be seen; many will pronounce them, as we are told Mr. Ruskin did, "stunning." Perhaps some few may agree with the opinion we have endeavoured to express, and at the same time not withhold a fair meed of praise from Mr. Watson.

MUSIC.

THE performance of Meyerbeer's "Prophète" at the Royal Italian Opera on Monday was characterized by the same splendour, both scenic and musical, that has distinguished its former representations at this establishment. Among the many spectacular operas so magnificently mounted by Mr. Gye, none are more gorgeously placed on the stage than the "Prophète," with the pageantry of its cathedral scene and the ingenious contrivance of the skating evolutions. Signor Tamberlik's Jean of Leyden is well-known as one of his finest impersonations, and his singing on this occasion was worthy of his highest reputation. Madame Nantier Didiée was an expressive and picturesque representative of Fides—a part in which, however, it is difficult to avoid a comparison with Madame Viardot Garcia's matchless interpretation. Mdlle. Dottini was an interesting if not a very energetic Bertha; while the three Anabaptists were rendered much more tunable than of yore by their present representatives. Altogether the "Prophète" at the Royal Italian Opera is one of those exhibitions of combined stage splendour and musical excellence which it is worth a long journey to see and hear.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, the new tenor, Signor Baragli, has gained a sort of *succès d'estime* by his appearance as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor." Of this artist's powers, however, we hope to have future opportunities of more fully judging. The new ballet produced at this house under the title of "Bianchi e Negri," is a terpsichorean travestie of "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—an odd subject for pirouettes, pas, and pantomime, but rendered attractive by scenic spectacle and the excellent dancing of Mdlle. Ferraris Mdlle. Morlacchi, and Signor Ammaturo.

Signor Thalberg's first *Matinée* on Monday was a renewal of the success which this great artist achieved on his re-appearance last season. The following programme is interesting, as showing an increased disposition on the part of M. Thalberg to vary the performance of his own pieces by a selection from other composers:—

PART I.

Adelaide	Beethoven.
Romanza (Preciosa)	Weber.
Ballad	Thalberg.
Irish Airs	Thalberg.
Two Songs without Words	Mendelssohn.
Pastorale (MS.)	Thalberg.

PART II.

Marche Funèbre	Chopin.
Study	Thalberg.
Scherzo	Mendelssohn.
Two Studies	Moscheles.
Russian Airs	Thalberg.

The great pianist displayed all those marvellous qualities of mechanism and tone which have for many years rendered him unrivalled as a performer of executive difficulties; and his reception was such as to assure him that a London public does not tire of those favourites who have first-rate claims to its admiration.

The Musical Society of London gave its fourth and last concert of the season at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, the programme being slightly altered by the indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves, and the appearance, in his stead, of Signor Delle Sedie. The selection, as amended, was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (Jessonda)	Spohr.
Recitative—"Crudele! Ah mio bene;" Aria—"Non mi dir" (Don Giovanni), Miss Louisa Van Noorden	Mozart.
Concerto in D minor—Pianoforte, Op. 40, Miss Madeline Schiller	Mendelssohn.
Aria—"Pietá Signor," Signor Delle Sedie	Stradella.
Overture (Hamlet)	Macfarren.

PART II.

Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Op. 67	Beethoven.
Aria—"Eri tu," Signor Delle Sedie	Verdi.
Overture (Guillaume Tell)	Rossini.

Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The orchestral performances were, as usual at these concerts, of first-rate excellence. A band, consisting of the finest players in London, mostly solo performers, conducted by so admirable a *chef d'orchestre* as Mr. Alfred Mellon, can scarcely fail to render justice to the instrumental works of the great masters. On the present occasion the only approach to novelty was Mr. Macfarren's overture; a gloomy and erratic prelude in which some masterly instrumentation scarcely compensates for a vagueness which is not justified even by the philosophical nature of the subject which is supposed to have suggested the work. The great composers have shown that it is possible to be abstract and still coherent—but Mr. Macfarren's work, with much occasional cleverness, has the

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on the Nile and feed it for a distance of a hundred and fifty miles of its course. Notwithstanding Speke gives the negros of Uganda the character of "the French" of those parts, he was detained, hospitably it is true, as a sort of state prisoner for five months before he was passed on to the next kingdom, Ungoro.

Hitherto he had had no trouble on account of interpreters, one single language being more or less understood by the people of the countries he had passed through; now, however, that difficulty commenced. He found, too, the inhabitants more barbarous, some living in absolute nudity. Here, again, the travellers experienced much annoyance by the procrastination of the King Kaunasi. Tracked for two degrees north of the lake, the river was found to make a great bend to pass through Luta Nzige, and Speke had to travel along the chord of the bend, a distance of seventy miles, striking it again at De Bono's ivory station in latitude 3° 45′, a few marches from Gondokoro. A difference of level of a thousand feet in the bed of the river, before and after the bend, shows a possibility that the old traditions of foaming cataracts on the Nile may yet be realized in this interval.

The great practical object in exploring the Nile is to ascertain the practicability of a water communication for commerce with the interior, and the friendly or adverse disposition of the native tribes towards traders. On this point, of the three kingdoms he passed through during his year of semi-captivity, Speke gives the preference to Karagwè Mtesa, the sovereign being an amiable youth surrounded by wives and delighting in field-sports. The rule of the Court, however, requiring the execution of one man daily for the good of the State, diminishes our respect for it; while something of abhorrence is excited by the description of the monarch of the northernmost of these countries, who is reported as a morose, churlish creature, whose time is divided between fattening his wives and children till they cannot stand, and practising witchcraft.

To their numerous presents, and to the desires of the chiefs to open a traffic with the whites, there is little doubt our travellers owe their safety and their escape from these regions.

As Captains Grant and Speke are now on their way to England, we shall shortly hear from their own lips a fuller account of the countries they have penetrated, of their resources, and the possibility and prospects of a trade with those races, whose condition can only be ameliorated by commerce, and extensive connexion with civilized nations. In this light the deeds of Grant and Speke are glorious accomplishments.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, 1st June, 1863.

Architects—At 8 p.m.
Asiatic—At 3 p.m.
Entomological—At 7 p.m.
Geologists' Association—At 7 p.m.

Tuesday, 2nd June.

Civil Engineers—At 9 p.m. The President's Annual Conversazione.
Ethnological—At 8 p.m. "On the Institution and Formation of the Caste System in India, Aryan Polity." By Professor Tagore.
Photographic—At 8 p.m.
Architects—At 8 p.m. "On the Picturesque in Architecture." By the Rev. J. L. Petit.
Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. Professor Tyndall, "On Sound."

Wednesday, 3rd June.

Geological—At 8 p.m. 1. "On the Relations of the Sandstones of Cromarty with Reptilian Footprints." By the Rev. George Gordon and the Rev. J. M. Joass. With an Introduction by Sir R. I. Murchison. 2. "On the Section at Moulin-Quignon, and on the peculiar character of some of the Flint Implements found there." By J. Prestwich, Esq., F.R.S. 3. "On some Tertiary Shells from Jamaica." By J. Carrick Moore, Esq., F.R.S. With a Note on the Corals, by P. Martin Duncan, M.B. 4. "Description of a new Fossil *Thecidium* from the Miocene Beds of Malta." By J. Denis Macdonald, Esq., F.R.S.

Thursday, 4th June.

Royal Society—At 4 p.m. (Election of Fellows.)
Antiquaries—At 8½ p.m.
Linnæan—At 8 p.m. 1. "On a Sexual Monstrosity in the Genus *Passiflora*." By S. J. Salter, Esq. 2. "On the Fertilization of *Disa grandiflora*." By R. Trimen, Esq.
Chemical—At 8 p.m. "Synthetic Methods in Organic Chemistry." By M. Marcellin Berthelot.
Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. "On Geology." By Professor Ansted.

Friday, 5th June.

Royal Institution—At 8 p.m. "On the Forms of the Stratified Alps of Savoy." By John Ruskin, Esq.
Archæological Institute—At 4 p.m.
Philological—At 8 p.m. "On the Expediency or Inexpediency of cultivating the Vernacular Keltic Languages at present existing in the British Isles." By the Rev. G. C. Geldart.

Saturday, 6th June.

Royal Institution—At 3 p.m. "On Electric Telegraphy." By Professor William Thomson.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Ainsworth's (W. H.) The Lord Mayor of London. Cheap edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.
Alexander's (D. A.) Evidences of Christianity. 18mo., cloth, 1s.

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1859	434,470	13,086 8 5
1861	521,101	16,627 18 0

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to the line they have taken. The population of Paris are generally in opposition, whatever government is in power, and the severity of M. Persigny's *régime* is most felt in the French capital itself. There have been on the present occasion no violent demonstrations; and, if the truth could be accurately discerned, it would probably be shown that the slap in the face which Paris has bestowed on the administration is meant rather for the Minister than for the Emperor himself. The best way to meet it is to treat it as nothing more. The dismissal of M. Persigny would be the most politic step that could be taken under all the circumstances; yet it is conceivable that Napoleon III. may be reluctant to inflict pain upon a tried and faithful follower, whose fault has been merely that of over-zeal. But the repressive system has been obviously carried too far by the present Cabinet. In dealing his blows right and left at the press and public writers, M. Persigny has forgotten that a careful autocrat will not be perpetually reminding the population of a gay and spirited metropolis that they are no longer free. The only possible excuse by which the Emperor can justify to France the fetters which he imposes upon free discussion is, that public safety must, above all things, be secured. But to convert the press laws into an ingenious instrument for torturing M. Persigny's antagonists wherever they are to be found, is a policy—as Napoleon III. will now have learnt—both irritating and feeble. The best criticism upon the past elections has been uttered by the journal of M. La Guerronière. "They are symptoms of public opinion," says *La France*, "which challenge the most serious attention of the throne—nothing more, nothing less."

The immediate effect of the movement of the last ten days will be, perhaps, to put an end to an excessive dictatorship over the newspapers, which the devotion of the Emperor's servants has turned into a means of unnecessary tyranny. As far as it is possible to judge so variable a nation as the French, they really seem to have had no further object than this in view. Imperialism suits them at present in many ways; and all that many of the voters wanted who carried the Opposition candidates in the Paris arrondissements was to give the Emperor's Ministers a thoroughly wholesome lesson. It is doubtless an advantage to the country to have an able, though small, Parliamentary opposition in the Corps Législatif which will not be afraid of criticising the Emperor's finance, or of showing up the miserable jobs of which half the Prefects in France are guilty every day. So far France profits by the late elections. On the other hand, it may well be a question whether the Emperor's dynasty has not gained something too. The "ancient parties," for the first time for twelve years, are now broken up. Their leaders have abandoned their attitude of opposition to the Emperor's person, and one and all have taken the oath imposed by the law of February, 1858, upon those who propose to offer themselves for election to the Legislative Assembly:—

"Je jure obéissance à la Constitution, et fidelité à l'Empereur."

M. Thiers, M. Montalembert, M. Barrot, M. Berryer, and M. Dufaure, have all taken the unpleasant pill, and they will now be bound as men of honour to keep their word, whether they have been elected or not. It is clear, that while the country gains by having men of this position brought into contact with political affairs, it does so at the expense of their personal and individual *prestige*. M. Thiers was somebody while he remained aloof and maintained a proud attitude of disdain towards all the Imperial institutions—towards the Emperor's *parvenu* Senate, and his Assembly of flatterers, and his stock-jobbing Ministers. This personal dignity M. Thiers loses when he becomes one of the Emperor's faithful Deputies, and sits under the tinkle of M. de Morny's bell. The case of M. Jules Favre and M. Emile Ollivier is different. They are young men, and sacrifice nothing by condescending to win their spurs as a Liberal minority in a House of Imperialists. Men who have had a grand career in other times stand on a separate footing. In entering public life once more under the imposed conditions, M. Berryer and M. Thiers dock themselves of the splendid Parliamentary halo which marked them out as heroes of the old *régime*. Henceforward they cannot stand aside in proud seclusion from the world, and protest to Europe against the *régime* of the day. A personal wrangle with M. de Morny, and the other creatures of the Empire who sit about him, will reduce

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they would never think of behaving to their equals. There is no doubt some truth in this; but, on the other hand, the smaller states contrive to extract from their subordinate position, no slight compensation. They often take very unfair advantage of the public opinion by which they are protected, and of the reluctance with which a nation of the highest rank exhibits itself as the antagonist of one unworthy of its arms. They are sadly apt to be litigious about small matters. For want of something more important to occupy their attention, they prolong paltry squabbles by infinite diplomatic debate; and are frequently very difficult to deal with on account of the irritable self-assertion which they mistake for dignity. The competition of the leading nations of Europe for influence at the minor Courts no doubt acts beneficially in preserving the independence of the latter; but, at the same time, it often leads them to seek safety in balancing one rival against another, rather than in doing what is right and just. Moreover, they are not above adapting their policy to the support which they may derive from the domestic dissensions of a powerful State; and although often disappointed in gaining anything from this source, it is a never-failing basis for intrigue. In one way or another they manage almost as well as women to make their very weakness a source of strength. We feel nearly as uncomfortable under their protests and complaints as we do under a shower-bath of feminine tears. Perhaps all this would not furnish much matter for objection; but it is, to say the least, inconvenient—it certainly does not tend to encourage any romantic generosity towards one of these States, when we find it palpably attempting to reopen a settled dispute because it unexpectedly finds that it has more and better friends than it knew of.

This, however, appears to be the line which Brazil has just chosen to adopt. About the end of last year we were under the unpleasant necessity of resorting to reprisals against that power, in order to obtain satisfaction for certain long-standing grievances. The merits of these controversies seem to us utterly immaterial to the question which has now arisen; but as the transactions in question have probably faded from the memory of most Englishmen, it may be as well to mention that one cause of complaint on our part was the neglect of the Brazilian Government to punish the persons who had been guilty of wrecking the *Prince of Wales*—which was lost on their coast—and of murdering a portion of her crew; and that another arose out of an alleged insult to some officers of Her Majesty's ship *Forte*. After long and unavailing attempts to obtain redress, our Admiral on the station was ordered to take measures to enforce a settlement. He seized several Brazilian ships, and under the pressure of the force which he displayed, the Government of that country consented to pay such an indemnity as we might choose to exact for the wrong done in respect to the *Prince of Wales*, and to refer the other dispute to the arbitration of the King of the Belgians. Accordingly, on the 24th of February, Earl Russell wrote a note to M. Moreira, the Brazilian Minister at our Court, fixing the compensation on account of the plunder of the *Prince of Wales* at £3,200. That sum was forthwith paid by a cheque upon the Bank of England. On the 3rd of March the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs accepted, on behalf of his Sovereign, the office of arbitrator in the matter of the *Forte*; and every one on this side of the Atlantic believed that a very disagreeable dispute was amicably settled. It was true that M. Moreira had formally protested against the violence done to his country; and had reserved the right of claiming, in the name of its Government, satisfaction "for the violation of its territorial sovereignty, in consequence of five vessels belonging to the Brazilians, having been captured and held as prizes in the territorial waters of the empire by way of prizes." He did not, however, specify further than in this general way his ground of complaint; and as this note was followed by another, on March 2nd, in which he asked Lord Russell to acknowledge the receipt of his protest "for the completion of this transaction," but did not return to the subject of the reprisals, we were quite warranted in regarding this as merely a decent covering of the retreat. It never occurred to anybody, that after receiving an indemnity for a wrong done us, we were liable to be called upon for damages on account of the measures we had taken to enforce its payment. No speaker during the debate which took place in the House of Commons on the 7th of March hinted a suspicion that the quarrel was still open; and from beginning to end of the discussion

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Church-rates, and by an act of last Session relating to the use of locomotive steam-carriages on the public highways. We believe it would prove a most convenient mode of settling more than one of these questions with regard to the licensing and regulation of public-houses, which evidently depend upon a variety of local circumstances, beyond the ken of Parliamentary legislation. This enactment, for example, which has just been rejected by the House of Commons, is one that could not, for many reasons, have been practicable in London; one that in London would have proved intolerably mischievous, if it had been passed. Yet it is nearly identical with the Forbes Mackenzie Act, which seems to have worked most beneficially in Scotland, and which the majority of the House of Commons would hesitate to repeal. Nor can we fail to be impressed with the fact, that in the great town of Liverpool, fully three-fourths of all the householders, having been fairly canvassed, and recording their deliberate votes, have pronounced for the entire and absolute prohibition of the Sunday traffic in intoxicating drinks. It might not be difficult to ascribe these differences of opinion to the diversity of local conditions, and to the character of the population, as well as to their tastes and habits, as regards the consumption of particular kinds of drink, some of which, unlike malt liquors, can be purchased on the Saturday, and will be as good and as fresh on the Sunday. Liverpool abounds with sailors, who are, like the Scotch, more addicted to spirits than to beer. It is possible that the same rule which would apply to Liverpool might apply to Shadwell and Wapping, but not to other districts of this vast and various London, and certainly not to every town or village in England. If, therefore, it had been possible for the House of Commons at all to entertain such a proposition as that of Mr. Somes, we should rather have seen it put in the form of a "permissive" measure, gradually, and as it were experimentally, coming into operation, by a direct vote of each local community for itself.

GENERAL GRANT AT VICKSBURG.

IT is impossible to deny the importance of the military movements which are reported to have taken place during the month of May in the vicinity of Vicksburg. There is no object which has excited more interest in the Northern States than the possession of the Mississippi, and there is none for which the Federals have fought with more skill and resolution. The western armies under Grant and Rosencranz are composed of very different material from those in the east under Burnside and M'Clellan. In the west are to be found the *élite* of the American people. They are the yeomen farmers and the German settlers, who are distinguished for energy and industrious habits. If original settlers, they have had the vigour to leave the seaboard cities where they landed from Europe, and to seek new homes in the new districts at the sources of the Mississippi, or in the fertile prairies of Illinois. These are the men to whom the power of America passed at the last Presidential election, and it is probably their destiny to wield the future power of the Republic. They are impressed with the conviction that they must drive back the Confederates considerably south of the Ohio, and at all hazards obtain the complete control of the Mississippi from Minnesota to New Orleans. Whether they are justified in these designs is not the present question. Such are their designs, and it becomes important, therefore, to observe the mode in which they have attempted to carry these designs into effect, and the success which has attended these efforts.

The possession of the Mississippi by the Federals will, it is supposed, produce two results. The first is, that the Confederacy will be cut in two, and will thus be extremely weakened; the second is, that the area of slavery will be circumscribed by a distinct boundary. If successful, the people of the North-western States will, of course, be able to communicate directly with the Gulf of Mexico; but the results just mentioned are those against which the South have been fighting with such desperate courage. As soon as Farragut obtained possession of New Orleans it was thought that the Mississippi was lost to the Confederates. But the conclusion was premature. Various defensible positions on its banks were fortified, and when the Northern ships attempted to pass these batteries they were driven back. It was only by cutting a canal that General Pope managed to pass New

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men of about half the House of Commons. The fact is exactly the reverse. The new City member weakened his influence by stating that he was a Ballot man, and apparently preferred to weaken it by an open and honest avowal of an unpopular theory, rather than sail into Parliament under false colours. Nobody could read his address without seeing that, even if in one or two points it was extreme, it was the address of an honest and able man. As we said last week, we believe that the City has done both wisely and well. A young man of known brilliancy and industry ought not to be put aside because he is, on principle, in favour of a measure which is unpopular with the more cultivated classes; but which did not disqualify Sir R. Bethell from becoming a Chancellor, or Mr. Milner Gibson from becoming a Minister of State. Political situations change very rapidly; the present situation in the next few years will change decisively. The questions of to-day are not the questions of to-morrow; and a little experience of political life will make able men either modify or mature mere theoretical opinions. Mr. Goschen is neither a firebrand nor an anti-Churchman; while he is likely to distinguish himself in the House beyond most men of his years. We really cannot understand the covert attack that has been made upon him, and can only impute it to the natural vexation which Conservatives feel at seeing the seat pass, without a contest, from a Liberal to a Liberal.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

WE have already pointed out both the positive, and what may be called the negative, arguments in favour of retaining the Irish branch of the United Church *in statu quo*. To alienate its revenues, would be to make a stab at our own branch of the Church; would introduce the vicious principle of deciding great principles by mere majorities; would disconnect the government of Ireland with any religious opinions, and would disturb the foundations of all property whatsoever. We have seen, moreover, that the Irish Church has *a history*, and that that history has a just claim for a hearing. It now remains to be inquired, how has the Irish Church carried out her principles? And, how far may we hope that she will carry them out in the time to come?

As to the past, it is impossible to deny that the result, however much the arguments we are about to urge may mitigate the blame to be attached to the Irish clergy, has not been commensurate with the means at their disposal. It would be absurd to deny that, up to thirty years ago, the Irish Protestant clergy had, to a considerable degree, succumbed to the difficulties with which they were surrounded. Non-residence and pluralities were too frequent, and had done the mischief which non-residence and pluralities must ever inflict upon a neighbourhood. But it must be remembered, that these evils were not regarded in either country as they are now regarded. They were a tradition and a fact, handed down from one generation to another, and tolerated like a thousand other abuses, because none could remember when it had been otherwise. If we look to the political horizon of the Irish Church, we see reasons for its inactivity, in the fact that it was used by the Tudors and others as a mere political machine, and, for long after the Tudors, was never regarded by men in power as an engine for the improvement and education of the people. Its ascendancy was maintained by a code so distasteful to all the better feelings of our nature, that the only wonder is, that the system was able to maintain itself at all when that code was done away. It is unfair, we think, to form any judgment as to results until a better and freer system had been for some generations introduced. And if the political horizon of the Irish Church was thus dark, what shall we say of the social? What of the bludgeon of the assassin, and of the bullet of the lurking coward? These things cannot and must not be overlooked in considering the past history of the Irish Church. We will defy Mr. Dillwyn, or any other Member of Parliament, calmly to compose his next speech, if he felt there was a chance that a sharp-faced, hungry-looking Irishman might start out upon him from the next thicket, or that any night a brace of slugs may whiz out of the shrubbery, crash through his drawing-room window, and leave his family without a head. And if we turn from the political and social view of the case to the religious, what better chance of developing herself has been afforded to the Irish Church? We must not ignore

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of the *Quarterly*, remains to be seen. For the present, the internal evidence is enough. There is a scene in *A Legend of Montrose*, in which the disguised Lord of the Castle expatiates on his own manifold virtues to Captain Dalgetty. 'I never heard so much good of him before,' said Dalgetty! 'You must know the Marquis well, or rather you must be the Marquis himself!' We leave the application to the military critic of the *Quarterly*."

And this actually proceeds from the pen of the whining trinity in unity, who are complaining so bitterly of the unfair personalities of the *Times!* Dressing their opponents, as their custom is, with oil of vitriol, the *Saturday* Reviewer and his doubles are not ashamed to disturb the clubs and coteries of London with their clamour simply because they themselves have been served up with a mild *sauce piquante*.

SEA DREAMS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It was a hot still night in early June. Whalley and Newdegate had been wearily prosing and raving about Maynooth, and a long list of business still stood on the paper to be got through. The drowsy roar of the dusty city came muffled through the windows, the fag of London life lay heavy on the spirits, the fumes of rich London dinners stupefied the brain, and the exhaustion of stifling London parties weighed soul and body down. Then rose up a potent magician, and spoke of the sea and the fishermen hauling their nets on the shore, of the trawlers out in the offing with sails filled by the gallant breeze, of the salt-smelling sea-weed mixed with shells that fell out of the dripping nets. As the picture grew beneath the wizard's touch, the tired House yielded itself to the blissful illusion, the medicated ventilation seemed to turn into the sharp fresh air that had kissed nought of earth save the Atlantic foam; the coved ceiling became a deep blue vault flecked with thin shreds of fleecy cloud; the hum from without changed to the ripple of the dancing waves against the clinker-built bow, as the boat lifted lazily over the long ocean swell; and the voice was the mermaid's lulling song, singing, as she combed her yellow hair in the sunshine:—

> "O come with me, my love,
> And our fairy home shall be
> Where the water spirits rove,
> In the deep, deep sea."

So, listening to "such dulcet and harmonious sounds," the fatal spell wrought on the soothed senses and drew with resistless might the willing victims of enchantment to the cold chambers of the sea-maid's haunt. Then, sharp and terrible, broke the Clerk's voice, proclaiming the numbers, and fifty miserable M.P.'s woke and saw that the mermaid was Mr. Fenwick, and knew that it was all a dream about the fresh salt sea and the plash of waves, and found that in their sleep they had gone into the Opposition lobby, and that the Government was beaten, and that they were in London, and that a Commission was to issue to inquire into something about sea-fishing, and the number of turbot sent to town during the season.

Well, very pleasant was the dream, and very pleasant is it to read about such themes before we go out into the hot, hazy streets next morning, and very pleasant will it be to be commissioners to go all about the coast and ask all sorts of questions about fish, and how they are caught, and how much they get for them, and what they do with the bad ones, and to settle to go out to-morrow, if it is warm and fine, and see all the process and get paid for a great many days' work of that sort.

Nor shall we throw any doubt on the explanation that such a roving commission may gather for us a great deal of useful and interesting information. But still we cannot help suggesting, that the first duty it will accomplish will certainly be to scatter to the winds the great bulk of the allegations on which it was asked and has found support. Nothing of course is more natural than that Mr. Fenwick, who has taken a great part in our recent salmon legislation, and who was able, on the very evening in question, to cite to the House the triumphant fact, that four smooth, or puffy salmon, each upwards of five inches long, had this season been already caught at the Nore, should desire the application of similar rules to the preservation of cod, whiting, and turbot. And perhaps it is not remarkable that the *Times*, which cannot be expected to keep a naturalist upon the premises, or to knock up at two in the morning somebody who had seen a salmon actually hooked, and knew the difference between "clean" and "foul" fish, should next morning patronize Mr. Fenwick, and tell the public how thoroughly it might confide in his facts. But unhappily the real fact is, that there is not the smallest analogy between the case of salmon and sea-fish, and not the slightest ground for expectation that legislative restrictions, however

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were strong enough to induce her to shield them from the allegations of Mr. Macdonald, what on earth could be her reason for casting a disgraceful imputation on the honour of the Baron? He appears to have acted with perfect good faith, and, having wealth of his own, was willing that the lady's should be settled upon herself. Without any apparent justification, Mademoiselle puts an end to their engagement, impugns his honour, and refuses to give him back his letters. And so ends the "Patti Romance." The heroine waves a signal of distress; but when the knight gallops up, with his trusty squire the Vice-Chancellor, to the castle in which she is imprisoned, and offers to set her free, she tells him to begone, that she knows nothing of him, wants none of his services, and is not the love-lorn maiden she at first pretended to be. To say the least, this is shabby.

THE SICK MAN AND HIS HEIRS.

For the last hundred and fifty years the Eastern question has been a source of perplexity to statesmen, and a pretext for the promulgation of many foolish political theories. The dissolution of the Turkish Empire has been regarded as a constant menace and imminent danger to the peace of Europe. Still the danger seems no nearer after this lapse of time, and rarely has there been a fitter and apter illustration of the truth of the proverb that "threatened men live long." The sick man is not dead. Yet it is precisely now, when the prophecy of evil appears to have been falsified, and to have recoiled on the heads of its authors, that certain English politicians have chosen to prognosticate ill to Turkey, and to seek to obtain a complete reversal of English policy towards the Porte—an ingenious mode to insure the fulfilment of their vaticinations. It must be admitted that the occasion is not quite *àpropos*. It is sought to change the policy of this country just as it is on the point of bearing fruit, and when the capital, trade, and civilization of Western Christendom have commenced to improve the condition of the Sultan's dominions, and to grapple with the prejudices of Islam. Last Friday Mr. Gregory and Mr. Cobden denounced reform in the East as a sham; they declared the Sultan was a fanatical bigot, a spendthrift, and too obstinate to follow the counsels of others, a hater of Western ideas, and a gross sensualist. These gentlemen, unintentionally no doubt, made themselves the organs of the calumnies of the Perotes—a community that has acquired pre-eminence for lying among the mendacious populations of the Levant. Whether by accident or design, the Sultan has given a practical refutation to these calumnies by appointing Fuad Pasha Grand Vizier. This nomination is far more significant than it may at first appear, for Fuad represents the party which desires to break away from the ignorant traditions of Mohammedanism. But if we leave aside the *cancans* of embassies, and the falsehoods that circulate in the *cafés* of Pera, to deal with the few facts that transpire to public knowledge, Abdul Aziz appears more liberal in his ideas than any of his predecessors. One act of his alone, now forgotten, speaks volumes in favour of his humanity and of his subjection to the influence of Western ideas. Instead of following the invariable custom of previous Sultans—which had come to be looked on as a law of political necessity for the State's safety, and which, indeed, had been borrowed from the practice of the Greek Emperors—of slaying the relatives of former occupants of the throne, and all whom it was imagined might be competitors for it, Abdul Aziz spared the lives of the children of his brother, and has taken them into his favour. It is true that the late Sultan also spared the life of his brother's child, which shows that a good deed is not lost. We are not inclined to attach more importance than they deserve to these humane departures from the laws of the Ottoman State, but when it is asserted that the Turk is unchanged in ignorance and cruelty, we cannot fail to remember these things, and to compare them with the murder of his own children during a long series of years by Mahmud (the father of the last and present Sultans), simply to keep his throne, by rendering it impossible for those who might wish to depose him to find a successor of the family except in some remote Tartar tribe. Are not the sons better than the father? and are we justified in maintaining that the Turks are unchangeable, or it is waste of time and effort to seek to bring them within the influence of modern civilization, as was stated in Parliament last week? Whether the attempts to induce Mohammedans to adopt our civilization will be completely successful it would be presumptuous to pretend to say, but there can be no doubt as to the desirability of endeavouring to make them wiser and happier; or as to the impolicy and gross inhumanity of seeking to discourage these endeavours. To tell a nation,

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wisely do that the price may be carried too high, and that if a reaction should take place it will probably prove disastrous.

We now come to Greek securities. Owing to the indebtedness of the State, amounting to several millions, these were never dealt in, and hardly even thought of, until the dethronement of Otho. From that time they came into favour with the speculators, who pretended to anticipate great prosperity from the development of the country under a new and beneficent rule; as if the errors of a quarter of a century could be rectified in one or two years. Surely this must have been the hope of men who, concluding engagements in the Five per Cents at 8½ and 9—the quotation immediately after the outbreak of the Revolution—are prepared now to give 33 to 34. Admit that the circumstances of the country are greatly altered, where, after all, is the foundation for this very important improvement? Perhaps the best solution is the old one,—the existence of a speculation *furore*. Ask those who evince such faith in the future of Greece on what grounds they base their expectations, and they tell you that the debt is to be settled on a one per cent. basis; there is also to be a National Bank,—nothing now can be done without a bank,—and a system of railways and irrigation-works will complete the programme of financial prosperity. Without doubt this looks well upon paper. But why do men shut their eyes to the struggle that must be made to accomplish this long course of pecuniary recuperation? *Caveat emptor* was never more applicable than in this case; and though we are quite prepared to go along with those who believe in the regeneration of Greece, still it must not be imagined that, under the happiest auspices, there will be a speedy return to financial regularity. Certainly the Greeks themselves are not so sanguine of general peace and plenty as many of our English operators. That their debt would be settled at the Greek Kalends had passed into a proverb. Recent events show more favourable prospects, but they have yet to be realized.

Of all the movements that have taken place recently at the Stock Exchange, perhaps the most legitimate is the advance in Spanish passives and Spanish certificates. Not that this is to be attributed to any real desire on the part of the Court of Madrid to mete out justice to the foreign debtor, or to the unsullied character of the hands into which a part of the negotiation has fallen. It is simply the consequence of the improved appearance of the country, the satisfactory increase in the revenue, and the necessity of the financial authorities adopting an honest policy, in order to secure the introduction of capital for territorial improvements. In consequence of the disgraceful conduct of Spain to her foreign creditors, the quotations of any new securities have long been excluded from the European Bourses, and being thus prevented from availing herself of the advantages of railways and other public works, she will be compelled before long to adopt measures to restore her credit. The national property set apart for the liquidation of the passive debt has never been properly applied. The balance has largely accumulated, and, if regularly dealt with, the stock should be redeemed at a much more elevated price than at present. But although these circumstances have been well known, it required a speculative epoch to give the debt an efficient impetus. This it has received, and the quotation has now been carried 10 or 12 per cent. in advance. If the thing is not overdone by time bargaining, and if the old stagers are not too precipitate in their action, a favourable issue may be attained. But diplomacy will be necessary, and the next or the succeeding Cortes may have to sit their term before the end is accomplished. The indication furnished by the enhanced price offered at the monthly biddings at Madrid is evidence that the pressure from without is being felt. Advantage will be taken of this, and the seed sown must eventually bear good fruit. The certificate question is another matter of moment. Whether an adjustment will precede the Spanish settlement, or only follow it, is a matter of trifling consequence; it must come, though *ad interim* frequent variations may be expected. When those things shall have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, Castilian honour will no longer be a byword or reproach, and, with the assistance of local improvements, the glory of old Spain may be revived.

The practical lesson to be deduced from what we have said is, that deferred investments may at particular seasons be obtained at cheap and moderate prices—that by a current of speculation their value may be taken up far above their intrinsic worth, and that when the *furore* subsides a ruinous reaction is probable. On entering into business of this description, it is advisable that individuals should purchase only as much as they can conveniently hold, without risk to themselves or the parties with whom they deal; for in speculating, *i.e.*, buying for the rise or selling for the fall, they may "be cut to pieces" or ruined by a convulsion.

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poem. None of its companions are equal to it, but there are passages of great beauty in many of them. "Narcissus" belongs almost entirely to the modern school of Greek poetry, being "most musical, most melancholy." Here are some very beautiful lines from it—

"And all about him snatches of old songs,
Heard in old hours among the Oréades,
Mixed with a meaning never felt before,
Floated—dark legends of mysterious love
Unhappy, and of hope for ever fallen,
Fallen for ever, like his own—and still
Haunted him more than all a simple strain
Sung by Liriopè, the naïad-nymph,
His mother, how a maiden golden-haired,
Trusting to treachery and led by love,
Followed a stranger from her father's halls:
'She like a rose just opening into bloom,
Which one hath paused in passing to admire,
Anon hath gathered, and against his heart
Worn for a little hour, then cast away
For ever, and remembers it no more;
But all the while it lieth where it fell,
Silently drooping on an alien earth,
Alone, unpitied of the passers-by;
Nor any more availeth that the showers
Strive with sweet influences to lend it life,
And golden suns caress it as of old;
Not to have been in native loveliness
First among flowers availeth any more,
So lowly doth it lie, so far hath fallen.'"

Mr. Worsley is especially happy in his use of simile. Some of the images he introduces are worthy of Homer himself, being as simple and natural, and yet as carefully finished, as those with which that mighty artist has enriched the world. He has studied nature carefully, and he draws his most striking illustrations from the little life around him of bird and flower and tree. We may take as an instance the following passage from the poem called "Edith," in which he has described the misery of a girl whose lover has betrayed and then abandoned her, but who finds, in her hour of deepest anguish, the consolation of a mother's love.

"As when a heartless child for self-delight
Hath stolen a little nestling from the nest,
And loves it with a cruel careless love,
And promises to hoard it for his own,
Till in the sunset, growing tired of play,
He casts it from him as a worthless thing,
And leaves it cowering on the naked earth,
Bruised on the breast, and cold, and all alone—
But in the twilight comes the mother-bird
And brings it food, and strives to make it eat,
And with such shelter as the place provides
Fences it from the night that cometh on;
But all in vain—for never shall she hear
That voice among the voices of the bowers,
Never behold the little wings outspread
Drinking new vigour from the vernal suns—
Like to that bird, in such a lonely doom,
Lay Edith, tended by a mother's love."

The poem from which these lines are taken is a good illustration of Mr. Worsley's strong and weak points. It is tender and pathetic, but it is wanting in dramatic power. It abounds in rich imagery, but it is deficient in life. It suffices to give expression to the half unconsciously uttered complaints of the broken-hearted girl, but it utterly fails to render the passionate outcry of her mother's despair. But we prefer to dwell on Mr. Worsley's merits, rather than to spy out his short-comings, and with the following extract we take leave of the original poems contained in this volume:—

"As one who, torn with sickness and slow pain,
Lies whisperless with horror all night long,
And ever in the ghostly flicker of light
Quails with a doubtful death-stare in his eyes;
But when the shivering wind blows chill with dawn,
And the grey stealth of twilight with pale feet
Treads on the listless hills, or half in fear
Feels tremblingly about the dark ravine,
While the lone eagle from her sunless rock,
Veiled in the wet smoke of the rushing streams,
Stirs through the cold a hollow cry far off—
Sad Echo wails—that moment the sick man
Feels the tense nerves relaxing, and the brain
Showered on by sweetness of Elysian dews;
Then marble-mute, with the white-breasted smile
Of simple childhood wreathing his wan lips,
Lies stirless in the murmurings of the morn,
And stirless in the golden afternoon,
Till, when the sun's red splendour sinks at eve,
He, fresh from dream of flowers and resonant rills,
Opens wide eyes rejoicing, saved by sleep—
As life's rich tumult seemeth sweet to him,
Thus in her dying sweet was death to her,
To Edith, when she passed from the cold earth."

The translations are somewhat disappointing, but of this result the excellence of Mr. Worsley's "Odyssey" is probably the cause. He has so thoroughly succeeded in his rendering of Homer, that we are perhaps induced to expect too great a perfection in the versions of other poets which he now offers us. But however this

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* Journal of a Resid
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falling from her shoulders, a bouquet, a gold fan, and glittering bracelets. Madame Jacob's head nearly shook off with horror. The word was with the Pasteur Boulot, who did not conceal his opinion, and whose strictures introduced into the sermon were enough to make a less hardened sinner quake in her shoes. Many of the great leaders of the Protestant world in Paris had been present on that occasion. Some would not speak to her, some did speak very plainly. Elizabeth took it all as a sort of triumph, bent her head, smiled, fanned herself, and when ordered out of the room by her mother, left it with a splendid curtsey to the Rev. M. Boulot, and thanked him for his beautiful and improving discourse."

This refractory Elly is a very piquant and fascinating character. She is one of those warm-hearted, impetuous, wilful young people whose faults we are so apt to condone, or even to prefer to other people's virtues, especially when they are of the other sex, and have, like Elly, "great soft eyes, and pretty yellow hair, and a sweet flitting smile, which came out like sunshine over her face." Tennyson's Sketch of Lilia in the Prologue to the Princess would do for her :—

> A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
> And fresh as English air could make her.

Sir John Dampier is the name of the *jeune premier*. He is the kind of man that is better liked by women than by his own sex; an amiable, honourable gentleman, rather selfishly good-tempered and weakly sensitive to the wills and opinions of those nearest to him. The authoress makes use of him generally as a foil to the other characters, and perhaps she is right in this. We should observe that Elly has another lover, Anthony, the son of the *pasteur* who marries Mrs. Gilmour. A French Protestant student of theology would appear to possess few of the graces of polite society if the authoress is right in presenting this as a typical portrait of the class :—

"Anthony Tourneur sat admiring her with his eyes wide open, and his great mouth open too. He was a big young man, with immense hands and feet, without any manners to speak of, and with thick hair growing violently upon end."

But under this unpromising exterior we find so much generosity and delicacy of sentiment, with a strength of will and devotion to duty that are wanting to the older man, that the course of the story, though strictly probable and natural, disappoints us, as we are vexed by the apparent perversities of destiny in real life. But the authoress provides him with no makeshift substitute for the happiness he desired. She leaves him alone with duty. There is no greater merit in the book than this indifference to the appearance of completeness. "Poetical justice" only insults our ineradicable sense of the inequalities of life.

When we come to speak of Mrs. Gilmour, we feel strongly what is really the great fault of the book. It may be called a want of concentration. Conscious, probably, of sympathy with many varieties of character and many phases of feeling; endowed with a fine observation which traces these with rapid instinct in the outward clothing of words, acts, and involuntary movements which they assume; and wielding besides a picturesque and supple style, the authoress is rather oppressed by her own powers, and has not learned how to shape with the unswerving hand of an artist the materials which are present to her in embarrassing abundance. Thus the tragical element in Mrs. Gilmour's character should either have been fairly worked out—which would have required a larger canvas—or it should have been merely kept present to the imagination as a disturbing influence, without coming into the foreground at all. But there is a want of consistency in the character as it stands. In the early part of the book a soliloquy of somewhat exaggerated and melodramatic pathos reveals the conflicting state of her passions and conscience; but this is a foundation on which nothing is built, and the authoress seems afraid to continue on the same scale. This is no small fault, as it destroys the keeping of the book, which is otherwise harmoniously composed. The minor characters are generally interesting and not too prominent. Jean Dampier, Elly's constant friend and adviser, is admirable—one of those useful and excellent women who redeem the name of old maid from the discredit which, after all, exists only in the minds and mouths of foolish persons. Madame Jacob, the rigid Protestant *dévote*, seems to us exaggerated, perhaps not without spiteful *animus* on the part of the writer, who may have suffered more than most people from the inner despotism of a sect embittered by centuries of persecution and contempt. Will Dampier, the clergyman, is a rather otiose figure in the story, but he represents very well a valuable type of English character :—

"He was a big, commonplace young man, straight-minded and tender-hearted, with immense energy and great good spirits. He believed in himself; indeed, he tried so heartily and conscientiously to do what was right, that he could not help knowing, more or less, that he was a good fellow. And then he had a happy knack of seeing one side of a question, and having once determined that so and so was the thing to be done, he could do so and so without one doubt or compunction. He belonged to the school of athletic Christianity. I heard some one once say that there are some of that sort who would almost make out cockfighting to be a religious ceremony. William Dampier did not go so far as this, but he heartily believed that nothing was wrong that was done with a Christian and manly spirit. He rode across country, he smoked pipes, he went out shooting, he played billiards and cricket, he rowed up and down the river in his boat, and he was charming with all the grumbling old men and women in his parish, he preached capital sermons—short, brisk, well-considered.

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dence there. The Obea men produced sicknesses and various evils by hiding sticks or other objects in the houses or gardens of the persons they meant to injure; and the Myal men opposed them, and professed to dig out the hidden "instruments of darkness" and remove the maladies occasioned by them. A great and very troublesome revival of these extraordinary practices took place in Jamaica in 1842, which is partly explained by the removal of the severe repressive laws which were in force before the date of emancipation, and partly by the introduction of a large number of fresh negroes from Guinea. But many of the members of the missionary churches were victims of the frenzy, and took part in the wild wanderings, dances, and exorcisms. The identification, in the Calabar language and in the conceptions of the negroes, of the *soul* and the *shadow* is connected with singular fancies and rites. The shadow can be lost or stolen before death; can be shut up for safety in a sacred place; and at death may be caught by a Myal man, who will use it for "purposes of necromancy:"—

"It must be caught at the grave, at or soon after interment; therefore in the dusk of the evening, when burials usually took place, or by moonlight, a fitting time for such mysterious proceedings. In the midst of the people encircling the grave, the Myal man saw, what was unseen by others, the shadow or spirit of the departed hovering over its last tenement; and he tried by many violent gestures, leaping and grasping, to seize it, or by strange voices to charm it, as it flitted about and evaded him. When he succeeded, he secured it in a tiny coffin ready for the purpose, to be buried in the same grave, or deposited in the house, and under the bed, of the practitioner for future use."

A young girl who fancied she had lost her shadow is represented as wandering about, "seeking it by the bushy banks of streams, or round the gigantic cotton-tree, or in other haunted spots, by moonlight." A Calabar chief believed that some one had caught his soul and *bottled it up*, and neighbour chiefs had proclamation made that the thief should let it go or die a terrible death.

Of the many other interesting passages in Mr. Waddell's work, we can only name the account of Calabar (Chap. XVIII.), a discussion on polygamy, in which the view of the Bishop of Natal is controverted, and the notes on the Efik language, in the Appendix. The volume is neatly illustrated, and contains two or three small sketch maps.

THE APOSTLE OF THE ALPS.*

THE author of "Moravian Life in the Black Forest" has taken the establishment of the celebrated hospice of Mount St. Bernard for the foundation of a tale intended to illustrate the maxim that "no life is pleasing to God, that is not useful to man." We may object that the apophthegm is not true; if by "useful" is meant a practical utility such as is exercised by the monks of St. Bernard and their dogs. A penniless bedridden old woman is obviously not a very useful member of society. But if she bears her sufferings patiently, taking them as a dispensation intended for her spiritual correction, her example is calculated to edify those around her, and she is thus "useful" in a high sense of the word. Many excellent people, who are neither penniless nor bedridden, have not the power to serve their fellow-creatures except by setting them a good example; yet it would be hard to say that their life is not "pleasing to God." Infant children are an instance. No one not related to them cares to have very much to do with them. We are pleased to look at their pretty ways, to fondle their rosy hands and feet, to pat their chubby little cheeks, and hear them crow and make their first attempts at the Queen's English. But we would rather not have to wash or dress them, or nurse them, or, unless they are bone of our bone and blood of our blood, to get up half a dozen times in the night and walk about hush-a-by-babbying them, when they are teething. Yet the innocence of children is our brightest human example, and the divine love for them one of the most touching features of our Christian records. We have no wish, in urging this objection to the purpose of the tale before us, to throw any slight on the founder of Mount St. Bernard. He and his followers have deserved and won the admiration and love of their fellow-creatures, and even Mr. Whalley himself, with all his abhorrence of the Scarlet Lady, would not object to be dug out of a snow drift by one of them, even at the peril of having to take shelter in the hospice and share pot-luck with the black-robed fraternity. We object only to the narrowness of our author's idea of usefulness, which, unless we wrong him, contemplates only such services as are actually, visibly, and substantially beneficial.

This apart, the tale is pretty and nicely told. The young Bernard de Menthon is a student at the University of Paris. His wish is to be a priest; but his parents have destined him to marry the Lady Marguerite de Miolans, and presently he is summoned home to complete this contract. The wedding day is fixed. But on its eve he wanders away from the château of his parents, and on approaching a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin he hears some one praying aloud inside. It is Marguerite, and she is praying that by some divine interposition her marriage may be prevented. For she is in love with the young Chevalier Aleranne; and though her parents have driven him from the house, anxious that Marguerite should marry Bernard to whom she has been betrothed from her childhood, the girl is unable to drive him from her heart. Bernard, however, finding that he and

* The Apostle of the Alps: A Tale. Arthur Hall & Co.

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in the annual exhibition of the Academy. With this hint we may for the present be content, reserving some other questions for future consideration.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

This society has now been in active existence for fifteen years. During the latter part of this period it has, we are sincerely glad to observe, been at the same time increasing its powers and attracting new members. When first established its primary object was the illustration of Italian fresco-painting of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, by providing copies in the form of engravings, coloured lithographs, and photographs. The works in oil-painting were put aside, as of minor importance and as being those with which the public were thought to be sufficiently familiar. Sculpture, both of the antique and mediæval styles, was also to be illustrated by casts. The operations of the society became more developed when, as it fortunately happened, the process of multiplying copies in colour became very greatly improved at the same time that the war in Italy was threatening to repeat the devastation which befell many of the most precious monuments of art in former times. This society very wisely, and in complete accord with the objects which led to its origin, then proposed a distinct fund for copying. To this donations may, as we understand, be contributed without membership, and thus any one feeling an interest in the preservation of accurate copies of pictures inevitably doomed to decay may assist in rendering a very important and valuable service to the study of art. A visit to the society's rooms in Old Bond-street will show how far this plan has been carried out, and in what direction the council of the society have been working, better than the space at our command will enable us to show. The original drawings made from the frescoes form a most interesting collection, and afford an opportunity of comparing the chromo-lithographs and observing the close accuracy which has been obtained. The drawings are chiefly the work of Signor Marianecci, and in all the important points of drawing, colour, and complete appreciation of the style and manner of the various masters, they must be pronounced as nearly perfect as possible. The only thing which occurs to us is that there has been in some instances a little too much latitude permitted to the copyist, where he has restored in his own work the parts destroyed and lost in the original, as we remarked when speaking of the Arundel Society's publications on a former occasion (vid. *London Review*, No. 128). These missing portions ought not to be supplied for the sake of pleasing the eye of the amateur; the copy should be that which the society engages to produce for their subscribers—a scrupulously exact copy. Restoration is a most treacherous thing in all cases, and perhaps it would not be extravagant to say that no work of art has ever been quite satisfactorily restored or even reproduced in perfect imitation. Where the mind and feeling and sentiment of the artist have left the mark upon his work, as in mediæval sculpture for example, true imitation is extremely rare to meet with. The society's beautiful collection of casts from ivories, and the mechanical reductions from the Parthenon sculptures, are necessarily free from error of the kind we refer to. The question which the connoisseur demands is, whether the chromo-lithographs are to be relied upon as the most exact imitations possible by the means at command. Apart from the question of permitting any restorations of parts lost by decay, it is of great importance that we should have perfect confidence in the conscientious copying of the work. There must be no putting in of a last touch or a hair upon the eyelid if it is not in the original. We remember that in the two chromo-lithographs of the large fresco of Filippo Lippi, in the Brancacci chapel, one of the single figure of Paul, and the other of the complete subject, recently published by the society, there was considerably more touching in of detail in the dresses observable in the smaller copy, while to the head of Paul eyelashes were added which were not to be seen in the larger copy. The difference is not so much worth notice as the admission of the principle of adding to and supplying even in so slight a matter as an eyelash. If exactness, to the point of *fac-simile*, is an object, then we must be particular to a hair. The last issue of the society is an extra publication of a chromo-lithograph taken from the fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli, representing "St. Augustine preaching," a large work in the Duomo of the old town of San Gemignano, in Italy. It is a most finished and perfect copy, and a good example of the style of the fifteenth century painters, who had begun to shake off some of the stiffness of manner of their predecessors. The general tone of colour has been well seized, as well as the expression of the heads. Better examples of Benozzo Gozzoli might perhaps have been selected, for this, with the exception of the quaint little dog, which was always a favourite in his pictures, hardly gives an idea of his delight in natural objects, his fancy for animal life, for flowers, fruit, and picturesque landscape of the composed and artificial style. Gozzoli, though a pupil of Angelico, never caught his master's beautiful refinement of expression; though there is good expression in his heads, he is wanting in elevation of sentiment. He was an original, but had none of the genius of Masaccio and the two Lippi, who were certainly studied by Raffaele himself. The architectural and arabesque border of this fresco is one of its most interesting features, and this has been particularly well given in the chromolith. As a specimen of the new process the illustration is also admirable; it is clear and harmonious in colour, and in the nicer tints especially delicate. This part of the society's work is executed in Germany by the lithographers, Messrs. Storch & Kramer, and under the direction of Professor L. Gruner, the proofs being sent over during

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all the prismatic rays but the red. Familiarly we adopt this knowledge in the red signal-lights of our lighthouses, which are thus selected because the red rays alone will penetrate a fog. Why then have we sometimes the moon in total darkness? The ring of atmosphere round our planet is at such times like a transparent projecting wall, and if that atmosphere be clear the sun-light passes freely through. But if it be densely filled with clouds and vapours it becomes inpenetrable to light, and the beams which if refracted would glow on the moon, are annihilated by our terrestrial vapours, and the moon passes unilluminated into the darkness of the earth's shadow. But while the great mass of the eclipsed moon is coppery in colour, the edge of the shadow, or the penumbra, has a greenish or bluish hue. Why is this? Green is the complementary colour of red, and hence some fancy it is an optical illusion. We would, however, suggest whether it may not be due to light reflected from our spherical shell of air. These reflections make us desirous of changing our position, and taking a mental view of celestial phenomena from the moon. Standing on Pluto, or any less elevated position there, what shall we see? In the sombre ruddy illumination the first thing striking will be that our shadows are less intense.

The moon having no atmosphere, the shadows of daylight there are black and sudden, no twilight occurs, it is the brightness of noon or the depth of night in an instant. The day-shadows fall on the ground with the rigidity of ruled lines. But as the earth's shadow passes over the face of the moon, oft something like twilight goes on before. But looking up to the sun, what do we see? Not a hard, sharp, black edge, as the airless moon presents in solar eclipses to us, biting out the light-giving face of the sun; but a softened reddish edge preceded by greyish spots and dots. As we look on, and the great earth shuts out the sun from view, it is a huge dark world that hangs before us,—sixteen times larger than the mere black disc that for a moment only shuts out entirely the sun from some restricted region of our earth—and round that great dark world is a glowing, ruddy, luminous border, caused by the bent-down rays of light from our air, while our enveloping atmosphere surrounds the whole with a circle of beautiful azure light, like a crowning ring of glory. Few spectacles can be more exquisite than a total solar eclipse on the moon.

But to come back to our earth. There in the starry sky glows the coppery moon. Over her ruddy face gleam now and then quick flashes of pale silvery light. It would be curious to know if the moon possesses "phosphorescence"—or more strictly, any luminosity of her own. But those grey flashes were no phosphorescent gleams. What were they? Flashes of sunlight reflected by the higher clouds in our air. Floating high in our atmosphere the fleecy clouds illuminated by the setting or the rising sun reflect his bright rays from their under-surfaces upon the moon, and just as catching a beam of sunshine issuing from a shutter-chink in a closed apartment upon a looking-glass, the slightest motion causes long streaks of light upon the wall, so the slow sailing of the clouds in our air transforms the reflected beam of light into a silvery flash across the moon.

It would be interesting also to know what actinic power she may possess. A piece of paper exposed to sunshine will, even though it be kept in a closed vessel for months, photograph its own image in the dark. Did any photographers try the actinic power of the moon on Monday last, and make her paint the likeness of her clouded face?

Lastly, a word about investigations. There is something more than ordinary to be made out in eclipses of the sun. There are the red-flames, the nature of his light, the nature of space itself to be unriddled by his rapid teaching, his momentary unlocking of deep secrets. What can we find out by examination of eclipses of the moon? One thing at any rate, very interesting just now—the so-called atmospheric lines of the solar spectrum. Thus, if the additional lines on the solar spectrum seen at the period of the setting sun when the light has to traverse the greatest distance of the atmosphere are due to the air, those lines should be more apparent and more distinct when the sunlight traverses a still greater amount of air.

Now the light which came to us from the moon in the late eclipse would have passed through the entire horizontal thickness of the earth's atmosphere in its passage to the moon and again through its whole vertical height in coming back to the spectator, or about some $2\frac{3}{4}$ times the length of atmosphere it would have to traverse at sunset. A good opportunity was therefore afforded for the spectrum-examination of air-lines. Mr. Huggins, to whom science has been lately so much indebted for his excellent examinations of the spectra of stars, had intended to have investigated this subject, but was prevented by the lowness of the moon's elevation; his telescope being fixed in an observatory of somewhat restricted dimensions there was not room enough to depress it sufficiently when the spectroscope was attached to it. We regret to have been thus accidentally deprived of the investigations of so able an observer.

As a rolling snow-ball gathers weight in progressing, so we hope the few points we have mooted, by bringing more generally men's thoughts towards lunar eclipses, will be followed by other suggestions for practical investigations. We lose much by regarding anything as valueless because not uncommon, and the better we understand the mysteries of familiar things the more we shall enjoy their wonders, and the better we shall be fitted for the contemplation of higher and rarer phenomena.

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PHOTOGRAPHERS ALOFT.

PHOTOGRAPHERS in every street—on every house-top, and photographs in every room, we were nearly adding—it needed but photographers in the skies to complete the ubiquity of those now ubiquitous operators, and the full series of likenesses of things on the earth, below the earth, and above it. Soon, from the clouds, photographers will be taking maps of British territories and foreign kingdoms, and stereoscopic views of scenes in the celestial regions will be offered for sale in our picture-shop windows. Some people predicted it could not be done; but Mr. Negretti has done it.

It does not much matter what motive induced Mr. Negretti to go up with Mr. Coxwell on Thursday last, with a dark tent, in the famous "Mammoth," but Mr. Negretti says he was deeply interested in ascertaining the possibility of taking photographic pictures in a balloon; and whether business, science, or pleasure tempted him to use the camera and hypo-sulphite bath at 4,000 feet above the earth, we, at least, are very much interested in his proceedings and their results. The special hiring of the balloon, when Mr. Coxwell had offered free passages on the occasions of his public ascents, solely for the completely and effectively carrying out his experiment, must make us accord, however, to Mr. Negretti all the honour due to a true scientific investigator; and it is but justice to himself and his firm to acknowledge how readily and ably, on all occasions when new scientific instruments have been required for scientific inquiries, the resources of their manufactory and their own practical skill and experience have been placed at the service of competent observers in furtherance of the attainment of scientific knowledge.

Ascending at noon from Sydenham, the balloon rose swiftly, but its rotation was so rapid that it would have been useless to have attempted any use of the camera. Indeed, this incessant rotatory motion, although not always so quick as in the present case, is the most troublesome and principal difficulty the aërial photographer will have to contend with. Terrestrial photographers astonish the multitude with views of horses galloping, steamers smoking along over the sea, guns firing, and other so-called instantaneous views; but as the conjurer uses a little sleight of hand to mask the manipulation of his tricks, so instantaneous photographers use a little dodgery to effect the seemingly perfect accuracy of their views of moving objects. They do not photograph a steamer as she passes by, but rather take her as she comes towards them. So the horse, if they do not take a front view as he rushes on, they take him as diagonally as they conveniently can. The flash of a gun lasts a perceptible time, the smoke for several seconds; and if the flash be not quite accurately got the picture can be easily touched up. But no one has taken a photograph from an exploding gun, or even from a moving steamer or a coach. It is a very different thing to take a photograph of a moving object from a solid base of operations and to take one of an immoveable scene from a whirling and rotative base. It is no wonder, then, Mr. Negretti's assistant, when views were attempted in the elevated regions of the air, where the motion of the balloon had become steadier, reported of the pictures "moved," that is, that the edges of the objects were a little shifted, and the picture not quite sharp and true. Still we can fancy Mr. Negretti's delight, because the primary question to be solved was, whether the actinic powers of the sunbeams were as effective as in the lower regions; and, indeed, whether sunlight up there had any actinic power at all. The fact that many pictures were taken, although all reported "moved," distinctly proves that sun-pictures may be taken at from 3,000 to 4,000 feet at least, and higher no doubt when the trial is made.

As the rotatory and onward movements of the balloon cannot be stopped, to get rid of the objectionable defect the camera apparatus must be made to open and close not only with the utmost rapidity, but also without vibration, sudden jerk, or shake. The plates, in short, cannot be exposed too rapidly, too shortly, nor too quietly. These are points the mechanicians will soon overcome, and hundreds of adventurous photographers will soon no doubt follow their active pioneer, and bring down scenes innumerable from cloud-land, if not portraits of those mythical cherubs of which Dibdin sings, as sitting in invisible regions, to take care of the lives of our tars.

Mr. Negretti landed near Maidstone, and a view of the pointed poles in the hop-gardens below him in his descent would no doubt have been a suggestive and popular picture had it been taken.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

TUESDAY, 9TH JUNE.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "Ovariotomy twice performed on the same Patient." By Mr. Spencer Wells. 2. "Induction of Premature Labour." By Dr. R. Lee. 3. "On a New Iris Forceps." By Mr. Beaumont, of Toronto. 4. "On the Calabar Bean." By Dr. Harley.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL—At 7½ P.M. "On the Science of Language." By Mr. R. S. Charnock.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Sound." By Professor Tyndall.

WEDNESDAY, 10TH JUNE.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On Leaden Objects found in London. By the late C. Ainslie, Esq. 2. "On Seals of the Bishops of Man. By Mr. Cuming. 3. "On the Jewry Wall at Leicester." By Mr. T. Wright. 4. "On Further Roman Discoveries at West Coker, Somerset."

ROYAL LITERATURE—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On a Phœnician Inscription lately Discovered in Sardinia." By M. Deutsch. 2. "On the Knowledge the Ancients possessed of the Sources of the Nile." By Mr. Vaux.

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all the advantages which would attend freedom from subscription; but there are strong reasons for believing that the reality would be disappointing. We have never seen such a state of things in this country, and therefore we are apt to desire it. The state of America, as regards religion, is not very encouraging, and nowhere, perhaps, is there more fanaticism and religious tyranny. As Mr. Milnes well said, in the House of Commons:—"Destroy the Articles as laws, and you will go far to establish an *unwritten* law of the Church of England, a law of public opinion. I believe the law of public opinion in religious matters to be far more intolerant and far narrower than the law of the Church of England." He instanced the controversy on the inspiration of Scripture, where it was made evident that the ecclesiastical courts of this country pronounced more liberal judgments than those of what is called the "religious world."

Subscription, then, to some extent, we cannot avoid considering as indispensable to the safety and usefulness of the Church of England. But there is another view which may be taken of it, which leads to the same conclusion. It has been argued that the case of a clergyman is analogous to that of a Professor in a college or university. It is said that no one would think of binding a Professor of Astronomy or Geology, by subscriptions to a certain creed on these subjects; and that, therefore, a clergyman should not be so bound. But the analogy is incomplete, the argument unsound. There is a difference of vital importance in the two cases, which destroys the parallelism. Astronomy, geology, and other such kindred sciences, are essentially matters of speculation, and subjects of scientific inquiry; but religion relates to life and conduct, and the welfare and happiness of men. An Astronomer Royal has not the cure of souls committed to him, and their moral and spiritual welfare. The case of a clergyman is more like that of the captain of a vessel—the *Anglo-Saxon*, for instance—who has the lives and properties of his fellow creatures in his charge, and therefore would not be allowed to steer his ship by theories and fancies of his own. No shipowner would send his vessel to sea without instructions—*written instructions*—and a distinct agreement made with the captain. It may not be always safe to apply analogies of this kind to religion, but surely this is a much safer one than that of a college Professor. Much dependence, then, cannot be placed on the argument for extending to the government of a Church, as to the matter of subscription, the rules and practices of colleges or universities.

Yet, while we thus advocate subscription as a principle, we are prepared to admit that there are points on which subscription may be relaxed, in the strict sense of that word. But the way to effect such extension of liberty can scarcely be that proposed by Mr. Buxton. The Bishop of Cashel, in the debate in the Lords, seems to have clearly seen where the true difficulty lay. He considered that Lord Ebury was attempting reform "at the wrong end;" and that what was first required was, that the Articles and Liturgy should be revised by a fair body representing the Church in a true Convocation. It certainly seems the more reasonable course to postpone the removal of subscription to a removal of the difficulties objected to in both the Articles and the Liturgy. One would think the revision of these should first be attempted. That being done, we should be in a better position to judge how many persons would still remain offended by the doctrine and discipline of the Church, and how far and in what form subscription might be relaxed. This appears to be the natural course; but here the old objection of impossibility meets us. We are told that revision cannot in the present state of the Church be attempted. This, however, is a question to which we shall address ourselves on a future occasion.

In the mean time, there seems, to us, to be no valid objection to doing away with the declaration of assent and consent; the Bishop of London has pronounced in favour of this reform; and there seems to have been a very great unanimity in both Houses of Parliament regarding it. The declaration is, at least, unnecessary, though it is doubtful if it will bring the amount of relief to tender consciences which is expected. It may bring some relief. There is a difference of degree between giving "unfeigned assent and consent to everything in the Prayer-book" and merely declaring a belief that it "contains nothing contrary to Scripture." There is certainly more latitude allowed in the latter expression, and, as the Bishop of London showed, a man might become a bishop without making this declaration.

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enable them to reply to the questions which are asked night after night in the House of Commons. Mr. Cowper could not even say, in answer to Lord Elcho, whether Mr. Hunt, who had made a minute survey of the buildings, and who is the surveyor to the Office of Works, had put on record his opinion as to their present condition, which was surely the first point to be ascertained. This apparent uncertainty or paucity of information, with the successive delays in stating what are the views of government, has given room for much hostility to the whole scheme. For our part, we forbear to condemn it entirely, until we get some more precise information as to what is intended to be done.

It appears to us, that in considering this question, it is an error to make everything depend upon the architectural merits or demerits of the design, apart from its fitness for the special purpose which it has served, and for the purposes which it may serve hereafter. In extenuation of the faults of the design—ugly as it is—Captain Fowke may urge, what his critics forget, that he was bound to observe the most rigid economy, both in cost of material and of labour, and in space. He could not, therefore, break up the parts of his building, or advance or set back its various parts, to obtain that play of light and shade which is the means of producing a fine architectural effect. Had he done so, he would have sacrificed a large portion of the interior space, which was absolutely required for the purpose that the structure was to serve; and he would have materially augmented the quantity of bricks and mortar consumed, and increased the cost of labour. The difficulty of dealing with a façade under these circumstances, where there is no depth to be obtained, or breaks in the plan, was the same which Sir Charles Barry had to encounter in the river-front of the Palace at Westminster, but which he surmounted, in some degree, by breaking the sky-line, to avoid monotony. For this purpose he had recourse to an additional storey over the centre compartment, towers with high roofs, pinnacles, turrets, and the lofty clock and Victoria towers. To none of these expedients could Captain Fowke resort in designing the South Kensington building, because their adoption would have entailed increased expenditure; and if they were found necessary in a façade of 870 feet in length, the distance from the Victoria tower to the clock tower, it will be easily understood how much more urgently they would be required in a front 1,150 feet in length, such as that which faces the Cromwell-road. In these remarks there is, of course, no comparison, in an architectural sense, between the Palace at Westminster and the building at South Kensington, which is merely the work of an engineer, designed with a view to the strictest economy, and simply to afford shelter to the objects it contained. Conceding that Captain Fowke's design is as ugly as it is said to be, we may ask his hostile critics to prove that a more artistic edifice could have been erected at the same cost, to afford the same accommodation, and under the same pressure of time. For an example, let us take the Paris Palais de l'Industrie, in which the International Exhibition of 1855 was held. Except that the external walls are of stone, it is very little if at all superior in design to the South Kensington building, which labours under the disadvantage of being constructed of common bricks—a consideration with those who make materials and not design a ground for preference. The French Government paid the Company for that structure, independently of the annexes in the Cour de la Reine, and of the picture galleries—which were temporary constructions apart, and irrespective of the site which belonged to the municipality—the sum of £416,000 which was less by twenty per cent. than the capital of the Company spent upon its construction. At South Kensington it is proposed to buy the present building, which covers 16½ acres of ground, for £80,000, and to spend £154,000 for repairs, to make the building thoroughly and permanently substantial; £40,000 to convert the glass domes into solid domes; £30,000 for warming and ventilating apparatus; £15,000 for fireproof floors to the picture galleries; and £45,000 for completing architecturally the exterior parts of the building; altogether £284,000, according to the detailed statement of the surveyor, Mr. Hunt, thus securing to the nation for £364,000 an Exhibition building better suited to the purpose and much larger than that of our neighbours, for a much smaller sum. The cost of site is in both instances left out of the account. The Royal Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition, who are the proprietors of the site, for they purchased it out of the famous surplus, require to be paid £120,000. They estimate t

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publicly to his notice, that a sentry had been placed by his orders close to their sick bed, with directions not to lose sight of the man, night or day. Is it possible that a commanding officer who could act thus towards a dying woman who had recently been bereaved of both her children, can be pronounced to be fit for any command under a civilized and Christian Government?

It now remains for us to say a few words as to the part which Sir Hugh Rose has played in this business. His Excellency, in his General Order, cast the gravest reflections on Colonel Shute, the officer who had preceded Colonel Crawley in command of the 6th Dragoons. According to Sir Hugh he had left that regiment in a disgraceful condition, both as to officers, horses, and discipline; and Colonel Crawley had met with most vexatious opposition from its officers whilst judiciously endeavouring to restore it to efficiency. Unluckily, however, official documents are on record at the Horse Guards which show that on many previous occasions Sir Hugh Rose had complimented Colonel Crawley's predecessor on the admirable condition of the regiment under his command; and but a few weeks before Colonel Crawley joined it, Sir Hugh Rose had written officially to Colonel Shute, deploring that such an excellent officer should be about to leave India, and offering, if he would remain, to move the Horse Guards at home to create for him the post of Inspector-General of Cavalry in India! But shortly after Sir Hugh Rose had borne this strong testimony of his appreciation of Colonel Shute's merits, a coolness arose between these two officers. That coolness was based on what is called in India "a social question." The details of it are well known at the Horse Guards. They have been freely discussed in the public papers in India, and yet they are of such a nature that nothing but the gravity of the present case would induce us even to allude to them in our columns. It would seem that the present Commander-in-Chief in India is a veteran of a warm temperament, *le fanfaron des vices qu'il n'a plus*. He is fond of surrendering in public his lion's skin and club to the Omphale of the minute whom it delights him to honour. Colonel Shute is a married man and a high-minded gentleman. The Omphale in this case was a lady who for very sufficient reasons was *mal vue* by the respectable section of Indian society. The rest of the story need not be told. Every sneer at the alleged demoralization of the 6th Dragoons under Colonel Shute, which Sir Hugh Rose's General Order contains, was, in his Excellency's eyes, a blow struck on behalf of the favourite who had been considered unfit company for virtuous ladies. All this is well known to the Commander-in-Chief at home—all this has given his Royal Highness cause for much anxiety and perplexity—all this has led to the result that in his Memorandum of the 18th of December his Royal Highness has declared that he does not believe one word which Sir Hugh Rose has so loudly proclaimed of the inefficiency of Colonel Shute, and of the efficiency of Colonel Crawley.

COLONEL WAUGH.

SOME wiseacre has said that England is the worst country in the world for a man to fail in. We deny it. Our beloved country, on the contrary, is the very paradise of bankrupts. As the maternal heart is moved with an extra gush of tenderness for that member of the flock which is afflicted with a weak chest, or with rickets, or lateral curvature, so our great mother, Britannia, nestles her bankrupt offspring in the softest and warmest place in her bosom. If any one doubts it, he shall see with what a plain fact we will put him down. Stand up, Colonel William Petrie Waugh; get into the witness-box, and show your honest face to an incredulous world. Here is a man who has not only been a bankrupt himself, but the cause of bankruptcy in others. He has dipped his hands deep in the pockets of Indian officers, their widows, and their orphans. He has made his name a household word in hundreds of families who recall it with a terror as great as if it reminded them of a surgical operation. He has been to many of them the cause of cursing and swearing, of tears and heartburning, of sleepless nights and short commons, of unpaid bills and over-due rent, of curtailed gentility and penniless old age. And all this he did with his eyes open, with a perfect knowledge of the mischief he was doing, and an utter indifference as to who suffered, so long as his wants were supplied. In a few months he swept the paid up capital of a great

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Poles, and to the conscience of humanity, as a compensation due for the loss of the previous rights of Poland, the entire restitution of which had been considered impracticable. Those original rights, which the violation of the rights of 1815 has necessarily revived, are and can be only the *national* independence of Poland, as it existed for twelve centuries before the partition, and also the extent of territory within whose limits that independence was exercised "before 1772," according to the expression used in the Treaties of Vienna. By these treaties the same limits of territory were assigned to the new-established right, as those of the territory over which the previous and original right had been in force.

Once agreed on this point, the Powers of Europe, as parties to that Treaty, have it in their power to re-establish the Poles in their original rights, and to give them, by a speedy recognition, the most effectual support. They have but to proclaim and notify to the Emperor of Russia that they severally withdraw the sanction which they gave, in 1815, to his assuming the title of King of Poland, and to his dominion over the Polish provinces remaining annexed to the Russian empire. Each of the Powers individually may address this notification to Russia. No preliminary negotiations are necessary between those Powers, and no attempt of that kind is desirable, since the eternal distrust prevailing between them makes the adoption of any measures concerted beforehand very difficult. The example given by one of them is the safest and speediest way of obtaining the concurrence of the others. Were England, in the first place, to adopt this course, France would be sure immediately to follow her example. If England hesitates, and if France takes the lead, public opinion in England, already strongly excited, will certainly not be content with watching lest the British Government should do or say aught against it. The same public opinion may be with confidence expected to confirm the solemn declaration of France, and not to allow the Government to remain any longer the accomplice of the barbarous dominion of Russia in Poland when another Power shall have proclaimed its forfeiture. But even though England should withhold or adjourn her decision, France alone openly taking this course, Austria would find herself free to adopt the policy best suited to her own interest. Austria—it cannot be too often repeated, so little is her real disposition and character understood—Austria is, more than any other Power, interested in the restoration of an independent Poland. On that condition she is even ready to give up Gallicia. Half of this province, before joining Poland, and up to the thirteenth century, was called *Red Russia*. It preserved that name even as a province of Poland. It consequently remains, in the eyes of the St. Petersburg Government, one of "all the Russias." It is true that Catherine II., in order to obtain from the King of Poland, in 1764, the recognition of that essentially usurped title of "Empress of all the Russias," pledged herself solemnly, and pledged her successors likewise, never to put forward this title as a claim to the Russian or Ruthenian provinces, which, for the space of five centuries, had formed the eastern and southern portions of Poland. But things are greatly changed. The former Grand Duchy of Moscow, after taking the name of *Great Russia*, by degrees annexed to itself *Little Russia* (Kieff), *White Russia* (Witebsk), *Black Russia* (Ukraine), and one-half of *Red Russia* (Podolia and Volhynia); and Russia now pretends that in so doing she had only re-united these provinces to the common family of "the Russias," and restored them to their ancient communion with the Russian Church. Such precedents, followed by the incessant intrigues of the Government of St. Petersburg, have never allowed Austria the shadow of a hope of retaining possession of Gallicia. Its restitution, along with the reconstitution of an independent Poland, would therefore be a clear profit to her. This is not all. It is by Poland alone that Austria can be saved from Panslavism; for the Government of the Czar, after having absorbed everything which it calls Russian, sets up pretensions to convert into one empire all the nations whose origin is Slavonic. Gallicia, once incorporated to the Russian Empire, becomes the key to the Slavonic possessions of Austria, from Prague to Semlin, Trieste, and Ragusa. On the other hand, were Gallicia again made a portion of restored Poland, by the hands of Austria, as the instrument of such a restoration, this would give back to Austria the bulwark which she has been in need of, since the suppression of Poland. It would besides secure to Austria a lasting and fruitful alliance with reconstituted and independent Poland. This alliance will indeed be profitable to all; to Europe as well as to Austria, to Turkey as well as to Europe. It will be profitable to Europe, by re-establishing the independence of Austria itself, which is reduced, since Poland has lost its own, to a secondary and passive position. Exposed as Austria is, to unceasing

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the gentleman in question will manage accidentally to allude to them. He ought not to be too hard on Lord Cardigan. We know that in the navy the fashion is for the captain to stand by his burning vessel to the last. Men of high rank in the navy, on such occasions walk out last. If in the army a different etiquette prevails, and a general walks out of the enemy's battery before his men, it is probably merely a difference—an unimportant difference—of fashion. As the Chief Justice eloquently hinted, none of us can tell what we should be inclined ourselves to do if we found ourselves in an enemy's battery. A man who, like Lord Cardigan, had ridden boldly in, can, at worst, only have been guilty of want of consideration in riding quickly out, even if he were not driven out at the point of the sword, which, upon the evidence, we have no doubt he was. The chesnut horse with the white heels, we feel sure, at all events, was glad to be out of it, if Lord Cardigan himself was indifferent. Probably the noble charger's feeling was, that if he ever got clear of the guns and the Cossack lances, he would give his noble rider leave to write upon his tomb the equine epitaph—"*Occupet extremum scabies.*"

THE TWA KIRKS.

In the last week of the merry month of May Edinburgh is annually invaded by a host of clergymen, who come from every nook and corner of the land,—from the Orkneys to the Cheviots, and from the rugged Western Islands, upon which the great waves of the Atlantic break, to the eastern sands, on which the German Ocean plays more mildly. At this season the streets swarm with black coats and white neck-ties. In spite of the old association of publicans and sinners, the inns, and even the taverns, are pervaded with divinity. There are few citizens of credit and renown who have not to make ready the "prophet's chamber" for a reverend guest. The raiment of these visitors, although monotonous in hue, is diverse and characteristic in its cut, and enables us to guess with considerable certainty whether the wearer is from the town or the country, the hills or the plains. When we meet a tall gaunt figure, in a swallow-tailed coat of antique design, the deep creases on which tell of its long repose in the wardrobe, with a wisp of crumpled linen round his scraggy neck, and a high-cheeked, weather-bronzed face, surmounted by one of those rough beavers which preceded the invention of the Paris hat, and when we hear the nasal drone of his accent, we instinctively picture to ourselves his humble manse, among wild desolate hills in some secluded region of the North, where heather is more luxuriant than corn, and sheep are more numerous than mankind. The pet clergyman of a town congregation—the bland recipient of countless book-markers and embroidered slippers from adoring spinsters—is equally distinguishable by his well-fitting frock-coat, faultless tie, natty boots, and lavender gloves. Intermediate, between these two extremes, we recognize the spiritual shepherd of a thriving agricultural parish, burly and jovial, encased in glistening broadcloth, and perhaps as much at home over his toddy at a farmer's ordinary (remote from the diocese of Rochester) as in the pulpit or the vestry. Nor are there wanting a few who affect the long Noah's Ark coat, the high waistcoat reaching to the chin, and the narrow rim of collar, which are typical of a certain class of the English clergy, and which are supposed by the severer Presbyterians to indicate a dangerous bias towards the "pestilent Prelacy" of the Southron.

The cause of this clerical invasion is the meeting of the General Assemblies of the two great divisions of Presbyterianism—the Kirk of Scotland and the Free Kirk. When these two ceased to be one at the disruption, the seceders continued to hold that *they* formed the National Church, and to this day they still cling to this theory. Hence the Free Assembly is modelled exactly on that of the Established. It meets at the same time, and is constituted in the same way. Each comprises about four hundred members, of whom two-thirds are clerical and the rest are laymen. Every five parishes send up a minister, and for every two ministers there is one lay delegate. In some of the smaller and more distant parishes, where none of the elders can spare the time or the money for a visit to the capital, some person there resident—generally an advocate or law agent, who finds it a capital stepping-stone to practice—receives a commission to act as a delegate. On both sides an effort is made to obtain the attendance of notabilities. A live lord who can talk is, of course, a great catch; but an M.P. is better than nothing. In bagging this sort of game, the keen scent and untiring energy of the Frees secure them most success. The Kirk, however, may console itself for any deficiency in this respect by the reflection that its Assembly basks in the presence of Royalty itself—at least of a representative of Royalty. In the Established Assembly, on a throne above the Moderator (or President), sits a

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that rockets attempted to go up, and splendid pyrotechnic conceits bravely spluttered and fought against the rain and wind,—all these must be accepted as indisputable facts. It is even credibly reported that the Prince of Orange duly went up to Surley as sitter in the leading boat—an honour purchased by the gift from the sitter to the boat's crew of from one to six dozen of champagne; and that a crowd of carriages, many of them full of ladies, went through the whole of the ceremony. Happy they whom no misguided zeal or enthusiasm of an Eton son or brother so misled, who quietly took the train to return to town, without having been wet to the skin, and then got dry again, and without laying in an unfailing stock of cold, rheumatism and lumbago! But to the Eton boy on the 4th of June rain or shine makes little difference. He may possibly use an umbrella; but a great coat—he scorns the very idea of one. He will see the last Catharine-wheel extinguished by the rain, and then retire to supper:—

"A ducking on the river's brim
A wetted jacket is to him,
And it is nothing more."

But, oh, Jupiter Pluvius! oh, Admiral Fitzroy! could you not have given us timely warning, or, better still, could you not have sent upon some other evening the rain which the country so much desired?

THREE TALES OF THE PEERAGE.

The vicissitudes of noble and illustrious families have ever been favourite topics of heralds and poets. Nor have the sympathies of mankind in general been denied to these conspicuous examples of that mutability of fortune which awaits all in turn. No doubt Mr. Thackeray could easily detect a snobbish element in the keen zest with which we devour every column in the *Times* that might be, if it is not, headed "A Romance in High Life." But without at all denying that here, as almost everywhere else, the traces of human weakness and childishness may be detected, it is but fair to admit that the public curiosity and interest are not without a more substantial justification. So long as we retain those distinctions of classes which we reckon amongst the safeguards of our liberties, although foreigners find it difficult to reconcile them with any liberty at all, it is inevitable, and, upon the whole, it is advantageous that a sharper scrutiny than ordinary should fix upon any unusual deeds or occurrences which disturb the serene and untroubled current of high life. It is well that those who enjoy conspicuous rank and influence should feel that the public eye is upon them. Mankind in general, moreover, are not gifted with that microscopic vision, or that power of perceiving the realities of things, which would enable them to see, in the ups and downs of a small tradesman's life, tragedies as real and striking as those which convulse a royal or illustrious house. Not only is the world a stage, but any fact or aspect of life which would get itself recognised, must—unless it involve monstrous guilt or superhuman virtue—assume something of a stagey character. Unless it puts on a crown or a coronet, dresses itself out in robes, and has a fanfare of trumpets blown before it, men are apt to pass it by as commonplace or trivial. We have an inveterate habit of weighing things by results, and the least which we think worth attending to are the transfer of a great estate, or the inheritance of a name which is historic at least in the pages of Burke or Debrett.

From whatever motives we may be led to take interest in scandals connected with the peerage, there is just now an abundant supply of these exciting topics. In each of the three kingdoms, the courts are either occupied on, or are about to be occupied with, a *cause célèbre* of this description. In many respects the Irish contribution is the most striking, and we will therefore give it precedence. The Egmont case not only involves the destination of great estates, but, if the plaintiff's assertions are substantiated, it reveals a course of the most astute and systematic villany on the part of a man who filled during a long life positions of the highest trust and confidence, and went down to his grave honoured and respected by all who knew him. The issue here is neither more nor less than this—Was the late Sir E. Tierney—a solicitor of large practice in Dublin, agent to several of the largest landed proprietors in Ireland, Crown solicitor for the north-west circuit, and registrar of the Court of Appeal in that country—guilty of violating the trust reposed in him, and of obtaining by false and fraudulent pretences the Irish estates of the Egmont family? It seems that in the early part of the present century the affairs of that noble house were in a most deplorable state of confusion; and it was found requisite in 1824 to vest their extensive landed property both in Ireland and England in the hands of trustees, who were empowered to sell the estates and to pay their creditors out of the

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lazy torpor which forgets that each bears a separate share of our national responsibility, increasing liberty, however good, will be nothing for us to be proud of; any more than a child who has set a great stone rolling down hill may claim credit for his own precocious strength in making it reach the bottom over so great a distance. His claim to admiration would evidently rather be in stopping it at the right moment, before it did damage at its journey's end. But how about the possible truth of that suggestion, that English society generally does not in fact care so much about religious questions as it did forty years ago? We all know how true it is that use begets neglect, even in the greatest blessings of every-day life. Can it be that this is the case with religion, and that the very fact that this has gained so firm a hold on our nation—on even the customs and fashions of our people—is the reason why Protestant England is at this moment so ready to acquiesce in any new concession to a foreign faith, and less stringent observance of our own? There is too much reason, we believe, to fear that there are some grounds for such a notion.

As for this particular measure, there is much to be said on both sides of the question. Viewed in one light, the Bill in question simply does away with a clear anomaly—a relic of religious exclusiveness in a State which has avowedly adopted principles of thorough toleration. It merely gives to the 5,000 Roman Catholic occupants of our prisons and penal settlements the privilege of ministration from their own priests, who must be supposed to be capable of the greatest influence over them. And while we are very far from sympathizing with any who look at these simply as poor pitiable objects of compassion whom the State is bound to comfort and pamper with all its possible appliances, we can still quite understand that if this is really the only way by which religious instruction can ever get near them, we are bound to adopt it. On the other hand, and viewed in a different light, this new measure provides an additional opening for Popish arts and seditious sentiments creeping into the midst of our social system, and gradually extending an authority which ever since the Reformation it has been our pride to undermine and deny. Which of these two contending arguments is entitled by its balance to our vote, we do not mean here to decide. All we do say is, that as every step in free legislation must have some effect on what is to succeed it, and makes future resistance harder, it behoves our nation to consider well, in every case of this sort, the principles on which it is based, and the motives with which it receives assent.

If we look at the religious "signs of the times" around us, we fear we cannot find much reason for self-congratulation. As far as can be gathered from the complaints of the bishops of our Church, the young men of our upper and middle classes are gradually beginning to find every profession and employment more attractive than that of holy orders. What a contrast this to the testimony of our two great Universities half a century back! Law-schools were then in both of them comparatively unknown; in one even by name, in the other as far as actual attendance at them went. Now, both Oxford and Cambridge have schools of law whose range of subjects is spreading every year, and triposes whose lists get larger and larger. Young men, who are first led to the subject by the inducement of easy honours and attractive prizes, are by this means induced to turn in crowds towards the various Inns of Courts in London, and to adopt as a profession what has been the pleasant road to an honourable degree. It is a patent fact to all acquainted with present University matters, that more than one-half of each year's batch of undergraduates sent forth into the great world are destined for some branch of the legal profession. Add to this, that in one of our Universities, at least, a medical "hostel" is in full swing; and it appears pretty obvious that clerical life is not in possession of all the attractiveness it once used to have.

What is to be said, again, of those who are to be numbered among the rising generation of parsons? We have no hesitation in asserting, as a truth well known to every one with any present close acquaintance with either Oxford or Cambridge, that a vast number of the best intellects among the young men of each are at this moment deterred from undertaking a clergyman's calling by the unsettled state of their religious convictions. We appeal for proof of this to scores of them who are now wasting their time in the idleness of resident fellowships, or in the still more unsatisfactory delay of masterships at Eton, and Rugby, and Harrow. And those who do undertake the vocation to which they may have looked forward from boyhood, are many of them—God forbid that we should say all or even most of them!—men who, by reason of not having sufficient brains for either of the other liberal professions, enter the Church as the most probable means of a gentlemanlike livelihood, and settle down—again we say many of them—into a luxurious and unthinking Tractarianism.

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with the decisions of commanding officers. His lordship could not deny that many Volunteer commandants were opposed heart and soul to this Disbanding Clause, but he magnanimously attributed their opposition to "a desire to get rid of the responsibility which fell upon them." "The Government," he added, "was not willing that, while accepting the honour, they should evade the duty which attached to it." Lord Hartington did not attempt to say from what motive Lieut.-Colonel Luard, Deputy Inspector of Volunteers, declared before the Volunteer Commission that "this power of dismissal is a greater power than that accorded to any officer of the Army," and, moreover, that "it is a power which ought not to be in the hands of Volunteer officers." Nor is he alone in his opposition to the Clause. Lieutenant-Colonel Warde, commanding the London Rifle Brigade, condemns it as "unnecessarily great," and "liable to abuse;" and expresses his preference for a Court of Inquiry, which would strengthen the hands of the commanding officer, and put him in possession of the true facts of every case for dismissal brought before him, before he is called upon to act. The sting of this Disbanding Clause is, that the commanding officer being allowed to judge and condemn a Volunteer, his sentence, though it may be a very gross libel, becomes by this Clause a privileged communication. But all argument was thrown away upon the House; and upon a division on the Disbanding Clause, the amendment of Sir R. Clifton was lost by a large majority.

We fear that the effect of this Clause will be prejudicial to the progress of the Volunteer movement. The men who have come forward to take upon themselves, without remuneration, the defence of their country, should it be invaded, deserve, and, as far as words go, have received, the highest favour. The Legislature, we think, would have done well had it fortified their position by privileges greater than those afforded to our soldiers in the regular army. To be dismissed from the ranks of the Volunteers must be a disgrace proportioned to the honour of wearing the Volunteer's uniform. But when Parliament places the citizen soldier on a lower footing in respect of this most important privilege than the common soldier, and puts it in the power of an officer animated by dislike, or moved by caprice, or prone to rash judgment and hasty action, to dismiss a Volunteer who may be his social equal, and even superior, who shall wonder if the effect of such a law be to lessen the ardour for enlistment?

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT THE CITY BALL.

It is a great disappointment to find ourselves victims of our own good intentions. The loyalty of the City Corporation has already involved them in one battle royal with the Home Office, and the Ball last Monday, given by the Corporation to the Prince and his bride, has been the cause of something like a misunderstanding between the City and the Court. It appears that certain ill-advised advisers of her Majesty, remembering perhaps their own misadventure in the matter of the convict lately presented to the Prince, and fearing for the fair Princess among the savages of the unknown East, caused a requisition to be sent to the Ball Committee for a list of the expected guests. Here was a dilemma for the civic hosts. They could not but suppose that probably the list was intended to undergo the scrutinising of those great officials, whose duty in the State is to prevent the approach of plebeian vulgarity to the royal presence. If so, how would it do for the Corporation to receive back their list, revised and corrected according to Court pattern, with some luckless names scratched out? Could the invitations already issued be re-called, or could the objectionable guests receive a hint not to come? Impossible; this would be abdicating the right of the Corporation to choose its own guests. Or should the City take the responsibility of disregarding objections or revisions, and allow the Prince and Princess to meet those who might have been expressly marked as unfit for their presence? The second alternative would be worse than the first. The Committee, therefore, did exactly what they under the circumstances ought to have done, and what is said to have been the course adopted, under like circumstances, by the managers of a forthcoming Military Ball to the Royal Bride and Bridegroom. They refused to send any list at all.

It is unfortunate that the Ball Committee should have been thus placed in opposition to the officials of the Court; because although the Ball (like the ceremonial of March 7th) was got up chiefly in honour of the young pair, it was intended nearly as much as a mark of respect to the Queen herself. Had it not been for her Majesty's bereavement she herself would doubtless have been present upon both these occasions, and her presence would have afforded a legitimate and wholly sufficient protection to the Princess against intrusion. the completeness wl may soon again fi becomes more urge and embarrassment stand, however, un resumption of her p of these things at C care of his own digr his own part, not p Court etiquette, at him honour.

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We do not know exactly who are represented here by the unbelieving Sadducees, unless it be those who make it their habit not to hear, or, when heard, to dismiss from their minds voices from Wessex concerning Lancashire, and Mr. Ruskin on political economy and politics. The Pharisees are more intelligible, and we shall leave them to their fate. As, however, want of credulity is not usually supposed to be the leading characteristic of that body, we presume that "less believing" must here again be interpreted to mean believing less in Mr. Kingsley. But it is a rather remarkable thing that Mr. Kingsley in these lines seems to be afraid that the world is going to object to his doing that very thing for which we shall all allow he is most eminently fitted. If the country muse would only keep to playing at leapfrog with children and "realities" —whatever that may mean—nobody would say a word; and Sadducees and Pharisees would alike acknowledge that Mr. Kingsley was faultless. It is when he comes to deal with "dull conventionalities," by which we suppose he means things in general, and the laws of labour, and politics, and metaphysics, that we object to leapfrog, and what Mr. Kingsley is pleased to call the country muse. Leapfrog is an admirable amusement in its place. What stings Mr. Kingsley in reality is not that anybody minds his playing leapfrog with water-babies, but his playing leapfrog (as he calls it) with more important questions. It is natural that an author of so healthy a temperament should dislike finding that sensible people do not care to have matters which are matters of pure reasoning and common sense, settled on all occasions summarily by Mr. Kingsley and his friends in a spirit of jovial uproar. But he has no right to betake himself with an air of sulkiness to a fairy tale, as if we did not admire him when he comes to fairy tales, or as if this world's Sadducees ill-used him by refusing to allow him to talk nonsense on subjects where nonsense is both ludicrous and pernicious. Mr. Kingsley is not an ill-used man. His vigorous morality, his able writing, and his imaginative power, give him a great influence over a number of people who may not be very clever, but whom it is a decided credit to be able to influence for good. He has no business to expect to be allowed to lay down the law on social government or philosophy, simply because he is a pleasant writer of poetry and a most admirable novelist, and a well informed companion. In purely intellectual matters the *ipse dixit* of the most accomplished Muscular Christian is worth just its intrinsic value and no more.

We allude to this tone of oracular irony towards the world which Mr. Kingsley assumes, not only because it is a habit that seems to be very catching among his imitators, but because it is so intensely ludicrous in the eyes of bystanders. It is absolutely comical to listen to the way in which some of the followers of the Muscular Christian leaders begin to speak of the learning and philosophy of the world. Just as Mr. Maurice's favourite way of disconcerting an opponent is to tell him "that there is much good in him, and that unconsciously he is saying what has a great deal of truth in it if he only knew it;" it is the fashion among his admirers to regard intellectual people as curiously perverted beings, who, however, under the ripening influences of religion, might be turned into something useful. "After all"—Mr. Kingsley would probably say—"After all there is more in Aristotle than Aristotle really knew himself." This is the tone he actually adopts in the Water-Babies, to decide the difference between Locke and Plato,—

"Ah, you dear little Ellie, fresh out of Heaven! When will people understand that one of the deepest and wisest speeches which can come out of a human mouth is that 'It is so beautiful that it must be true?' Not till they give up believing that Mr. John Locke (good man and honest though he was) was the wisest man that ever lived on earth; and recollect that a wiser man than he lived long before him; and that his name was Plato, son of Ariston."

It is difficult to imagine a more absurd sight than that of an excellent Cambridge clergyman, in an off-hand way and by a kind of side blow, settling for ever all the metaphysical questions of the world in favour of what he imagines to be Platonism, and making excuses for Locke's weakness of head on the ground that he was a good and honest man. Does Mr. Kingsley seriously think that a book for children is improved by this nonsense? If he does, he is no doubt quite wise in wishing Sadducees and Pharisees alike to stand aside and not to look at him while he is engaged in the Christian and charitable task of apologizing for Locke's intellectual errors. Mr. Kingsley reminds us of an aged and aristocratic lady who, on a recent occasion, was brought into contact with one of the leading thinkers of the day. "My dear," said she on her return, "I have been talking to ——, and I see now that it is his head and not his heart that is at fault." Mr. Kingsley, with equal charity, having shown his own clearness of conception by informing us sententiously that Beauty and Truth are co-extensive, and that Plato thought so, pats Locke on the back and tells us that Locke's errors are errors not of heart but of head. *Ridete domi quicquid est cachinnorum.*

We do not propose to enter into a learned argument with so profound a metaphysician as to whether "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," as the poet says; nor if we did, would it lead to any more "deep or wise" conclusion than that people who choose to employ a particular term in a sense which is not its every day use, have a right to do so, and to make the most they can of the valuable privilege. We prefer—subject to the above protest—to take Mr. Kingsley on his own terms, to lay aside the Sadducee, to put on for the nonce whatever dress he pleases, and to express our thorough admiration of the less "profound" portion of the "Water-Babies." As a somewhat fanciful describer of nature, Mr. Kingsley is quite unequalled; and the '
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takes a fancy to a page. Having done so, her first step is to demand the name of the lady whom the boy loves *par amours*. A denial that he loves any one, a statement that he loves a girl of ten years old, are treated with equal contempt; and the page is instructed how, by loving some mature and sensible woman, he may learn to avoid all manner of evil. Pride, anger, envy, sloth, gluttony, will flee from him; and as to incontinence—well, in the mean time, that had best be avoided also. But as the youth advances in wisdom and in years, he gathers from the same fair teacher that the worship of the *vaga Venus* was indeed to be eschewed; but that the worship of one idol, and especially of the Lady of the Fair Cousins, was in all respects worthy of the perfect knight. Le Petit Saintré is certainly lectured most unmercifully; but he finds compensation in court promotion and liberal supplies of money. When lectures, money, years, and prowess have advanced him sufficiently in the path of chivalry, he goes forth to seek adventures which may render him worthy of his lady's favour. In romance, he who seeks adventures always finds them, and finds them to his enemy's cost and his own great renown. Accordingly, Saintré returns covered with glory, and finds his mistress not slow to reward him. But "pleasures are like poppies spread"—a stalwart abbot supplants the accomplished knight; and the book ends with recording how Saintré repaid the insults heaped upon him by the licentious priest and his faithless lady-love.

It is quite plain that this sort of thing cannot in itself be very interesting or very amusing. It is, perhaps, occasionally comical; but it never commands interest at all. The *amor studii* has led Mr. Vance far astray when he compares De la Salles to Scott, and equals "Saintré" with "Waverley." He is much nearer the truth when he likens it to the "Grammont Memoirs." There is nothing in it worthy the name of a plot; there is nothing approaching to delineation of character. The chief value of the romance, and of "The Book of the Knight of the Tower," which accompanies it, consists in the picture they present to us of the manners and customs of the days of chivalry. Mr. Vance, however, does not admit the truth of this picture. In fact, the representation is not a flattering one, and Mr. Vance, concerned for the honour of his favourite middle ages, labours to impugn its accuracy. We are constrained to say that he labours with more zeal than success. It is idle to deny that, as a general rule, the light literature of a period reflects the morals of that period; for the sole aim of such literature is popularity, and popularity can never be hoped for unless the modes of thinking of those among whom it is sought be observed. And this general rule applies with peculiar force to the romancers and troubadours of the middle ages. These men were not, strictly speaking, writers of fiction; fiction was then in its infancy. As we have already said, fiction, even when most elaborated, must reflect the manners of the time; but it must especially do so when it is but beginning; when the art of fiction is not yet understood; and when writers have not advanced further than to throw into songs and stories what they see going on around them. Such was the judgment of no mean authority—Sir Walter Scott. In a note to the essay on chivalry, he says:—

> "We may here observe, once for all, that we have no hesitation in quoting the romances of chivalry as good evidence of the laws and customs of knighthood. The authors, like the painters of the period, invented nothing, but, copying the manners of the age in which they lived, transferred them, without doubt or scruple, to the period and personages of whom they treated. But the romance of Jehan de Saintré is still more authentic evidence, as it is supposed to contain no small measure of fact, though disguised and distorted."

Mr. Vance, zealous for the purity of knighthood, not only denies that the literature of the Middle Ages truly represents their morality, but denies further that the said literature is really objectionable. Coarseness, indeed, he admits; but he maintains that it was only the coarseness of out-spoken simplicity. Now it is certainly true that, in a question of mere expression, morality is not concerned at all. Whether a spade shall be boldly called a spade, or shall be referred to by some more refined circumlocution, is a thing of no moment whatever. It is a matter of fashion, and nothing more. But in the romances of the Middle Ages there is much beyond this. There is not only coarseness of language, but also grossness of description, and licentiousness of idea. Their comic tales are uniformly indelicate. Not to go beyond our own literature, what does Mr. Vance say to the "Canterbury Tales?" Must it not have been rather an odd state of society in which the miller's tale was thought a fit story for the ears of the prioress and her votaries? And even their most exalted romances, while they preserved decorum, did not greatly regard virtue. In Amadis de Gaul female chastity is held a thing of no account; and the denunciation of Ascham against the romances of the Round Table, that "little was to be learned from them but examples of homicide and adultery," is hardly too severe. Nay, in the very book before us, not the largest charity could recognize any trace of sentiment in the lady's intrigue with a big brawny abbot, or, in fact, see anything else in it but extreme indecency, and not a little profanity. Occasionally, indeed, even Mr. Vance has found the "simplicity" of Saintré too much for him. At the head of more than one chapter the reader finds a warning that what follows must not be read aloud, and some chapters are, on the score of impropriety, omitted altogether. We must say that we object to this latter expedient heartily. No amount of Bowdlerizing can ever make this book suitable for a drawing-room table, or improving reading for young ladies. And this being so, the process had better have been left alone altogether. A reader, even though not exceedingly partial to the

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Leicestershire, he observed a large number of black rats—the old English rat—emigrating, according to their habit. He stood quietly watching the march of the colony, who passed close by him, and in the midst of the crowd he saw an old blind rat holding one end of a piece of stick in his mouth, the other end of which was held by another rat, who was in this way leading his blind companion."

A hundred and fifty pages of stories such as these, interspersed with descriptions and lively dialogue, and prettily illustrated with numerous woodcuts, must be allowed to be a capital book for young folks, especially for boys. It is in fact a sort of boy's Isaac Walton, without the special application to angling. Like the famous production of that patriarch of the rod and line, Mr. Cheltnam's book has a fresh, open-air taste of the country about it, and is written in the same familiar and companionable spirit. It is just the sort of handy little volume for boys to take out with them on a stroll through the fields and lanes, or to pore over, indoors, during the long winter evenings. A knowledge of the beauties and wonders of animal life will do more than anything to prevent boys from the gratuitous infliction of death and pain; and Mr. Cheltman, though not a sentimentalist, is earnest in placing before his readers the foolishness, as well as criminality, of unnecessary persecutionof our meaner fellow-creatures.

POEMS BY MISS BESSIE PARKES.*

Miss Parkes is a true feminine poet. We do not mean the phrase at all disrespectfully, but simply that her verses show throughout the woman's nature that conceived them. They clearly reflect a mind exquisitely sensitive to impressions, prone to view everything through an emotional medium, widely sympathetic, and deeply though unaffectedly devout. With her, as with most poetesses (Mrs. Browning, of course, being an illustrious exception), poetry seems to be more a sentiment than an art; a relief to overcharged feelings, rather than a passion and a duty in which the whole life is absorbed. The result, in many of the poems before us, is a want of definite purpose, of tangible existence apart from the personal and private mood out of which they have arisen; the creation of much which, though elegant in form and harmonious in sound, is so vague and undefined in meaning as to leave no positive mark upon the mind. No doubt, an excess of "subjectivity," as the Germanising critics call it, is one of the faults of modern poetry, whether of men or women; but it is particularly noticeable in the productions of female poets, because the comparative solitude and isolation of women, their want of the corrective of active business pursuits, and the frequency with which their sensitive natures suffer from unsatisfied affections and disappointed ideals, induces in them a tendency to brood over their individual experiences to a degree which colours the whole universe. Hence it follows that the poetry of ladies is generally sad, with a tone of quiet resignation such as you might expect from nuns when thinking of the world they have renounced, but not forgotten. In a rhymed dedication, Miss Parkes says that each of her friends will know his or her portion of the volume she now puts forth; but that, if "one constant image still appears," the "dear critic" for whom she "wrote the greater part" is to take the book into special keeping. This may account for some of the poems seeming to the outer public to want force and purpose; but so much remains which all can enjoy and love for its own grace and beauty, that we should not have mentioned the defect had we not been desirous of seeing the fair authoress cultivating a greater habit of concentration. Although sometimes content with mere prettinesses of expression, as, for instance,—

> "And lilies ringing various bells
> To prayer and praise in shady nooks,

which really means nothing at all—she can sing truly, tenderly, and sweetly; can touch some of the depths of emotion; and can paint natural scenery—especially of southern lands—with a bright, warm pencil. Her two poems about Algiers are especially excellent; but, had we space, we should prefer to quote some of her lyrics of thought and feeling, such as "The Dead Love," "What distance parteth thee and me?" (both of which strike us as exquisitely sweet, sad, and beautiful), the "Voluntaries," some of the gorgeous pictures in "The World of Art," or the stanzas entitled "Firelight," which are so truly and charmingly feminine in their yearning affection, their nervous fancies, their waywardness and tremulous flutter of spirits between despondency and hope, that we can almost fancy we hear the voice of the poetess throbbing through the rhythm. This piece and one or two others we recollect in an earlier volume of Miss Parkes's, published some six years ago; but they will bear repetition.

* Ballads and Songs. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. London: Bell & Daldy.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

If the directors of the British Institution established for the promotion of the fine arts would but see it, they have a very important part to fill in collecting together every year a *selection*, not a mere exhibition, of good examples of the works of the old masters. Occasionally, at long intervals, we have had brought together pictures which illustrated the different styles of art and methods of painting with something like an intelligible plan; but

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of the concert was Monsieur Sainton's performance (for the first time) of a violin concerto by Auber, a work of the composer's early amateur days. With much that is graceful and piquant, there is a redundancy of merely mechanical passages, and a want of development and treatment of subject that will hinder this work from taking rank with standard concertos. Yet the flowing elegance of the slow movement, and the humorous vivacity of the finale, will make the concerto welcome on many hearings. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was played to perfection on this occasion. It was well done to bring forward this very interesting work; which, like M. Auber's pianoforte trio, would probably have remained unheard here but for Monsieur Sainton.

Herr Goffrie, the well-known violinist, gave the first of a series of three soirées musicales on Wednesday, when he was assisted by some excellent vocal and instrumental performers, who gave effect to an agreeable and varied programme. Among the principal features of the selection were Schumann's pianoforte quartett, in which Herr Gollmick admirably sustained the principal part, and Beethoven's pianoforte trio in B flat, op. 11, in which Miss Alice Mangold was the pianist. Of this young lady's performance we have before had occasion to speak favourably, and a further hearing confirms our impression that her playing is an admirable combination of finished mechanism and high refinement of style, with ample power and volume of tone. In two solo pieces, by Henselt and Bach (the latter loudly re-demanded), Miss Mangold proved her acquaintance with very opposite styles both of composition and mechanical execution.

SCIENCE.

MR. RUSKIN ON THE ALPS OF SAVOY.

It is not Mr. Ruskin as a word-painter, or Mr. Ruskin as an artist, that we speak of in this article, but Mr. Ruskin in an equally proper, though less familiar capacity,—Mr. Ruskin the geologist. On Friday last the Royal Institution contained one of those overflowing audiences such as Faraday used to draw,—the lecturer was that brilliant word-painter, whose works some delight to abuse, thousands to admire, but all delight to read; and whom, it would seem, many wanted to see and hear.

Mr. Ruskin's geology was not only entertaining but instructive and suggestive. The phases in which he viewed the Alps were just what we should have expected—eloquent and artistic pictures of their substance, formation, sculpture; what they were made of; how they were made; how their beautiful scenery was sculptured out by time, weather, wind and rains, contortions, dislocations, cracks, and fissures. Whenever the geologist stoops—or rather, it is seldom rises—to description of structural phenomena, it is nearly always in districts which present them on the smallest and least complex scale. "We have never yet seen," Mr. Ruskin observed in his opening remarks, "a complete section of the Valley of the Rhone. I wonder at the indifference of travellers in such matters, and that it never occurs to them to ask how the scenery to which they owe so much enjoyment was first cast into its colossal shape; how the hills were withdrawn from the opening through which the Lake of Geneva expands between Clarens and Meillerie; or how that strange chasm, bent like forked lightning, was cleft through the rocks of Uri, to be filled with the waters of the four cantons."

Mountain scenery is not the result of mere natural irregularities, mountains no mere heaps of rock. They are truly, in Mr. Ruskin's own words, "true sculptured edifices." The hills of Savoy were selected because, though amongst the boldest, they were amongst the simplest, in displaying the main questions relating to structure. Then mentally the lecturer set forth to build a mountain, taking stone for brick and slime for mortar. The Savoy mountains are made of a great many things, chiefly from limestone; secondly, dark brown neocomian sandstones; and, lastly, a hard grey rock, the Hippurite limestone of ages, equivalents of our Portland stone and lower chalk formations. All these rocks agree in this, they were formed at the bottom of the sea. Mr. Ruskin would not dwell on the difficulties of raising them. "Sir Charles Lyell," he said, will allow us to do that to any extent, if we only "take our time;" but he dwelt forcibly on the difficulty of *drying* them. Raised quickly or slowly—and the elevation of these mountains was, he believed, incalculably slow—the rocks must dry and settle. How long it takes to dry a wall, how long then to dry a mountain two miles deep. Consider, too, the consequences; by whatever means accomplished, drying is not merely a hardening, but a contraction of the whole body, and either the rock must become powdery like chalk, or it must crack and fall to pieces. In hard rocks these pores and cracks are filled with crystalline matter, matter moved and rearranged by that marvellous process, the finest particles taken out of the very flesh of the rock substance and carried in slow currents to be arranged with such strength and coherence that the very fissures which would have been sources of weakness become bonds of strength. The crack is not formed first, filled afterwards. It is filled as it is formed, or the rock would fall apart before it could be filled at all. The external aspect and hardness of a stone are no evidence of its real state. Though hard, it may be getting harder; though soft, more tenacious; it may be contracting or expanding, in every case it is *changing*. Not one of the atoms of it is at rest. The particle of lime a thousand fathoms deep in rock that rings to the hammer's blow is no more at rest than the hardest

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uninjured, and those of the rhododendrons are so effectually protected in their small compact ball of earth that they may be left exposed for days and weeks; thus the flowering can be retarded without injury for any exact period of time. Thus it is Mr. Waterer succeeds in flowering all his charming shrubs together, and presenting to our admiring eyes a scene that can only be compared to a cloud of the tenderest colours congealed into bouquet-crystals of radiant flowers.

But all those exquisite variations of colour, so delicately commingling the red, white, and blue, are the hybrid products of the florist's skill—the interbreeding of the tender Indian with the hardy New World sorts—semi-hardy varieties that thrive well in our temperate clime. And, what is not a little strange, the flowering time is intermediate too.

Lessons there were in that restricted, though charming show, for Darwinites and special-creationists, lessons for children and upgrown men; but, in these few lines, we cannot extract one-half the wisdom which the ever-green leaves and painted petals there conveyed. Still one question may be asked. Why, with our lovely native roses before them, do not our florists treat us with like dense, double flowers on some of these imported "rose-trees," for such their Greek name means? They cannot do it. Our true and native rose has many stamens, and by culture the gardener can convert each one of them into a coloured flower-leaf or petal. Our common daisy is a bunch of flowers. The beautiful heath-related rhododendron flower has but ten stamens, and consequently the florist with his utmost skill can only get but a fifteen-petalled flower. So much for nature and so much for art.

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Such are the parties with whom we have to deal in the present instance, and against whom we earnestly desire to rouse and warn the public. Whether the vote o Thursday next be carried or rejected, one great good wil at least have been effected by the resistance which will hav been offered to it. The machinations of the Brompto Boilermen will have been thoroughly exposed. It is significant fact, that that portion of the press which ha been most vehement in denouncing them, has been tha which is known to be under the immediate influence of tl Government. The most telling quotations read by M Gregory in his speech on the 15th, were selected from t *Observer;* the best and most vehement articles that ha been written against the South Kensington conspiracy ha appeared in the *Globe*. Our ministerial contemporar have the best means of obtaining good information as the details of official jobs in contemplation, and it is usua their province to defend them. The South Kensington must surely be a very bad job indeed when the *Observer* a the *Globe* denounce it in such language as they have b using during the past week, in defiance of the Chancello the Exchequer and of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe.

THE FALL OF PUEBLA.

FONTAINEBLEAU might well be illuminated at news of the taking of Puebla, for the fate of Mexican expedition was weighing on the spirits of

Paymaster Smales, that they ought not to be allowed to deal with the case of Colonel Crawley. If that officer is found guilty, his guilt must to some extent involve the guilt of Sir Hugh Rose himself, who not only extravagantly praised him, but grossly calumniated the unfortunate Sergeant, who afterward succumbed to the effects of his illegal imprisonment.

In the third place, it seems that the most material witnesses who ought to appear on the trial are now in this country, and some of them, having retired from the army, cannot be compelled to return to India. Even if there were any means of obtaining the evidence of such persons by a commission, it is obvious that their testimony would not be so valuable as if they were examined in open court. There is no hardship in Colonel Crawley, or even in the whole regiment under his command, being ordered home; nor is it possible to conceive that he will have less chance of obtaining a fair trial in this country than in India. On the other hand, it is to be observed that Sergeant-Major Wakefield, who was confined with Duval and Lilley, is now a civilian, and in this country; and that General Farrell, who commanded the district under Sir William Mansfield, and sanctioned the illegal imprisonment, is in the same predicament. Moreover, the surgeon who ordered the spirits to be administered to Lilley's dying wife; Lieutenant Fitzsimon, who insists that it was Colonel Crawley who directed the sentry never to lose sight of Lilley and his dying wife, night or day; and many other officers in the 6th Dragoons, though still in the service, are all now in this country. Both convenience and necessity, therefore, point to the same conclusion.

Lastly, it is important that the approaching trial should be conducted with the utmost care, and with strict regard to the principles of law. We have already proved that as this Court will, in point of fact, be a court of appeal, it ought not to be under the direction of the judge against whom the appeal has been allowed. But further, the members of the Court ought to be assisted by the best legal advice which can be procured, in order, if possible, to avoid any further miscarriage. In short, for the satisfaction of the public, for the satisfaction of the friends of Sergeant-Major Lilley, and above all for the sake of Colonel Crawley himself, it is obvious that the approaching trial should take place in this country.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

THERE is, very naturally, a disposition in this country to believe that the husband of our Princess Royal has resolved to take his stand at the head of the Constitutional party in Prussia. It would, of course, be gratifying to our national self-esteem that the beneficial influence of his English connections should be proved by so illustrious an example. We are not inclined to rate highly the effect of matrimonial Court alliances on the political conduct either of reigning or expectant sovereigns. But Prince Frederick William, during his education at the University of Bonn, associated much with our countrymen, from whose conversation, as well as from his frequent visits here, in his maturer years, it is likely that he may have imbibed a genuine predilection for English public life. He can scarcely fail, at least, to be sensible of the dangerous and disgraceful plight of his father's royal house at this moment. His acquaintance not only with the current opinions of English society, but with the most instructive passages of English history, must have informed him that a kingdom whose monarch repeats the fatal errors of our Charles I. is decidedly going to the bad. Besides the experience of the Stuart dynasty, he may have seen among the broken relics of foreign kingship, from time to time cast upon our shores, abundant instances of the ruin that probably awaits a faithless and obstinate Prince who would usurp more prerogative than is consistent with the fundamental laws of the State. The Bourbons and the Orleans family have successively taken refuge in this hospitable land of legality and freedom. It would be a pity that the Hohenzollerns, to whom, by our Protestantism and our German affinities, we are more nearly related, should ever be reduced to become our dependent guests. These reflections might well occur to the Crown Prince of Prussia, since the late behaviour of King William is denounced by every organ of English opinion as the way to a deserved disaster. For one thus instructed, who, so far as his character is as yet developed, seems not to have inherited

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as yet small evidence that he means to lend his counte nance to the Liberal and Constitutional party. Th Prussians themselves, who had watched his conduct sinc the beginning of the Parliamentary struggle, do not seer to attach very great significance to this almost accidenta utterance of a personal exculpation, implying no promise t stand by the chartered liberties of the country. It does nc appear that this speech was anything like a deliberat announcement of his policy. The fact is, that while visitin the towns of the eastern provinces on a tour of offici military inspection, the Crown Prince found himself, wit his amiable English wife, exposed to a very disagreeab proof of unpopularity, on account of the arbitrary measur of the Government, from which he is not known to hav ever before openly dissented. The municipalities agreed t turn the cold shoulder towards him. Arriving Dantzic, he was received only by the servants of tl Government; and since the Town Council refuse to wait upon him, he frankly condescended to go and ca upon them. Herr von Winter, the Mayor, who is an ol friend of the Prince, publicly told him, when he met tl Council, that they were sorry they could not give him more joyful welcome, in the present situation of the countr as their regard for the Constitution was equal to their respe for the Royal Family. In reply to this pointed reproof, tl Crown Prince, flushed with excitement, and no doul heartily ashamed of his position as the King's representativ said that he lamented this misunderstanding between tl Government and the people—that he was surprised at it- and that, as he was absent when the ordinances on the Pre were adopted, he had nothing to do with the matter.

There can, of course, be no doubt of his perfect candou and truthfulness in this declaration. It could not be su posed for a moment that he would have assented either t the decree for suppressing all Opposition journals, or to tl order prohibiting all municipal bodies from taking notice political affairs. He must have known better than that; ar it was notorious that he had left Berlin the day before the fir of these measures bore date. But those ordinances follov ing instantly upon the abrupt dismissal of a Parliamer which had been bullied and insulted by the King and t Count Bismarck-Schönhausen, after being deprived of i constitutional right to vote the budget, were but the crow ing outrage of a series of lawless and tyrannical acts, again which it does not appear that the Prince had ever proteste Being well acquainted, at least, with all that had take place for the last twelvemonth and more, if he affected to fe surprised but the other day at the quarrel between tl Government and the people, it must be that he had n until then discerned the perilous character of the cour which his royal father pursued. We are not, therefor warranted in taking his speech at Dantzic for more than sort of impromptu personal apology, which was extorted t a sudden perception of the difficulties of his position. an isolated fact, it has no great importance; and we sha wait to see whether he is prepared to follow it up with ar overt acts marking his secession from the unprincipled ar infatuated government. It would be deemed indecorous him to publish a direct remonstrance against the admini tration of his father; but he might, without being reproache as an undutiful son, throw up whatever official posts he no occupies, and claim the freedom of a subject, enjoying tl high rank and influence of which he cannot be deprive The rumour, indeed, of his being about to go into a voluntar exile, for the testimony that he has borne in favour of tl Constitution, is reduced to the fact of his going to spend tl Midsummer month at his marine residence in Rügen. Tl heir-apparent, with his appanages and matrimonial endov ments, and with the circle of expectant courtiers who loc to greet him on the throne, is at any rate secure of a splendi position, independent of the favour of his sire—unless, by tl paternal misrule, that throne should be overturned.

These considerations may, perhaps, somewhat modify ou appreciation of Prince Frederick William's conduct in tl late affair. We should have preferred to take a higher est mate of his merits, and to recognize in him the noble examp of a patriot prince. We should likewise have been glad t find, in all the different ranks of society in Prussia, a mor vigorous exhibition of those personal qualities of unflinchin courage and self-sacrifice, which are associated in the Englis mind with a struggle for the assertion of civil freedom. Tl parallel between our Long Parliament and the Berlin Chambe of Deputies would be more complete, if a German Pyr

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678,661, which is the population of the Established Church in Ireland according to the last census, the quotient will be 295. Each Irish clergyman, then, has cure of 295 souls of his own Church on an average—say, in round numbers, 300 souls. But how are these distributed? Over what amount of area has each clergyman to travel in order to visit them? These questions can be answered by dividing the total area of Ireland by the number of clergy. And as there are 32,000 square miles in the whole island, the result is, that each clergyman has charge of an average district of 14 square miles, over which on an average 300 members of his Church are scattered. What now is the average amount of his remuneration? It has been shown by Archdeacon Stopford, in his work on the income of the Irish Church, that the whole nett revenue for parochial purposes is about £357,459, and that, after paying each of about 656 curates £75 annually, there would remain for each incumbent only an average annual nett income of £200. The position, then, of a clergyman of the Irish Church may be represented thus:—He has 300members of his own Church to take charge of; these members are scattered over 14 square miles; and his remuneration, if an incumbent, is in round numbers £200, if a curate, £75.

Now let us ask what is the corresponding position of a clergyman in England? It is not easy to ascertain exactly what the proportions of the several denominations are in this country, as no religious returns were made in the last census. But as the Roman Catholics are supposed to be 2,000,000, and it is probable that the various Dissenting bodies make up an aggregate 6,000,000, we shall not be much astray in putting down 12,000,000 as the Church population of England and Wales. If we divide this number by the number of clergy, which is about 18,000, the result will be that each English or Welsh clergyman has cure of about 670 souls. The average extent of his district, calculated as in the case of Ireland, is $3\frac{1}{4}$ square miles; and the average income of an incumbent £280; and of a curate £10

The result, then, of a comparison of the positions of the clergy in the two countries, in our opinion, leaves little to choose between them. The Irish clergyman has one cure of 300 souls, of his own communion, but they are scattered over 14 square miles; while the English clergyman, who has indeed the larger number to look after, has them condensed into a smaller space. Now, let the question be put to any clergyman, whether he would prefer the larger number in the smaller space, or the smaller number in the larger space; in nine-tenths of cases, would he not choose the former alternative?

There is, then, really no very great disparity between the two countries. The Irish Church may be the Church of only 678,000 people, but that there should be one clergyman to every 300 of these is nothing unreasonable, especially when we consider the magnitude of the district. It is a fact constantly lost sight of in this controversy, that there are only 2,300 clergy of the Established Church in Ireland, while there are 18,000 in England. The area of Ireland is more than half of that of England, but the English clergy are eight times more numerous than the Irish. It is right that they should be so, as the Church population is so much more numerous. But it is this very circumstance which proves that the Irish Church, in its revenues, the numbers of her clergy, and her work, is by no means out of proportion to the requirements of the country. We speak of her, of course, not as a new experiment now for the first time to be tried, but as one of the oldest institutions of the country, time-honoured, established by the State, whose fate should not be decided by the mere consideration of numbers, but by truth, good moral teaching, loyalty, and patriotism being thrown into the scale, together with the actual numbers in her communion.

But it may be objected to the above reasoning that though each Irish clergyman may have an average of three hundred souls in cure, yet, in fact, there are many districts where they are far below this number, amounting sometimes to not more than ten, twenty, or fifty. Let the facts stated in the objection be admitted; but what do they prove? Clearly, only the necessity of a commission to inquire into the best way of removing such an unequal division of labour. It is a case for reform, not for destruction of the Church. And let such reforms be effected. The best interests of the Church require them; and every true friend should welcome any beneficial change which would promote the best interests of religion. But let us go further, and see

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and old abodes of learning,—relieved by the brightest of flowers and the greenest of foliage and verdure,—become surpassingl picturesque with an invasion of the fair barbarians of Mayfair, wit the prettiest dresses and the prettiest faces in the world. Oxfor is always young; Oxford is always old. All through the summe months the college-green, which has seen so many historical gener ations and has been connected with so much of the dusty learnin and the piety of the past, wears a merry modern air of luxury,— wholly out of keeping, yet not without a gracefulness of its own as the voices of well-dressed and happy English young men rin over it, on their way to amusement, and gaiety, and pleasure But Oxford puts on for the three days of Commemoration a dres and an air which throw into the shade all the youthful holiday making of the summer months. The genius of the place crown himself that week with flowers. The streets, so silent and s monastic, wake up one June morning and find themselves echoin again with the laughter of a gay multitude, half attired in academi costumes and half in the fashions of Belgravia. The breakfasts the ceremonials, the flower-shows, the boat-races, the dinners, an the balls succeed one another with a rapidity that leaves th delicate visitors scarcely time to breathe the special atmosphere o the place; no time, certainly, to moralize upon the association connected with it. Are these the shady groves of Academus? I it here that were born the wisdom and the erudition of past ages Is it hence that have issued the erudite speculations that have s often adorned, or enlightened, or perplexed the Church? A rus of merry feet—a din of well-bred voices—a hubbub of dons, an undergraduates, and ladies; and the crowd is gone again, withou answering the question, or knowing much more of Oxford tha they knew before they came, and without even waiting to mak the acquaintance of the genius of the place as he wakes up agai on the following morning—the first morning of the long vacation— deserted and discrowned.

The proceedings on the occasion of the visit of the Princess t the University appear to have been of the usual character, only, i possible, still more bright and gay than ever. In the theatr degrees were conferred upon the principal visitors; and as a acrimonious Professor has taken upon himself the amiable duty o black-balling those whose religious opinions he may chance to dis approve, the illustrious and new-made doctors in civil law will hav the satisfaction of feeling that they have passed triumphantl not only through an academical grade, but also through a thec logical scrutiny. Their names were saluted from the gallery wit the same storms of approval or inquiry as usual, though the unde graduates above took care to show that their sympathies at leas were not on the side of the self-elected inquisitor of the da The prize poems, the essays, and the orations were each no dou as gallant and as erudite as it is the custom to make them, an contained the average amount of allusions to heathen mythology, t the ladies' dresses, and to the next world; while one of the juveni laureates crowned the merriment of the day by forgetting, in h excitement, most of the poem it was his duty to recite, except verse which contained a rapturous compliment to the beauty of th eyes of her Royal Highness. A talented feminine novelist, at th close of a long list of boyish virtues, seems inclined to belie that—next, of course, to the high privilege of being a you nobleman of religious habits and in weak health—the ide of earthly happiness must be to get the English prize poe at an Oxford Commemoration. It is conceivable that the hono and glory of reciting one's own poetry in white kid glov to the Princess of Wales and the Royal family might turn t head even of a stronger young gentleman than the hero of t *Daisy Chain;* and we would not give a farthing for the poet wh when it was a question between loyalty and self-possession, did n give it in favour of loyalty. After all, the failure was more of tribute to the Prince and Princess than an admirable recitatio would have been. To have forgotten everything would have be only a proof that the particular Muse was of a shy dispositio and could not stand white gloves and a fashionable audience. B to have been able to forget everything else, and yet to rememb the Princess's eyes, was a feat of poetic and chivalrous feeling th does the man the highest honour. It is of a piece with Sir W Raleigh's celebrated offering of his cloak. The Oxford muse stri herself of all her own verses, and lays them unsung at the fect Royal Beauty. A procession of boats, at which, as usual, o of the more enthusiastic crews, while saluting with the oars, were upset into the stream, and unceremoniously intr duced thereby to all the mysteries of Isis; and a nov incident, consisting of a row in an eight-oar down the river tak by their Royal Highnesses, were the only other events of the vi that are worth recording. It is, perhaps, a pity they did n

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have affirmed their belief in the veracity of the Countess Dowager's account of her wooing and wedding, and have accepted her statement that from the first she was no mere mistress, but what her husband deemed her, the best, the truest, and the most devoted of wives. It scarcely fell within the strict line of judicial duty to characterize as it deserved the conduct of her third son, Captain Cochrane, of the *Warrior*. But the voice of public opinion will certainly not spare him. It would have been bad enough if he had merely sought to prove that his parents lived together without the sanction of any legal tie until after the birth of their two eldest children. But he did far more than this. His case was only maintainable upon the supposition that both his father and mother had at a subsequent period deliberately forged the document which professed to record their union at Annan in 1812; that the late Earl had over and over again lied in the most direct and circumstantial manner in his accounts of that transaction; and that the Countess Dowager had committed at the bar of the House of Lords perjury, not only wilful, but of the most sustained, elaborate, and ingeniously inventive kind. Even this was not all. For this exemplary son was not ashamed to lay before the House the evidence of a fellow named Jackson—a former secretary of the late Earl—who swore that immediately after the birth of her first-born, and during the imprisonment of her husband, the Countess had frequently averred to him that she was not married; had talked of becoming the mistress of Mr. Basil Cochrane,—an old man whom she had never seen; and had offered herself in vain to Jackson himself. Had this evidence been true, no one can doubt that it was the duty of a son to abstain from using it against a woman who, whatever might have been her faults, was still his mother. But not only was it obviously unworthy of credit, but it does not seem to have been relied upon even by Captain Cochrane himself. After laying it before the Committee of Privileges, he retired from the case; and by so doing virtually admitted the worthlessness of his witness. Censure would be thrown away upon conduct such as this; we will only add, that its baseness was heightened by the hypocritical affectation of "delicacy," under which the Captain forbade the cross-examination of his mother, and thus deprived her of any opportunity of contradicting or explaining in her first statement the evidence to be given by the fellow Jackson.

We pass willingly from this topic to the facts of the case itself. The claim of the present Earl did not, indeed, rest exclusively upon the evidence of his mother; but if it had done so, we have no hesitation in saying that it could not possibly have depended upon testimony more evidently worthy of complete credit. It is quite true that discrepancies may be detected here and there in her statements as to small facts which happened half a century ago. But no one accustomed to weigh evidence can hesitate for a moment to believe the high-spirited and impulsive woman who tells so graphically, in her old age, the story of her early love; and through whose narrative truth speaks in many an unpremeditated touch and many an outburst of quick feeling, which are utterly irreconcilable with the notion of cool and designed perjury. She tells us that her parents died when she was young, and that from the earliest period she could remember down to 1812, when she was sixteen years of age, she had resided with her aunt, Mrs. Jackson, in Bryanston-street. In that year she first met her future husband, then Lord Cochrane, who was introduced to her family by her cousin, Captain Nathaniel Day Cochrane. The gallant sailor's courtship was short, and no doubt vehement; but it was impossible for him to contract an open marriage for fear of offending his uncle, Mr. Basil Cochrane, from whom he had considerable expectations. In order to avoid a premature disclosure of their union, he prevailed upon Miss Barnes, with the full assent of her aunt, to contract a secret Scotch marriage. "That," says the former, now Countess Dowager of Dundonald, "was given to me as the object, and I had no right, and I had no reason, to doubt the word of the most honourable man I had ever known. *I loved him.*" She did not, however, agree to this arrangement until her gallant lover had been brought by illness to death's door, and had to be lifted to his bed-room window, "looking like a corpse," to see her walking in front of his uncle's house, where he was then living. Then it was, she says, that "my heart was softened to see that great man, the hero of a hundred fights. I could not see that man in such a state as he was in." Accordingly, on the 6th August, she and Lord Cochrane, accompanied by a maid and a man-servant, set out for Scotland, and arrived at Annan on the evening of the 8th. Almost immediately they arrived at the Queensberry Arms his lordship called for pen and paper, and wrote out an acknowledgment that Catherine Corbett Barnes was his wife. Underneath this she added, by his direction, an acceptance and declaration of Sir Thomas, commonly called Lord Cochrane, as her husband; and this document was witnessed by their servants. It is needless to say that this amounted to a valid marriage by the law of Scotland. "After the paper was signed, and the servants were gone away, he began to dance the sailor's hornpipe, a very unusual thing for him, and said, Now you are mine, Mouse, for ever." But his conjugal transports were of short duration. It was necessary that he should be in London on the 10th, in order to be present at his uncle's wedding; and therefore, almost as soon as his own contract of marriage was signed, he left his young wife to struggle in vain with a cross, Scotch landlady, for the comfort of a bath; and posted back to London. She followed him two days afterwards. On the 18th of the same month they started together for the Isle of Wight, and from that time to the day of his death, with the exception of his period of imprisonment, she never left his side, sharing, with heroic constancy and courage, his toils and his dangers. In 1818 his lordship accepted the command of the Chilian navy; but before he and his wife started for South America a second ceremony of marriage, according to the rites of the Church of England, was performed between them, at the instance of the lady's cousin. And again, on their return from Brazil some years later, a third marriage was celebrated in Scotland, in order to please a gentleman who had purchased a great part of the old family property of the Dundonalds, and had promised to bequeath some portion of it at least to Lord Cochrane. It is not surprising that Lady Dundonald should have been, as she says, "bothered all to pieces with the marrying;" nor can we wonder that this double repetition of the ceremony threw some doubt upon the union at Annan. Lawyers and suspicious men of the world did not take quite the same view of it as the impulsive sailor, who seems to have regarded a new marriage simply as a fresh testimony of his affection. "Marry her!" he said, when the second ceremony was proposed to him, "I would marry her in a hundred churches; I would marry her all over the world," adding, however, that she was already his lawful wife.

Nevertheless, the evidence by which the Countess's account of that marriage is confirmed, seems perfectly irresistible. In the first place, the written contract is in existence, and the handwriting of both parties was clearly proved. An additional ground for relying upon its authenticity was afforded by the discovery, made during the proceedings before the House of Lords, that it bore the water-mark of 1811, the year before that in which it purported to be drawn up. Three thoroughly reliable witnesses swore that the late Earl had shown it to them as the authentic record of his first marriage. One of them was the trustee of a lady who had become the wife of his second son; and it was exhibited to him for the purpose of proving that son's legitimacy. It is therefore impossible to doubt its genuineness without casting the grossest stigma upon the Earl. To another of these witnesses, Mr. Earp (of whom we shall have something more to say presently), his lordship gave an account of the circumstances of the Annan marriage, tallying in every material respect—as to time, place, and the reasons for its clandestine celebration—with the evidence of the Countess Dowager. The conduct of both parties, and the manner in which they had been treated by their friends, were matters of no slight importance; and, so far as they suggest any inference, it is decidedly in favour of the validity of the marriage. It is true that, during the period previous to the second marriage, Lady Cochrane did not enter society. So long as her marriage was concealed she could not expect from the world the treatment of a wife; or, as she puts it, "How could a private thing be a public thing?" But it is clear, from unimpeachable testimony, that on their return from Chili she was at once received into society in a way which shows that people must at that time have been satisfied that her past course of life had been that of an honest woman.

Against this evidence there was really very little on the other side, if we leave out of question the testimony of Jackson. It was said that the eldest son was baptized as the child of Lord Cochrane and of "Catharine Corbett Barnes;" but in reply to that, it was observed, that it is the invariable usage to insert in Scotch baptismal certificates the mother's maiden and not her married name; and it was shown that the child was taken to the font by a Scotch nurse, whilst Lady Cochrane was suffering from severe illness. Various minute discrepancies were pointed out between statements made at different times by Lady Dundonald; but these were obviously entitled to no weight, referring, as they did, to matters of the merest detail, with respect to which it was quite impossible that she should have a certain memory after the lapse of half a century. One important contradiction between Lady Dundonald's evidence and the work known as the Earl of Dundonald's "Autobiography," it was indeed necessary to clear

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up. The lady accounted for her husband's sudden return from Annan, by stating that his uncle Basil's marriage was fixed for the 12th of August, and that it was absolutely requisite he should attend this ceremony, in order that no suspicion might be aroused with respect to his own wedding. In the book it is said that the secret marriage at Annan was not long concealed; and that it was in consequence of discovering it that Mr. Basil Cochrane took unto himself a wife. The explanation of this variance involved an interesting literary revelation.

This so-called Autobiography was not, it appears, written by the late Earl himself, but was compiled by Mr. Earp, partly from his lordship's conversations and partly from his papers. "I should state," says this witness, "that my general practice in writing that book was to write it from his documents, not from his words, because I frequently found his memory fail of late years." And again, "His memory had begun to fail very seriously; so much so that I took down many things from his lips, but I made it a practice never to insert anything unless I had documents to verify it, and by that means I found many of his statements not erroneous from principle, but erroneous from recollection." Mr. Earp, however, admits that he knew nothing about Mr. Basil Cochrane's wedding except from the Earl's verbal statement; and, therefore, although we are told that his lordship went over the chapter of his "Autobiography" which relates to his marriage, and cut it down, from a narrative of much greater length, to the four pages which it now occupies, no one will attach any importance to the circumstance that in this decaying state of his memory he should have given, or allowed to pass uncorrected, an erroneous account of the relation—either of time or of cause and effect—in which his wedding and that of his uncle stood towards each other. Certainly this cannot for a moment be allowed to impugn the statement which he had made many years before, when his memory was unimpaired.

We have no hesitation, therefore, in expressing our satisfaction with the conclusion at which the House of Lords have arrived. The fair fame of a most noble lady has thus been most amply vindicated; nor can we help dwelling for a moment upon the reputation and the character which it was sought to sully. The late Earl's Autobiography may not be quite what we believed it; but there can be no doubt that it faithfully represents his feelings and opinions. His wife is invariably spoken of in terms of the most devoted affection. A later volume would have related how this heroic woman shared with him all the hardships and dangers of his life—his journeys, his voyages, and even his battles; how on one occasion she even fired a cannon with her own hand, when his seamen shrank from the odds against them; and how (as Lord Brougham told the peers he had heard from her lord's lips) she had stood on deck by his side during that most desperate action which he fought on the coast of South America with the frigate *Esmeralda*. Nor was this all; for in the preface to the work in question we are told that it was to her energy and perseverance—to the determination with which she pressed for an interview with William IV., and to the courage with which she made use of the opportunity—that her husband owed his restoration to the rank and honours of which he had been unjustly deprived in 1814.

DIGEST OF ENGLISH LAW.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago two of the greatest ornaments of English law stood at deadly feud with each other. They were, in truth, the representatives of principles which in every age come into conflict. Sir Edward Coke was the champion of the Past: he collected its wisdom, revered its sagacity, and maintained its absolute perfection. Francis Bacon's was the spirit of the Future. The far-seeing eye which directed Science in the new path which has led her to such wonders, saw also the errors and dangers which beset the law as it was delivered to us by our forefathers, and the true course by which it might be made a trustworthy and easy guide. The conflict between the two giants of mind was hot and long. At last the younger and greater succumbed, borne down less by his adversary's prowess than by the fatal operation of those inherent weaknesses by which we are reminded that his genius was human. Science grew up a goodly tree over his tomb, but Law Reform lay buried with him in his grave. It could not be prosecuted in the quiet study of the thinker; and the din of civil arms and political change kept men from having time to debate it for many a year to come. When the eighteenth century brought internal peace, it brought also that singular love of form and affectation which cramped every department of intellect.

Then came the French Revolution, when men in power moved as those over whom in some narrow Alpine pass the avalanche impends, and who fear to speak above their breath, lest the shock of their voices in the air should bring it down. So, not till our own day has the spirit of Bacon again walked the earth. But, after two centuries and a half, the hour of its triumph is at last come. Fines and recoveries, the outworks of the common law, have been swept away. Special pleading has toppled down, amid a cloud of dust. Law and equity are gradually approaching fusion. Last of all, uprises a new Chancellor, and, in the very seat from which Lord Verulam fell, cites as his motto the words and principles of his great predecessor. He tells startled learned lords and lay figures—we mean peers—that what was bad in Bacon's time is tenfold worse now; that, with all we have lately done, there is still an infinite deal needed to redeem our legal science from disgrace; that he is in favour of codification, but that it is only applicable to a system which is tolerably near perfection in principle; and that English law is still too barbarous to admit of such a crowning ornament. Truly, the whirligig of time, slow as its revolutions have been, has brought in its revenges at last.

So, now that we abjure the ancient judicial doctrine expressed by Lord Coke, that "the Law is the perfection of Reason," and admit frankly that it is very full of all manner of blunderings, stupidities, timid fictions, intended to obviate the grossest part of its injustice and its general lack of everything like sound logic or consistent principle, where are we to look for a remedy? Lord Westbury answers, first of all in discovering what is the law. It is to be found, he tells us, at this moment in 1,200 volumes of reports, in forty quartos of statutes, and in the breast of twelve common law and six equity judges, besides several law peers, all of whom, as "nursing mothers," yield to the fond pressure of the young beings in their several courts enough of legal milk to fill sixty-two series of reports with fresh supplies every year. Naturally a good deal of this bountiful provision speedily turns; but, as tastes vary, it is impossible for any lawyer to predict what may be deemed by a court to be utterly bad and unfit for use, or what may be pronounced, though a little stale, yet still very tolerable, and quite good enough for the purpose. So it follows, as a consequence, that not merely does the general public not know the law, but lawyers themselves dare not say they know it. None of them can say whether a contrary case may not be raked up, or produced from the manuscript notes in which it has lain embalmed; and none of them can say whether an existing precedent, standing in the printed books, shall be treated by our present judges as expressing bad law, but now become sacred through use, or as mistaken law, which, with all possible reverence for its authors, they deliberately set aside. The uncertainty of the law is, therefore, as its highest officer tells us, not a false popular prejudice, but an existing fact, most truly appreciated by those who best know what the law is. And he justly argues, that the only means by which we can set about a reformation, is step by step to reduce the law into manageable bulk, by removing from it those inconsistencies, superfluities, obsoletisms, and downright errors which now form the luxuriant waste of leafage by which its true nature and meaning are concealed from scientific as well as from public apprehension.

Lord Westbury's plan, then, is in brief to consolidate and digest, without at present codifying or altering, our Statute Law and our Reports. The former part of his scheme has been many times sanctioned by Parliament; it has already been in part carried into effect in the new statutes for consolidating the Criminal Law, and it is being at this moment prosecuted by two gentlemen appointed by Government. The funds voted for the purpose have however been hitherto so miserably small that the progress has been slow; but the Chancellor tells us that the work is now so far advanced that with a little more liberality it might be completed within a year. The next step is to attack the 1,200 volumes of Reports. This is the real novelty in the proposition, yet it is a novelty only to this generation, and students of Bacon will find its essential features in his "Proposal for the Amending of the Laws of England." The Chancellor of Queen Victoria rested this part of his scheme so greatly upon the authority of his retired predecessor under James I.; and the ideas with which the House of Lords was agitated on the evening of Friday week were so closely akin to those which came from the seclusion of the fallen Verulam, that we shall venture to lay them before our readers in the words of the earlier statesman, omitting merely some of the amplification and explanation in which he clothed them:—

"The work is to be done in this manner. It consisteth of two parts, the digest or recompiling of the common laws, and that of the statutes. In the first of these, there is to be made a perfect course of the law *in serie temporis*, or year books as we call them, from Edward I.

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to this day; in the compiling of this course of law as year books the points following are to be observed.

"First, all cases which are at this day clearly no law, but constantly ruled to the contrary, are to be left out; they do but fill the volumes, and season the wits of students in a contrary sense of law. And so likewise all cases wherein that is solemnly and long debated, whereof there is now no question at all, are to be entered as judgments only and resolutions, but without the arguments, which are now become but frivolous.

"Secondly, *Homonymiæ* (as Justinian calleth them), that is, cases merely of iteration and repetition, are to be purged away, and the cases of identity which are the best reported and argued to be retained instead of the rest.

"Thirdly, as to the *Antinomiæ*, cases judged to the contrary, it were too great a trust to refer to the judgment of the composers of this work to decide the law either way, except there be a current stream of judgments of later times, and then I reckon the contrary cases among cases obsolete of which I have spoken before; nevertheless this diligence would be used, that such cases of contradiction be specially noted and collected, to the end those doubts that have been so long militant may either by assembling all the judges in the Exchequer Chamber or by Parliament be put into certainty.

"Fourthly, all idle queries which are but seminaries of doubts and uncertainties, are to be left out and omitted, and no queries set down but of great doubts, well debated and left undecided for difficulty.

"Lastly, cases reported with too great prolixity would be drawn into more compendious report, not in the nature of an abridgment, but tautologies and impertinences to be cut off.

"For the reforming and recompiling of the Statute Law, it consisteth of four parts.

"The first, to discharge the books of those statutes whereas the case, by alteration of time, is vanished, as *Lombards*, *Jews*, Gaul's *halfpence*.

"The like of statutes long since expired and clearly repealed.

"The next, is to repeal all statutes which are sleeping and not of use, but yet snaring and in force.

"The third, that the grievousness of the penalty may, in many statutes, be mitigated, though the ordinances stand.

"The last is, the reducing of concurrent statutes heaped one upon another to one clear and uniform law."

Such was the outline of the proposal of the master-mind in philosophy and law, of the Elizabethan age. If Lord Westbury can carry it into execution, he will confer on the Victorian era a celebrity as great, if somewhat different in character, as that which distinguishes the times of our first female Sovereign, and he will win for himself a title to a niche not very far removed from that which holds the statue of his great predecessor on the woolsack.

LONDON CABMEN.

Most people will allow that, immediately after getting into a cab, the first thought is about the "proper fare." If you know you are going to drive exactly two miles, and mean to give one shilling, you are prepared for the cabman's steady gaze at the coin, and you plan your escape from his remarks. But you may enjoy otherwise a drive in comfort, when you have positively determined to add a sixpence to the regular charge, and can therefore get out at the end with benevolent dignity. It is the doubtful distance that gives you real trouble in cab-driving, and a humiliating disclosure of your ignorance puts you in the cabman's power, by asking, at the end of a tortuous journey, "What's your fare?"

There must be a fine opportunity for the study of human nature in a cabman's daily intercourse with the various people who employ him, and perhaps a philosophic driver might be inclined to ponder much on the character of his "fares." Yet very few people ever find a word to say to the cabman, except about where he is to drive and what he is to charge, while we use the 5,700 cabs that daily and nightly ply in the streets of London. Perhaps it is little wonder that the off-duty habits and the inner life of the cabman class are scarcely known, and that a few persons only exert themselves to better the cabman's lot.

Much interesting information on this subject is to be found in an "Essay by John Cockram, Cabman," which obtained the first prize of a series offered lately by the "Cab and Omnibusmen's Sunday Rest Association." In this he tells us that of cabmen "the greater portion are those who have been in service, and that, too, the first in the land, from the strapper to the head coachman, from the under footman to the valet; another portion have to make this their last resource, from loss of character or health; and, lastly, there are those whom we may designate as 'countrymen,' more especially from the agricultural districts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge." Besides these, there are men who have been "gentlemen, tradesmen, professors and mechanics, ex-soldiers, sailors, and policemen." Their attainments in education are extremely various; yet among them, we learn, "are those who speak the Queen's English, and who can distinctly pronounce the names Panopticon, Pantechnicon, or Panklibanon." It must be confessed that very little indeed is done to educate these poor fellows, and that hindrances are put in their way. "Let a cabman go to a bookstall—those eyes peeping from behind that shelf of books meet his, and he has a perfect stare; the bookseller immediately takes his stand at his elbow, and he is conscious of being an unwelcome guest, and unless he becomes a purchaser—if you may judge from the bookseller's expression—he is glad when you are gone." So, too, it is when a man seeks for lodgings. If he is known to be a "cabdriver," the landlady tosses her head, with a No! of proud disdain. All this is hard to bear. The "contractor," who is an owner of cabs, compels his drivers to sign an agreement to pay a certain sum per diem, varying from twelve shillings to a pound, and he can then exercise the tyrannical power of putting the defaulter in prison for any deficiency. "I have heard cabmen avow that they have bullied people out of treble their fare, justifying themselves by saying, 'My master won't trust me a shilling—there is a chance of them (the fare) not summoning.'" The "non-contractor" has a more lenient system, and behaves better to his men and horses, while others let out the cab to the driver for "what you can pay." The "morning man" goes out between the hours of 6 and 9 a.m. and returns between 5 and 8 p.m. The "night man" leaves between 6 and 8 p.m. and returns at the same hour next morning. It is calculated that, including all classes connected with the business,—drivers, stablemen, builders, trimmers, painters, wheelwrights, smiths, and farriers, with those dependent upon them,—about 60,000 persons are directly engaged or interested in the cab trade of London.

Before we speak further of the men, let us see whence come their horses.

Many of these are excellent horses, which have been sold hastily because they have jibbed, or stumbled, or kicked when "killed with kindness, pampered and caressed by their master, well clothed up, and fed to the full." A cabby hears that this sort of favourite is to be sold, and "does not care if he is scratched or has cut his knee,—sixpenny worth of tincture, and a little gunpowder and lard, will soon put that to rights;" so he gets him for £20—perhaps a sixth of the original price. The temper of such a horse is soon reduced by hard work and bad feeding. In the wettest night he stands in a cold wind, and on the hottest day he is chafed with the coarse harness; "while the gent inside the Hansom is sitting as far back as possible to avoid the scorching rays, the poor horse is often in untold misery." Then, again, there is the slippery mud, the hard pavement, the slush of a thaw, and the glassy road after a sudden freeze, when each stumble entails unnatural twists and struggles to keep up, and countless quick stoppages, wrenching the poor horse's muscles. "We might feel somewhat for him if we had to run on a hard road in cricketing shoes or to carry a heavy load in pattens." Every sort of trade or manual labour has, of course, its hardships, and we need not indulge in any maudlin sentiment when we recite the woes of a cabman and his horse. But as this particular calling is practised directly under everybody's notice and for everybody's comfort and convenience, it is the duty of all to give some attention to the evils of cabmen's condition, especially if those evils are very much caused by the habits of the public, and may be remedied by them. The fatal diseases and large number of deaths among cabmen may be caused partly by their being men originally of a weak or broken-down constitution, or partly by their vicious habits; but these evils are undoubtedly increased by the very nature of their occupation. "Our long-day-man goes on thinking it is not so cold as people make out, but, as the day advances, especially after he has changed horses, he finds that, notwithstanding his wraps, he is cold. He buffets himself till he is sore, and in this state he looks anxiously out for the next rank, where he can get down and have a run, though risking a summons for standing with more than the allotted number of cabs. He is at last, however, 'fair,' and then jumps off his box and indulges in a walk as far as the limited space to which he is confined by the care of his horse will admit. The weight of his clothes, however, soon tires him, and, as the cabs get off, he takes their place until he is first. He must now look out. He remounts, and often sits there until he seems a fixture. That blue face and those chattering teeth are an evidence that he is cold through, and if he has not gone to the public-house before, he is now ready to do anything to obtain warmth." He needs not go far; the gin-palace is at hand, and he whisks off a glass of spirits. Still, when he goes out and mounts his box, down pours the rain. He is giddy with cold, wet, and drink, and gets, perhaps, only a shilling fare; and again he is sent wandering through the bleak night; and again he tries to nerve himself with another "three penn'orth." He gets late to bed, having risen very early, and his wet coat is not dry by morning. Can we wonder that a man exposed to all this is rheumatic? "I know that very many are soaked to the skin

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various parishes, till their heads are muddled; and with no hope of any payment for their trouble except the universal chorus of complaint from neighbours, whose rating it is their duty to raise in every single instance above what it has stood at hitherto. The Act says, "take the rent as it ought to be, and then allow for repairs." But where is the test of what the rent ought to be? A new valuation of the whole union by a competent surveyor would perhaps be the best thing. In some unions this means is adopted. But the great expense of surveying deters most committees from adopting it.

Nor is a surveyor the very best to be implicitly relied upon. Without local knowledge he would be liable to make mistakes, or to be imposed upon. One farm is seen at a favourable season and in fine weather; another at a worse season and in the wet. One farmer makes friends with him, treats him, walks with him round the farm, and shows him how much better his neighbour's land over the fence is than his own; another neglects or offends him. Where there is local knowledge, the danger of partiality and prejudice is all the greater; but what land really will fetch in a particular parish is probably better known by a farmer in that parish than by any surveyor or valuer.

So the committees often have to make their way as best they can without professional help, eking out information given them by the overseers with their own local knowledge. They have four general guides to help them. 1. The existing parish rate-book. This is some guide to the relative values of the properties in the parish. But it is generally so old, so faulty, and so far below the mark as to be of little use. 2. The county rate assessment. This, where the assessment is modern, may be a good guide to the total value of the properties in the parish. But here its usefulness ends, for it does not specify at all the values of individual properties. There remain; 3. The rent actually now paid, where it can be ascertained; 4. The return to the Income-tax under Schedule A; and these two latter are the only guides which will be found of much practical service. Rents, however, unless paid on a holding from year to year, are no good criterion. And even when the letting is from year to year, they are often fallacious as a guide to real lettable value. It only requires two rogues—one for landlord and the other for tenant, who may combine and understate the rent—to render the test worthless. Then, in the case of leases, the rent paid is often no criterion at all; and where land is occupied by the owner there is no rent paid. Here Schedule A of the Income-tax comes in, and is of some service as a check. But the return to the Income-tax is often incorrect. Sometimes the Income-tax paid upon several properties belonging to the same owner is lumped together. Some properties, as those held under charities, have no annual value returned under Schedule A, because the charities are exempt from Income-tax.

No doubt, rent paid from year to year, with the check of a reference to the return to the Income-tax, will prove the best general guide. But in some cases, even in rents from year to year paid in the same parish, there are glaring irregularities. Farmer A. holds under a small tradesman in the next town, who exacts the last farthing of rent the land will bear, and spends nothing on repairs; so that the tenant is paying in effect even more rent than he actually seems to pay, because he finds himself obliged to do certain absolutely necessary repairs which his landlord ought to do for him. Farmer B. holds a farm of equally good land under the Duke of X., as his father and grandfather did before him. He pays, perhaps, the same rent as was paid thirty or forty years ago, the land having since then almost doubled in value; and his landlord supplies him with first-rate buildings, and keeps everything in excellent repair. Where these glaring inequalities exist, an assessment committee will almost surely be compelled to depart from the usual rule of taking rent as the test of value. Farmer B. will be raised; he will be assessed to the relief of the poor on £500 say, while he is actually paying to his landlord only £400. Then will come the Income-tax collector, and referring to the assessment in the new rate-book, will insist on his deducting from his rent 500 sevenpences, and not 400 only. Thus the Income-tax may be expected to rise very considerably. But taking this to be a rare instance, and however much assessment committees may stick to the principle of never assessing a tenant above the actual rent paid, there still remains the vast quantity of land occupied by its owners. Upon these occupiers of their own land the neighbouring farmers are scarcely likely to have any pity. Their assessment to the new poor rate, and consequently to Schedule A of the Property-tax, must necessarily go up to something like the real present lettable value of their land, instead of remaining, as now it often does, nearly or quite at the low level of the old poor-rate assessment. From this class of holders, at any rate, Mr. Gladstone will derive an appreciable addition to the Income-tax. It is difficult to forecast how great this addition may be. But it seems not improbable that, on the whole, and in the course of a year or two, when the new assessments are completed and working, an addition not far short of £1,000,000 per annum may be realized by the Exchequer from these sources.

But the effect of the new assessment will not stop here. If the committee do their duty as they ought to do, many assessments on old properties will stand at a higher figure than the present rent paid. The Duke of X., in the case supposed above, will suddenly find that he is paying a landlord's Income-tax upon £500 a year for Mr. D.'s farm, while he is only receiving a rent of £400. This state of things will not last long. Farmer B.'s rent will be raised. And, indeed, putting out of sight this particular question of Income-tax, it can hardly be that a new valuation of this kind, accompanied by a general discussion of the value of properties, should fail to open the eyes of many landlords, and show them clearly that their land is let at an inadequate rent. So that the Parochial Assessment Act of 1862, besides effecting in the main (however imperfectly) its avowed object of equalizing the assessment to the poor-rate both as between individual and individual and between parish and parish, is likely to prove also a powerful engine for two purposes which the Legislature which passed it probably never contemplated: namely, first, an increase of the produce of the Income-tax; and second, a general raising of rents throughout the kingdom.

These results are by no means to be deprecated. It is quite right that the State should receive Income-tax upon the full annual value of all property, whether that full annual value is got out of it by the owners and occupiers or not. It is also quite right and desirable that the landlord should exact to the full a fair rent for his property. Low rents mean stagnation, indolence, carelessness, unthriftiness, and the absence of all improvement; and the State does well, as far as it can, to encourage every owner of land to insist on receiving a fair compensation from his tenants for its use. But these results have not hitherto been brought into notice in the public press, though many letters have appeared and much discussion has arisen upon the details of the working of the new Act. It is the desire to call attention to these important though indirect and future effects, which has caused us to devote this space to an apparently uninviting subject.

CATCHING A WIFE.

One of the liveliest occurrences of the week has been the action for libel brought by Captain Ramsay, of Morne Park, near Newry, against Captain Stewart, of the 42nd Highlanders, and tried before the Court of Queen's Bench on Tuesday and Wednesday. The plaintiff complained that the defendant had posted him "a poltroon and a coward;" and the defendant pleaded justification. But this issue, important as it was to the parties, derived its public interest from the romance of which the libel was only a collateral incident. In the annals of domestic scandal we have read nothing more curious. When a man marries, he involves himself in much more than a wife. He confronts the traditions, the prejudices, the likings and dislikings, the cabals, the mistrusts, the jealousies, hatreds, and rivalries of his bride's family. First and foremost there is her mother. Will she prove friendly or hostile? Will she counsel her daughter to be loving and obedient, or "put her up" to insubordination, and place at her disposal all the experience, the arts and subtleties by which she has succeeded in prostrating the authority of her own spouse? Or perhaps the young wife has a favourite aunt, or a beloved sister, or a dear female friend to whom she has been accustomed to look up. It may be that she has a whole army of friends who have taken a dislike to her husband, and who, thinking how much better it would have been if she had married some one else, are resolved to do their utmost to destroy the union which they cannot undo. To what precise agency Captain Stewart owed the defection of his wife it is difficult to say. But that some of her friends have been active in turning her against him no one who has read the report of the trial can doubt.

It appears that in 1857 Captain Stewart married Miss Frazer, the sister of a brother officer, who had served with him in the same regiment. Her friends were opposed to their union upon pecuniary grounds, but the lady loved him well enough to marry him privately. Mrs. Stewart was a relation, by marriage, of Archbishop Whately, and to his Grace's family the husband attributes the fact that the first half year of their marriage was not happy. There seems, indeed, to have been some attempt on the part of Miss Blanche Whately to correspond secretly with Mrs. Stewart. She was desirous, as that lady was going with her husband to St.

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THE MEDLEY OF PORTRAIT CARDS.

MANY are the uses of photography; so many, indeed, that we think some of them at least may be dispensed with. Passing along any of our fashionable West End streets, one is surprised to find how intimate our manipulators in the new art seem to be with royalty. There is scarcely an attitude in which the Prince or Princess of Wales can stand or sit, that these gentlemen have not caught and "registered" for their own pecuniary profit. In the popular sense at least, "A divinity doth hedge a king," which the Court portrait-painters take care not to violate. A royal personage, of old, was either represented clad in steel, "with truncheon based on hip," or clothed in the imperial purple, with crown and sceptre, or other insignia of his rank. Let us look into the first booksellers' windows at the *cartes de visite*, and see the modern manner of treating royalty. There is the "true Prince" in what the police ignobly term a "billycock hat" and greatcoat, smoking a cigar to its very flabby last inch. Really, this is a free and easy style, which proves on what intimate terms the photographer must have been with his Royal Highness in order to have taken him in such an unguarded moment. Then we have his Royal Highness in a shooting-jacket, his Royal Highness at a writing-desk, a back view of his Royal Highness, a side view of his Royal Highness, and a view of the same illustrious person seated on the ground. Really, the heir-apparent must have been turned about and "posed," his arms arranged and his legs composed so as to form graceful lines, in a manner which proves that royalty is nothing better than a lay-figure in the hand of the photographer. We perceive that our royal sailor has fallen into the same manipulating hands. He has no sooner recovered from his fever than he is put through his paces to suit the purpose of the photographer. He smiles grimly at us with the bob of his cocked hat to the left of his nose,—he smiles pleasantly with the bob to the right of his nose,—he grasps his sword fiercely,—he leans upon it elegantly,—he comes before us playing with his hat,—he stands at ease crowned with the same brightly brushed chimney-pot. In short, the poor young prince, in his present weak state, must have been tired out by the wretched posture-master, who saw in every fresh attitude of the royal limbs the making of a good round sum. As for the poor Princess of Wales, when, we ask, will she be at rest? Why not publicly announce that the illustrious lady will appear in a series of *cartes de visite*, wearing the different articles of her *trousseau*? But we have still more tender ground to touch—the unwarrantable liberties taken with the affianced pair. Did the Prince clasp the fair Dane's hand of his own accord, or was this position only a delicate arrangement of the Belgian photographer? for we are glad to say no Englishman has yet dared so to offend against good taste. Or that jewelled white hand resting on the shoulder of her *fiancé*? Surely princesses, of the most gushing nature, do not do such things in public; and yet no photographer, one would think, would venture upon such an arrant impertinence of his own accord. But whether it be joy or grief affecting the Royal family, in some way the lens of the camera appears to spy into it in the most offensive manner. We protest, on the public behalf, against the unwarrantable manner in which those sacred feelings are turned to commercial account. Of course, if the inner life of Royalty is thus invaded, it is not to be supposed that humbler individuals will receive any consideration. Matters for the Divorce Court, we find, are made piquant by the publication of *cartes de visite* of the interested parties. In a window in Piccadilly, Mr. Boucicault simpers blandly upon Mr. Jordan, attired as a Mexican bandit, and Mrs. Jordan, adjusted in a triangular fashion, is seen smiling with maternal affection upon her sleeping infant. Pretty horsebreakers smile at us from every window, and ladies of the "easiest virtue," who find their "cards" obtain admittance to the best houses. It is but justice to the photographic art, however, to say that it plays into the hands of justice as liberally as it smiles upon vice, a fact of which the magnificent collection of *cartes de visite* of gentlemen that are "wanted," to be seen on the walls of the head police station at Scotland-yard, affords a sufficient testimony.

But the impartiality with which photography deals with all classes of the population, is perhaps its most remarkable feature. The true portrait gallery of the people is to be found in our shop windows. If misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, photography throws us cheek by jowl in the same unceremonious manner. Mrs. Windham and Mrs. Fry, for instance, form a charming pair; and Bishop Colenso is seen serenely smiling in the midst of the bench of bishops. It is certainly a grand oversight that the Zuloo Caffre was forgotten in this happy family. Look again at Tom Sayers and Miss Nightingale occupying a corner of the window to themselves, the very archetypes of physical force and moral suasion. What odd people to crop up in this great picture gallery! What class of people, for instance, put Harry Boleno, the famous clown, in their albums, and why should tradesmen insist upon classifying Mr. Fitzball among celebrated authors? We must say that, as a class, authors are the worst represented of any in this pasteboard Valhalla. A foreigner would think our literature represented by half a dozen persons, whilst music and the Church deluge us with their second and third-rate representatives.

The value of the *carte de visite* as an advertising medium is, we perceive, not overlooked, especially by the great sensation preachers. For instance, there is Mr. Bellew, who appears to have exhausted every posture, in order to oblige an approving public. We remember his first likeness, in which he burst upon the town as an ethereal young priest in full canonicals, expressed in the most delicate floating drapery—evidently a copy from a drawing from some female hand. His later hebdomadal portraits represent the "curled darling" a little more substantially. Apparently tired of giving the public a full view of his sacerdotal legs, a last effort has been concentrated upon his vignetted head. And Mr. Spurgeon—why should we be admitted into the bosom of his family so familiarly? We have no doubt that the tenderest relations exist between him and his spouse, but what necessity is there for exhibiting the pair, in every shop-window, on a rustic seat in the midst of a wood? With respect to his many varied *cartes de visite* whilst in the act of preaching, we may perhaps be permitted to remark that if we saw a little more of "the wood," and a little less of him, it would be a great advantage, as an open rostrum does not set off his person well. The clergy are a little too fond of seeing themselves in the shop-windows. There is scarcely a pastor in the metropolis whose *carte de visite* is not to be seen in the booksellers' windows. We can understand a flock desiring a remembrance of their pastor, and a private circulation of such portraits may be excusable; but the world can feel no particular interest in preachers the world has never heard of. It may be a convenient fiction to excuse the publication of mediocre charity sermons, on the plea that they were put in circulation "at the request of some friends," but vanity can scarcely be excused so easily. On the other hand, the use of the *carte de visite*, in making us familiar with the features of those who have made themselves famous, is indubitable.

It seems as if we could not realize the nature of a man's sayings or doings unless read by the light of his countenance. When the mind is left to paint its own picture, how we idealize portraits! we cannot help it; we must match the appearance of the individual to the nature of his performances; and how often we find that our ideal and the reality are utterly opposed to each other, and what a confusion the discovery makes in the mind! But in these days the photographer does not leave us time to draw our ideal. If a general wins a battle on the other side of the Atlantic, a fortnight afterwards we find his portrait in our windows almost as soon as the news arrives. If a traveller discovers some unknown river or country, before the details of his journey are forwarded we are taking stock of his face in Regent-street. It may puzzle some people to know how the savages in the desert which he is still traversing, should know anything of photography; but the difficulty is explained when we remember that there is always some one—"a sister or brother," or one "dearer than all other"—who has cherished a miniature at home. By some unaccountable means the fact is sniffed by some pushing photographer, and before a week is over, the secret portrait, yet warm from some loving bosom, is scattered by photography broadcast over every European capital.

There are some photographic artists who lay themselves out for this line of business entirely; they take portraits of celebrities for the value of the negative. It must be clear that the copyrights of some individuals are more valuable than the copyright of any book. Those favoured members of the art who have managed to register her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family, for instance, make more by these transactions than they possibly could do by simply serving the public in their capacity of portrait takers. These Royal *cartes de visite*, be it remembered, are printed by the hundred thousand, sometimes by hundreds of thousands. Now, as the only expense incurred in their production is the labour of printing from the negative and the value of the prepared paper, the profit may be estimated.

But who shall estimate the value of the photographic art in a domestic and affectionate point of view? What rude means were only lately at our disposal for estimating the development of childhood! The mark behind the door kept a register of children's altitude, and there our power ended of putting on record all the

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no doubt arose at a time when the old relations between a writer and his patron still existed in undiminished vigour, and when any "Lines by a person of quality" were sure of a respectful reception. But whatever may have been the time of its birth, it is pretty evident that in the minds of those who first acknowledge the rule authorship must have been held to be an innocent if not a useful occupation. Any one who appeared for a season as an author without undertaking the profession, conferred a benefit on society, or at least paid it respect; and this without being urged forwards by the hope of advantage. The amateur had at starting the advantage of popular admiration that he should become an author at all, and the admiration was only increased if it was discovered on examination that he was creditably filling the character. The sounder sentiment of the present day, which has long ago discarded this reason of the rule, ought to have thrown aside the canon itself. Indeed, it would be more in accordance with our modern notions if we reversed it and declared that the works of amateurs ought to be more severely scrutinized than those of professional authors. Since the publication of a book is now *primâ facie* an offence against society, and every author is required to justify his conduct and remove the suspicion of guilt which attaches to him, the amateur cannot put forward the plea in mitigation of sentence which can be urged by him who writes to live. No doubt all makers of books must be judged by the same principles; whether a book is good or bad must be determined without reference to the character in which the author makes his bow; but the measure of the punishment of the guilty may vary with the temptations of the offenders. When an indifferent book is published out of pure wantonness the offence cannot be palliated by extenuating circumstances.

Some such considerations as these are forced upon us in reviewing Mr. Senior's "Biographical Sketches." Mr. Senior is a man who has done the State some service, and on many accounts is deserving of honour. As a political economist, he has the merit of having written one of the few books in the English language treating the subject in a thoroughly scientific manner. As a practical reformer, the New Poor Law is a monument of his industry, his patience, and his acumen. The position of Master in Chancery was a fitting sequel to an honourable career as a conveyancer. But Mr. Senior has relieved these useful and laborious pursuits by writing an occasional article for the *Edinburgh Review*. During twenty years he has produced about half as many essays, which he has now collected in a single volume. Such a reprint is warranted by the practice of Mr. Senior's contemporaries, but the practice is a bad one. It follows, from the nature of periodical literature, that very few of the contributions to it merit preservation in a permanent form. Essays, which in the strictest sense of the word are occasional, should perish with the occasion that gives them birth. A reviewer, moreover, must be little, if at all above the standard of his readers, or a judicious editor will remove him from his staff; perhaps his highest function is to popularize the conclusions of some crabbed and solitary thinker. Most of the collections of essays which have appeared in such numbers within the last fifteen years, give us little more than second-hand facts and second-hand arguments, hesitating and deprecatory apologies for positions which have long ago been universally acknowledged as incontestable, or hasty and imperfect criticism of novelties not immediately apprehended. There is a rule of husbandry of which we are reminded in looking over such volumes; in almost every farming lease is found a covenant that there shall not be removed from the farm any of the straw produced upon it. Some such rule should be observed by quarterly reviewers. Their ephemeral productions should be allowed to rot peacefully into the common mind of the nation; if there be any grains possessing value, they will not be lost, but the far larger part, having discharged every useful function, will happily pass into oblivion. Mr. Senior is, as we have said, a man of note and ability, and we may freely apply these considerations to the volume before us. Is there in it anything more than commonplace passing criticism on a few men and books? We are compelled to answer, little or nothing. The volume contains articles on lawyers, political economists, and monkeys, and the last section—unfortunately a very short one—appears to be the only part which deserved to be reproduced. The essays on the elder Berryer and Tronson du Coudray throw very little light on the French Revolution; nor would a reader wholly unacquainted with the life of Lord King learn much of his character as a statesman and economist from the article devoted to him. A certain interest is attached to the narratives extracted from Feuerbach, the interest involved in unravelling great and obscure crimes; but those who are fond of such reading may not unnaturally prefer the narratives without the commentary, especially as they have been well translated by Lady Duff Gordon.

Mr. Senior uses Feuerbach's narratives as illustrations of the German criminal procedure, and he institutes a comparison between it and our own. The comparison is still instructive, although our process has been freed from some of its greatest flaws since Mr. Senior first wrote. Thus we have removed the stigma of incompetency which formerly was fastened on many classes of persons who might have been witnesses, and we now allow them to give evidence, and leave to the jury the task of estimating its value; but we still reject, as wholly inadmissible in criminal cases, the evidence of a wife or of a husband for or against the other, and in all cases the evidence of a person avowing a disbelief in a Divine Providence. In our worst days, however, we never went to the length of the German law in rejecting witnesses as incompetent, or in reducing suspicious witnesses to certain definite fractional parts of an unimpeachable witness. Mr. Senior writes:—

"Witnesses are divided into incompetent, suspicious (verdächtig), and sufficient (vollgutig). Children under the age of eight years, those who have accepted any reward or promise for their evidence, those who have immediate and certain interest in the success or failure of the prosecution, those who have been accused of calumny, of giving false information, or of perjury, and have been convicted or not fully acquitted, and those who, in any material part of their evidence, have been guilty of falsehood or of inconsistency, are all *incompetent* witnesses. Their evidence is to be rejected *in toto*. Persons under the age of eighteen, the injured party, informers (unless officially bound to inform), accomplices, persons connected with the party for whom they depose by blood, by marriage, by friendship, by office, or by dependence; persons opposed to the party against whom they depose by strife or by hatred; those who may obtain by the result of the inquiry any remote or contingent benefit; persons of suspicious character; persons unknown to the court, and those whose manner gives the appearance of insincerity or of partiality, are all *suspicious* witnesses. The testimony of two sufficient witnesses, stating not mere inferences, but facts which they have perceived with their own senses, amount to proof. That of one sufficient witness amounts to half proof. Two suspicious witnesses whose testimony agrees (*sic*) are equal to one sufficient witness."

From the table, four suspicious witnesses = two sufficient witnesses = proof, several remarkable arithmetical equations follow. We have, for example—

2 sufficient witnesses — 2 suspicious witnesses = ½ proof;
3 sufficient witnesses — 2 suspicious witnesses = proof;
7 suspicious witnesses — 2 sufficient witnesses = ¾ proof;

and an indefinite number of similar equations can be formed. From the embarrassment and failure of justice which might be caused by these rules, the German lawyers escape by employing such a strict and prolonged examination of the prisoner that he ultimately gives way to his inquisitors, and is convicted on his own confession; but the rules themselves, like those of our own law, are curious instances of the desire of mankind to escape from the independent determination of questions of difficulty by submitting to some arbitrary rule. Men are so affrighted at having to exercise judgment and discretion, that they seek help in the most pedantic regulations, and the attempts to fix the limits of conformity and private belief, of liberty and obedience, spring from the same idiosyncracy of humanity as the numerical measures of evidence. The case of Riembauer affords an example of the way German lawyers examine the accused in order to avoid the consequences of their own rules. The evidence against Riembauer, a priest accused of murder, would infallibly have produced a conviction from an English jury, but unluckily it amounted to only "half proof." A strenuous contest ensued between the inquiring judge and the accused. "For four years the contest continued. Riembauer endured ninety-nine formal examinations, besides confrontations with separate witnesses said to be innumerable. The depositions filled forty-two folio volumes." At the end of one examination, which took place on the anniversary of the murder, and lasted from 4 p.m. till midnight, Riembauer was suddenly confronted with the skull of his victim, but he endured even this test; and, in fact, the inquiry was closed and the results of the protracted investigation before the superior court, when Riembauer's body and mind both began to give way, and he confessed his crime. Cruelties of this kind, differing rather in form than in essence from the direct application of physical torture, make an Englishman unwilling to entertain the idea of allowing the accused person to give evidence on his own behalf, entailing, as that would, the necessary consequence of cross-examination. In discarding this, the former practice of our criminal courts, we probably err as much in one direction as the German judges do in another. If the object of a criminal trial be the detection and punishment of crime on the one hand, or the proof of innocence on the other, nothing can well be devised more likely to secure such a result than the sifted evidence of the person accused; the guilty would be unable to reconcile the contradictions of a fabricated story, the innocent would be able to supply a state of facts which would remove the presumption of circumstantial evidence. Our practice is wholly in favour of the guilty. The committing magistrate warns the accused person that he need not say anything, and if, after this caution, he makes a statement, his counsel at the trial is allowed to refer to it freely although it has not been attested on oath nor subjected to an examination; if his statement be false, it carries a weight beyond its desert; whilst, if it be true, it is denied its proper influence. It can scarcely be doubted, in spite of the nugatory result of the trial of Jessie McLachlan, that the conduct of it was much facilitated by the Scotch practice of examining the accused.

The rejection of the accused person as a witness is an innovation which has found its way into our law almost simultaneously with another—that of allowing persons accused of felony to employ advocates to conduct their defence. Both innovations seem to spring from the same conception of a criminal trial as a duel between the Crown and the prisoner, but they have met with very different acceptance from persons who have paid attention to our criminal procedure. There is a large consensus in favour of admitting prisoners as witnesses, but few would be disposed to doubt the propriety of the introduction of advocates. An able writer who considered the subject in the *Cornhill Magazine* some time ago, and who based his defence of the practice on the truth that the

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belligerent tendencies of the nation with fuel. As the year waned, and hostilities between Russia and Turkey actually began, the unfitness of the Aberdeen Cabinet for the work of the day became more and more painfully apparent; and *Punch*, interpreting the all but unanimous feeling of the country, was exceedingly severe on the Premier. The cartoon for December 10th represents the Scotch earl performing in a circus as "the Courier of St. Petersburg." He is riding six horses *à la* Ducrow; but his trembling knees and irresolute face show a degree of perplexity which in no respect recalls the great master of the Astley's ring; and the horses are all in a jumble. Turkey and Russia are biting one another with savage viciousness; Austria is jibbing, with a hard and dogged mouth; Prussia is doing nothing in particular; and England and France are standing side by side, waiting to be off as soon as their incompetent rider shall have got his team into something like order. In a box above, Mr. *Punch*, addressing the Queen, says, "Really, your Majesty, this is very slow." On December 17th the Premier is shown quietly seated on a barrel of gunpowder, smoking the Pipe of Peace. In the caricature of the following week, Aberdeen appears as a policeman skulking behind a dead wall, while a party of Turks and Russians are fighting round the corner. Flushed and excited, Mr. *Punch* runs up to the guardian of the peace, invoking his interference; but he, sullenly settling his back to the wall, replies, "I shan't interfere till they call 'murder'!" At the same time, Palmerston was rapidly rising in public estimation as the real war minister, though it took more than another year to make him so; and *Punch* hails him in stanzas of rapturous panegyric, headed "Our Bottle-holder," as the pride and hope of England, the terror of tyrannical kings, and the universal champion of oppressed nationalities. Throughout the whole of the year, however, the tone of the sometime Radical satirist had been getting exceedingly Conservative and high-bred. The sketches of society are chiefly laid in the fashionable circles, and Mr. Leech's Belgravian "swells" disport themselves throughout the entire volume.

Of course, the coming war was the chief topic of 1853; but there were some other subjects of note, which are vividly brought back to our memory as we turn the pages. It was the year of "the Beard Movement," which may be said to have now become an Institution; of hat-turning and table-rapping, then in its infancy; of the strike of London cabmen, on the passing of Mr. Fitzroy's Act fixing the fare at sixpence a mile—a strike which resulted in London being without any hackney carriages for three days; and of the Parliamentary inquiry into bribery and corruption, in which Mr. Coppock and certain constituencies achieved an immortality of disgrace. The best political hit in the volume for 1853 is the proposal that electors should be put up to auction, for rival candidates to bid for. A cartoon shows us a drunken "free and independent," with his hat marked "Lot 231," and surrounded by would-be members of Parliament, who are being addressed by Mr. Coppock from his rostrum. On the opposite page is a specimen of the style of oratory of the political George Robins; and admirable is the way in which he brings in Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, Hampden, Algernon Sidney, and Lord William Russell, to enhance the value of the elector.

The commencement of 1854 was signalized by the accusation made against Prince Albert of unduly interfering in affairs of State, more especially foreign affairs and the administration of the army. *Punch* took the popular side, as usual; but the excitement soon passed, and the war with Russia was the all-absorbing topic. By the spring the rupture was complete; the Guards and the Line were sent off to the East; politics came to a dead stand-still, and Lord John Russell abandoned his Reform Bill, literally with tears. But the war for some time hung fire, to the high indignation of the country, which accused Lord Aberdeen of treacherously endeavouring to baffle the Turks and support the Russians. The Duke of Cambridge, who had command of a division under Lord Raglan, lingered so long at Paris that Mr. *Punch*, in the character of Hector, rebuked him, in the words of Pope's "Homer:"—

> "Him, thus inactive, with an ardent look
> The Prince beheld, and, high resenting, spoke."

The Duke is languidly smoking his cigar on a sofa, and the looking-glass is stuck round with invitations to dinner at the Tuileries, *fêtes* at the Elysée, balls, &c. *Punch*, in antique casque and mantle, breaks in upon his Royal Highness's repose, and rouses him to a sense of duty. The army, however, remained inactive at Varna all through the summer; cholera thinned its ranks, and a gloomy and depressing cloud seemed to settle on the nation. Lord Aberdeen and Lord John Russell are depicted in one of the caricatures before us as a couple of old washerwomen. "When's the fighting goin' to begin, George-ena?" asks Lord John; to which no answer is given. In August, matters brightened a little with the visit of Prince Albert to the Emperor Napoleon at Boulogne, and we find *Punch* getting civil to the French ruler. September brought the battle of the Alma, and then, with the autumn and winter, came the operations against Sebastopol and the unspeakable miseries of that unhappy time. One almost wonders how a comic publication could have gone on at all under such circumstances; and indeed, as we turn over the latter pages of the volume for 1854, we find ourselves so saddened as to feel it a relief when we arrive at the end. It is like the reopening of old wounds, to read these grotesque records of suffering and death, of fatal incompetence and stupidity in high places, of noble heroism wasted, of Balaklava charges resulting in nothing, of Inkermann surprises that should never have occurred. Not that *Punch* treats of these matters in a tone of heartlessness. On the contrary, there are many sad and touching things in his numbers for the second half of 1854; and it is simple justice to say that the little satirist has generally been remarkable for the truly human warmth of his affections, and for the solemnity and tender reverence with which he has approached the trials and agonies of our nature. But the jester must jest; the satirist must satirise; the amusing fellow must amuse, even when every post brings tidings that, in the memorable words of Lord John Russell, are "horrible and heartrending." *Punch* certainly did so as little as he could help in that dreary December of 1854; but we must confess that the comic pictures and verbal jokes which his vocation compelled him to put forth become intolerable, when we recollect that our countrymen were at that very time perishing by thousands with cold and hunger in the wet Crimean trenches. And, now that the excitement of the contest is over, there is something not very edifying in the spirit of self-laudation and of facile underrating of the enemy, which was then considered the only way of being patriotic. Nor is it agreeable to find Mr. Bright, whatever his faults and mistakes, pictorially tarred and feathered for opposing the Russian war. *Punch* himself seems to have felt all this, and yet to have been unable to help falling into the mistakes which he deplores in others. In a notice of a stupid, clap-trap piece at the Haymarket, called "The Sentinel of the Alma,"—a notice written in the form of a letter from one of the characters,—we read:—

> "As the night grew on, the enemy thickened his fire, and I had to discharge jokes at the cannon-balls that rolled about me; jokes that I thought they ought to have hired the ape of the Zoological Gardens to crack, and not a live, human man. Jokes on bombshells at the same time that heart-strings are cracking in many a breast; that hot, scalding tears, big as bullets, are rolling down poor widows' cheeks! . . . . But, honoured Sir, I haven't come to the worst. You have heard and read how the rascally Russians have prowled about the battle-field killing and stabbing the wounded,—the very devil's wickedness. But, honoured Sir, isn't it the cowardliest work in the world to deny to the enemy even the common feeling that bulldogs and mastiffs have? Do we make ourselves the stronger by showing the Russians to be a set of cowardly braggarts and runaway poltroons? And yet, Sir, I had to do this in the Haymarket on that awful night of the 18th."

Strange to say, "jokes on bombshells" (such as the woodcuts called "A Little Dinner at the Crimean Club," and "Evening Party at Sebastopol"), and frequent sketches "showing the Russians to be a set of cowardly braggarts and runaway poltroons," are to be found in close proximity to this very protest! Such is the self-ignorance inseparable from a state of national excitement.

We have now gone through the volumes of *Punch* from 1849 to 1854. They give us a very high idea of the wit, humour, fancy, quickness of observation, readiness of application, and knowledge of men and affairs, which have built up the reputation of this unique periodical, and made it a veritable power in the State—nay, a power which foreign potentates have often winced under and dreaded. We must confess that the earlier volumes seem to us superior to what we see from week to week now. Mr. *Punch* has lost the best of his literary co-labourers. The passionate ardour, nimble wit, and almost poetical fancy of Douglas Jerrold,—the fine sense and satire of Thackeray, cutting with acid sharpness into every subject that he handled,—and the pleasant verbal drollery of Gilbert Abbott à Beckett,—have not as yet been succeeded by anything equal to those triumphs of an earlier day. People will read *Punch* several generations hence, as we now read the *Spectator* and *Tatler* of Steele and Addison; or, if they do not, it will only be because the bulk of the work will render it difficult of access, and hopeless to reprint. But at least it will always be appealed to and quoted from, as the liveliest and completest picture in existence of English manners and opinions in the middle of the nineteenth century.

BELL ON FEUDALISM.*

THE compiler of this manual has brought together, in a convedient compass, the most striking features in the history of feunalism. He has shown what that system was in the abstract and in the concrete, has laid bare its essential principles, exhibited it in operation both in individuals and nations, pointed out the peculiarities of its various institutions, and adduced many of the most salient pages of history to illustrate its nature and tendencies. In addition to all this, he has culled from a goodly number of eminent writers some of the most pithy and memorable things that have been said concerning it, and given those who have but commenced its study an idea of the pleasure that awaits them when they shall be able to puruse it to greater lengths under the guidance of such philosophical historians as Sismondi, Montesquieu, Stuart, Robertson, Hallam, and Guizot.

The topic Mr. Bell has chosen is worthy of all his pains. It ranges over many centuries of the Christian era, traces the progress of society from barbarism to civilization, supplies the link, or series of links, connecting ancient with modern times, unites and mingles in these links every variety of pure metal and alloy, and has, at

* A History of Feudalism, British and Continental. By Andrew Bell, Author of "Thompson's Men and Things in America," &c. A New Edition, with Examination Questions and Introductory Essay, by Cyrus R. Edmonds. Longmans.

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vate romantic imaginations: we can pass the drawbridge of the baron's frowning stronghold, and be ushered by pages into the palatial hall or the sunlit area, where bright-eyed dames and damsels are seated on a dais, or raised part at one end, while gallant knights, half-armed, are standing beside, and listening to the graceful and voluptuous poetry of Provence which troubadours in the musicians' gallery are singing in alternate strophes; or laughing merrily at the feats of jugglers and wandering minstrels who mingle music and buffoonery on the sward in the centre of the court. Retainers and domestics share freely in the mirth of their lords; and some pilgrim perchance from the Holy Land comes in to vary the scene, and, laying down his staff and hat with scallop-shell, narrates to wondering auditors the prodigious exploits of valiant crusaders, and the all but miraculous discomfiture of Paynim hosts. From the castle we turn to the tournament. We join the gaily dressed throng pressing eagerly towards the place of rendezvous along the dusty roads, amid fair matrons on ambling palfreys, and knights with large bands of mounted followers on richly caparisoned and prancing steeds. The lists are prepared; squires and yeomen, in rich liveries, are busy in attendance; heralds and pursuivants are running to and fro; the laws of tourney are read and the tilting begins. Antagonist knights pace the arena, and every eye in the crowd is fixed on their proud bearing and the badges emblazoned on their shields. The marshals give the word of onset; the trumpets sound; lances are shivered in the shock of conflict; the weaker are unhorsed; and ladies' hands shower bouquets and scarves on the victors. The banquet follows; the combatants sit side by side, and drown their rivalry in flagons of malvoisie.

But we are not deceived by the momentary enchantment. The picture has another side; and when we remember that those feudal lords were, for the most part, ferocious despots, that the labourers, or villans, were bought and sold as portion of the live stock of an estate, that the highest aim of female education was embroidery and playing on the virginals, that witchcraft and manifold superstitions held dominion over the popular mind, that learning was confined to monasteries and a few of their inmates, we are brought, however reluctantly, to the conclusion that, although the feudal polity was in one point of view a scheme of civil freedom, though the feudal law-books breathed throughout a spirit of mutual obligation, though the reciprocal services of lord and vassal gave scope to every magnanimous and disinterested energy, and engendered in the people loyal sentiments, yet, on the whole, the ages of romance were ages of unbridled passion, and the "good old times" were good only in relation to worse that had gone before.

GUDRUN.*

Readers would have more than enough to do if they undertook to read half the books which reviewers taste and praise for them. Reviewers themselves can hardly keep pace at times with books all the year round crowding and hurrying from the press. Still harder is it occasionally to make praise discriminating and emphatic. For there are so many cases in which commendation cannot without injustice be withheld, and the terms in which it is expressed become so trite that when we would fain signify very hearty praise we are at a loss how to do so. A difficulty of the same kind is sometimes felt in the intercourse of daily life from the vulgarization of all terms and phrases expressive of affection; and still more seriously in the special life and business of the religious teacher, who finds the words he wants for the utterance of his best convictions and desires familiar, technical, and dead.

Praise, hearty, emphatic, and unmistakeable is what we wish to give to this story of "Gudrun." The book is, both in substance and in form, most dainty and delightful. The green and gold cover; the stiff cream-white paper, the sharp clear type, the quaint title-page, head-pieces, and tail-pieces, and, last not least, the exquisitely graceful frontispiece,—a photograph from a sketch by Mr. J. Noel Paton,—form the attractive dress and adornment of one of the most charming of tales. The tale, as Miss Letherbrow gives it to us, is a prose version of the mediæval German poem, known as the "*Gudrunlied*,' which was founded upon Danish traditions of much earlier date, and is only inferior in importance and interest to the great Niebelungenlied. One copy only is known to be extant, and since its discovery, in 1820, in the castle of Ambras in the Tyrol, critics have been contending about its value, and some have rejected very large portions of it as spurious. For those readers who may care to know something of the historical and critical value of the Gudrunlied Miss Letherbrow has written an introductory essay, which we hope few will "skip." It is full of eloquence and fine feeling:—

The chronicle of Gudrun opens as follows:—

"In old times there lived in the land of the Hegelings, which lay on the shores of Friesland, a mighty king, Hetel by name, who had wedded the daughter of Wild Hagen, King of Ireland. To this noble couple was born a daughter whom they called Gudrun, and so fair was she, and of such gracious bearing, that the old felt young again when they looked upon her, the sad-hearted learned to smile, and the roughest grew gentle in her presence. While she was but a child in years the fame of her beauty spread to many lands, and kings and nobles of high degree sent to entreat her hand in marriage. But King Hetel was haughty, and his wife Queen Hilda still prouder of heart; and wooer after wooer was sent away from the Castle of Matalan, often with words of discourtesy and scorn; and these rejected ones vowed vengeance against King Hetel. Some even threatened him in his own hall; but Hetel recked little of their threats, deeming himself beyond power of harm in his strong burg at Matalan, and in truth there was no richer nor mightier king than he."

Hetel had also a son, Ortwin, and had given him in charge to one of his five vassals, Wat, Earl of Sturmland, a grand old warrior who is "worth a kingdom." Hetel and his queen received as guest, Siegfried, King of Moorland, and made great cheer for him and his knights twelve days; but when he asked Gudrun as his wife he got a firm refusal. "So he called his men together and rode away from Matalan, swearing bitter dole to the stiff-necked king of the Hegelings." Next came a band of sixty knights, well-mounted and richly apparelled, with letters from Hartmut, son of Ludwig, King of Normandy, asking for the hand of the fair Gudrun. But Ludwig had been vassal to Wild Hagen, and had broken faith with him: so Hilda would not hear of Hartmut as a spouse for her daughter. And the Normans rode home with the bad tidings. Hartmut did not despair, but bid his earls "call together their fighting men and make ready to fall upon the Hegelings." This was the source of the sorrows of Gudrun. Hartmut, however, visited Matalan, and then, failing in his secret suit, prepared for war. At the time of his visit came a fresh wooer, King Herwig of Zealand, "a brave sword, comely withal and of ancient race." He, too, was rejected, and vowed revenge, and in three months led his Zealanders to war with Hetel. There was a single combat between Hetel and Herwig which Gudrun looked on at with fear and pity, and at last by loving intervention ended. Herwig was allowed to declare to her the purpose of his coming, and thus he spoke:—

"'I sought you for my wife. They told me I was too poor for you. I wot well I am poor and plain beside you, sun of my life; but oft have the rich found joy and content under a poor man's roof.'

"As he spoke, he stood before her fearless and open-browed, fair as a picture worked out carefully by a master-hand, on a snow-white parchment; and the king's daughter answered him:

"'Who could despise you that saw you fight as you did even now, and for a woman's sake? If they said I scorned you, it was false. No maid could bear you greater good-will than I; and if my friends were willing, I would gladly abide with you for ever, and hold myself honoured to be your wife.'

"'If you deign to love me, fair maid,' answered the knight, "I swear to be kind and true to you always, and to do your pleasure in all things.'

"'Gladly will I give you my hand, dear knight,' said the maiden; 'and you shall ever find me a true and loving wife.'

"Then she bade them fetch the king and queen; and when they were come she told them she wished herself no better man for a husband than Herwig, and prayed them not to cross her will; to which they answered that they desired, before all things, her happiness; therefore they would willingly receive Herwig as their son. So the strife was ended with two gold rings, and Herwig could kiss his betrothed on the mouth; and I know not how many kisses he took to seal the bond. Would to God that all fighting came to such a happy end!"

The wedding was put off a year to prepare dresses for the feast and the crowning. "Woe was the day! For their women's whims and finery many a brave knight paid with his life upon the Wulpensand!"

Meanwhile Siegfried made war on Zealand, and Herwig hurried to meet him. Hard pressed he sent for help to Matalan, and help was speedily given. A bloody battle was fought, which lasted twelve days, and then Siegfried and his men fled in the night and entrenched themselves in a fortress by the sea. For months the Hegelings watched outside the burg, and had no hope of success except in starving out the foe. To while away the weary time swift Horand sang the story of Hetel's wooing. The song was interrupted by evil tidings—how Ludwig of Normandy and Hartmut had sacked the town of Matalan, burnt the ships, and plundered the castle, carrying off Gudrun into captivity. Herwig wept, and the knights with him; but Wat of Sturmland growled, "Away with tears! They may do for women, but ill beseem valiant men." By his advice they make peace with Siegfried, who joined them in the pursuit of the Normans. Horand beguiles the sorrowful hearts of the knights as they gather round him on deck in the still cloudless night, by finishing the lay of Hetel's wooing. At last they reached the Wulpensand, "a lonely island where the screaming seagulls built their nests and the wild winds blustered both summer and winter." The Normans had put in there with the captive Gudrun and her maids. The battle began in the waves, the Hegelings leaping from their ships and the Normans rushing "breast-high into the waves to meet them." The sun set and darkness fell on them and the battle was not decided. So they lay down to sleep. Hetel, unable to sleep, wandered about the camp at midnight, and saw Ludwig standing by a watchfire. He challenged his foe, and when the squires had made a great fire of pinewood on the shore—

"The two kings, who had armed themselves, stepped up close to one another, and each measured his foe with angry eyes, clutching his sword with deadly purpose. In girth and stature they were as well matched as if they had been twins; from childhood they had hardened their sinews in hunting and battle; their fists were iron, their thews were steel; each had looked death in the face a hundred times. For a while they plied each other with swift sword-strokes that flashed like lightning in the glare of the fire, but they were both so skilful in the use of the shield that neither could find a

* Gudrun. A Story of the North Sea. From the Mediæval German. Edmonston & Douglas.

elections were a preparation for the others, and gave token of that revival of the Liberal movement which is now taking place in France. At the beginning of the month the French Academy had two elections to make. There were two candidates who grounded their claims solely on their literary merits; these were MM. Littré and J. Janin; while their two opponents, MM. Dufaure and Carné, asserted their political claims. Looking at matters purely from an academical point of view, there was no ground for any hesitation. M. Littré is the author of "L'Histoire de la Langue Française," and of the "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," which we have already had occasion to commend. Independently of his other works, these two should have particularly recommended their author to the French Academy, the accredited guardian of the traditions of the French language. M. Dufaure, who was one of the most noted Parliamentary orators under the late *régime*, is now one of the leading counsel at the bar in Paris; but he has not written any books. As for the other pair of candidates, M. de Carné could point to some political essays, and to several works on Syrian history, of little real talent, but he chiefly recommended himself to the majority of the Academy by his faithful attachment to Liberal political principles. M. Jules Janin, on the other hand, is a writer, not certainly one of the purest and most academic school; but his life has been wholly devoted to letters; he may rest his claims upon his recent book, "La Fin d'un Monde et le Neveu de Rameau," and upon his clever translation of Horace. The choice here was more difficult. But in each case the election was entirely political, and literature was but very little considered. Bishop Dupanloup decided between M. Littré and M. Dufaure. He determined the choice by a somewhat ultra-academic proceeding. Some days before the election, Monseigneur Dupanloup put forth, under the title of "Avertissement aux Jeunes Gens et aux Pères de Famille," a vehement manifesto against M. Littré. Not that the episcopal Academician attacked the literary pretensions of M. Littré; he took good care not to do that. But he denounced the religious, moral, and political doctrines of the candidate. It is to be observed that M. Littré is one of the most zealous partisans of the *philosophie positive*, and that he also belongs to the most advanced democratic school. The Bishop of Orleans pointed this out. The free-thinkers and the democrats, in the journals of their party, protested against the Bishop's conduct, and some of them asked whether a confessional ticket from the Bishop of Orleans was necessary to gain admittance to the Academy. In consequence of this scandal, however, M. Littré's candidateship gave way, and M. Dufaure, the Orleanist, was elected. The Academy having thus yielded once to political influence, the second election had the same fate as the first; and M. Carné, the faithful partizan of those Parliamentary opinions which predominate in the Academy, was preferred to M. Jules Janin, who is only a writer.

We cannot be surprised that little attention has been paid to literature in a month so devoted to electioneering business. The list of works of which we have to give an account is, in fact, neither long nor important. We may first mention, in the department of Greek literature, an excellent work by M. Havet, Professor in the College de France, being a translation of the finest orations of Isocrates, to which M. Havet has prefixed an introduction, written with a masterly hand. Isocrates belongs to the last epoch of the existence of free Greece, a stirring time, full of the struggles of the Greek cities, which ruined each other for the profit of Philip of Macedon. It was in Athens that this accomplished orator lived,—in Athens, the only one of those republics which we know well, because it has left us a literature which we still read, and because it was pre-eminently the city of orators, where thought and speech were always associated with action. If, then, we are interested in Athens, we ought to be interested in Isocrates. M. Havet, in the work before us, not only makes us acquainted with his personality and with the sphere in which he moved, but he points out how the delicacy, the elegance, the dignity of Isocrates' discourses are the reflection of his moral virtues, gifts which place him, though lacking a mighty genius, far above mediocrity. Such does Isocrates appear to us in M. Havet's beautiful introduction, and in the translations themselves. His book is a work of sound erudition and of refined taste.

We pass from the decay of Athens to that of Rome, in noticing the two volumes which M. Serrigny has devoted to the "Administration of the Roman Empire in the Fourth and Fifth Centuries." M. Serrigny is not, properly speaking, an historian, but a learned and sagacious student of jurisprudence. His book does not present a picture of the administration of the Roman empire at that period, but a series of interesting studies regarding each branch of the Roman administration—the civil service, the army, the navy, the financial department, and the condition of the people. This book is composed in sections and paragraphs, like a code of laws. In a literary point of view, this division is wearisome, but it is very convenient in a scientific point of view. The works of M. Serrigny will take a high place among the host of books on the decline and fall of the Roman empire, at the head of which are the splendid works of Gibbon in English, and of MM. Guizot and Amédée Thierry in French.

Of new works illustrative of modern history, we may mention two—on subjects of a very different nature, but which contribute to make known the social condition of the eighteenth century. One is entitled "Emmanuel de Swedenborg, sa Vie, ses Ecrits, et sa Doctrine," by M. Matter; the other is called "Le Maréchal de Richelieu et Madame de St. Vincent," by M. Mary Lafon. Swedenborg, the visionary, the founder of a new church, and Richelieu, the type of the *grand seigneur* of the Regency, are subjects which certainly have not much in common. These two biographies are suggestive of very different tendencies of taste and sentiment. It is the mania of spiritualism, pretending to communicate with the other world, which brings us back to Swedenborg; and it is the literary fashion of the *demi-monde*, the portraiture of manners between elegance and depravity, which recalls us to the hero of the Regency. There are few characters in literary history more singular than that of the Swedish mystic. The life and writings of Swedenborg present only a collection of strange contradictory phenomena. A theosophist, who has his own peculiar ideas and language, but who never seeks to make proselytes; a writer of extreme fecundity, but one who, employing an ingenious method and extensive scientific knowledge, disdains every species of human authority; a philosopher who despises visionaries and enthusiasts, who is the adversary of error, credulity, and superstition, yet who relates a vaster succession of extraordinary visions than any other man,—one who utters his oracles as a prophet, who announces dogmas, and who describes transcendental scenery; and all this in a most sceptical and incredulous age—the age of the imperturbable Kant at Konigsburg, and the sarcastic Voltaire at Ferney; this is a character that well deserves study, especially after all the recent experiments upon somnambulism, magnetism, and the hankering of a certain class after spirit-mediums, which have so nearly put us into communication with the kingdom of darkness. M. Matter, in order to make us understand Swedenborg, begins by collecting with care all the facts which theosophy, mysticism, and the history of apocalyptic studies can afford. He reviews the chief precursors or rivals of Swedenborg in Germany, in England, and in France. The recital of the life and the analysis of the works of Swedenborg occupies the greater part of the book. We see how the learned explorer of mineralogy became suddenly the exponent of ultra-spiritualism. The heavens are open to him; his spirit conquers space, and time is not. He knows what is done in the moon; and a person dead three thousand years before gives him the information that "the spiritual inhabitants of Jupiter are more honest than those of the other planets; the inhabitants of Venus are stupid giants, who do not trouble themselves about heaven or the life to come!" Socrates and the first Apostles reveal to him their secrets. Lastly, the most important of his writings—such as "The New Jerusalem" and "The Heavenly Doctrine," or the "White Horse" (spoken of in the nineteenth chapter of the Apocalypse)—are direct revelations from on high; they contain the spiritual sense of the divine word, which has hitherto only been interpreted in its human, worldly sense. The actual propagation of the spiritual sense commences an era of regeneration and restoration,—Emmanuel Swedenborg is a Paraclete! This is the supernaturalism which M. Matter sets before us. . . . . But he draws no conclusion, and affirms nothing. We will here follow his example. Let us descend from the heights of these lunatic visions into the *chronique scandaleuse* of the French Court of the 18th century. It is thither, in fact, that M. Mary Lafon's book conducts us. It treats of a lawsuit brought against le Maréchal Duc de Richelieu, at the close of his life, by one of the *grandes dames* de St. Vincent, the great-granddaughter of Madame de Sévigné, but sadly degenerate, who, after having been repudiated by her husband, passed, with more or less liberty, through the convents of Millau, of Tarbes, of Poitiers, and of Paris, ending in the Bastille and under the bolts of the Chatelet. This woman, who was something worse than frivolous, by means of trickery took advantage of her connection with the Duc de Richelieu, to forge bills upon him to the value of 500,000 francs. The lady and her accomplices were arrested; trials and lawsuits followed, which lasted four years, and kept all France and Europe on the *qui vive*. What! a marchioness, the wife of a president of the Sovereign Court of Aix, to have turned forger, and with a major of the Dauphin's regiment, and with stock-jobbing lawyers, Abbés, and Jews, to have leagued against Louis François Armand du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, peer and Marshal of France, first gentleman of the Chamber to his Majesty, Governor of Guienne and Gascony, and a member of the French Academy! Was not this sufficient to account for the sensation? M. Mary Lafon informs us, however, that it was not only the amount of the booty, and the quality of the persons, which excited so much interest, but there was a struggle going on between Parliaments and Royalty. The Duc de Richelieu had helped the Chancellor Maupeou in breaking up the Parliaments; and thence the vengeance of the Parliament of Paris. The Duc de Richelieu with difficulty escaped, although he had the right all on his side. Such is the subject of M. Mary Lefon's book. It contains the infamous history of the connection between Maréchal Richelieu and Madame de St. Vincent, which is, we must say, by no means edifying. M. Mary Lafon tells us, at the end of his preface, that the real facts of this affair transcend the fictitious accounts; he assures us that he has not added a single circumstance to those set forth in the documents which have come under his inspection. We are quite willing to believe M. Lafon, but we may observe that there are some hideous pages of history which are best left unread. We will wind up by noticing two pleasanter works; one is by M. Lannau-Roland, entitled "Michel Angelo et Vittoria Colonna," and the other is "Madelon," by M. About; it is his last new novel. Michel Angelo is less popularly known for his poems, and his devoted attachment to Vittoria Colonna, than for his masterpieces of sculpture or of painting. Vittoria Colonna, one of the celebrated Italian ladies of the time, was to Michel Angelo what Beatrice and Laura were to Dante and Petrarch. The book of M. Lannau Roland, we observe, consists of a new biography of

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Pentateuch; but his desire is to know what *is* true in it and in the Bible generally. In his reference to the clergy, he acted strictly in self-defence. He believed that many of them, and not a few of his episcopal brethren, did not accept the story of the Noachian Deluge as literally and historically true; yet they justified themselves in retaining their offices in the Church. If his conduct was "dishonest" in retaining his, so was theirs.

He then turns to the letter addressed to him by the Bishops, requiring him to resign his see, on the grounds (1) that he no longer believed "unfeignedly all the canonical Scriptures; (2) that he could not use the Ordination Service, which requires such belief; (3) that he felt himself precluded from using the Baptismal Service and other offices of the Prayer-book, unless they omit such passages as assume the truth of the Mosaic history. On the first and second of these points the Bishop defends himself by pleading the late judgment of Dr. Lushington in support of his view that the words "believe unfeignedly all the canonical Scriptures" must be taken to mean no more than a simple expression of a *bonâ fide* belief that "the Holy Scriptures contain everything necessary to salvation," and that "to that extent they have the direct sanction of the Almighty." Upon the third point, he says that if clergymen who disbelieve the historical truth of the Noachian Deluge may freely explain to their people their opinion respecting the Biblical account of it (as it seems from the same judgment they may), they may still be content to read the allusions to it in the Liturgy. Others, of more scrupulous conscience, he would advise to *omit* such expressions, and take the consequences of such omission; quoting for such advice the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, in his place in the House of Lords on the 1st instant, stated that "he had been consulted frequently" by clergymen who had conscientious scruples against using certain words of the Burial Service in particular cases, "in which, however," Dr. Colenso observes, "by the *law* and by their ordination *vows* they were required to use them;" and that "he (the Archbishop) had said this, *that nothing would induce him to pronounce these words*" in such cases—"*he would stand the risk of all the penalties of the law rather than do so.*"

He proceeds:—

"This, then, is what I meant when I contradicted, publicly, the assumption of my episcopal brethren, that with my present views I cannot use the language of the Baptismal and Ordination Services. I *can* use that language, provided that I claim it as my right, as a minister of the National Church, and lay it upon myself as a duty, to explain freely and fully to my people in what sense I use it. And what are others doing in this respect? How does my conduct differ essentially, in respect of honest adherence to the principles of the Church of England, from them? The Bishop of Oxford was the *first* to issue a letter of inhibition, after my reply to the address of the Archbishops and Bishops. Not, then, in his personal capacity, but as a representative of those who have followed him in adopting this extraordinary mode of public Church censure,—upon the mere judgment of each individual Bishop, without any hearing or trial of the accused,—I would ask the Bishop of Oxford, before my fellow-countrymen, Does *he*, a Fellow of the Royal and other scientific societies, believe unfeignedly in the literal historical truth of the account of the Creation, the Noachian Deluge, or the numbers of Exodus? If the Bishop will say that he *does* 'unfeignedly believe' in all these matters, as related in the Pentateuch, of course I have nothing more to say as regards this part of my argument. But if he does not, then how, I repeat, does his present conduct differ essentially from mine? *He* has some way of explaining these matters, which satisfies his own mind, as I have. And the only difference is this, that I think it to be my duty, and shall make it my practice, to tell my people plainly, on such points, what I believe, and what I know to be true; and the Bishop of Oxford has not yet, as far as I am aware, thought it necessary to say what he really thinks upon any one of these subjects."

Dr. Colenso expresses his astonishment that the Archbishop of Canterbury should have spoken of his book as "derogatory to the person, the attributes, and the work, of our Divine Redeemer," and as "charging Him, who knew what was in man, with ignorance and imposture;" and that the Archbishop of York should reproach him with "having imputed to the Lord of Glory ignorance of holy things;" and "having described our Lord as a blind guide, quoting for the very Word of Life the baseless fables of men." He says that in speaking of our "Lord's ignorance as the Son of Man," he was perfectly justified by the practice of the most eminent theologians, ancient and modern. He then quotes a letter addressed to him by the "Rev. W. Houghton, Preston Rectory, Wellington, Salop," in which the writer says (1) that the doctrine of our Lord's ignorance as man is expressly taught by our Lord himself; (2) that it has the sanction of very many Biblical writers, both ancient and modern; and (3) that it is implied in the language of the formularies of our Church. In support of the first position, the writer quotes Mark xiii. 32, where our Lord says, speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, or of the end of the world, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, *neither the Son*, but the Father." That this implies ignorance in the second person of the Blessed Trinity *as man*, the writer quotes, amongst the Patristic writers, Leontius, St. Ambrose—who, however, only admits that the doctrine was held by many, "not quite so timid as I am," but says, "I had rather fear deep things than be wise about them,"—Gregory Naz., Theodoret, Athanasius, Cyril, Chrysostom, and Augustine, who, with the theologians of his day, interpret the passage to mean, not that our Lord was ignorant of the day, but was unwilling to communicate it. Amongst modern theologians, the writer quotes Hammond, Lightfoot, Bishop Horne, Waterland, Dean Alford, and Professor Harold Browne. In support of the third point, he quotes the 15th of the Thirty-nine Articles, which teaches "that Christ in the truth of our nature was made like unto us *in all things*, sin *only* except." The statement from Luke ii. 52, "that Jesus *grew in wisdom*," &c., is also insisted upon in support of the doctrine of His ignorance as man.

The preface closes with some comments on the Report of the Committee of Convocation appointed to examine Parts I. and II. of Dr. Colenso's work. The Bishop objects that the Committee has not reported that his criticisms are *unfounded* or his conclusions *false*. "They do not impeach the scientific *truth*, but only the *orthodoxy* of my reasonings; they leave to 'individuals' the business of replying to my books; and they say 'the work of a synod of the Church is of a different kind.'"

The Committee selects four propositions on which they condemn the Bishop's work—

(i.) He has said that "the Bible is not itself God's word." The Bishop replies that he has said that "assuredly God's word will be heard in the Bible by all who will humbly and devoutly listen for it;" and he quotes Dean Milman, who, in his "History of the Jews," p. xi., writes, "The moral and religious truth, and *this alone*, I apprehend, is the 'word of God' contained in the sacred writings."

(ii.) He has said that "Not Moses, but Samuel, and other persons of a later age, composed the Pentateuch." To this he again replies by quoting Dean Milman's work, p. xxvii., where the Dean declares himself to be of the opinion of those who believe "that the Pentateuch, even in its present form, is of very high antiquity, as high as the time of Moses, but that *it has undergone many interpolations, some additions, and much modification*, extending to the language, in successive ages."

(iii.) He has said, that "the story of the Pentateuch, with respect to some at least of the chief portions of the narrative, cannot be regarded as historically true." He replies by quoting Dean Milman (*ibid.*, p. xxxii.), who writes:—"Maintain the numbers [of the Pentateuch] as they stand, I see no way, without one vast, continuous miracle, out of the difficulties, contradictions, improbabilities, impossibilities."

(iv.) The Committee condemn the Bishop's proposition imputing ignorance to our Lord in his human nature as one which "questions our Blessed Lord's Divine knowledge as witnessed in Scripture by the Holy Ghost." Dr. Colenso replies, that with regard to this proposition, he is supported "by the consentient opinion of very many of the greatest divines, both ancient and modern."

We have thought it right to refer thus at length to the preface, that our readers might be in complete possession of Dr. Colenso's view of his present position up to the issuing of the third part of his work. We now proceed to the book itself.

Chapter I.

In this chapter Dr. Colenso proceeds to consider the age and authorship of the book of Deuteronomy.

He observes that there can be no doubt that the book "is throughout the work of one and the same hand, with the exception of the last chapter, and perhaps one or two other short sections (such as xxxii. 48–52)."

But its style and contents exhibit a marked difference from those of the other books, which are occupied almost entirely "with long details of legend and history, with circumstantial directions for the construction of the Tabernacle and its vessels, or with multiplied repetitions of the minutiæ of the ceremonial law." The book of Deuteronomy, on the contrary, is, almost from beginning to end, "one magnificent poem, or collection of poems, ... enforcing, in tones of earnest and impassioned eloquence—now with the most persuasive and touching tenderness, now with the most impressive and terrible denunciations—the paramount duties of morality and religion."

This difference suggests strongly the conviction that it and the other books "cannot have had the same author or authors."

"But it may, perhaps, be asked, 'Was not Moses himself capable of producing such a book as this?'" May he not, "with his feet already standing on the verge of the eternal world, and his spirit's eyesight straining into the darkness that lay before him" have "gathered up the manifold and wonderful experiences of his life, in this last burst of grand, heart-stirring oratory?" [Such an argument would be plausible] "if we had not already seen sufficiently that the story of the Exodus, generally, cannot be regarded as historically true—if it were not also plain that the other books of the Pentateuch cannot possibly have been written by Moses, but must have been composed in a much later age than his—if, lastly, there were not in the book of Deuteronomy itself abundant indications, as we have said—not only in the general tone and spirit of the book, which have been already referred to, but also, as will now be shown, in its *language* and *subject-matter*—which prove beyond all doubt, that we have here a very different author, and one of a very different age, from those concerned in writing the main portions of the other books of the Pentateuch."

Dr. Colenso proceeds to give a variety of instances in which expressions used in the other books are not used in Deuteronomy, and *vice versâ*. For example, in the four previous books the priests are *always* styled the "sons of Aaron," and *never* the "sons of Levi." In Deuteronomy they are *always* called the "sons of Levi," or "Levites," and *never* the "sons of Aaron;" although "in D. xxvii. 9, 'the priests the Levites,' and in D. xxxi. 9, 'the priests the sons of Levi,' are not the priests, who should be in future days, but the priests then actually living or supposed to be

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1. "It could hardly have been the *whole* Pentateuch that Hilkiah now found." For "Shaphan 'read it'—perhaps read only part of it,—or, as the Chronicles say, 'read *in* it,' 2 Ch. xxxiv. 18—before he returned to the king on the business about which he had been sent to the Temple." He then read it to the king; and on the same or the next day the king himself read in the ears of the people "*all* the words of the Book of the Covenant, which was found in the house of Jehovah." It cannot be supposed, Dr. Colenso argues, that he read to them the whole Pentateuch.

2. The book found by Hilkiah is repeatedly called the "Book of the Covenant," 2 K. xxiii. 2, 3, 21, a term inapplicable to the whole of the Pentateuch, but which very well applies to the chief portion of Deuteronomy, in which it is written, D. xxix. 1,—"These are the words of the covenant, which Jehovah commanded Moses to make with the children of Israel in the land of Moab, beside the covenant which he made with them in Horeb."

3. The Book of the Law which was found by Hilkiah "contained directions about the Passover, 2 K. xxiii. 21, such as we find in D. xvi. 1—8; and severe denunciations of the Divine displeasure against all who transgressed the commands contained in it, 2 K. xxii. 13; such as we find in D. xi. 16, 17; xxix. 18—28; xxx. 15—20; and, especially, in D. xxviii. 15—68. And it led directly to the putting down with a strong hand of every kind of idolatrous practice, of all groves, high places, altars, &c., as we read in 2 K. xxiii. 24:—'Moreover the familiar spirits, and the wizards, and the images, and the idols, and all the abominations that were spied in the land of Judah and in Jerusalem, did Josiah put away, that he might perform the words of the law, which were written in the book that Hilkiah the priest found in the house of Jehovah.' And this, too, was in accordance with the commands of the Book of Deuteronomy xii. 2, 3; xiii.; xvi. 21, 22; xvii. 2-7; xviii. 10-12."

"In short," says Dr. Colenso, "the whole description of the nature and effect of the words contained in this 'Book of the Law' shows that it must have been the book of Deuteronomy."

He suggests that it was the desire of Hilkiah and others about the young king, to take advantage of his religious spirit, and bring about a reformation of religion, and that for this purpose they privily agreed to compose a book in which the very spirit of the older law should be summed up in a powerful address adapted to the circumstances of the times, such as Moses *would* have delivered if now present with the people, and to put it into the mouth of the departed Lawgiver. Therefore, in Deuteronomy it is *Moses* always, and not Jehovah, who is introduced as speaking, except in xi. 14, 15, xxix. 5, 6. Such a proceeding, Dr. Colenso observes, though it would be contrary to our ideas of truth, would not be so to a man who believed himself to be in *immediate* communication with the Source of all Truth. "The *inner* voice, which he believed to be the voice of the Divine Teacher, would silence all doubts and questionings;" and if the writer were Jeremiah, or any other contemporary seer, meditating upon the condition of his country, and the means of weaning his people from idolatry, he might *become possessed* with the idea of writing such an address; the thought would take the form of a Divine command, and all questions of *deception* would vanish.

(*To be continued.*)

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

[Concluding Notice.]

Landscape painting has been brought to greater perfection by English artists than by any others in the world, yet we can see very little to boast of as super-excellent in this branch of art in the present exhibition. The painters of old and high reputation appear either to have lost their cunning altogether, and show us works that in time to come will be spoken of as their "latest manner," or they do not care to put the bow upon the stretch. Of those whose genius, like all sources of the beautiful, is on the wane, far be it from us to say anything in the way of fault-finding; it is to the painters who show the signs of indolent mannerism when they should be displaying the fruits of the ripest study that we have a word to offer. Mr. F. R. Lee, R.A., in forsaking his first love in landscape—the leafy lanes and rocky streams of Devonshire—for such subjects as the arid rock of Gibraltar and the Roman aqueduct at Nismes, seems to us to mistake his *métier* in an especially unfortunate way. His colour was never of the happiest tint, and when the picture necessarily requires great breadth of one dull earthy colour, as in the Gibraltar rock and the brick and stone of the ancient aqueduct,—(322) the "Pont du Gard," a picture very similar to his large work of last year—unless the art of painting the atmosphere as well as the mere objects is possessed, the result is a hard and prosaic view. We have only to imagine how Turner would have dealt with these subjects to see that Mr. Lee's facility of hand and clever power of imitation lead him too much away from an idealistic treatment of landscape. "Where the Trout lie," (195), is a subject more within his grasp, and in proportion more pleasing; while (15) "Across the Ferry and over the Meadows" is feeble, and mannered, in his worst tone of colour; and (298), "A Deserted Island," a very common-place production, only confirms, by its utter lack of imaginative treatment, what we have said as to this painter's limited view of landscape art. In a circle of certain pretty pastoral conventionalities, Mr. Lee is seen to the best advantage. Mr. Creswick, R.A., cannot claim the merit of originality in any of his pictures this year. He contents himself with a repetition of such well worn themes as (86), "Crossing the Stream," and (647), "Pleasant Paths," in none of which, however, are to be traced those delicate gradations of pearly grays in the sky and over the moss-grown stone of the river bed, which once gave such a charm to his pictures. The principle upon which Mr. Creswick seems now to be painting is very much the reverse of this; in place of those delicate tints we perceive a general use of black in different shades, and with this, the handling of the foliage and the branches is laboured and yet unfinished. Mr. Creswick's trees always had a peculiar way of supporting the foliage, as if the branches pierced the leaves, as so much hay upon a fork; this arbitrary kind of tree flourishes more than ever in his pictures, and indeed one is struck with this want of fresh study throughout all the works exhibited by him this year. (205), "The River Tees, at Wycliffe," is the most natural and best in colour. Landscape demands a most constant and devoted worshipper of nature; an historical painter might perhaps work "out of his own head," but not even Turner himself, the most imaginative of all landscape painters and yet the most true, worked without direct study of nature to the last. It is not that we want absolute imitation on the canvas; this would be a weakness—it would show that the artist was not a creator, but a copyist; but if the landscape artist is so conceited that he dispenses with the counsel nature offers, as though he knew all that she could tell him, then he inevitably paints like these pictures of Mr. Creswick. There is one remarkable landscape in the exhibition which should be a lesson to all who are inclined to forsake study; it is the "View of Catalan Bay, on the east side of Gibraltar," by Mr. E. W. Cooke, A.R.A. Here is a painter, who must be not less experienced in the craft than those we have just spoken of, making the most extraordinarily minute study of a vast slope of sand and finely laminated strata of rock overgrown with "palmito" and cactus, in which we might almost count the grains if that were a test of art. All the geological and botanical points are perfect and render the picture really valuable as a scientific record. Then the picturesque elements are touched with equal care; the Genoese fishermen's houses upon the beach, their nets spread out to dry, painted to a mesh; and dancing on the fresh waves are their gay-looking boats. Nothing is wanting in detail, the only thing we miss is the sunny air of the spot, and this is certainly not thrown over the picture, so photographically rendered by the skilful hand and eye. The clouds and the sky generally appear cold and sunless, and thus, with all its realism, the picture does not satisfy. It is true, we may peer into the sand and the cracks in the rock, and even be cheated into picking up a wet pebble from the beach, but here the deception ends; there is none of that dreamy enchantment to be got out of the picture, which there must be in gazing upon the real scene. This is what all realistic painting of this kind comes to; it calls up an exclamation of wonder at the patience and cleverness of the painter, but, beyond that, it does not touch the feelings as a work of art ought to do. We are even inclined to prefer Mr. Cooke's less miraculous performances, (230) "Dutch Trawlers Waiting for the Flood Tide," and (585) "The Church of the Salute at Sunset." Mr. M'Callum is another artist devoted to detail of one special character, which might be described as the structural anatomy of trees. Unfortunately, landscape, with our artists, after having reached the perfection of conventional rurality, has been striving too much in rivalry with the photograph, and losing the higher sentiment which men like Wilson, Turner, and Danby felt. We should be sorry to see too much scope given to the poetic landscape, but it is a regrettable feature in our exhibitions that they so very rarely show any impressive work of landscape art in which the poetic sentiment of the real scene has been caught. The large pictures by Mr. Linnell and his sons are inspired by something of the kind, but they indulge sadly in the violent displays of the mere colourist; they never attain either the impressive majesty of a land storm or the lovely fading away of evening. (463), "Amang the Heather," by W. Linnell, shows the taste for rich colour at the cost of tenderness. (22), "The Rainbow," J. T. Linnell, is similarly ambitious.

Mr. Redgrave's (R.A.) pretty botanical tendencies in landscape we have before referred to. Mr. Sidney Cooper, A.R.A., exhibits only one picture this year (255), "Cooling the Hoof," cows standing in a stream under the shade of a willow, but the landscape in this has none of the sunny air that we have so often admired in his pictures. As a landscape in which the glaring atmosphere of the desert has been well represented, and the peculiar character of the Eastern life well seized, we should point out young Mr. Herbert's "Well in the Desert" (336),—and with the more satisfaction as it is almost a first work. Mr. B. W. Leader is a young landscape painter who shows good feeling for the sentiment of landscape and good study in (440) "A Welch Churchyard,"—a lonely resting-place among the hills, with three solemn old guardians in the sombre yew trees. Mr. J. Hamer's picture (460) of the Arctic Regions, with the Franklin exploring vessel, the *Fox*, by moonlight, deserves a sincere word of praise, for the ability with which the strange land of frozen mountains and seas has been brought before the eye. No. 533, "Coming out of the Mist," by Mr. R. Ansdell, A.R.A., though not the work of a professed landscape painter, is an admirable picture, full of the genuine feeling for mountain scenery. Mr. F. W. Hulme's "The Waning Year" (571), though by no means very characteristic of autumn, is one of the best landscapes in the Exhibition; the foliage gracefully laid upon the branches and not of that very bright green the painters are so apt to shock the artistic eye with in their more enthusiastic

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monplace, assumes a factitious importance from the weight of instrumentation, a military band being employed on the stage and cornets plentifully used *à la* Meyerbeer. The effect of this movement is decidedly *ad captandum*. The Mephistopheles serenade aims at an originality and quaintness of character that it does not attain. The Duel trio, which ends with the slaying of Valentine, is one of the most dramatic movements in the opera, but is much too suggestive of reminiscences of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots." M. Gounod, however, has not the same power to deal with large combinations, and to work conflicting passions up to a culminating climax of grandeur such as Meyerbeer has developed in his three great operas. The fifth act is the shortest and weakest portion of the whole work, presenting nothing that calls for special mention.

The "Faust" of M. Gounod merits recognition as the work of a thoroughly educated and conscientious musician, who respects himself and his art, and throws his most earnest endeavours into his work. If popularity be a test of greatness, then M. Gounod must be admitted to have achieved that distinction, since the opera has been received with enthusiasm in Goethe's own land, even hypercritical Berlin having accorded it a warm welcome. And notwithstanding its æsthetical shortcomings, there is so much merit of a high order in "Faust" as to render it grateful after the inflated and noisy style of some modern operas. As already intimated, M. Gounod's touch is delicate rather than forcible. In some respects he is a kind of musical Stothard; flowing, graceful, refined, but scarcely ever grand or elevated. In the construction of his movements he has a tendency to vagueness and indefiniteness, rather than to that proportionate development which is characteristic of the great masters. His instrumentation is generally excellent—sonorous and well-balanced, and always showing the hand of the practised master. Of the execution of the work it would be impossible to speak too highly. Mdlle. Titiens appeared to have changed her individuality. Instead of the demonstrative passionate impulse in which her powers have generally been displayed, there was the gentle blonde Margaret, dressed after the German ideal, acting and singing with a subdued refinement that stood in remarkable contrast to the tragic impetuosity in which it has been generally assumed Mdlle. Titiens could alone excel. Signor Giuglini, as Faust, acted with more force than usual, and sang with great passion and refinement. Mdlle. Trebelli was an interesting Siebel; and Mr. Santley, as Valentine, acted powerfully in the death scene, and sang, as he always does, like a finished artist. Signor Gassier's Mephistopheles was careful and well-intentioned, but scarcely subtle enough to redeem it from commonplace melodrama. The general performance by solo singers, band, and chorus, on the first night, offered an instance of perfect preparation in the highest degree creditable to all concerned; not forgetting the excellent conductor, Signor Arditi, to whose strenuous exertions and careful superintendence this result must have been largely owing. Such a first performance of so difficult a work is rarely heard; and we may congratulate both the management and the London public on the thoroughly efficient production of an opera which, whatever its shortcomings, must take a higher rank in art than anything that has been produced since Meyerbeer's "Dinorah."

At the Royal Italian Opera, M. Obin, the celebrated Parisian basso, has made a successful *debût* as Bertram in Meyerbeer's "Robert." This gentleman, who is a refined and finished singer, and a picturesque and powerful actor, must prove a valuable accession to the company.

At the seventh Philharmonic Concert on Monday, the symphonies were Beethoven's first and Mendelssohn's in A minor; the overtures, Weber's "Oberon," and Cherubini's "Anacreon." The chief feature in the concert, however, was an excellent performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto by M. Buziau, a young artist of whom we should assuredly hear more.

Signor Thalberg gave his fourth and last Matinée on Monday, playing with all his early vigour and refinement.

The New Philharmonic Concerts closed for the season on Wednesday. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A major (the Italian); the overtures, "Leonora" and "Masaniello." Herr Japha played Spohr's dramatic concerto (violin), and Madame Arabella Goddard a pianoforte concerto by Dr. Wylde.

SCIENCE.

APOLAR AND UNIPOLAR NERVE-CELLS.

To the world at large the minute and toilsome investigations which the practical anatomist carries on are unknown. Fierce discussions may rage, and yet the world will run on in its great course without any knowledge of such mental fights at all. Perhaps not ten people in all may know which is right and which is wrong between the contending parties, or be able to take part in the battle.

Still these may be, and generally are, the conditions under which the pioneers of human knowlege grasp progress. It is only when a decisive victory has been won that the subject in its full importance or grandeur is laid before the world.

Mysterious is life, mysterious is vital action. We can see a crystal built up under the microscope; round the central minute nucleus layer after layer is added, coat after coat can be seen put on. The increase is on the outside and visible, but in the living cell the changes are within, the outer coating is the oldest, the nucleus full of ever new and living energy. Moreover, exposure destroys vitality, and the dead cell has no longer in it the mysterious secret of life.

In the cells of living structures we have the greatest chance of getting knowledge. To build surely we must begin at the beginning. "What you can see, you can surely describe," may be the general remark, but those who have tried to see and tried to describe know well these tasks are not so easy. We must prepare before we can see, we must be sure we have rightly prepared and rightly seen—more, that we have rightly reflected and reasoned, before we can describe. And to prepare animal tissues for examination is very difficult indeed. We must inject a dye or a pigment into the veins and capillaries, we must stain the nerve fibres of a different colour from the muscles. Nay, more, we must artificially tint the formative and the formed materials of the very cells themselves, before we can distinguish the relationship of their parts to one another. And, having done this, any crushing or distortion of the specimen will again deceive us. We have to combat chemical action as well as mechanical.

Amongst anatomists there is a generally received opinion as to the existence of various kinds of nerve-cells in the nervous tissues, nerve-cells without fibres, with one fibre, with two fibres, and with many fibres proceeding from them; or, as they are termed, apolar, unipolar, bipolar, and multipolar nerve-cells.

Now the nerve-cells are the living sources of the nerves. The cables of fibres, which we call nerves in the animal body, are the cables of telegraph-wires from one nerve-cell to another. They are the formed material; the living cell is where the material is mysteriously formed. Inorganic pabulum filters through the cell-wall and acquires living powers within; it is at length deposited as lifeless matter again within the cell-wall, and whatever removal of effete matter takes place is from the outside of the cell.

Dr. Beale, than whom no one has worked in this field of research more exactly, more laboriously, or, as we believe, more successfully and truthfully, holds the opinion that by the destruction of chemical combinations of particles of the material within the nerve-cell the communicative force is generated, and this force is transmitted along the cell nerve-fibres as they traverse through the body. This idea necessitates the existence at least of a perfect circuit in the nerve-fibre; it must proceed from and return to the nerve-cell, consequently, in ordinary language, every nerve-cell must have at least two fibres proceeding from it; and therefore he contends apolar and unipolar nerve-cells cannot exist.

In a recent paper before the Royal Society, Dr. Beale has ably dealt with this subject, and showed, on the occasion of its reading to the Fellows, by means of his portable microscopes, numerous preparations from those parts of a frog in which unipolar and apolar cells have been stated to exist—with a proof of the fictitious character of those statements.

No one who has seen a magnified portion of the "grey matter" of the brain, with its innumerable living nerve-cells sending off their fibres in all directions, ramifying, interlacing, intensifying, but will ever remember the first impression of wonder and astonishment it produced.

We seem at once to be grasping the prime-motor of the wonderful living machine, the handle of the vital telegraph, the lever of vital action and intelligence. But we see also that the human frame is a wonderful machine, and mentally we instantly ask—what is the operator? Call it soul, spirit, life, what you will, it is no part of the machine.

One of those nerve-cells of the frog, which have hitherto been suppositiously called unipolar, is given in the annexed sketch, in which, at *a*, there will be seen the two fibres connected with the cell diverging in opposite directions, as shown by the arrows; at *b*, the fibre from the central part of the cell; at *c*, the fibre from the circumference; at *d*, the lower part of the cell splitting so as to form the spiral fibre, of which the thick fibre, *c*, is the continuation; *e*, fundus of the cell with large nucleus and nucleolus. The nuclei in the fibres are indicated by dots.



All Dr. Beale's exquisite notion of the intercommunication of the nerve-cells must be scattered if fibreless or one-fibred nerve-cells exist, or various and differing actions must be attributed to the various forms of the nerves. The great object, then, was to show that apolar and unipolar nerve-cells do not occur; and by carefully preparing those very portions of animal tissue regarded as their special habitats, Dr. Beale has apparently conclusively proved that the supposed unipolar and apolar cells are not such, but really have two distinct and separate fibres.

We cannot conceive that a nerve-cell without fibres can have any communication with or influence a distant nerve-cell; neither is it likely that a nerve-cell with one fibre can act on the same principle as one from which two or more fibres proceed. Indeed, if no fibre or but one fibre proceeds from certain cells, complete nervous circuits, in such cases at least, are impossible; and such admission would induce a strong *à priori* inference against the existence of such circuits as a fundamental condition in the complete nervous apparatus. On the other hand, if the proof that the supposed unipolar and apolar cells offered by Dr. Beale are really

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As to the first question, it was almost unanimously resolved that the coinage should be based on the French system with the franc as unit, and consisting of the same proportions of silver, viz., nine-tenths pure.

Another proposition to adopt the Prussian dollar, *i.e.*, making the specie dollar equal to 1½ Prussian dollars, which would require a reduction in the standard of Sweden of about one two-eighths per cent., and in Norway and Denmark one per cent., found only few supporters.

For common weights and measures the French metric system was unanimously adopted without any opposition at all. On the second question resolutions were passed recommending the introduction of an equal postage for the three countries, amounting to four, eight, and twelve skillings, or one, two, and threepence stirling; making the first the international postage in each country, the eight skilling the postage between Denmark and Norway, Norway and Sweden, or Denmark and Sweden, and the twelve skilling the postage in the winter time between Norway and Sweden, when the post has to be carried through Sweden.

For the Custom tariff it was resolved:—

1. To base the duties only with respect to revenue, and not to protection of individuals.
2. To make articles the necessaries of life and all war-materials duty-free.
3. To assist the respective countries in suppressing the smuggling of spirits, which is carried on to some extent between Sweden and Denmark, owing to the drawback allowed on the exportation from Denmark.

It was also resolved that an Industrial Exhibition be held in 1866 at Gottenburg. The meeting further unanimously decided that the resolutions passed respecting coins, weights, and measures be forthwith communicated to Wm. Ewart, Esq., M.P., who, on the 12th ult., obtained leave to introduce the bill now before Parliament for the introduction of the metric system into England.

A similar Congress will be held in 1865, in Copenhagen.

MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

GEOGRAPHICAL—At 9 P.M. Extra Meeting to receive Captains Speke and Grant on their return from Africa.

TUESDAY.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On Sterility in Man." By Mr. Curling. 2. Strangulation of the Stomach in an Umbilical Rupture. By Mr. Moore; and other Papers.

ZOOLOGICAL—At 9 P.M. 1. "On the Placenta of Hyrax." By Professor Huxley. 2. "On the Placenta of the Tewrec." By Professor Rolleston.

WEDNESDAY.

BOTANIC—2 to 7 P.M. General Exhibition.

ROYAL LITERATURE—At 4½ P.M.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 4 P.M. Anniversary.

THURSDAY.

CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M. 1. "On a Case of Electrolitic Action. By Mr. Abel. 2. "On the Iodide of Iodammonium." By Dr. Guthrie.

SATURDAY.

BOTANIC—At 3½ P.M.

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Bædeker's (K.) Handbook to Switzerland, Savoy, &c. Fcap., cl., 5s. 6d.
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ripe for a party discussion in the House. The reason of this seems to us to be clear. Mediation cannot be *forced* upon America without a violent departure from international comity and custom. It is, moreover, of the highest importance to England not to kindle into a flame the sparks of latent hostility between ourselves and the North which have shown themselves of late. Before we interfere to mediate, let us make sure that our mediation will not be received as a mark of disguised enmity towards the Union. The analogy between Poland and the South is a ridiculous one, and cannot be sustained. The treaties of Vienna oblige us in honour—even if the relative position of the two combatants did not powerfully plead with us—to interest ourselves for the Poles; every possible consideration, however, prompts us to remain diplomatic neutrals with respect to the North and South. Before stepping out of the charmed circle of neutrality within which alone we are safe, the Americans themselves should be consulted, lest we should really offend or alienate those whom we wish to serve. Lastly, when the offer of mediation comes, let it come from united Europe, if Europe can be made to join, as the latest Austrian telegrams imply is possible. Joint diplomatic action with the great countries of the Continent ought in this as in all other matters to be the policy and pride of England. It is the only safe and honourable line for a nation, that wishes to rely not on its arms but on its moral influence. The policy of isolation—we earnestly repeat it—is a policy that leads only to misunderstanding, to war in Europe, to the territorial aggrandisement of European Powers less peaceful than ourselves, and to continental distrust and dislike of England. In great political questions, France will act whether we wish it or no. The true method of upholding the dignity of England and the quiet of the world is within certain diplomatic limits to act honourably with her, and thus to moderate the excessive tendencies of French Imperialism. We do not complain, therefore, of Mr. Roebuck for wishing to see a harmony effected between England and France on the American question. Let it be so, but let the proper persons take the matter up. We complain of him because he has forced himself into a position to which he has no claim, and which he is the worst man in Europe to fill. If there is a living politician who cannot speak on a question without offending and outraging somebody else, it is Mr. Roebuck. In the name of common sense, we ask, is he the right man to agitate on so delicate a subject? We do not wish to see dragged into the arena of party debate, a problem which it is for the English Executive and for English diplomacy to solve, by watching for golden opportunities, and by acting after grave and careful deliberation.

THE REPAIRS OF "DILKE'S DELIGHT."

MR. HUNT, the Surveyor to the Board of Works, is evidently a wag. Wishing, apparently, to emulate the well-known Irishman who, having bought a rusty and decayed pocket-knife for next to nothing, boasted that his purchase, when provided with a new handle and a new blade, would prove an excellent instrument, Mr. Hunt has put forth a Report, in which he recapitulates the merits of the extraordinary bargain which Messrs. Kelk & Lucas are so generously forcing upon the public, and details the few slight and inexpensive repairs which will be required before the South Kensington Dilkoosha can be made a fit playground for the Society of Arts and "the institutions in union with them." Mr. Hunt's Report bears no date; a significant omission, which leads us to infer that it has been in the hands of the Treasury for some time, and that it has only now been extorted from their Lordships' hands by pressure from without. Anyhow, it is a masterpiece of delicate irony in its way.

It commences by affirming that "the brick building in Cromwell-road, used during the Exhibition of 1862 as a gallery for pictures, is a substantial structure." So far, so good. But then it goes on to say, that the roof of this "substantial structure," built but a year ago, "requires extensive repair, and that its skylights must be replaced throughout by others of a stronger character glazed with stronger glass." This "substantial structure" is further stated by Mr. Hunt to require "new floors resting on new constructions of brick arches, and iron girders to support them." When these slight defects have been remedied—when the knife has been new handled and new bladed—Mr. Hunt is of opinion that these unrivalled galleries will be nearly as good as new, and we entirely credit his assertion. Against the cost to be thus incurred, over and above the purchase-money of the ground, are the Exhibition sheds as they stand. John Bull will be credited with the value of an enormous heap of broken glass, rotten felt, and decayed sashes and skylights—less the cost of pulling them down—the most appropriate use of which would be to form an enormous bonfire on the auspicious occasion of Sir Wentworth Dilke's next birthday.

These picture galleries are, however, according to the sanguine Mr. Hunt, the best part of the bad bargain which we are thus having thrust upon us by the hangers-on of the Court. He confesses that the rest of the building is chiefly "temporary in its construction." He hopes that when "modified and readjusted" some few of the iron columns, girders, and trusses may be of use; but he condemns the timbers and skylights as entirely of a temporary character, and states that a new and more substantial timber roof and a new covering of metal will be required to keep out the weather. All the gutters throughout this maze of 16½ acres will require, moreover, to be lined with lead, and the whole of the skylight frames, ridges, and hips must also be covered with the same expensive protection.

The joists and floor-boards of the galleries Mr. Hunt pronounces to be worthless, and asks for entirely new floors and joists throughout. He significantly advises that the present foundation of the building itself should be strengthened by a layer of concrete twelve inches thick. On this a new floor constructed of new materials is to be laid down. "The joists are to be of the best timber, the sleepers are to be of oak, supported on *proper thick walls* built on the concrete platform above described, &c." It would almost seem from this last incautious expression, that Mr. Hunt is of opinion that the existing walls of the Dilkoosha are not "proper thick walls." When all this has been done Mr. Hunt pronounces that the floors of the new Dilkoosha will be as good as new; and we again say that there can be little doubt of the fact. Now for the drainage of the Dilkoosha. Mr. Hunt informs his employers that "when the buildings were erected, a complete system of drainage was constructed." This is very satisfactory; for upon this point doubts have been expressed, based on the lake of stagnant water which used to be visible under the open flooring of the Exhibition during the wet season of 1862. When such great men as Kelk & Lucas "construct a system of drainage," a man must be incredulous indeed who supposes that it is not "complete." But stay—what says the very next paragraph of Mr. Hunt's sarcastic report? This complete system of drainage, constructed in 1862, in 1863 "requires to be repaired, and in parts to be relaid!" In 1862 it would not even carry off the rainwater that fell, as we all saw; and in 1863 it requires to be repaired and relaid; and yet its constructors were the celebrated firm of Kelk & Lucas, late Morton Peto & Co., and the surveyor who eulogises it as "complete" is no less an individual than the impartial and able Mr. Hunt of the Board of Works!

Finally, there are the domes. Mr. Hunt pronounces that the present domes are to come down, and that new domes are to be constructed; but he does not attempt to solve the difficult problem of getting the former down, nor does he offer any estimate of the cost of doing so. In the construction of the new domes we again have the parable of the Irishman's knife with a vengeance. The present foundations will not do. "New piers of brickwork are to be built upon solid foundations of concrete, and new brick arches springing from these piers are to be constructed. The lower portion of the domes will then be filled in with brickwork covered externally with lead, and the upper portion will be glazed with new thick glass." It must be observed that Mr. Hunt remorselessly condemns all the timber and all the glass which was used in the Exhibition of 1862, which the public are nevertheless urged by the Treasury to buy. We have suggested an appropriate use to which the old timber may be put, when dry enough; but we confess that we are at a loss to devise any advantageous mode of disposing of sixteen or seventeen acres of cracked and worthless glass.

Of the ornamentation of this vast pile Mr. Hunt speaks oracularly, suggesting that "such an amount of decoration should be introduced as may be consistent with the purposes to which the building is to be applied." Whether he himself, or Captain Fowke, or a committee of taste, presided over by Sir Wentworth Dilke, are to settle what is to be

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permitted the resolution to pass. It gives but a poor idea of the House of Commons to think that it can be coaxed into meeting a difficulty by having it presented in instalments. It may be that the discussion of a problem which no one can solve will suffer little by postponement. Still, it is both undignified and dangerous to repeat this session the action of the last, when the Rate-in-Aid Bill was hurriedly passed in the last week of the session.

THE *ALEXANDRA*.

AT length the circumstances connected with the case of the *Alexandra* have been explained by the Attorney-General; and the jury, under the direction of the Lord Chief Baron, have pronounced that no violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act has occurred. After hearing the evidence which was produced on behalf of the Crown, it is impossible to doubt that the law officers were not only justified in taking proceedings, but that the Government would have exposed themselves to just animadversion if they had refused to seize the vessel in question. The past history of the *Alabama* had made it abundantly clear that she had been built in the port of Liverpool, that many of her crew had been hired in that port, and that although she left that port unarmed, the guns and ammunition intended for her were sent to Terceira, and there placed on board. The depredations which this vessel has inflicted upon Federal commerce are sufficiently notorious. It is not surprising that the merchants of Boston and New York should feel irritated at such proceedings, or that the Government of Washington should have addressed vigorous remonstrances to Earl Russell. It happened, moreover, that the British Government did not attempt to justify the conduct of the Confederates in thus using our ports. On the contrary, in compliance with the opinion of the law officers, they admitted that those who were concerned in fitting out the *Alabama* had violated the Act of Parliament, but they insisted that in allowing her to escape they had been guilty of no culpable neglect. Earl Russell, in his correspondence with Mr. Adams, and the Solicitor-General in the House of Commons, admitted that she would have been seized if only they had known the whole facts in time. That they were sincere in their desire to maintain the strictest neutrality there is no reason to doubt; but if any such doubts existed, they must be dispelled by their conduct in the case of the *Alexandra*. Whether or not, the opinion delivered by Chief Baron Pollock as to the construction to be put upon the Foreign Enlistment Act is still matter of doubt. The whole question must be re-argued before the judges. But whatever that decision may be, the American Government and the American people must acknowledge that all has been done that can be done to enforce the laws of neutrality.

The case of the *Alexandra*, as brought before the law-officers of the Crown, was very simple. It appears that in Liverpool the Confederate Government have a number of agents, some of whom are officers in the Confederate service, others of whom are Liverpool merchants, who supply money on the requisition of such agents. The *Alexandra* was a vessel fitted for warlike purposes; a gun-boat, in fact, to all appearance, which, according to the statement of the builder, was being built for the Confederate Government. Besides these two facts, the Crown had some evidence that Captain Bullock, an officer in the Confederate navy, exercised some supervision on this gun-boat, or at all events was in very close relationship with the builders of that vessel. But it should be observed, that there was no evidence to show that men had been hired for the purpose of serving on board, nor did the Crown succeed in proving that any guns had been made specifically for this ship. It must also be admitted, that although the *Alexandra* was built in an open dock, and is now lying at Liverpool still, the witnesses to prove her character and destination were neither numerous nor very creditable. Indeed, Mr. Clarence Randolph Yonge, who had formerly been the confidential secretary of Captain Bullock, admitted himself to be one of the most shameless scoundrels who ever appeared in a court of justice. He had abandoned his wife and child in Savannah; he had wormed himself into the confidence of Captain Bullock; he had sailed in the *Alabama* to Kingston, where, after receiving pay to the last moment, he deserted; there he married a widow, sold all her property, returned to Liverpool, abandoned his second wife, and finally betrayed all his secrets to the American Minister in London. Such has been the career of Mr. Clarence Randolph Yonge, and if the case had rested materially upon his evidence, the Crown would hardly have been justified in ordering the seizure. But, in truth, his evidence was comparatively immaterial, for it simply confirmed the evidence produced by other persons.

But as the matter turned out, the testimony produced may be considered as irrelevant. For, even if the Crown had conclusively proved their case, there was, according to the Chief Baron, no ground for seizing the *Alexandra*. It was admitted that, at the time of the seizure, no guns or ammunition were on board; and the judge declared that unless the arming took place within some part of the Queen's dominions, there could be no violation of the Act of Parliament. The history of the English Foreign Enlistment Act is interesting. It was passed in the year 1819 in order to prevent those who sympathized with the revolted Spanish colonies from organizing expeditions for their assistance. The United States had suffered under the same inconvenience at the beginning of the century. The French had endeavoured to use the neutral ports of America for the purpose of fitting out men-of-war to cruise against the English. At that time Washington was president, and, upon the remonstrances of the English minister, that great man not only stopped any such attempts, but induced Congress to pass a law arming the Government with additional powers. That law is in terms the same as the English Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819; indeed, Mr. Canning, when he introduced it, admitted that he had copied the American statute, and defended its provisions by recalling the conduct of Washington and Jefferson.

According to that act it is illegal to *equip*, *furnish*, *fit out*, or *arm* any vessel within the British dominions, with intent to commit hostilities against any nation at peace with this country. It is admitted that, until the case of the *Alexandra*, no proceedings have been taken under this statute. There is no decision in the records of our courts upon the subject. But in America it is quite otherwise. There is a series of judgments delivered in the Supreme Court of Washington by lawyers of acknowledged ability. It might seem, therefore, that these decisions ought to guide English judges in forming their judgment. More especially should this be the case when the Act of Parliament is an Act passed to give a municipal sanction to the doctrines of international law. But if the doctrine laid down by the Lord Chief Baron be ultimately upheld, these views must be admitted to be erroneous. Whether he is right or wrong, most certain it is that his interpretation differs from that of the American judges. Chief Baron Pollock maintains that the terms *furnish*, *equip*, *fit out*, and *arm*, are identical. In order, therefore, to constitute a breach of the Act, it must be proved that the vessel was *actually armed* within the dominions of the Queen. Most clearly this was not so in the case of the *Alexandra*. Neither guns nor ammunition were on board, and therefore those who were concerned in building her or fitting her out were guilty of no offence under the statute. But the Chief Baron went even further. Alluding to the case of the *Alabama*, he volunteered the opinion, that even in her case no offence had been committed, because, he said, the guns were placed on board at Terceira, within the dominions of Portugal. Hitherto, it has been considered that the Foreign Enlistment Act would be infringed if a man-of-war were fitted out for sea, and started from a British port, with the intent to receive her armament on board elsewhere, and with the further intent to prey upon the commerce of a friendly nation. And upon this view of the law the law-officers of the Crown have acted. According to the Chief Baron, they are mistaken. It remains to be seen whether the other judges are prepared to support Sir F. Pollock. But if his opinion be supported, it must be admitted to involve somewhat serious consequences.

REFORM OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE continued existence of the Board of Admiralty illustrates the truth of the proverb that "threatened men live long." Since the failures and mismanagement of the Crimean war drew public attention to the constitution and working of the military departments, it has been subjected to a pitiless fire of criticism; has been the butt of numerous motions and resolutions; and has undergone the examination of both committees and commissions. But it still survives to confront a fresh suggestion of inquiry

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sary to arrive first at some definite conclusion on this cardinal point; but attention may then be usefully directed to the subordinate parts of the system, which are cumbrous, imperfectly connected, and ill adapted to rapid action. No doubt it is the duty of the Government itself to undertake the requisite reforms. But experience has convinced us that it is hopeless to expect anything in that quarter. We see no resource but in a searching investigation before a really independent Committee of the House of Commons; and this we trust will take place early next session. Let us, however, give the assailants of the Admiralty one word of advice. If they are to succeed they must concentrate their efforts far more closely than they have hitherto done on some one or two leading points; and they must make an effort to agree among themselves as to the particular reforms they desire. The Board still exists principally because its opponents have hitherto wasted their strength in desultory skirmishing and purely negative criticism.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

IF proof be ever demanded of the sympathy which English people feel for distress and suffering in Ireland, it will be sufficient to point to the ready response they made in 1846-7 to the appeal for help for her famishing millions. And a no less valid proof of the interest they take in her real welfare, is afforded in the wise measures of legislation which immediately followed the famine, and so largely contributed to the prosperity which up to 1859 she enjoyed. These feelings of sympathy and interest have certainly not diminished during the last few remaining years in which the communication between the two countries has been brought almost to perfection, and each has become more known to the other. Unfortunately, this prosperity has received a check. Ireland, though not stricken with actual famine, is brought almost to its verge; and there is very serious distress among her agricultural population. The subject has been brought twice during this session under the notice of the House of Commons; on Friday the 13th ult. by Colonel Dunne, and on last Tuesday evening by Mr. Maguire. The debates on both occasions are said to have been conducted with much moderation; but certainly they were not free from exaggerations, and some very strange theories to account for the distress. One considered the Established Church to be the cause of all Ireland's woes; an argument about as good as that of Tenterden Steeple being the cause of the Goodwin Sands. Another thought that the delay in granting the Galway subsidy, and the refusal to build a harbour of refuge on the west coast of Ireland would account for a portion at least of the misery. Absenteeism was the root of the evil in the opinion of others. Mr. Longfield would account for it by over-taxation, a theory which was torn into shreds, in the face of facts, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; while Mr. Maguire and a number of others consider that the entire fault lies with Parliament for not having legislated better on the relations between landlord and tenant. This latter seems to be the favourite theory, though it is nothing more than the old cry again repeated that the landlords are the great impediment to Ireland's prosperity. It is in vain to tell these gentlemen, as Lord Palmerston did, that legislation on the matter had been pushed as far in 1860 as it possibly could without infringing on the rights of property, that anything more would amount to "Communism," and reduce landlords to be mere annuitants on properties which would, in fact, be transferred from them to the tenants. The notion has got into the minds of Irishmen of a certain stamp that Ireland can only be helped out of her miseries by "tenant right," or some other such method of holding land against the will of its rightful owners; and it seems really useless to attempt to reason with them.

But that there is really distress in Ireland we have abundant testimony to prove, and it cannot be questioned; and the more immediate causes of it are obvious, namely, the three successive bad seasons of 1860-62, to which may be added the American war. In the spring of 1860 came the hay-famine, when fodder ran up to fabulous prices; and the small farmers were drained of their little ready money in endeavouring to keep their farm stock alive. Notwithstanding this sacrifice, their cattle very generally perished, especially those of the poorest class of farmers. The late spring was followed by a cold summer; and the winter found them much reduced in the resources of money and stock. The season of 1861 was unusually wet, so much so that the turf-fuel was scarcely dried; and, though the oat crop was a fair average, the potato was nearly a failure, being small and wet, and scarcely fit for food. The year 1862 did not much mend matters. The summer was both cold and rainy; the crops with difficulty came to maturity; and there was a great deficiency in the average yield. To these disheartening circumstances was added the action of the American war on the trade of the country. Owing to the Lancashire distress, the English market demand for Irish bacon and butter fell off. The diminished demand caused a fall of price in these articles; and this, combined with the already reduced yield, caused a double falling-off in the money value of the farm produce of the year. It is no wonder, then, that great difficulty should have been experienced in the payment of rents, and that much real destitution should prevail.

But, though these are the immediate causes of the present depressed state of Ireland, one cannot but feel that there must be something totally astray in her whole agricultural system, or in the character and habits of her people, which unfits her for meeting a cycle of unfavourable seasons, and passing through them unscathed. In these more remote causes the true explanation of Irish distress is to be found; and to remove them ought to be the aim of the true philanthropist and legislator. The Roman Catholic religion has been alleged to be one of these causes; but we cannot see how its sufficiency as a cause can be proved. It may be true that, in the past political circumstances of Ireland, this agency has operated unfavourably on the character of the people, producing disaffection, depriving them of freedom of thought and self-reliance, and embittering the relations between landlord and tenant. But we do not find that religion always producing these results, and necessarily impeding agricultural prosperity. Belgium is eminently prosperous in agriculture. In Lower Canada that religion does not create agricultural distress. In Italy, regenerated under Victor Emmanuel, it is not likely to do so; and we cannot therefore see why it should *in itself* have any such effect in Ireland.

Much has been said of absenteeism as a potent, if not the chief, cause of Ireland's miseries. But its effects have also been greatly exaggerated. The notion has originated in the idea that Irish money is spent by the landlord out of the country, as if it made much difference whether he eats his Irish beef and bacon at home, or after it has been sent over and sold in England; or bought his cloth for his coat in the neighbouring Irish country town, or a few hundred miles nearer, in England, to the manufacturer. But it is not easy to see how residence on a property in land is to be generally expected as a duty, if land is to be bought and sold in public market like everything else, as we are now taught by political economists. Why should a capitalist in England, who has invested ten or twenty thousand pounds in an Irish estate, managed it successfully, treated his tenants justly, and given them every reasonable indulgence, be obliged to reside among them? What has residence or non-residence to do in such a case with the success of the farmer in his farming? There are no better managed estates in Ireland than those in the county of Derry belonging to the London companies, and no happier tenantry; and yet no landlord resides among them. Whatever, then, may be the advantages of having a resident landlord—and they may be many—we cannot but think that they have been greatly exaggerated. The happiness and prosperity of a people depends much more on themselves than on any such extraneous aid.

But this brings us to the true cause of the inability of Ireland to meet a sudden agricultural reverse of fortune—namely, the subdivision of the greater portion of the country into small farms of not more than five, ten, or fifteen acres. It was alluded to in last Tuesday's debate both by Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, who showed that the holders of these farms, being from the very nature of the case men of no capital, are incapable of effecting any real improvements. The extent to which this state of things existed in Ireland before the famine, will be understood from the fact that, out of 691,000 holdings, there were 310,000 between one and five acres, and 252,000 between five and fifteen—making altogether 562,000 farms under fifteen acres. There were only 81,000 between fifteen and thirty, and but 48,000 approaching in any degree to what would be called a farm in England. Was it to be wondered at that, when a famine came, it should have decimated the population, and led to a wholesale exodus? The first effect

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nothing to do except to wait patiently in the ante-chamber on the other side of the Cabinet door, till the door opens to receive him again. The Emperor does what he can to soften the disappointment of the resigning official, by either making him an ambassador extraordinary, or else giving him a place in the Senate with a corresponding golden dotation. At present every Frenchman knows that one of two things must happen to M. Persigny, who has been sacrificed by Louis Napoleon after the recent electioneering tempest, very much as a sailor in ancient times, who escaped from a shipwreck, used to hang up his dripping garments as an offering to the god of the sea. He must either be sent on a special embassy somewhere, or else he must be turned, with a golden collar round his neck, into the Senate. Count Walewski will be consoled on his similar dismissal by becoming guardian of the little Prince Imperial, which must be a cruel mockery to a fiery gentleman whose head is running on nothing else except Poland and the Poles. A recent number of the *Journal des Débats* contained a curious telegram from England, to the effect that Mr. Gladstone was about to retire from the Board of Works and to be appointed to the bishopric of Exeter. It was probably the composition of some French wag, who knew French credulity, and who also knew Mr. Gladstone's foibles ; but if there is a country in the world where the intelligence might wear an air of truth, it is in France, where no official ever gives up anything without being upon the spot presented with something else. The system of continual pay to such eminent individuals is an expensive one, but it no doubt works well. To be an Imperialist is to belong to a staff where promotion is certain and lucrative, and where there is no half-pay.

The dismissal of M. Persigny was not a necessary step to the preservation of quiet in France, for France has never been on the brink of a disturbance ; but it will be a popular and a politic measure. It will be popular, because M. Persigny has taken boldly on himself the odium of a stringent policy towards the press and towards electoral bodies. It is politic, because by taking it, the Emperor seems to encourage the notion that his Ministers, and not himself, are to blame for the unpopular and restrictive measures of the Government. The dynasty strengthens itself by detaching itself at such moments as these from particular Ministers, who are less popular and less liberal than the idea of Napoleonism. The theory of Imperialism is that it belongs to no party and to no set of men ; that it is a national creed, not a set of party doctrines. If so, the business of the Emperor is to watch the current of popular opinion, and to set his sails to the breeze. The more he introduces the notion of ministerial responsibility, the more he establishes the throne. This is a political conception which all history fortifies, and Napoleon III. shows that he is not blind to its truth. Paris will be satisfied with the concessions. The recent elections will seem to have had their legitimate force and weight upon the policy of the Government, and the popularity of the Emperor will increase instead of suffering. The simultaneous change in the organization of the Ministry, which virtually abrogates the institution of Ministers without portfolios, is a movement in the same direction. The practical result may not be great ; for the real inconvenience has chiefly been felt upon financial questions, in which for some time the curious spectacle was seen of one politician defending in a lukewarm way the budget of his rival, which he disapproved. But all these little changes please the French nation. They do not want to be governed by orators or Orleanists, but they wish for reasonable good government. Most of all are they pleased by these occasional acknowledgments made by the Emperor that the will of the nation ought to be supreme. The elected chief of the State on State occasions wisely lowers his fasces in the presence of the French people.

The resignation of M. Walewski is probably to be explained upon different grounds. The event seems to have a bearing upon the question of Poland ; and taken in conjunction with the evident reluctance of England to move beyond the limit of diplomacy, has been taken to imply that the Emperor is resolved not to commit himself to another war for an idea. Such is the interpretation that seems most natural, considering the known tendencies of M. Walewski. On the other hand, the French intelligence teems with rumours of warlike preparations. The event alone can show what is the real purpose of the master of a hundred legions. English opinion may pronounce, and seems likely to pronounce, against any English offensive movement against Russia, however strong the provocation given to civilization and humanity by the terrible scenes enacting in Poland. We must, however, in such a case fairly be prepared to see France recompensing herself, after the threatened war is over, for her sacrifices for Poland. We cannot eat our cake and have it too, and must not expect to be disappointed, if a repetition of a campaign for an idea is followed by the repetition of a demand for territorial annexations on the French frontier. It is for us to choose between two evils : for we cannot hope to escape both ; and it is as well that the English public should know it.

DEATH AMONG THE DRESSMAKERS.

It is only another girl that has fallen a victim to the white slavery of the needlewoman's trade. "Young persons," as this class of our fellow-creatures are called, may die as fast as they please. Their places are, in this Malthusian age, very quickly and certainly supplied. Our social economy provides for the speedy extinction of a superfluous part of the female human stock. The balance of their labour market is continually redressed, not so much—in the fashionable millinery trade—by employing half-time, and for half-wages, a larger number of workers, as by using them up fast and taking on a set of new ones. Some of them are killed outright by excessive toil and the suffocating air of their rooms. Others, concluding with poor Hood's shirtmaker, in favour of the theory of the barbarous Turk, that women have neither souls nor bodies to save, at length prefer idleness and sin to a desperate sort of labour, and peril their lives, while casting away their virtue, in the nightly parade of venal girlhood in our shameless streets.

There are houses where, for the profit indeed of their employers, both these occupations are combined. There *was* a well-known dressmaker in extensive business a few years ago at the West-End who kept open a —— well, a picture-gallery, a museum of art and *virtù*, adjoining the work-rooms of her young people. It is said that gentlemen would sometimes call there, unaccompanied by shopping wives, to inspect, by a special invitation from the mistress, her collection of beautiful objects. The mistress died, full of years and wealth ; her gallery of choice paintings, alabaster statuettes, and curious old china, was dispersed by the hammer of an auctioneer ; the pretty *bijoux*, which had served as an excuse for the occasional visits of licentious men, were purchased to adorn the drawing-rooms of proud and pure ladies, whose costly robes, perhaps, that same establishment had prepared. It may be easy, in certain situations, by several ways at once, to accumulate a fortune of £20,000 or £50,000. Girls are so plentiful of late seasons, and for the purpose of marriage are so little in demand, that it is cheap for the proprietor of a West-End gynæceum to hire the honest or the ugly for work, and the others for the show department. But we will leave that part of the subject. Colonel Waugh's bankruptcy case has just reminded us of a famous bill for millinery and the like, which was sent in to his wife by the late Mrs. Clarke, of Regent Street, and which astonished the Court, the assignees, the attorneys, and the creditors, in the first exposure of his private affairs just six years ago. We cannot now remember all the items which made up that unpaid account of more than £2,000. The charges may have been fair enough, with an allowance for the improbability of getting the money, though of the value of his personal security Mrs. Clarke was perhaps a keener judge, than his accomplices in the London and Eastern Banking Company were inclined to be. It is perfectly natural, and we do not say it is unjust, that a certain class of tradespeople should indemnify themselves, by extortionate prices, for their enormous risk of bad debts. The ladies who are fond of finery, beyond the limits of their stipulated pin-money, should lay the blame upon themselves, if they find that the West-End milliner or dress-maker is obliged to fabricate an unconscionable bill. Their remedy is to be more careful, not only in the rate of their own expenditure, but in employing those houses which are known to prefer the honourable sort of customers, instead of resorting to the favourite *modiste*, who is recommended by the patronage of fast women, and of the women belonging to fast men. We have some reason also to think that, by a little quiet inquiry and supervision in this quarter, it would be fairly in the power of respectable matrons to remedy, in some degree, the two-fold evils of systematic cruelty and of systematic corruption, which annually destroy a terrible average number of the oppressed and betrayed youth of their sex. Ladies, of course, will mind their own business ; and they have a right to give their orders where they please. Yet we observe that they are disposed, at the present day, to betake themselves to many forms of direct philanthropic effort, in aid of which our advocacy is constantly desired. We may therefore be permitted to tell the fair presidents, patronesses, visitors, and committee-women of sundry institutions for moral, social, and sanitary reform, that while their public counsels and ministrations, if prudently directed, are possibly the means of doing a little good—for much good is sure to be wasted in the doings of any benevolent association whatever

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Why should any human beings, who, like Mr. Toole and the ladies playing Manrico and Leonora at the Adelphi, are very capable of higher things, be called upon for this senseless exhibition? Is there a conspiracy to degrade and utterly destroy the noble histrionic art? Clever men and women, as these are, might really be spared the humiliation of enacting such parts, and of speaking such language, as are set down for them in a piece which is vaunted in the current playbills to-day for "Byron's best." His pen is as fatal as the wand of Harlequin-Circe, or Harlequin-Comus, in the most shocking transformation scene, where we see a company of people suddenly changed into the nature of a set of silly, skipping, jabbering, gesticulating animals, without the slightest purpose or consistency in their behaviour, and with only a certain parrot-like facility of catching the sound of words, or at least of syllables, overheard from the articulate speech of mankind. This is the effect produced at length by the recent compositions of Mr. H. J. Byron, under the auspices of Mr. Benjamin Webster, on the Adelphi stage. What can they mean by it? Do they wish to supply an experimental proof of the Darwinian theory? or to warn us of the possible fulfilment of that dreadful prevision, suggested by Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Carlyle, which contemplates a future state of existence, when the abuse of human faculties and the indulgence of simious propensities will be punished by our restoration to the original state of apehood?

It is the fault of a highly critical contemporary, if we are provoked into a controversy on the merits of this peculiar Byronic literature of the present age. Our neighbour, the *Saturday Review*, with its fine catholicity of spirit, was at great pains the other day to laud Mr. H. J. Byron for his singular ingenuity in catering for this generation of play-goers; and we have been desirous to examine the grounds of that favourable judgment. With our habitual deference to the opinions of a journal hitherto assuming to be the organ of a sect of literary Purists or Pharisees, we felt that a contributor, who told us he knew how to construe the most intricate Æschylean chorus, might claim to decide, as it were *ex cathedrâ*, upon the classical productions which adorn the Adelphi stage. Yet his parade of Greek scholarship would have been more germane to the subject, if he had compared the plays of Aristophanes with those of Mr. Planché, the genuine offspring of a fine airy fancy, moulded with artistic skill, expressed with many happy turns of phrase; witty, graceful, and in admirable taste, which used to delight us at the Lyceum ten or fifteen years ago. Madame Vestris is no more, and Mr. Planché has yielded his place to authors who mangle both sound and sense, who outrage every feeling for whatever is noble and beautiful in the humanities of art. But we think it might have been appropriate, in an article purporting to review the history of burlesque and extravaganza on the London stage, if the writer had just mentioned those charming compositions of Mr. Planché's, with which nothing of Mr. Byron's can for one moment be compared. The rapid deterioration of the popular taste is terribly conspicuous in the descent from such pieces as we can remember, to the gross and vulgar buffoonery, without a ray of intelligence, which now solicits the cachinnations of gallery and pit. Let us, however, take note of those achievements of "verbal pleasantry," for which Mr. H. J. Byron, as "the leading professor of the modern burlesque language," is so industriously praised by no less an authority than the *Saturday Review*. This standard of criticism will determine the value of its future judgments.

What, then, is the "verbal pleasantry" for which this burlesque of Byron is gravely commended? It consists, we are informed, in "such an arrangement of words that groups of syllables, perhaps as many as four in number, are echoed by groups of similar dimensions." But this is mere *parrotry*, and it is the whole of Mr. Byron's craft. His kind and partial critic, in the journal which we have named, requests us to admire a few specimens of this contrivance, the few words in each quotation being carefully underlined to assist the reader in seeing the joke. In a passage, for instance, extracted from "Beautiful Haidee," Mr. Byron's travestie of Lord Byron, the commentator dwells with serious approval upon such lines as the following, in which it is remarked, after the subsiding of a storm at sea, that—

"What was *commotion* is now all *calm ocean*."

Another line, in which the heroine's complaint, that she is kept too close at home, and never allowed to go to a Ball, or Fancy Fair, or Fête of *Horticulture*, is met with this reproof:—

"You are a *naughty gal ter* talk that way."

Again, when she says, "My limbs to chains you *doom 'em*," the stern guardian of her domestic imprisonment replies, "Yes, we *do, mum*." Again, as she is deprived even of the solace of the last new novel, this poor young lady "in her room *mewed is*, with no books from *Mudie's*;" for in all these particulars, we are told, "the *law*" (or *lor*) "*made* by her *pa* must be obeyed by her *parlour-maid*." Who now can rise from the perusal of these wretched jingles, and of the critical essay in which, as bugs in amber, they are so curiously enshrined, without mingled feelings of astonishment and disgust?

"The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare;
But wonder how the devil they got there."

How indeed came Mr. Byron's burlesque of "The Ill-treated Il Trovatore" to be honoured with an elaborate puff in the *Saturday Review*? There are more things in heaven and earth, and elsewhere, but especially in the sphere of theatrical criticism, than are dreamt of by an innocent play-going public, in its philosophy of idle submission to the self-styled arbiters of taste.

We are not of those austere Puritans who utterly condemn the pun, as a base, dishonest, and nefarious thing. We do not lay it down, with the great English lexicographer, that a man who will perpetrate a pun is criminal enough to pick his neighbour's pocket. We will not cite this rule to pronounce Mr. Byron guilty of the most heinous felonies within the cognisance of penal law. That playful trick of similarly sounding words has, in every age, been resorted to by some of the best authors, classical, sacred, and profane. A very modest and discreet punster of our acquaintance was threatened one day with a fine of five shillings for each repetition of his darling sin. He sued for mercy, "Let me not be so pun-i-shed for every pun I shed." Mr. Byron, who is the author of some thirty punning pieces, never made a pun so neat as this, though it is nothing better than a mere sportive exchange of syllables, however perfect in its kind. But the art of punning is only justifiable as an auxiliary to real humour or wit; as when Dr. Johnson himself told the Dons of a venal Scotch University that they would "grow rich by degrees," or when somebody promised a traveller that he should not starve in the desert, "because of the sand which is there." In these lawful applications of the pun, we find a shrewd or queerly incongruous idea, like the spicy almond in a sugar-comfit, enveloped in the pleasant jingle of resembling vocables; but in those of Mr. Byron's clumsy manufacture, we find no kernel of wit or humour, no after-taste of a whimsical or satirical thought. He is the most awkward punster, as he is also the rudest versifier, that ever pretended to conjure with the sounds of words. He cannot even make musical nonsense; he has no more ear than a donkey for the finer differences of English pronunciation, or for the rhythm and the rhyme of English verse.

We feel bound, however, seriously to protest against the offensive and debasing character of the late attempts in this kind. We can admire the true burlesque, in which, as in "Tom Thumb," "Chrononhotonthologos," and "Bombastes Furioso," our mirth is excited by the incongruity of mock-heroic declamation with incidents of a trivial nature. But it is a paltry expedient, for lack of original invention, to pollute the stories, the scenes, dialogues, and songs, invested with touching or elevating associations by a former artist, and to court a foolish grin by distorting and defiling that which is beautiful in itself. The other day it was one of Handel's operas, as we saw; now it is one of Verdi's; and though scientific musicians do not rate the popular Italian *maestro* in the highest rank, none of the audience who heard Mario last Friday night in Covent Garden could desire to let Mr. H. J. Byron work his wicked will upon the "Trovatore" without an indignant rebuke.

The action, too, as well as the music, is indecently and inhumanly abused. We really cannot see the fun of Mr. Byron's hideous parody upon the scene in prison, where Manrico soothes the anguish of his mother, as she lies in a delirious fever. It may be true, that representations of sickness and madness are unfit for the tragic stage; they are doubly unfit for burlesque. Yet this is not the worst. That scene in which Leonora, outside the walls of the prison, hears the monks chanting their *Miserere* for the soul of her lover, already condemned to be put to death; and, in the midst of their solemn dirge, the voice of Manrico from a window of his cell, as he bids the world and his bride farewell,—even that scene, in which a legitimate dramatic effect is set off by some of the most pathetic music that was ever composed, has been marked out for the foulest profanation. We almost shudder to relate how this villany is managed, by mixing up the air of *Ah che la morte* with that of *I am the Perfect Cure*. The other day, when a murderess was hanged at the Old Bailey, we had the Perfect Cure at the foot of the gallows. The shameless purveyors of comic sensation to the low mind of vulgar half-price Cockneydom will not stop at this. What do they care for Shakespeare and the musical glasses, or for what Shakespeare says about the man who is not moved by con-

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Most properly. But General Peel has put the case too mildly. Our readers will bear in mind that the regiment was embodied in March, 1855, and disembodied in June, 1856. The accounts of the regimental agents from the 24th of November, 1855, to the 5th of May, 1858, have been examined by a professional accountant, who at the time of the Court of Inquiry reported as follows :—

"It appears that on the 18th of February, 1856, when the outstanding claims were not less than £436, and the balance in the agent's hands was £305, Colonel Dickson drew out £150, only £100 of which he paid away, retaining £50 to the end of March, when it had been further increased to £61. On the 14th of April it was reduced to £17, but next day he drew out £75 from the agents, on account of which no payment was made by him. In May £35 was paid by him, but £60 was drawn out by him on the 14th, by which the balance in his hands was increased to £106. On the 20th of June it was reduced to £62, and on the 12th of July £100 was received by him from Lord Wilton for the band fund, which was not paid by him to the agents, by which the balance in his hands was increased to £162, which was retained by him, no payments being made on account thereof until the 7th of November, and on the 14th was increased to £167, and no payment was made on account thereof until May, 1857, by which time it was further increased to £247. On the 7th of February, having that balance in his hands, Colonel Dickson, desiring to pay the wine merchant £49, borrowed that amount from the paymaster, and retained a portion until the 1st of June, 1857, between which date and the 24th of July the balance was reduced to £26, which does not appear to have been yet repaid."

Where, with such a case against Colonel Dickson, was the need for a conspiracy to remove him from his command? Can a stronger case be imagined against an officer at the head of a regiment than this which we receive from himself—that he permitted a misapplication of the funds of his regiment, postponing debts incurred to tradesmen, to the more pleasurable, doubtless, but the very prodigal expense of entertainments which there was really no money to meet? Will nothing but the theory of a conspiracy account for Earl Wilton's irritation when he found himself sued for the debts of a regiment with which he had only a nominal connection? Will that theory alone explain Viscount Combermere's opinion that the lieutenant-colonel who had suffered so disgraceful a state of things to arise ought to resign, or General Peel's belief that he was unfit to command? This is a question upon which every man is competent to give an opinion, and upon which there must be a universal consent. Colonel Dickson's honour is not questioned. But surely he, who could tell his officers that he had the right to dismiss them without court-martial if he pleased, ought not to find fault with the Secretary of War who treated him with such considerate leniency. Possibly enough, the Court of Inquiry conducted its proceedings without regard to the rules of judicial investigation common to military tribunals; and we may admit that nothing could well be more ridiculous than their proceedings. But Colonel Dickson has relieved us from the duty of entering at all upon this question. He has written down his own condemnation, and the impertinent charge of conspiracy falls to the ground.

THE CRUIKSHANK GALLERY.

Measured by quantity alone, the collection at Exeter Hall of the etchings and woodcuts of George Cruikshank, to which we called attention in a previous number, is a remarkable sight; the more so when we consider that, after all, it is merely a selection. The fecundity is amazing; and fecundity, be it observed, is one of the signs of genius. For the last sixty years, almost, Cruikshank has been an ever-working servant of the public. There are even sketches in this collection which bear the date 1799—the century of Hogarth; but they are only the jottings of a precocious boy, with a world of undeveloped art in him, and are simply exhibited to the public as curiosities. From the early years of the present century, however, down to the year in which we are now living—from the days of the Regency to those of Queen Victoria—from the epoch of George Augustus, Prince of Wales, to that of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales—this indefatigable pencil has been throwing off caricatures, squibs, illustrations to songs and illustrations to books, pictured morals like those of Hogarth, quaint fancies such as Hogarth could not have approached, delineations of contemporary manners, and creations for all time. Like some of the old Italian and Flemish painters, Cruikshank's works make a gallery in themselves. We walk from one wall to another, bewildered by the mere amount; and, if asked to summarise in a few words the prevailing style, find it difficult to give an answer. An attentive examination, however, will, we think, result in an impression that Cruikshank's various styles throughout his life have generally been more or less affected by that in which he began. He commenced his career as a caricaturist; and something of the caricaturist's love of exaggeration is visible in most of his productions, from the sketches made by the boy Cruikshank down to the oil painting of "The Worship of Bacchus," whereon the colours are yet scarcely dry.

When George Cruikshank was a youth, the great caricaturist of the day was Gillray. He was the "H. B." of that period. An uneducated man, and coming at a time when humour was scarcely understood apart from coarseness, he worked with a rough power and broad farcicality which would now be considered unpleasant. But for a long while he set the fashion to succeeding caricaturists, and it was thought that the wildest excesses of oddity were permissible to the designer of burlesques. Cruikshank was born in the midst of this condition of comic art, and was in some degree influenced by the prevailing mode. To his credit be it said, he did not transgress the limits of decorum, but he ran riot in the somewhat rank efflorescence of his fancy. Notwithstanding the conspicuous ability of his early political sketches—their creative humour, vigour, and life—they do not strike very agreeably on our modern eyes. Something, of course, is to be conceded to the loss of immediate interest in the subject; for a caricature derives much of its vitality from the electrical condition of the public mind out of which it issues. But this is not all. We have outgrown a certain infantine fondness which we had in the last generation for exhibitions of ugliness. It was the result of imperfect art-education—of a childlike condition of mind as regards that particular thing. Children, though they will much more quickly make friends with handsome than with ill-looking people, have no idea of fun apart from hideousness. Half their pleasure in the pantomimic clown is derived from the astounding distortions and discolourations of his face. The same may be observed of nations which have not yet been educated to the love of beauty; and, as we had not been so educated in the opening years of George Cruikshank's life, his pencil received a corresponding tendency to the uncouth. His caricatures, political and social—at any rate, those which he produced in his young manhood—abound in physical deformities, and are sometimes rather depressing than exhilarating. The habit, however, greatly diminished in after-times, and the humour of the *Comic Almanacks*, of the *Omnibus*, and of the thousand and one plates which the graver of Cruikshank has furnished as illustrations to books, is often genial and enjoyable. In riper years he gave up caricaturing, and wisely so, for his genius lay far more emphatically in another direction. The elder Doyle, whose political sketches with the signature of "H. B." were the great attraction of the print-shop windows when some of us were young, became the chief caricaturist of the intermediate days between Cruikshank and *Punch*, and was the first to show that pictorial pasquinades may be executed with a prevailing spirit of elegance. *Punch* itself has followed in the same wake, and won an immortal name by refining satire, and allying it with generosity and grace. But it would be unfair to George Cruikshank to quarrel with him for not having done the same thing fifty years ago. All the elements and characteristics of society were against such a reform. It was a coarse age, brutalized by years of war, by exclusion from the civilizing influences of intercommunication with foreign countries, and by the drinking habits of all ranks of the people; an age distinguished by a low, vulgar, and bloated class of physiognomy, by the disfigurations of gout, apoplexy, and palsy, and by the meanest style of costume that ever existed. We have improved incalculably in all these respects since the reign of George IV.; and Mr. Leech can now give us pictures of English life, of which, on the whole, we need not be ashamed before the world.

But the tendency to exaggeration which runs through most of Cruikshank's productions is frequently not a fault, but a positive virtue. It forms the finest element in his drollery. If in the humour of actual every-day life he has his superiors, in the humour of fancy he cannot be approached. The exuberance of invention—the antic sportiveness—the fertility of suggestion—the endless variety of grotesque detail, so that illustrations of the main idea start out of every "coigne of vantage," out of arch and corbel, out of roof and casement, out of chair-back and table-leg, out of the pattern in the carpet, out of the tracery on the walls, out of the flame of the taper, out of the glowing embers in the fire—until, as in some of his designs for fairy tales, and in the wonderful plate called "Ghosts," the whole conception seems instinct with goblin phantasy,—all this is truly inimitable. No one does such things with half the grace and wild vivacity of Cruikshank; nor can any one so artfully suggest, in the midst of all the grimness, an over-mastering spirit of fun. The possession of this unrivalled power—which would be German if there were not a hearty English health in it all—makes Cruikshank the best illustrator we have

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terminus hotels, we will accompany the reader through its long galleries and splendid reception rooms, and give him a general view of the underground offices in which the main business of the hotel is carried on. There is a very popular print which represents a longitudinal section of a first-rate man-of-war, and which at one glance shows the spectator the whole economy and anatomy of a great war-ship of the old school. If we could make a transverse section of the Grosvenor, it would be equally interesting, and, moreover, it would represent a thing of the advanced present, instead of, as in the case of the 120-gun ship, only a picture of the past. No sight in the metropolis strikes the provincial Englishman with more astonishment than the first sight of this huge building. From the dip of Piccadilly he sees it looming in the distance, far over the head of the royal palace; as he gets nearer it seems to grow into the air; and as he *debouches* full upon it from some side street, it towers up like a mountain before him—a mountain chiselled from basement to garret with clustered fruit and flowers, all wrought in enduring stone. A fastidious taste may perhaps think the building somewhat overdressed, but there can be no dispute about the enormous amount of labour spent in its enrichment, or respecting the imposing appearance of the pile, with its "stories without end" which the giddy head refuses to count. The richness of its exterior far surpasses the Louvre Hotel, from which it totally differs as regards construction. From the open nature of its site it is lit almost wholly from without, whilst the model Parisian hotel, jammed in between tall houses, was constrained to adopt the interior court system, which, together with some advantages, on the whole contrasts unfavourably with the design of our great metropolitan hotel. The disadvantages are patent the first moment we enter the doors of the Grosvenor. Although we enter a noble hall, from which marble flights of stairs ascend with almost regal dignity and amplitude, yet we must confess that we miss the exquisite grace which greets the stranger as he drives into the crystal courtyard of the Louvre. We miss the tropical verdure and the trophies of flowers which adorn the grand court, the oriental palms on the balustraded stairs, through which fair faces gleam and bright eyes glisten from the open windows of the gilded saloon as the bell announces the arrival of strangers. By night, again, we miss the bright *café*, the brilliantly illuminated offices, and the fringe of guests smoking and claretting, and clattering *petits verres*, whilst ladies sip ices and demurely quiz; we miss, also, the *salle-à-manger* which rivals the finest rooms of the Louvre palace in gilding, in rich mouldings, and in its painted ceilings. But this, in all the true substantialities of an hotel, in the comfort of its arrangements, in the light of its apartments, and in its cooking, and last, but not least, in its moderate charges, may challenge comparison with its Parisian rival. When we speak of rivalling, however, we only refer to management and arrangements, as no London hotel yet constructed can bear comparison either with the Hôtel Grand or Louvre in magnitude. For instance, the Grosvenor makes up only 180 beds, whilst the Louvre can accommodate 500 guests, and its sister hotel an equal number, we believe. Whilst, however, Paris can only sustain two of these gigantic caravanserais, London will, in a short time, possess at least a dozen of the more moderate-sized railway hotels, of which we take the Grosvenor as a type.

But let us enter, as we have tarried long enough on the threshold. If you wish, good traveller, to spend but moderately, and you are therefore told that you must mount to the third flight, your mind and your legs also will be relieved at being invited to enter the ascending-room. At the Louvre you sigh as you see your heavy luggage taken up by the "lift," and wonder why humanity should be treated worse than trunks and portmanteaus. But "they manage these things better" at the Grosvenor, at least as far as the traveller is concerned, for he steps into a room, throws himself on a lounging sofa, and, lo! he is in a trice on the third floor. Meanwhile the porter is constrained to carry his own load and that of the traveller up the long and wearisome flights of stairs,—an error this, but one which the traveller will at least contrast favourably with the arrangement of his Parisian hosts. When we consider the waste of human muscles that a few gallons of water scientifically applied can save, we wonder that these convenient ascending-rooms were not in public use long ago. One hundred and twenty gallons of water is sufficient to work the hydraulic apparatus by which the room, with its complement of seven inmates, can be lifted, say 120 feet, which, at fivepence a thousand gallons, makes the cost a little more than a halfpenny.

But here we are on the third-floor, and as the room stops level with the landing, the head chambermaid, who has been spoken with through the gutta-percha tube from the bar below—or "bureau de reception," as our Parisian friends have it—meets us and conducts us to the apartment assigned to us. As in the Parisian hotels, there is a service to which is attached a head chambermaid and two subordinates, neatly dressed in black stuff with white aprons. The "service" here is not the gossiping, lounging room of the Louvre, in which the male attendant receives the keys and dispenses bad cigars to the little company on his particular *étage*. We know the obvious limits of service which nature draws between men and women. Men do not make the beds, and women do not act as porters. The room of the head chambermaid is used simply as a station, to receive orders and to receive the keys of the guests. One is astonished abroad to find the keys of every guest hanging in the hall of the hotel, on a black board, opposite the number of his bedroom; and one is more astonished to find that the clumsy, ill-wrought keys are all alike, and that it is the easiest thing possible either to take your neighbour's key when he is out—and you may be certain he is out by the fact of his key being on the peg—or else to use your own key to enter any apartment whose lock it will fit. When the Grosvenor was opened the foreign system was adopted, in so far as hanging the keys openly in the "service," and the result was that different rooms were entered and robbed, by the facilities thus given, to the extent of £500. If this had gone on, it would have ruined the hotel. Mr. Hobbs was therefore called in, the doors were altered so as to open from the inside only by the handle, and from the outside by the patent key; consequently, if a guest should leave his key on the mantelpiece, and slam the door behind him, the master-key of the manager would be his only means of obtaining ingress. If he took his key he would leave it at the service, not open, as abroad, but in a frame specially fitted up to receive them, and fastened with a patent lock, the key of which is retained in the possession of the head chambermaid. By this arrangement surreptitious entry into any guest's room is impossible, and since its adoption, robberies have altogether ceased.

It is unnecessary to describe the bedrooms, all of which are lofty. We may go so far as to say, they differ as widely from the old bedroom of the British hotel, as these did from the sleeping-room of a well-ordered private house of the best class. In addition to the usual conveniences, 120 of the sleeping-rooms have private *closets*. Those only who have experienced the indescribable odour of those apartments in the immediate vicinity of the said *closets*, in the very best hotels in Paris, will be able to appreciate the merit of this arrangement. There are private suites of rooms on the different floors for families; and as no great hotel should be without its facilities for wedding breakfasts, the Grosvenor boasts a resplendent range of chambers fitted for the especial service of Hymen. The ground floor is devoted wholly to the public rooms; the dining-room is perhaps one of the most cheerful apartments in London. Unlike the dark *salle à manger* of the Louvre, which is lit by a borrowed light from the interior, its windows look out upon the stream of life for ever flowing to and from the Victoria station. No attempt has been made to introduce the *table d'hôte* dinner, as it has been proved over and over again that it is not suited to the tastes of Englishmen. Your Briton has no objection to make one of the three or four hundred guests who quiz each other in foreign hotels, or even at English watering-places; but we decline to depart from our habits of reserve in our own great cities. If any person could have successfully established a *table d'hôte* dinner in London, Mr. Verey was the man; but he made the attempt, and failed, some years ago, and it has never been tried a second time, at least for the delectation of first-class Englishmen. Since the breaking up of the pew system, if we may so term the high boxes which of old partitioned guests from each other, isolated tables, to hold four persons, seem to be the fashion, and these at the dinner-hour are generally well filled, attracted by the very good cooking and the admirable manner in which the table and dinner is served. It is certainly an innovation in hotel charges to be able to obtain a really good dinner of soup, fish, and joints, with vegetables, for four shillings, and a dinner from the joint, with vegetables, for three shillings. The lift, which communicates with every sitting-room as high as the third story from the kitchen, distributes each meal all over the house "hot." The smoking-room is a magnificent apartment, thoroughly ventilated. The ladies are taken care of as well as the men. They have a private room devoted exclusively to themselves, and opening into the library, well stored with books and periodicals, which is appropriated to the guests resident in the house. It will be seen that this new style of hotel, of which the Grosvenor is the exemplar, is arranged more like the apartments in a private mansion than the ordinary inns we have been accustomed to, where the coffee-room, at best, contains a Post-office Directory, or perhaps a local guide book—the newspaper always being engaged by the gentleman "upstairs."

But the chief points of interest in the hotel are to be sought in the basement. Here, in the spacious offices underground, the real agencies by which the great household above is provided for, lie hidden from the general eye. It is a small town we traverse, rather than mere domestic offices. For instance, under the road, and opening into the spacious area, we notice the bakehouse—all those delicate rolls which furnish the dinner-table are made on the premises; and as we pass, the white-capped baker is seen busy with his peel, getting ready the bread fresh and fresh for the day's meal. In the next arch we see the fish-store—it is a veritable fishmonger's shop, bright with scarlet lobster, glistening with silver salmon, and tinted with the delicate hues of the red mullet, all ranged on the ice-cold slabs. In the next compartment is the ice-house, with its refrigerators, the grand conservatory of perishable delicacies in the dog-days. Some little distance off, water in its liquid condition, is to be found. Boilers under the roadway circulate hot water over the entire house; within the distance of twenty yards we pass from the Tropics to the Pole, and witness the arrangements for dispensing either refreshing cold or life-restoring warmth to the population above.

In the basement of the establishment are to be found the usual offices, but so magnified in their dimensions as to be scarce recognizable. For instance, here is the den of "Boots;" but this renowned individual, like our Lord High Admiral, has been put in "commission," and his duties are now performed by a committee of six. Then the washing-room is passed—a large apartment presided over by an active little lady, who passes her entire life amid large mounds of soiled linen, which are ever rising and falling around her like the foam-crested waves of a chopping sea. Curious to see the daily items which composed the mass, we furtively glanced at the washing-list—a document almost as big as a parish

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of the one—viz., one for hunting, fishing, and sale of furs; another for the partition and disposal of the lands; and a third for prosecution of mineral researches. If on the principle of *ex uno disce omnes*, they would be dividend-paying indeed. At least let us hope that they possess a better chance of success than the Australian Agricultural and the Peel River Company, which, with regard to prices, in the heyday of their supposed prosperity, went up like a rocket, but subsequently descended like the stick, and are now but second and third-class securities. Most people do not believe in these revivals. These old-fashioned companies, born in periods similar to the South Sea, the Levant, the Turkey, and other associations of that ilk, have lost caste; and except during a time of speculation, as at present, this kind of metamorphosis would not be tolerated. What next will be the character of enterprize adopted by the International Company to show its activity in working? Will it be Dock amalgamation, Bank amalgamation, or other far-sought arrangement? *Nous verrons.* The General Credit and Financial Society and the London Financial Association are comparatively quiet and unobstrusive in their transactions. They have made no demonstrative displays—they have not reached forward to take large responsibilities—but they have nevertheless moved onwards, and in some directions with profit. Here again it must be confessed that the risk will be proportional, and that unless the soundest discretion is exercised, a single loss may outweigh the general accumulations of the entire half-year. Agencies, it is believed, will be given of these two companies—agencies which will leave a commission without a participation in the adventure, and thus narrow the limit of hazard. If business of this class in sufficient magnitude can be compassed, it may turn out not so greatly remunerative, but it will be much less liable to fluctuation than that which the International has so zealously pursued.

These companies, their engagements and their prospects, have, as we have said before, brought the late speculation to a stand. Their inauguration and present development have exhausted the creative powers of promoters, and present such demands for capital that new schemes, except through their intervention, will fade almost as soon as they are presented. The *auri sacra fames* of the public has lost much of its strength, since it is apparent that premiums may be suddenly converted into a discount, and that calls are gradually but surely testing the *bona fides* of many of the mushroom projects. We do not hear so much now as a few months ago of the large sums made by the individuals who were early in the field with the new Banks, the new Insurances, and the new Hotel Companies. The claims of promoters are not so liberally recognized, preliminary expenses are ruthlessly curtailed, and company-mongering solicitors and qualified directors are much more discreet in either entering into or allowing themselves to be announced as connected with these undertakings. If these respective financial societies shall have effected no other good, they will have assisted materially in crushing and placing beyond the power of committing harm a variety of small doubtful schemes which would have preyed on the purses and persons of that section of the public least capable of protecting themselves, and who, though they can ill afford it, invariably become the dupes of designing knaves. The fate of the professional speculators themselves few will regret. They have had the time to make their harvest, and if they have neglected the opportunity they have but themselves to blame. Their fraudulently obtained proceeds, whether through promotion money, share rigging, or allotment hunting, if secured in one channel, will speedily be exhausted in another, the temptation among this class of dealing in the multifarious securities afloat being too great to be resisted. The final reckoning will come with them; we already see it approaching; the days of bright hats, bright ties, bulbous pins, and cable chains will soon pass away; and in the course of the autumn, when the "spirit of seediness" shall have made himself at home in these circles, we shall meet many of our old acquaintances in apparel more suited to their recognized worth and proper position in society.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

BISHOP WARBURTON.*

THE once great reputation of Bishop Warburton has dwindled down to little more than the preservation of his name; nor can it be said that he did or wrote anything for which he deserves to be better remembered. At the same time, as he filled a considerable place amongst the literary men of the last century, his life and works serve in some degree to illustrate the manners of his time and the state of learning in England. In this portly volume Mr. Watson has carefully collected all the facts that can throw light on the career and character of the pugnacious prelate; and he tells us quite as much as any one need care to know about the heavy treatises and bitter pamphlets of which he was the author, and the innumerable controversies in which he was constantly involved. We suspect, indeed, that the general reader's interest in the subject will hardly suffice for the digestion of so substantial a biographical meal, especially as we are bound to add that the cooking hardly makes amends for the poverty of the materials. Mr. Watson is far from an animated writer, and has an unfortunate tendency to indulge a vein of commonplace reflection. He has rather flung together a mass of crude materials, than worked them up into an effective and interesting whole. Still, his work is a storehouse of information, and we propose to use it for the purpose of sketching briefly the Bishop's life.

William Warburton was born at Newark, December 24th, 1698. After receiving his education at the grammar schools of Oakham and Newark, he was articled to an attorney; but although he was admitted a member of this branch of the legal profession, he soon turned his attention to the Church, and received deacon's orders in December, 1723. As might have been expected, his stock of learning was at this time very scanty, as is proved by the wretched style of the Latin dedication to Sir R. Sutton of a volume of miscellaneous translations. However, the faults of his style did not offend the influential personage whose patronage he obviously desired to secure. It was by Sir R. Sutton's exertions that he obtained his first living when he assumed priest's orders in 1727; and to the same source he was indebted for some other country preferments, including the incumbency of Brant-Broughton, near Newark, where he resided during eighteen of the most active years of his life. Previous to his settling down in this parish, he spent some time in London, where he became acquainted with Theobald, to whose edition of Shakespeare he contributed a number of annotations. The circumstance is principally interesting, because it has been made the basis of a charge that he was at this time a conspirator with Theobald's party to annoy and humble Pope, whose intimate friend—it might be said whose flatterer—he subsequently became. To its full extent the accusation is probably untrue; but there can be little doubt that he must have given at least a tacit assent to the depreciatory language in which Theobald was wont to describe the author of the "Dunciad." In 1727 he published his "Inquiry into the Causes of Prodigies and Miracles as related by Historians," a singularly poor performance, and only worth mentioning for the audacity with which the conclusion was plagiarized from one of the most striking passages in the "Areopagitica." His first really important work was "The Alliance between Church and State." His theory of the relations between these bodies was rather that of a politician than a divine. According to him Church and State, although originally distinct, had voluntarily formed an alliance on just and reasonable terms for the sake of mutual advantage. The equivalent which the Church received for acknowledging the civil power to be her superior, was protection in her acts and support to her authority. On the other hand, the State obtained a right to call on the Church to exert her influence in the promotion of virtue and good order, and as a support to the civil jurisdiction. In selecting the religious society with which it will ally itself, the State will be guided by its size and influence, "for the larger a religious society is the better able will it be to be serviceable in an alliance, as having the greatest number under its influence." The connection once formed will not be indissoluble, "for it will naturally subsist only so long as the religious society thus placed in alliance with the State maintains its superiority in numbers over other religious societies." At the same time, while it continues, Warburton was of opinion that it was perfectly justifiable to provide by a test law for the exclusion of members of dissenting bodies from offices of honour and power, in which they might exert influence to the hurt of the allied society. It was a necessary result from these principles that the civil courts should be superior to the ecclesiastical; that no ecclesiastic should be permitted to exercise his functions without the magistrate's approbation and licence; and that the Church, as a body, should enter into business even in the convocations, which they may hold without the express sanction of the civil power. It is hardly surprising that a theory so thoroughly Erastian in all its parts, should have received but little favour from any party in the Church, either in his own or subsequent times.

The work, however, by which Warburton is best known is "The Divine Legation of Moses." It was the object of this paradoxical production, to furnish an answer to those who argue that the absence of the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments from the religious system of Moses, is a decisive proof that he was an impostor. Admitting the fact to be as stated, Warburton contends that it leads irresistibly to the very opposite conclusion, and shows that the Jewish polity must have been under the immediate protection of heaven, or been upheld by means of a special and extraordinary providence:—

"His demonstration of this position he promised to leave very little short of mathematical certainty, requiring only the following postulatum to be granted him, which he considered that all would allow to be reasonable:

"'That a skilful lawgiver, establishing a religion and civil policy, acts with certain views and for certain ends, and not capriciously, or without purpose or design.'

"This being granted, his proof was to be erected on three very clear and simple propositions:

1. "'That to inculcate the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is necessary to the well-being of civil society:

2. "'That all mankind, especially the most wise and learned nations of antiquity, have concurred in believing and teaching that this doctrine was of such use to civil society:

3. "'That the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is not to be found in, nor did make part of, the Mosaic dispensation.'

"'Propositions so clear and evident,' he says, 'that, one would think, we might directly proceed to our conclusion:

"'That therefore the law of Moses is of Divine original.'

* The Life of William Warburton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester from 1760 to 1779, with Remarks on his Works, by the Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A., &c., &c. London: Longmans & Co.

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headings of its five parts, and that the book itself is what we have just called it, a simple, lucid, and lively sketch of the facts of geological science. In a short introductory chapter the author treats of nature as a book, or rather a library of many volumes, rich in information, written in various languages or dialects, and open to the study and the wonder of man. One of these volumes is the "Great Stone Book," whose leaves are the rock-beds that form all that is accessible to us of the solid substance of the earth; and in it we are to read, by careful observation of its multifarious contents, by equally careful observation of the processes regularly going on in the world around us, and by such interpretation of the former as cannot fail to be suggested by the latter, the authentic history of the earth. A course of reading, this, which few of us in this hardworking world can even attempt; but the fruit of which, gathered laboriously by those who do go through it, and pleasantly presented to us, we shall do well to receive and taste, not without gratitude. We fear, however, that in spite of wise and enthusiastic teachers, and notwithstanding the multiplication of popular manuals, a very large majority will do no more than seek the idlest amusement in random opening of this "Great Stone Book;" "staring with astonishment at the strange skeletons in the British Museum, or the still more strange stony monsters perpetually threatening the following night's repose of the visitor to the gardens of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham."

In the first part, entitled "The Languages of the Great Stone Book," our author explains the action of rivers, sunshine, wind, rain, and frost on the surface of the earth. He points out the difference between the river-bed and the sea-beach, describing the process of the formation of each of them; and he thus sums up the vast effects of the action of rain and rivers:—

"Over the whole world the hills and mountains are being gradually moved away bodily, and lowered by degrees, because of the rain which falls on them and runs off to form the rivers; and the stones and mud carried away help to fill up the sea. This is the inevitable effect of rain, and it is not a small effect, for the whole of Holland is entirely formed by the mud thus brought down by the river Rhine; the greater part of Lower Egypt, the most ancient agricultural country in the world, was deposited in the same way by the Nile; an enormous country in India is the result of deposits left behind by the Ganges; and, in America, the city of New Orleans is built on mud which the Mississippi has brought down from the interior of the continent it drains. Every day throughout the year does this great river throw into the Gulf of Mexico sufficient mud to make a conical hill half a mile round at the bottom and sixty feet high."

In the second part, entitled "The Stones of the Great Stone Book," we have chapters on clay and its varieties, chalk, limestones and marble, sand and sandstone, granite, granitic rocks and lava. The chapter on the clays can hardly fail to excite interest in any reader, however unprepared he may come to its perusal; and many will probably learn for the first time, and with no little astonishment, that the beautiful metal aluminium, which has recently attracted so much attention, and is likely to become of great importance in manufactures and the arts, is the fundamental element of the vulgar material of which we make bricks and build our houses. The importance of clay as one of the most abundant combinations entering into the solid structure of the earth can scarcely be exaggerated. Its relations to agriculture and its uses in various manufactures are more or less known to most people; while few probably are aware that "slate of all kinds is nothing more than clay that has undergone an enormous squeezing," and can by an easy process be reduced again to clay; that felspar, which, with closely allied minerals, is "the basis of all the granites and also of all the basalts and lavas all over the world," is itself a clay with the addition of soda or potash; that pumice and lava are only modified clays; and that "even some precious stones," the garnet, emerald, beryl, and carbuncle, belong to the same class of bodies.

In the chapter on limestones we find an account of the caverns with their bone-contents and chipped flints, which have become familiar to us in connection with the great question, now under discussion, of the antiquity of man; and also a brief explanation of the formation of coal. The curious footprints and markings which have been discovered on some of the sandstone deposits in Europe and North America, are thus described in the following chapter:—

"Triangular footprints, as of birds, are mixed with marks of the step of some small but heavy animal, perhaps an ancient turtle; and here and there are huge clumsy indentations, more like the effect of a large hand than a foot pressing on the sand. These hand-like marks are in sets of two, not four,—the corresponding two being not only much smaller, but generally obliterated. It would seem that the animal must have resembled in its proportions those living kinds which, like the kangaroo among quadrupeds and the frog among reptiles, have two large hind-feet and two very small fore-feet. But no animal now lives, of either class, capable of producing such a foot-mark; and until some bones of the animal could be found, it was hopeless to speculate on its nature. At last, in rocks not far off and of the same kind, bones and teeth were found, which proved that a reptile had lived whose proportions correspond with those of the frog, but whose dimensions exceed those of the largest kangaroo."

The third part, entitled "The Placement and Displacement of the Stones in the Great Stone Book," after pointing out how we may find a connecting link between the present and the past by study of the beds in a brick-field or gravel-pit, treats of quarries and mining, volcanoes and earthquakes, and the disturbance of rocks. In reference to the latter subject, the author protests against the seemingly natural tendency of the mind to account for the great changes which have evidently taken place in the position of the rocks and the configuration of the earth's surface, by imagining certain violent movements and tremendous catastrophes of which experience has furnished us no example. He warns the student against assuming interferences, rather than gradual and successive adaptations, in the great system of nature, as one of the greatest and most harmful errors.

Part the fourth, "The Pictures in the Great Stone Book," will perhaps be found the most attractive of all. One chapter is devoted to a statement of what the pictures are, and what they mean; another to an account of ancient forests and modern fuel; and a third to a sketch of the inhabitants of the pre-Adamite world. The pictures are, of course, the fossils-petrifactions, as they used to be called—or remains of animal and vegetable life embedded in the rocks, and transformed into stone. That this transformation was possible without destroying the details of the once living structure; that the most minute peculiarities of shell, bone, or wood "can be examined under the microscope in the fossil state, quite as well as if recently obtained from a living specimen," is one of the strangest facts known to us. This marvellous change, says Mr. Ansted,—

"is effected in a manner not very easy to understand, since the original substance must be removed, and the new one supplied particle by particle; and this must have taken place not unfrequently while lying on the ground, or scarcely buried more than a few feet in the earth. There can be no doubt, however, as to the fact; inasmuch as both wood and coral, and occasionally shells and bone, are found in the transition state, consisting partly of the original and partly of the replacing mineral."

A short inspection of a coal mine prepares us to understand the picture—a *restoration*—of an ancient forest, with its gigantic ferns, its curious *Sigillaria*,—lofty trunks "fluted like the columns of a temple," and terminating in magnificent crests of fronds, with scars at regular intervals on the trunks, indicating the places of the growth and falling away of leaves or fronds; and the roots and rootlets spreading out in a complicated mass, like spokes of a wheel, from the base of the trunk; its *Lepidodendron*, or tree-like club-moss, and its *Calamite*, or gigantic reed. At the close of his chapter on the pre-Adamite world, the author wisely reminds us how limited, after all, our means of knowledge of the immeasurable past are; how very small a proportion of the immense number of animated forms which occupied in succession the land and the waters of our planet have become known to us, or are likely to become known.

"We grope about in the dark, picking up here a little, and there a little; but we can never hope to remove and bring to light all that is left, and there must remain to the last, in the great burying-place of nature, a far larger series than the most searching investigation of man will ever bring to light. Could we even attain to a complete knowledge of organic remains, we should have made but one step, and that an imperfect and incomplete step, towards an acquaintance with the life that has passed away, for there must still remain large gaps to be supplied of such animals as pass out of existence, and leave no durable skeleton or hard part capable of conservation."

The fifth part, entitled "The Treasures of the Great Stone Book," includes chapters on the precious stones and gems, the metals, and the circulation of water. And then follows a very short chapter headed, "The Shutting-up of the Great Stone Book;" merely a sort of expanded "finis." The list (pp. 263, 264) of the silly Polish superstitions respecting certain precious stones, the months, and certain moral qualities, and that setting forth the symbolic connection between twelve gems and the twelve apostles, are not worth printing in any book, and are most of all *impertinent* in a book of science. The illustrations to this volume are, most of them, mere fancy compositions, and do not add much to its value or attractiveness.

The science of geology is scarcely past its infancy, but its growth is rapid and vigorous, and it is certain to attract the attention of a continually increasing number of men. All discoveries which invest it with a more special human interest, such as those of the flint weapons, the Scandinavian and other "kitchen-middins," and, above all, the now famous human jaw of the Abbeville deposit, will enlarge the number of its students. It is possible that even yet some wonderful doubters may lurk in corners here and there, who dare avow their disbelief in fossils as real remains of living forms, and there is nothing for it but to leave them alone in their singular glory. A more numerous class are those who shrink from geology on account of the "uneasy relations" still existing between its established facts and certain points of religious belief. But every day is doing something towards lessening this discord and difficulty, and consummating the victory of science, which is the victory of facts. To all those who are desirous of getting a general view of the field of geological science and of the diversified objects of interest it includes, and who can spare but a small portion of time for the purpose, we can recommend as a suitable help this volume of Professor Ansted's.

A MEDIÆVAL TOWN.*

At a general view, the history of one town appears very like that of another, and presents few attractions to an ordinary reader.

* The Town and Borough of Leominster; with Illustrations of its Ancient and Modern History. By the Rev. Geo. Fyler Townsend, M.A. London: Arthur Hall & Co.

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ing to him as manorial lord, and they remained in the crown until the reign of James I., who granted the whole manor, with all its ancient rights, possessions, and privileges, to his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, and it was restored, after the stormy season of the Commonwealth, to his son, the worthless spendthrift of the reign of Charles II., who, after having alienated various portions of it, left it to be sold off to pay the mortgage upon it. It was bought by Major Wildman in 1675, who sold it again, in 1692, to Lord Conyngsby, a nobleman intimately connected with this part of Herefordshire. Lord Conyngsby possessed no little ambition, and a violent and overbearing temper, and he believed that the original royal grant to the Duke of Buckingham, which was vested in himself by his purchase, gave him a right to exercise a supreme and almost royal power in the town of Leominster. In his attempts to enforce his imaginary claims, he obstinately persevered during a long series of years, involving himself in a labyrinth of vexatious and expensive law-suits, none of which were successful. With him ended all attempts to disturb the municipal freedom or rights of the borough of Leominster.

Mr. Townsend's "History of Leominster" is a good book, much superior to the generality of our local histories. He has gone to work upon what remains of the local records diligently and zealously and honestly, and he has thus been enabled to tell us much that is entertaining and instructive relating to the habits and doings of the townspeople in past ages. It is a valuable contribution to this class of literature.

A QUARTETT OF STORY-TELLERS.

The plan adopted by Mr. Charles Dickens in the Christmas numbers of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* seems to have been present to Mrs. Owen when she "arranged," if not when she wrote, the series of stories and sketches which form the work to which she has given the title of "Snowed Up."* These sketches and stories are all of the ordinary magazine type, and each of them is complete in itself, and bears no reference to any other in the volumes. Yet the authoress, by means of a slight narrative, has strung the various chapters together, thereby not only giving to her work an air of more completeness than a mere collection of tales could have, but also giving it a better title to assume the shape of the three-volume novel. The pictures have evidently been painted before the frame-work was conceived, and all Mrs. Owen's ingenuity cannot conceal the fact; but they are pictures which, for the most part, might make their way in the world without any frame-work at all. The structure of the work is, by this time, somewhat hackneyed. A number of travellers, the majority of whom are strangers to each other, being "snowed up" during an Alpine tour, endeavour to relieve the tedium of their detention by each telling a story or sketching an incident. The stories are worth telling and the sketches worth drawing, but when one has overcome some natural astonishment that so many excellent story-tellers should be thus accidentally brought together, one cannot struggle against the conviction that they tell their tales as mortals in quiet converse never did tell tales since the world began. Who, for instance, ever heard a respectable and sensible lady deliberately begin a story with words like these?—

"The Rosary of Time, on which he tells our years as they go evenly by, and counts the joys and sorrows of each sliding from his touch upon the silken string of life, soon to be knitted into the endless round, eternity, so far differs from its type as that there is no beginning again when the number is once told."

This would sound absurd enough falling from any woman's lips, yet the story which it commences is one of the best in the book and contains in itself sufficient matter for a good three-volume novel. The fact is, that one of the greatest difficulties which novelists experience is to make their characters hold even short conversations in the language of rational creatures, and the art of writing a fire-side story in the words in which it might be spoken is very rare. And yet Mrs. Owen's connecting narrative is lively, and even clever, and her tales and sketches make as readable matter, taken alone, as anything of the kind we have met with for a very long time. Wherefore, our fault-finding is no fault-finding at all, especially since we hasten to declare that our authoress has made some of the "snowed-up" party read their stories instead of telling them, and that few lovers of light literature will, after reading the first story, lay the volumes down until they have come to the end of the last.

We think it was the late Mr. Wakley who asserted his ability to write poetry by the yard. We have no doubt that Miss Sarah Stredder, the authoress of "The Fate of a Year,"† could write prose by the mile. But as Mr. Wakley's verses were not first-class, so Miss Stredder's novel is remarkable for the ease with which she gives quantity, rather than for the grace with which she gives quality. We have never been of the faith of those who maintain that anyone can drive a gig or write a leading article; but, after reading "The Fate of a Year," we are inclined to believe that anybody who can write at all can produce a novel and find a publisher. Our authoress is never at a loss for matter; and though she seems comparatively careless about plot or incident, she is one of the most fertile reporters of conversation we ever met with. She could fill a long chapter with small talk about the weather, and expand the common salutation, "How do you do?" into half-a-dozen pages at least. We are all acquainted with the peculiar dexterity with which M. Alexander Dumas, and others of his school, sometimes get over their paper. "Eh bien: c'est fini!" "Fini!" "Est-ce possible?" "Oui, oui;" and so on. So many lines to a page, and about two words, on an average, to each line. Miss Stredder, however, is dexterous, not in getting over the paper merely, but in actually crowding it with matter. One thing in M. Dumas's favour was, that if there was very little writing there was not much reading; but in "The Fate of a Year" there is a burdensome amount of both; and so much of the matter is altogether unconnected with the plot, as such, that it is difficult to keep the thread of the story in one's mind at all. Yet there is evidence in the volumes that Miss Stredder can write well. The reading of Simon Liscard's will, for instance, evinces considerable dramatic power. The fact is, that our authoress, having to tell a tale for which one volume would have amply sufficed, has utterly marred it by expanding it into three; the fault of fully one-half the three-volume novels that issue from the press.

The author of "Joseph Anstey"* has crowded into one volume an amount of matter that would have sufficed to fill the ordinary three. He calls his work "a story of chequered life, from youth upwards," and takes for his motto the words of Lord Brougham, "The success of mediocrity, both in public and in private life, affords a valuable lesson to the world—a lesson the more extensively useful because the example is calculated to operate upon a far more enlarged scale than the feats of rare endowments." The minuteness of detail in the book would induce the belief that a considerable portion of it relates Mr. Henry's own experience of life, and, remembering the dogma of the late Mr. John Murray, that every man had "one good book in him," it might have been expected that a work like this would have been at all events readable. But Mr. Henry has yet to learn the art of telling a story or writing biography, and "Joseph Anstey" is an utter failure, whether regarded as fiction, or as personal history. The success of mediocrity is, no doubt, capable of being made a profitable, if not always an inviting theme, but, to be either, it must be remarkable for its magnitude, or for the means by which it was obtained, or for both. Now the first half dozen men whom the reader might encounter in Fleet-street would probably have more remarkable self-histories to relate, if put to the test, than that which Mr. Henry relates of his hero whose success, after all, is nearly as mediocre as his abilities. A narrative of the life-struggle of humble talent against adverse circumstances, overcome at last, can hardly fail to be interesting otherwise than from the incompetence of the narrator. Even a life like that of Joseph Anstey must have had a good deal of earnest in it, but the earnest here is left almost entirely out of sight, in order that Mr. Henry may crowd his canvass with incident, to distinguish which the word "trivial" would be too mild, and the word "imbecile" hardly too severe. We quite agree with Lord Brougham's proposition; but until we can have better "lessons" of the "success of mediocrity" than the volume before us presents, we shall prefer to confine our reading in that line to the history of Mr. Richard Whittington.

"Tried and True"† is a simple and well-told story of a course of true love that runs with the customary degree of roughness till it reaches the usual haven of marriage, and "they were happy ever after." A woman's self-sacrificing devotion to her father, who has fallen from affluence to poverty, and the constancy towards her of a lover, who encounters the anger of a rich uncle and the loss of fortune in consequence, the baffled craft of the uncle in question, and the sufferings of poor dressmakers, who work for cold-hearted ladies of fashion, form the groundwork of the story. There is but little of originality, either in plot or character, though the hero and heroine, Harry Clare and Grace Arnold, are very well drawn; but the story flows smoothly along; there is not a page of dreary moralizing in the book, and hardly a line in the way of conversation but what is necessary to help the narrative forward. Hence, in a great measure, the success of "Tried and True." The author, having a story to tell, has been wise enough to satisfy himself with simply telling it.

* Snowed Up. By Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen. Three volumes. London: T. C. Newby.

† The Fate of a Year. By Miss Sarah Stredder. Three volumes. London: Charles J. Skeet.

BISHOP COLENSO ON DEUTERONOMY.

(Concluded from the London Review, *June 20.)*

We continue our digest of Part III. of Dr. Colenso's work on the Pentateuch.

Chapter IV.

Having, as he believes, established, (1) that the book of Deuteronomy must have been written chiefly by one writer; (2) that this writer must have been a different person from the writer or writers by whom the rest of the Pentateuch, speaking generally, was written; (3) that the Deuteronomist, whoever he may have been must have lived in a later age than either the Elohist or Jehovist, since he takes for granted facts recorded in their narrative; (4) that there are some indications of this book having been written in a *very late* age of the Hebrew history; (5) that there are historical circumstances which suggest that it may have been com-

* Joseph Anstey; or, the Patron and the Protégé. By D. S. Henry. London: John Wilson.

† Tried and True. By Alton Clyde. London: T. C. Newby.

xvi. 16, could scarcely have arisen in an age when Solomon, though he 'loved Jehovah, walking in the statutes of David, his father,' yet 'sacrificed and burnt incense in the high places,' 1 K. iii. 3, and specially at the 'great high place' of Gibeon, v. 4 (whereas the Ark, the symbol of God's Presence, was at that time in the Tabernacle on Mount Zion), nor in an age when the people of the Ten Tribes would have had to travel all the way to Jerusalem for that purpose. We do not read that the prophets of Israel, such as Elijah or Elisha, ever went to Jerusalem to keep the Passover, or obeyed the solemn command to go up thrice in every year to the 'place which Jehovah had chosen.' And the most pious kings, such as Asa, Jehoshaphat, Joash, Amaziah, Uzziah, and Jotham, Hezekiah's grandfather, still sacrificed, without hesitation, on the high places, and brought their offerings to other altars than that erected in the Temple, which they would not have done, we must believe, if this law existed, and was known to be of Divine, or even Mosaic origin."

The Bishop then proceeds at some length to give his reasons for believing that the law in Deuteronomy, confining all sacrifices to Jerusalem, could not have been written before the age of Hezekiah.

(ii.) He observes that, throughout the Book of Deuteronomy, the Levites are coupled continually with the poor and destitute, "the widow, the stranger, and the fatherless." Not a word is said of their having "any divine right to *demand*, or, at least, to *expect*, the payment of *tithes* from the people, according to the provision supposed to have been made by Jehovah himself, N. xviii. 21, only a few months before through Moses, who is now (in Deuteronomy) represented to be speaking,—'Behold, I have given the children of Levi all the tenth in Israel, for an inheritance.'" But they are spoken of, again and again, as depending, like other necessitous people, mainly upon the charity of others, while "not a trace of this poverty is found in the other Books of the Pentateuch."

(iii.) "The most complete contradiction obviously exists between the two sets of laws, supposed to be uttered, the first directly by Jehovah himself, the second by Moses, within a few months of each other."

In support of this position, Dr. Colenso compares D. xii. 15, 16, with L. xvii. 3, 4; D. xii. 17—19, with N. xviii. 21, 24, 26; N. xviii. 15—18; D. xii. 27, with L. i. 5, 11, iii. 2, 8, 13, vii. 2, i. 15, iv. 6, 7, 17, 18, 25, 30, 34.

Chapter VIII.

In this chapter many other discrepancies are pointed out between the law as it is laid down in Deuteronomy and in the earlier books of the Pentateuch, in support of the position that Deuteronomy only represents "the state of ecclesiastical matters which existed in *later* days when that book was written."

It would be useless to pursue the mode we have hitherto adopted in this digest, of taking chapter by chapter, and laying before our readers even the principal reasons which Dr. Colenso puts forward in support of his theory with regard to Deuteronomy. We have given enough of them to put our readers in possession of the general character of the book; and we shall now proceed to the summary of "results" which the bishop believes he has arrived at by his examination of the whole book of Deuteronomy.

He maintains that the "phenomena" he has pointed out—"the contradictions, variations, and numerous indications of a more advanced state of civil and religious development"—would be sufficient to satisfy us that the book must have been written in a different age from that in which the other four books, generally, of the Pentateuch were written, and in a much later day.

From the "signs of time" which he has observed in the course of his examination, he arrives at the following conclusions:—(1) Deuteronomy was written after the Elohistic and Jehovistic portions of the other four books, since reference is made throughout to matters of fact related in them, and expressly to the laws about leprosy. (2) Hence it was written after the times of Samuel and David; and this is further confirmed by the fact that the laws relating to the kingdom seem not to have been known to Samuel, 1 S. viii. 6—18, nor to the later writer of Samuel's doings. (3) The mention of the kingdom in xvii. 14—20, with the distinct reference to the dangers likely to arise to the State from the King multiplying to himself "wives" and "silver and gold," and "horses," implies that it was written after the age of Solomon; and this is confirmed by the very frequent references to the "place which Jehovah would choose," that is, Jerusalem and the Temple. (4) The recognition of the independence of Edom carries down its composition to the time of their complete liberation from the control of the Kings of Judah in the reign of Ahaz. (5) It was written after the time of Hezekiah's Reformation, when the high places were removed, which the former Kings of Judah, even the best of them, had freely permitted. (6) It was written after the captivity of the Ten Tribes, in the sixth year of Hezekiah's reign; since the sorrows of that event are evidently referred to as matters which were well known, but which now were things of the past. (7) It was written after the great spread in Judah, in Manasseh's time, of the worship of the "sun and moon and the host of heaven." (8) It was written *before* the time of Josiah's Reformation, since the words ascribed to Huldah expressly refer to it; and, indeed, there can be little doubt that this book, whether alone or with the other books, was that found in the Temple by Hilkiah, and was the direct cause of that Reformation. (9) Hence it can scarcely be doubted that the book of Deuteronomy was written, either in *the latter part of Manasseh's reign*, or in *the early part of Josiah's*.

Dr. Colenso cites Ewald, Riehm, Bleek, Kuenen, and others, who are of opinion that the most probable supposition is that it was written in the latter part of Manasseh's reign. De Wette, Von Bohlen, Knobel, &c., place its composition in the reign of Josiah; and with them he agrees.

"If it was really written in Manasseh's time, we are then met by the following difficulties. In that case, the author may have placed it in the Temple in Manasseh's lifetime, without the knowledge of any one, which, of course, is conceivable. But then he must have gone his way, *leaving so valuable a fruit of so much labour* to the chances of the future,—or we may say to the overruling of Providence,—without communicating to any one the fact of its existence; and he must have *died*, without betraying his secret,—without showing any personal interest in the success of his great enterprise, or caring to see any result of it in his own days,—nay, without even making any provision against the possibility of the book itself being neglected, destroyed, or lost, while it lay unknown and unheeded in the Temple, during the latter portion of Manasseh's idolatrous reign. For we take no account of the chronicler's story of Manasseh's repentance, 2 Ch. xxxiii. 18, 19, of which the Book of Kings says nothing.

"Or, if the writer himself survived the reign of Manasseh, and the short reign of Amon, and so was living in the early years of Josiah,—or if any one was then living, to whom the writer, before his death, *had* communicated his secret,—it seems very difficult to account for the long and total silence with respect to the existence of this book which was maintained during *seventeen* years of Josiah's reign, when the king's docile piety and youth would have encouraged the production of such a book, if it really existed, and there was such imperative necessity for that Reformation to be begun as soon as possible, with a view to which the book itself was written.

"Thus it seems to us, on the above grounds only, *most* reasonable to suppose that the book was *in process of composition* during these first seventeen years of Josiah's reign. The youth of the prince—his piety—his willingness to follow the teaching of the Prophets around him—gave every encouragement for such an attempt being made to bring about the great change that was needed. Possibly some years of Josiah's reign had passed before the work was begun, though we can scarcely doubt that it must have taken some time for its completion. Still two or three years, at most, might suffice for this; and during that interval, however short or long, we may conceive insertions to have been made from time to time, as fresh ideas occurred to the writer, and thus we may account in some measure for the numerous repetitions of the same sentiment by which the book is characterized."

Dr. Colenso next addresses himself to the question, Who was the writer? Independently of his "free handling" of the earlier records, he must have been a remarkable person who conceived the idea of adding another book to the existing Tetrateuch. "A writer of such originality, power, and eloquence—of such earnest piety, such ardent patriotism, such tender human affections,—must have surely filled a very prominent position in the age in which he lived." Jeremiah lived in this age. He began to prophesy "in the thirteenth year of King Josiah," four or five years before this book was found in the Temple. There are not a few very striking indications of a close resemblance between the language of Jeremiah and that of the Deuteronomist. Could he have been the writer? Dr. Colenso reserves the further consideration of this question for another part of his work.

We come now to his "Concluding Remarks."

It must be admitted, says Dr. Colenso, as the results of the preceding investigations (Parts I., II., and III.), that the traditional belief, that the whole Pentateuch, with a few important exceptions, was written by Moses himself, can no longer be maintained; and that, whatever portions of the other books may have been written by him, yet certainly the Book of Deuteronomy was *not* written by him, but is the product of a much later time, and bears the distinct impress of that time and its circumstances. "Yet this book it is, and this alone, of which the authorship is actually claimed for Moses. . . . . Not only are we told, D. xxxi. 22, that Moses 'wrote' the song which we find recorded in D. xxxii., but the writing of the whole book, or, at least, of the principal portion of it, is plainly ascribed to him in D. xxxi. 9—11." Again, "this book also it is, in point of fact, which forms, so to speak, the most living portion, the very sum and substance of the whole Pentateuch. When we speak of the 'Law of Moses' we mean chiefly the Book of Deuteronomy. And we cannot but remember that it is this book also which is quoted again and again, with special emphasis, in the New Testament." But are the words quoted from Deuteronomy—["He answered and said, It is written, Thou shalt not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. iv. 4); "Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God" (ver. 7); "Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve" (ver. 10): passages quoted from D. viii. 3, vi. 16, vi. 13, x. 20]—less true because they were written by some later prophet and not by Moses? "Are they true *only* because they are 'written' in this 'Book of the Law?' Are they not rather true because they are true in themselves, by whomsoever written or spoken—eternally and unchangeably true,—and, as such, come home at once, with living power and authority, to the hearts and consciences of living men?"

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temptation and trial,—more sorrowful and ashamed when we have fallen,—more quick to rise, and go on again, in the path of duty, with tears and thanksgivings,—more eager to tell out the love of God to others, whether to those who as yet are groping, 'if haply they may feel after Him and find Him,' who 'is not far from any one of them,' 'in whom they live and move and have their being,' or to those who *have* known Him, but know no longer now the joy of His children, 'sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, fast bound in misery and iron.'

"But, in all this, it is not our knowledge, however clear, or our faith, however firm and orthodox, or our charity, however bright or pure, that holds us up daily, and binds us to the bosom of God. 'Our Father' will delight in all the sacred confidences of His children,—their clingings of faith and hope,—their longings of pure desire for a closer sense of His presence,—their holy aspirations and penitential confessions. But it is not our prayer that will hold us up. It is His love alone which does this.

"'The eterna' God is our refuge,
And underneath are the everlasting arms.'—D. xxxiii. 27."

FINE ARTS.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LORENZ FROLICH.*

THESE illustrations have a peculiar interest just now when the artists of Scandinavia are only beginning to take a position amongst the painters of the world. M. Frölich is a Dane, and although his study has been carried on in the schools of Paris, yet this has not at all obliterated his nationality of feeling—his style is happily not in the least overlaid by any of the grandiose affectation of the French taste, or by any of their less pardonable tendencies in art. The highly imaginative tone of the art of the Far North, even in days so early as when the Norseman's hunting horn was carved with the fabulous sea-serpents and the dragons, seems to be still a fertile source of excellence in the works of modern Scandinavia. We see it strong in these subjects of M. Frölich's; in the Cupid and Psyche, where the treatment, though necessarily in accordance with the antique model, is constantly fresh and original in some grace of attitude, or some expression of the face delightfully refined and poetic, and anything but what we call classical. The severe forms of the Greek are impossible to the glowing and more humanized, not to say Christianized, mind of a Northern temperament. Then we see the fancy of the artist again in the beautiful borderings which enclose the subject in an arabesque of endless variety, ever-charming and suggestive of the tender grace of plants and flowers. This treatment of the exqusite legends of the Greeks—their romance of the soul — is indeed singularly unlike the statuesque feeling which has usually been considered proper to the subject; but we can see no reason why the painter should not bestow all his art upon a theme so thoroughly kindred to poetic feeling in art. M. Frölich works chiefly in outline with a little shading, so as to give some suggestions of form and colour. We are not aware that he has represented any of his compositions in colour, but there are all the indications of a taste for colour as powerful and as refined as is to be observed in the pictures of his fellow artists of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. But it is not so much the technical perfection that is to be admired in these illustrations; for this is frequently, and indeed generally, so far as the drawing of the figure is concerned, very imperfect; it is the feeling for beautiful sentiment. To mention one only of the Psyche set, that in which Zephyr sent by Eros, having found the timorous yet trustful girl, and rescued her from the fancied demon, bears her away to the Valley of Bliss; nothing can be more sweetly expressed than this, though we may find faults enough in the study of the figure if that were the point in which the artist challenged the critical eye. These illustrations of Cupid and Psyche are the most important of Frölich's etchings; they are upon a larger scale than the others, and very beautifully printed in sepia colour. The text of Apuleius, which accompanies it, is so good for French typography that it might be English.

In a style similar to this, but on a small scale, M. Frölich has illustrated the exquisite story of "Hero and Leander," the original drawings of which we happen to have seen, and can speak of the same charmingly poetic treatment so pleasing in them. This work is, we believe, soon to be published in London.

The illustrations of the Lord's Prayer form a handsome volume, which is very appropriately dedicated to the Princess of Wales. In these the artist has introduced more shadow into his work, and proportionately more pictorial effect; and this is given by the plan of ruled lines more or less close or broad according to the depth required. The delicate touching of the etching work, however, is a little obscured by this; but, on the whole, we are disposed to approve this addition of colour as part of the intention of an original designer of a new school. The most favourable example of this method is perhaps the illustration of the passage, "Give us this day our Daily Bread," and this is at the same time equally characteristic of the Scandinavian taste. The subject is a family of peasant reapers, about to partake of their mid-day meal—women and children gathered into a kneeling group among the ripe corn, while the father cuts the first slice from a big loaf of dark bread. Beyond is seen the river leading to the sea and a distant landscape; above in the sky is Christ surrounded with angels, the passage illustrated appearing as in each illustration in the centre light of a glory. The opening address of the prayer is illustrated by an elaborate composition showing Christ pointing to Heaven, as it were, in answer to the inquiry of His disciples and followers, "Lord, teach us to pray." Below the elevated ground on which this group stands are seen the various people of the earth throwing down their idols and preparing to join in the prayer of universal charity and goodness.

As we said of the other illustrations, it is the feeling which is the excellence more than the technicalities. But in these there is an additional charm—what might be called the beauty of holiness in the countenance of the Christ and many of the angels. In some there is a little too much attempt at subject painting, as where sneering and mocking personages are introduced in the illustration to "Forgive us our Debts," and in that of the "Lead us not into Temptation," where man, climbing over the rocks of life, against which the waves are dashing, is beset with somewhat comic-looking figures, one holding a purse, another a bunch of grapes, another the swift horse of vice, ready to bear him from all trouble of the present. All these, with the alluring nymphs floating on air amongst them, conspire to give the picture a commonplace air, which is not at all the case with the rest of the illustrations. There is, however, much allowance to be made for the great difficulties to be encountered in treating subjects of this grand and very abstract nature, especially upon so small a scale. Much as there is to admire in this, and much to praise, we doubt whether M. Frölich's talent is not, like that of all the painters of Scandinavia, essentially naturalistic, with a nice perception of the picturesque, and sweet poetic feeling, more particularly in the direction of domestic sentiments. This shows strongly in the pretty illustrations of child life, "La Journée de Mdlle. Lili;" and here his sensitive pencil, quite instinct with expression, finds abundant scope and freedom. This is a class of subject which requires such peculiar gifts as we imagine M Frölich possesses in an eminent degree, and we shall hope to see some of the many delightful stories about children and for children illustrated in this spirit of innocence and freshness so congenial to the subject and the artist.

* 1. L'Amour et Psyche d'après le Roman d'Apulée. Suite de vingt planches dessinées et gravées à l'eau-forte par Lorenz Frölich. Paris: Hetzel. 1863.

2. La Journée de Mdlle. Lili. Vignettes par L. Frölich. Texte par un Papa. Paris: Hetzel. 1862.

3. The Lord's Prayer, illustrated by a series of etchings by L. Frölich. London: Trübner & Co. 1863.

THE FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE first number of this new periodical, devoted entirely to the fine arts, and published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, made its appearance last week after a rather lengthy period of incubation. It is a handsome volume of larger size than any of the fraternity of quarterlies, and exhibits a certain refinement of typography in its old type and tinted paper. This paper is advantageous for illustrations, but as to the type it smacks a little strongly of the South Kensington affectation. It will, we think, be pretty generally admitted that a periodical of this stamp was wanted, for the one journal alluded to by the editor, Mr. Woodward, as "avowedly restricted to the arts," is, in fact, restricted to anything but art, and dedicated chiefly to the enlightened designers of the pots and pans of our modern Etruria. Whether the subject of art is not adequately treated, according to the wants of the public in that department of culture, in various other journals, and whether the more elaborate and special consideration of the fine arts proposed will meet with the indispensable support which it well deserves, are points upon which there will probably be a difference of opinion. Mr. Woodward states that on entering upon his duties as librarian of the art collections in the Royal Library at Windsor, he felt grievously perplexed how to obtain clues to the information he wanted about them, and that suggested this undertaking as a means of addressing himself to the students of the history of art generally. His feeling, he says, was shared by "genuine art-students in England," and accordingly we have a list of the contributors and referees, and a most imposing one it is.

There are thirteen articles in this number, and six other sections which refer to correspondence, new purchases at the National Gallery, British Museum, and National Portrait Gallery, a summary of art news, and a list of works recently published. Of the articles, the most interesting for its original remarks, comprehensive view, and generally sound comment, is the opening paper, by Mr. Tom Taylor, on English painting in 1862. The gist of this article seems to be shown in the remark that "English art at this moment presents to us a picture in which, from one point of view, the prominent features are internal anarchy—something like a break-down in our first essays at national employment of our painters, and an unexampled and triumphant intrusion into the domain of art of the trading and speculative principle. These features are combined with more extensive and better paid employment for the painter by private patrons than has ever been known in any period of history or in any country." The writer compares the larger national employment of artists abroad with that given to them among us, refers to the several noble public halls in the kingdom that are waiting to be adorned with paintings, praises Sir Walter Trevelyan's commission to Mr. Scott for national pictures, and Mr. Watt's grand essay *al fresco* in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and winds up his argument in favour of employing the "great power for vigorous historical work on a large scale lying dormant" among many artists whom he names, while he has some faith that the artists are ready to forfeit the dealer's tempting offers for the honour of associating their names with some remarkable public work. Mr.

as a standard publicly exhibited of length, capacity, or weight."* Primary standards most accurately prepared are provided by the State and placed in the hands of the exchequer. Local standards, carefully compared and adjusted with the primitive standards, are in the hands of municipal authorities and others. The conformity of our commercial weights and measures with the local standards is enforced by law, but there is no provision made by the State for the verification of these local standards by comparing them occasionally with the primitive ones. There is no appeal against the inaccuracy of the local standards, even though it be clearly shown that they are not to be relied on; nor any means of ascertaining whether wear, accident, or fraud may have caused any variation since their first comparison.

Let us turn from this disorderly system and its monstrous inaccuracies, and consider the extreme simplicity, unity, and precision of the metric system now proposed to be allowed in this country.

The metre† was originally considered to be the ten-millionth part of the distance from the pole of the earth to the equator, measured along the surface of the sea. It was, however, declared in 1799 to be the length of the platinum standard preserved in the archives at Paris. Its equivalent value in English measure is easily recollected, being nearly equal to three feet, three inches, and three-eighths of an inch. Its coincidence with the length of a seconds pendulum in London is very remarkable, this latter being three feet, three inches, and one-eighth nearly.

In the metric system, the metre is the fundamental unit of measurement whence the units of superficies, of capacity, and of weight are derived. The whole system consists of four principal elements, with their decimal multiples and decimal parts, viz., the *metre* for length, the *are* for surface, the *litre* for capacity, and the *gram* for weight.

These are all subdivided into tenths, hundredths, and thousandth parts, which are denominated by the syllables (derived from the Latin) deci, centi, and milli; the multiples are similarly by tens, hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands, &c., distinguished by the prefixes (derived from the Greek) of deca, hecto, kilo, and myria. Thus, the whole of the metric system may be shown in the following scale:—

Measures of				Proportions.
Length.	Surface.	Capacity.	Weight.	
Millimetre.			Milligram.	Thousandth part.
Centimetre.	Centiare.	Centilitre.	Centigram.	Hundredth part.
Decimetre.	(Not used).	Decilitre.	Decigram.	Tenth part.
METRE.	ARE.	LITRE.	GRAM.	One.
Decametre	Decare.	Decalitre.	Decagram.	Ten times.
Hectometre.	Hectare.	Hectolitre.	Hectogram.	A hundred times.
Kilometre.		Kilolitre.	Kilogram.	A thousand „
Myriametre.			Myriagram.	Ten thousand times
			Quintal.	Hund. thousd. „
			Ton.	One million „

In addition to the above subdivisions and multiples, the metric system has always been permitted on the Continent to make use of the secondary units, 2, 5, ·2 or ·5, 20 or 50, &c. Thus, we say half a kilogram, a fifth of a litre, &c.

The manner in which the are, litre, and gram depend upon the metre is very simple. An are is a hundred square metres, a litre is the volume of a cubic decimetre, and a gram is the weight of a cubic centimetre of water.

All the multiples and subdivisions being decimal, there is a total absence of fractions. The reduction from one denomination to the other being performed by simply multiplying by 10 or its multiples, or dividing by them, it is not necessary to alter the figures, but simply to read them differently, by placing the decimal point so many places to the right or left of its place in any given number, according to the terms of the required denomination. Thus, to represent 52749· metres in decimetres we write 527490·; to reduce it to centimetres we put down 5274900·; and so likewise for the higher denominations we can write it down as 5274·9 decametres, or 527·49 hectometres, or 52·749 kilometres, or 5·2749 myriametres. The number 37645264 millimetres can be written down as the sum of 3 myriametres, 7 kilometres, 6 hectometres, 4 decametres, 5 metres, 2 decimetres, 6 centimetres, and 4 millimetres. To convert the latter into the former we have only to write down all the figures one after another. The metre is equivalent to 39·37079 English inches, or $1\frac{1}{10}$th yard nearly; therefore we have, by moving the decimal point, the value of any of the lengths of the metric scale. Approximately, the millimetre is about $\frac{4}{10}$ths of an inch. The centimetre is a little more than a barleycorn, or shoemaker's size; the decimetre is nearly a hand, or 4 inches; the double decimetre very close upon a surveyor's link; the metre about a yard and a tenth; the double metre nearly a fathom and a twelfth; half a decametre, or 5 metres, is very closely equal to our rod, pole, or perch; the double decametre, or 20 metre chain, is nearly the same as ours, being 65 feet and $\frac{4}{5}$ths instead of 66; the double hectometre nearly agrees with our furlong, it being less only by the six thousandth part; the kilometre is about 5 furlongs.

For the ordinary purposes of trade and construction the metre is generally used without its multiples; thus, for 156·65, we say, 156 metres, 65 centimetres, instead of 1 hectometre, 5 decametres, 6 metres, 6 decimetres, and 5 centimetres.

In square measure, the quantities being the result of two dimensions, the divisions and multiples are made primarily by hundreds; they can also be divided by tenths to suit convenience. The *are*, the unit of superficies, is 100 square metres, each metre being equal to 100 square decimetres, and so on. If we have a piece of land 37,256 square metres in area, we can write the contents as 3 hectares, 72 ares, and 56 metres, by cutting up the number, towards the left, into periods of two figures. For lower denominations the points must be moved in pairs to the left; thus, 0·836097 square metres is the same as 0 square metres, 83 square decimetres, 60 square centimetres, and 97 square millimetres. A decare, or ten ares, is nearly equal to an English rood, and a double decare is equal to half an English acre. A hectare is about two acres and a half, so that half a hectare is nearly an acre and a rood.

For measures of capacity, the *litre* is the volume of a cubic decimetre, and all its multiples and subdivisions are reckoned by tens, hundreds, &c., as in the case of the metre. The litre is equal to 1·760773 imperial pints, or about $1\frac{3}{4}$. The hectolitre is nearly our sack of three bushels. Half a kilolitre, or 500 litres, corresponds nearly with our butt or pipe of 108 gallons, and the kilolitre is nearly our tun, liquid measure. It is precisely the same as the cubic metre, the content of which is the metric ton for ships. In the reductions of solid measure, such as cubic metres, decimetres, &c., the subdivisions are shown by pointing off periods of three places of decimals; thus, 2·5475432 cubic metres can be written as 2 cubic metres, 547 cubic decimetres, 543 cubic centimetres, and 200 cubic millimetres.

Measures of weights are divided into tens, &c., and the reduction is carried on precisely in the same manner as that of the metre and its multiples. The *gram*, the weight of a cubic centimetre of water at its maximum density, is the unit. A cubic decimetre contains 1,000 cubic centimetres, therefore that quantity of water weighs a kilogram. The cubic metre, being equal to 1,000 cubic decimetres, contains 1,000 kilograms of water, and constitutes the ton or millier. The gram is equivalent to 15·43234874 English grains. A hectogram is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. A kilogram nearly equals 2 lb. $3\frac{1}{4}$ oz. avoirdupois. The quintal corresponds very nearly with our sack of two hundred weight, and the millier is nearly equal to our ton. In practice the kilogram is generally made the unit. Thus we say 156 kilograms instead of 1 quintal, 5 myriagrams, and 6 kilograms; but for scientific purposes and postage the gram is necessary.

Such is the metric system in all its simplicity. It is not necessary to use all the multiples and subdivisions which we have given in order to explain the whole construction. For the ordinary purposes of life the kilometre, metre, centimetre, millimetre, are, hectare, hectolitre, litre, decilitre, ton, kilogram, and gram, are all that is practically necessary. For instance, instead of 3 decimetres, we say 30 centimetres, &c. The following equivalents of our present system are useful in comparing scales of either weight or measure:—An inch is about 25 millimetres; a foot, $30\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres, or 305 millimetres; a yard, 0·914 metres; a quart, 1·136 litres; a pound, 0·454 kilograms; an acre, 0·405 hectare.

The metre has every quality which can be desired in a unit. The decimal character of the system, and the absence of fractions, render it superior both in facility of calculation and application to practice to any other yet known. Children, in countries where it has been adopted, are able to go through arithmetical and mercantile calculations which most of our grown-up men cannot. From an inquiry instituted among schools by Mr. James Yates, F.R.S., and Dr. Levi, F.S.S., we are able to state that, according to our system, the time commonly necessary for a boy of average ability to master all the system of weights and measures now in use, with all the branches of arithmetic thereon depending, is two years, ten months, and nine weeks; whereas the probable time with a decimal system would be nine months two weeks. We can form some idea of the precious time annually lost to youth in our country.

Every country into which the metric system has been introduced now practically appreciates the merits of the system. Even in our own country its advantages have been acknowledged among scientific men by its adoption in all our laboratories and many of our workshops. To engineers, whose field of action is world-wide, its practical readiness and accuracy is such that they have generally preferred it to their own system. We have asked those who have carried on extensive operations and contracts abroad with English workmen, and the invariable answer has been, that the men, when once they have become acquainted with the metric measures, prefer them to any other. They also state, that workmen fresh-arrived from England were always able to understand and work with the metre in a few days after they had seen it for the first time. In the mechanical arts, where delicate adjustments are requisite, and in which small differences in size should be expressed in terms denoting their value, the decimal system is the only one that can be used with accuracy.

The recent treaty for extending our commerce to other nations will never become perfect as a trading medium, till our system of weights and measures is assimilated to theirs. We cannot ask all nations to assimilate theirs to our system, for we have not a word to say in its favour. They have nearly all adopted the metric system, in order that when they buy and sell in other countries which have that system, they may know what they are about; therefore, as long as we persevere in retaining our old weights and measures, we shall be shut out from a wide field of Continental commerce. The change must come sooner or later, and as that change will prove a beneficial one, the sooner we start about it the better.

* Letter from the Astronomer Royal to the Comptroller of the Exchequer, 1st February, 1859.

† We have Anglicised the words mètre, gramme, &c., used on the Continent.

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MORE AIR.

THERE is great force in the air—silent and unseen—and well it is there should be. With the strong pressure of its downward weight it forces itself everywhere. Through seams and crevices it finds its way; through the finest cracks it enters. We close our windows to keep it out; we shut our doors against it. We want air—good, pure, fresh air—in our dwellings; we want good, fresh air to breathe, and, for the sake of little inconveniences, we bar its access to us, and leave it to squeeze its useful but disregarded particles as best it can into our presence.

No one scarcely ever thinks of how much air he wants for life, how much is necessary to support the combustion of his existence, or what is to become of the products of that combustion, how they are to be taken away, or what harm they will do if not removed. Peclet has proved that a man consumes 212 cubic feet of air per hour, and our common reason tells us this air should be pure, free, and wholesome. Yet we let it in as though we were better without it, needed it not as a first essential of actual life and a not less essential of health; under doors, between the dusty beams, and up the narrow seams of our flooring, through the fuzzy interstices of carpets, in cutting drafts through the chinks in our windows. Coming impure from our streets, we make it worse by forcing it to lick up dust and decomposition emanations, and every additional pollution that can possibly be put in its passage. It is not, however, so much the quality of air as the quantity that is now exciting our attention. A young dress-maker has perished for want of more air. Her death may be assigned to a secondary cause, but that was the first. Apoplexy may be the result, but want of more air was the primary source of it.

Families are crowded into rooms; for families are not large or small according to the size of the house they live in, but the size of the house depends on the parents' pecuniary means, and often in the smaller habitations the door is set open to relieve the sensation of oppressiveness. We feel in the daytime the effects of polluting the air, and the stagnation produced thereby in the circulation of our blood. As the products of life-action are voided from the lungs, the air is replaced by the carbonic acid of the breath. And not simply is the air supplanted by a poisonous compound, but the very body itself is prevented from getting rid of its deleterious products. The carbonic acid generated in life-action remains in the blood, the action of the lungs is prolonged, the action of the heart slackened, the delay in its beatings retains the blood in the veins and capillaries, which swell and distend under the pressure; fainting comes on, or something gives way, and apoplexy—death—is the result.

In the daytime we feel this danger slowly approaching, and as the oppressiveness of the sensations increases, we get more and more distressed, until the door is opened and more air let in. Soon then passes away the dull headache, soon the breathing becomes freer, the blood circulates as usual, and all oppressiveness is gone. Not so at night—tired with many hours of toilsome labour, weary in spirit, wasted in body, poor humanity, over-taxed, lies over-lifeless in its sleep. The poison in the close atmosphere increases, adds to the deepness of slumber, unconsciousness becomes more unconscious, the eyes have closed never to open, the tired brain has ceased to think, it will never think again.

The first practical consideration in proper ventilation is free ingress and egress for the air. In small houses, especially where ventilation is restricted or unprovided for, open windows are the best relief. In many cases the ills of open windows at night would be less than the ills of closing them. In no case, in our opinion, ought there to be in a closed room a less allowance than 400 cubic feet of air for every person sleeping in it—two hours' breathing quantity. The minimum quantity fixed by the Poor Law Board is 300 cubic feet; but the magistrate of the Bow-street division has given an order which enables the medical officers of that district to insist on the larger quantity we have named. In our hospitals, in the new wards, 1,500 cubic feet are now invariably taken for every allotment; and in the model hospital at Bordeaux, an allowance even of 2,200 cubic feet is made. In the wards of St. Thomas's, now pulled down, which were built about ten years ago, the allowance was 1,600 feet. In King's College Hospital, just built in Portugal-street, 1,500 feet are assigned.

It is the general opinion of physicians that in fever hospitals the quantity should never be less than this (1,500 feet), in order to dilute the poison of the emanations from the patient, and it is found practically that when the disease-poison is diluted to this extent it is innocuous. Cases of typhoid fever may be harmlessly introduced into the general ward under such conditions without danger to the surrounding inmates.

These allotments of particular quantities of air are, of course, made independent of any regard to the circulation of air. In themselves, therefore, they are only supplies for a limited time, and during that interval the whole air of the space ought at least to have been once completely renewed. In many hospitals and buildings, perforated zinc plates, air-bricks, and traps have been introduced with more or less judiciousness and efficacy. Miss Nightingale, indeed, sets her face against all artificial ventilation in hospitals; but experience shows not wisely, for even if we admitted her views to be theoretically correct, in practice they are defeated.

To open a window on one side of a sick ward to let in air, and to open a window on the other to let it out, is a plan that can be alike adopted in the temporary as in the permanent hospital, but the effects are these. The open window lets the cold air *fall down* suddenly on the patients, and at the entreaty of their sick the nurses close the windows. If perforated zinc plates are used in the apartment, near the ceiling, they cannot be stopped up by the patients, and, moreover, when the air is thus separated by meshes or perforations the so divided masses of air do not fall solidly and suddenly down, but drop gently and cloud-like over the patient; and opposing perforated plates have, of course, an effect equal to opposing windows, for ingress and egress of air as far as mere quantity is concerned.

What is necessary for health and prevention of contagion in a workhouse, or hospital, is necessary in ordinary dwellings. The sick man does not breathe more air than the healthy man, and the poisons of contagious diseases are met in our streets as well as in our infirmaries. The emanations of typhus fever may come like the air through a chink in the wall; the poison of typhoid through the crevices of the floor. The over-crowding of a neighbour's rooms may cause us an attack of the first; the imperfect drains of a neighbour's house may prostrate us with the latter. Odours and disease emanations are very subtle—finer, more subtle, than air,—and issue through every crank and cranny from the infested domicile; the passers-by, were it not for the dilution with the free air of the street, might be struck with sickness, as the next-door resident more surely will be, by the poisons which may trickle through into his close and badly ventilated rooms. Typhoid fever is the fever of drains and putrifying organic decomposition; it is rarely got except by actual entrance into the vitiated atmosphere. We need not go into the drains, however, to be its victim; it may steam up from our basements to us, whether we live in a cottage or a palace. Typhus, on the other hand, is the fever of over-crowding. And typhus is more subtle, more dangerous, and essentially contagious. We cannot put typhus cases into an hospital as we would typhoid. It may come to us though we go not to it. Through a crack in the wall the poison may leak through from a neighbour's over-crowded room, even though it be no sick person's death-room. The fœtid emanations of the body produce it, and these may seize on any victim.

If the disease-vapours were visible like clouds and fogs, we should see how horrible, how prevalent, the danger, and the outcry would be intense; but we see not the evil, and the winds and the sunshine do such earnest work, we escape all but a fraction of that evil. That fraction, however, is terrible enough in towns and cities. Artificially we block out, by our multitudes of houses, the fresh breezes of the sea and the balmy air that has traversed the fields of the open land. Artificially by our streets we pen in the air and stop its circulation; and in the circulation of the air is, so to speak, its vitality. The day may come when, in this vast, over-crowded London, companies may supply fresh air to our dwellings as companies now supply us with water.

There is yet a third kind of fever which, in passing, we ought to notice—the relapsing, or famine-fever. This, at the period of the potato calamity, was common enough in Ireland, but it is not known in the fever wards of our hospitals at the present time, and, singularly enough, has scarcely been known in our country at all since the Corn-laws were abolished.

Typhoid fever is characterized by the tenderness of the abdominal regions. It is essentially the fever of drains and polluted organic matter. If we go into the poisoned atmosphere we are seized. If the poison-vapour come to us, we must block it out. If it generate in any district, we can pluck out its origin root and branch. As an illustration within our own experience, bad typhoid fever occurred in Lisson-grove. The Poor-law inspector, who took the patient out to the hospital, was seized with the fever, and died; the owner, who went to the house to carry out the improvements directed, was also seized, and died. It was the region there, not the patients, to which these men's deaths were due.

Typhoid fever, be it remembered, is the sewage fever,—typhus the over-crowding fever. Let us see how this view works out.

Since the recent stringent measures of sanitary reform the ravages of typhoid fever have declined; but in consequence of the recent destruction of the houses of the poor, and the consequent overcrowding of other habitations, typhus—the most dangerous—has largely increased.

We say most dangerous because most contagious. Its characteristic is extreme weakness, requiring large quantities of stimulants. Its prime source is the emanations from the external skin; and if these poisonous products be concentrated in a close, impure atmosphere, instead of being diluted with plenty of air, the poor wretches who lie packed two in a bed, and work thirty in a room of twelve feet cube, generate the poison and impregnate each other with the death-dealing disease. Once a centre of typhus established, there is no security for the neighbouring houses.

But it may be said, the sanitary law enables its officers to enforce its rules against the crowding of dwellings by defining the cubic space each inmate shall have in a house. The law defines the cubic space certainly, but how does it enable its officers to carry out its provisions? There are many difficulties in the way,—the chief and immoveable one in the Act itself. The medical officers and inspectors may not enter after six o'clock at night. We have shown how our natural senses warn us of what is going on wrong in the day time, and how to instinctively apply the remedy. When we are suffering from the oppression of an over-crowded room, we want no physician to order us to open a door or window; if we are panting for breath in a dense crowd we want no philosopher to tell us to get out if we can. It is just at night, then, that we want to know, for sanitary purposes, how a house is filled,—exactly at that very time when the Act prevents our going to see. Some of the worst—and perhaps many of the best—are

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